Subtle Reasoning.

My little grandson is quite a hand for "reasoning from analogy," and the other day was asking what his family name was. I told him his father's ancestors came from England, Wales and Scotland, while his mother's were English and Irish.

He then asked: "Grandma, what was your name before you were married?"

I answered "Lyon."

He considered a moment and then said: "So I suppose you came from Africa?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Infant Mind.

"Where are you going, mamma?"

"To a surprise party, dear."

"Can I go, too, and Archie and Edna?"

"No, dear, you weren't invited."

"Well, don't you think they'd be lots more s'prised if you took us all?"—Boston Evening Transcript.

Bitter Thoughts.

Mrs. Pester—Have you forgotten that this is our wedding anniversary?

Mr. Pester—What a pessimist you are to brood over such subjects.

Downward Growth.

Teacher—"Why do words have roots, Johnny?" So that the language can grow."

STORIES of AMERICAN CITIES

Stony Justice Unmoved by Plea of "God in Heart"

NEW YORK.—When a chap is a "god in heart" and a "star in heaven," and will admit it in court, the reader may easily realize how he will loathe a seven-month call at the Essex county jail in New Jersey. But that is where Abraham Adler has gone after confessing in the criminal branch of the federal district court the full details of why he would rather not go to war for the nonce, or later.

Abraham, who was born in Russia, and has wasted most of his twenty-nine years in North America, was arraigned for refusing to appear for examination under the federal draft act. In his blotted questionnaire he made it clear that his only dependents are birds and squirrels of Central park, and, although there are a lot of them, this excuse was deemed less than ample. He explained that he fed the birds and squirrels and outlined what the menu was and how often the bird and squirrel food was served, whereupon detectives with rubber heels began tiptoeing toward the Adler furnished room at 303 West Seventy-eighth street.

Upon arriving there they found Mr. Adler with one hand within his lapel and with one knee slightly extended, defying the world. He stated that he would not move one elbow, ear or eyelash, and that no power on earth could move him. The reason for this was that he had been ordained by heaven as a minister of God; that he was a "god in heart," and that, by the merest good fortune, he was a "star in heaven." This being explained, Mr. Adler was removed, feet up, to the federal court and arraigned before Judge Julius M. Mayer.

Government alienists tapped Mr. Adler's head and found that far from being empty it was full of nonsense and that he was one of the sanest bird and squirrel chefs ever annoyed by the thought of armed conflict. When arraigned he explained that the sight of anyone being jabbed, punched or booted makes him weaker than usual and that he would go to war if the government would guarantee him an enemy who would not get too flip on slight acquaintance.

So the detectives picked him up by the feet again and took him over to the Essex county jail, where, as luck would have it, he will be the only "star of heaven" on the premises.

Atrocious Cruelty Inflicted on "Sons of Rest"

BAYONNE, N. J.—The antiloafing law was put into operation here and ten of the gentry who had declared themselves on a 365-workless-day diet were arrested. All of them were disturbed in the muscle-wearing and mentally enervating occupation of struggling with or dealing out cards to one another in the back parts of saloons. Three detectives chaperoned them to the presence of Chief of Police Reilly, and when their pedigrees were registered it disclosed that they were Russians, Austrians and Lithuanians.

Walter Gozvczyk, thirty-six years of age, living at 44 Prospect avenue, when searched produced a draft card with A-1 marked on it. The police believe he had come from Chicago to evade the draft. Gozvczyk said that all he had in the world was the rich music of his name, and just as the police began to feel sorry for a man who had to walk through life with a cognomen like a buzz saw $628 in bills was also found tucked away in one of his pockets. Chief of Police Reilly asked another Son of Rest what he did to keep the wolf from leaping through the transom. He answered:

"I'm a cutter."

"A cutter of what?"

"A cutter of cards."

After that little jest at the expense of the municipality the men were taken to jail. They will be arraigned later before Recorder William J. Cain of the police court and it is predicted that life would lose its glamor for them. The Recorder has vowed that he would make Bayonne a "bumless town," and the phrase sounds ominous for the prisoners.

Idlers, shirkers and the persons of leisure who have been dodging work and taking up room in public thoroughfares are learning today that the nation is at war and that they must help by working or go to jail. Every unemployed man between the age of eighteen and fifty years must enroll under the provisions of the antiloafer law recently passed by the legislature. And then as soon as possible—and the police of the various cities are noting the elapsed time—they must be at work in occupations found for them by the authorities Fines and imprisonment await all who violate the law.

Believes Huns Would Flee Before Rattlesnakes

JERSEY CITY.—On a sand-flat farm on Long Island, Paul Nicholson, an actor, is breeding a strain of unusually active rattlesnakes, and at the same time appealing to all good Americans to send him any rattlers they happen to have about the house. When his collection is large enough Nicholson will give the rattlers to the aviation service to be dