

Professional World
 RUFUS L. LOGAN, B. S. D., Editor
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 JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS SOLICITED.
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Mr. G. Washington Davis of Providence made us a pleasant recently. Mr. Davis was the first individual to subscribe to THE PROFESSIONAL WORLD outside of Columbia.

Our thanks are due Mr. Columbus Robnett for subscription to the Professional World, it will be sent to his daughter at Western college, Macon City, Mo.

All persons who pay one year's subscription to The Professional World will receive it from till January 1, free of charge; their subscription beginning from that date.

Prof. J. Silas Harris of Kansas City is being very prominently mentioned as the next president of the Missouri State Teachers Association. Prof. Harris is a well known educational worker and would make the Association an excellent president.

The death of Moses Dixon who passed away quietly at his home in St. Louis last Thursday, removes from the stage of action one of the pioneer leaders of this country. Mr. Dixon was an editor, a minister and a great lodge organizer. He founded what is known as "The International Order of Twelve" and at the time of his death was National Grand Memtor of the same order.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Under the caption "The Life Worth Living" Ed Hoch says: "If there were no heaven or hell and if the soul were not immortal, if death ended all, if man died like he ex and was not, still the Christian life would be the only life worth living. Suppose the golden rule of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you were in universal use; suppose its unselfish idea "In honor preferring one another" held universal sway; suppose its theory that "It is more blessed to give than to receive" were in operation everywhere; suppose its high ideal of "peace on earth, good will to men," prevailed; suppose its great dominating principals of love filled and permeated every avenue of human endeavor wouldn't this world blossom as a rose? Why, we wouldn't need heaven except for those who had been compelled to obey the final call and leave the heaven on earth. It would drive every wolf from the door, it would dismantle every fort and divert all the vast expenditures of war into the channel of benevolence; it would close every jail and penitentiary; it would put roses into many a pale cheek; it would double the longevity of the human race. Christianity in full fruition would do all this for the world.

Isn't it therefore the only life worth living? But if a man is more than an animal; if he is to live forever; if this earth life is but his probationary state; if we are to be judged of our eternity is to be controlled by his conduct here, how immeasurably is it so that the Christian life is the only life worth the living.—Weekly Commercial.

U. S. DEPARTMENT

Of Agriculture, Climate and Crop Bulletin of the Weather Bureau Missouri Section for the Month of November 1901.

The exceptionally pleasant weather which characterized the month of October, 1901, continued throughout the month of November. There was some sharp frost but no severe freezing weather. The mean temperature of the month differed little from the normal, but over the greater part of the state the precipitation was deficient, many of the northern and western counties receiving less than 1 inch. The heaviest rains fell in the southern counties where, in a few localities the total for the month was from 2 to 4 inches.

In most of the western counties wheat has made good growth and is in a very promising condition but in nearly all of the central and eastern counties its growth has been retarded by dry weather, and in a few counties the stand is very poor and the outlook discouraging. In general, however, the crop is looking well considering the light rainfall. In some of the south western counties much wheat has been pastured. Slight damage by fly is reported in a few counties, and worms have also caused some injury in a few of the southern counties. Considerable corn still remains in shock in the fields but is in good condition, except where damaged by worms. In most sections the weather has been too dry for husking. Much corn has been shredded. Cotton picking in the southeastern counties is practically completed. Fall pastures have afforded considerable feed in portion of the western and southern sections, but over the greater portion of the state they have been very poor. Stock water is now more plentiful in some of the southern counties, but in most sections it continues very scarce. Considerable fall plowing has been done in some districts, but in many counties the ground has been too hard.

A. E. HACKETT
 Section Director.

THE CAMERA SPORTSMAN

While President Roosevelt objects to a camera leveled at himself more than a cannon, he is said to have given his hearty endorsement to the camera sportsman, and this, to many people, will seem insignificant in view of the fact that the President is an enthusiastic hunter of the ferocious game. Of course, it is more than any sensible might say, but the unfortunate fact is that some men who are not sensible mistake the wanton destruction of life for the sporting instinct.

Mr. Roosevelt expresses the hope that the camera, and the methods of the nature-student, will more and more supersede the use of the rifle as time goes on. He himself does not always take a gun when he goes for a ramble in

the country, though some people have seemed to think so. It is quite possible for Mr. Roosevelt to enjoy himself, climbing a mountain or tramping through the woods with a friend or some member of his family, without lust to kill something. As a matter of fact the men who love nature best and know most about animals are usually content to take most of their woodland walks without any instrument of death in hand.

The camera hunter needs at least as much a courage and knowledge of woodcraft, as much intimate acquaintance with animal and acquaintance with animals and their ways, as any sportsman that ever lived. When he goes to photograph bears and wild cats, after the manner of Mr. Seton Thompson in the Yellowstone Park, he needs even more courage than the average hunter. Through the works of various naturalists the public is becoming acquainted with the joys of this diversion, and it is likely to become more general as time goes on.—Weekly Commercial.

RIVAL POETS.

Ibsen and Bjornson Are Very Jealous of Each Other.

Ibsen has a wife and one son, Sigurd Ibsen, now about 40 years old, who has been in the consular service, and I believe, says W. E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record-Herald, spent several years at Washington as secretary of legation. He is at present occupying a subordinate position in the ministry of foreign affairs. Sigurd married a daughter of Bjornstjerne Bjornson, his father's most formidable rival in literature and popular estimation. The two authors are not friends. They are very jealous of each other. Ibsen envies Bjornson's great popularity and prosperity, while the latter regards Ibsen as "an affected old donkey," and often calls him such.

In front of the new theater in Christiania are bronze statues of both men in heroic size, which were erected at the expense of the public and generally admired, but are unsatisfactory to the subjects. It is seldom that people have the privilege of criticising their own statues. Such honors are usually reserved until they are dead. In this case there was no formal dedication or unveiling and neither of the subjects saw his statue until after it was placed in position, and both have since expressed great dissatisfaction. A few days after his statue was in position Ibsen varied his morning walk by strolling over in that direction. For several moments he stood gazing at the effigy of himself, showing his long coat, his bushy hair and whiskers and his big eye glasses, then shook his head sadly as if in disapproval and went on his way. He has never been near the statue since.

Bjornson, being a man of impetuous manners and quick temper, expressed his dissatisfaction in a more emphatic manner. When he first saw himself in bronze he became greatly excited and gesticulated wildly, declaring that it was "a permanent injury" and must come down, but his son, who is the manager of the theater, succeeded in cooling the old gentleman down, and the latter has become reconciled so far as to make jokes about the statue.

WONDERFUL STRIKE OF GOLD.
 Two Men Wash Out \$5,000 a Day in the Eldorado Creek District.

Men who have just arrived from Dawson say a second strike has been made in the marvelous Eldorado creek district in Alaska.

Two men who discovered the spot washed out \$5,000 the first day. Pans of dirt taken from the streak yield as high as \$50 each, and not a bucket of the gravel comes to the surface that does not contain nuggets running all the way from a quarter of an ounce to an ounce in weight, pure gold.

The messengers say that the strike has created the wildest excitement all along Eldorado, and that miners are flocking to the neighborhood by the thousands.

COMMON NAMES.

Would Furnish the Subject for Some Interesting Statistics.

Speaking of names, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, there is really a demand in this country for new family names, and no man knows this better than the fellow whose business forces him to study the directories of the large cities of the country. Of course, the trouble is with the more common names, but when you come to think of it these common names make up at least 90 per cent. of the population of the larger cities. Really, what a void there would be in some of the largest places of the country if there should be a sudden exodus of the families bearing common names! Suppose the Smiths, and the Joneses, and the Browns should suddenly decide to beat hastily over the corporate line of any one of the big cities of the United States; think of the number of houses that would be left vacant, the amount of money that would be pulled out of the banks and out of circulation, and the enormous amount of labor that would be withdrawn, and the value of the trade that would go with them in their sudden flight. But cities could not stand the shock, so deeply have these families become entrenched in the industrial, commercial and financial institutions of the modern municipality. There are many other names, which, while probably less common, still carry with them a heavy per cent. of city population. The Johnsons play some part, but the name is variously spelled. Black, too, is a common name. Washington has become very common since the legend of the cherry tree and the hatchet. Miller is a popular name, and there are many others that might be included in the classification. The directories are full of them. There is a chance for some statistical fiend to make an interesting and instructive compilation along this line. What per cent., for instance, of the American population will the Smiths represent? Or the Joneses? Or the Browns? Or the Johnsons, and Blacks, and Whites, and Millers, and Washingtons, and other familiar names? There is a chance for some figuring. These names not only represent a heavy per cent. of the American population, but they own a heavy per cent. of American values. So the fellow who undertakes it might find a lifetime task if he traced the names in all their bearings and in all their infinite ramifications. The social and business fabric is literally threaded with these names. But I had in mind the confusion frequently resulting in sending letters through the mails, and in sending telegraphic communications. These messages frequently get mixed on account of the vast number of persons bearing the same name, and not infrequently the same initials.

CHARGE FOR FRESH AIR.

Experiences of a Family Who Were Traveling in Germany.

Many have been the doleful stories of travelers returned from Europe against the extortionate charges imposed upon long-suffering Americans in the lands across the Atlantic. And now comes a distinguished Chicagoan who declares that in Germany recently he was charged for fresh air. With his wife and family he was journeying in a railway train. The air in the stuffy little compartment becoming stale, the wife of the Chicagoan asked him to communicate with the guard. In each compartment in European trains is a handle connected with a bell rope leading to the guards' cab. Near the handle is posted a notice warning passengers that the guard is not to be summoned except in desperate cases, such as murder, etc., under penalty. The Chicagoan could not read German, but he knew that his wife wanted fresh air, so he gave the grip a lusty pull. The train, which was an express, slackened speed and finally came to a full stop. The guard and the engine driver rushed back excitedly, expecting to discover something very dire indeed. By virtue of signs the Chicagoan explained what he wanted. Thereat he was greeted with a storm of abuse, and he was very near being threatened with personal violence. However, the guard and the engine driver returned to their posts and the train proceeded. When the Chicagoan and his party arrived at their destination he was met at the railway station by a jabbering mob of officials, who promptly hauled him before an august functionary, who managed to inform him that his little gayety with the bell cord would cost him just 30 marks, which he must pay or go to prison. The Chicagoan took the former alternative.

FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

Gun That Scares Wolves by Shooting Every Hour.

The wolf gun was considered such a foolish device that the United States government for a long time refused to issue a patent for it. Now it is in operation, and is saving thousands of head of cattle, sheep, and swine. Dozens of ranchmen in Colorado and Wyoming are providing themselves with the weapons, and it is said that they are "worth their weight in gold." The wolf gun is an ordinary gun arranged to explode a blank cartridge every hour during the night by a clever little device invented by a Kansas man. The ranchman places it near his herd and goes to sleep, knowing that they will be safe from the attack of predatory animals, because these animals fear the report of a gun. It is a faithful watch. Every hour its report can be heard, and if there are coyotes within half a mile of the machine they will endeavor to get more distance between them and the noise.—Denver Times.

Sankey Thinks London Improved.

Ira D. Sankey is distinctly of opinion that the spiritual life of London is on the upgrade. Indeed, he has confided to the British Weekly that "as regards my special work I have been much gratified to note the earnest Christian tone that prevails among the religious community. As compared with 1873 there are even a deeper earnestness and a warmer spiritual glow. I have an impression that a great revival is impending."

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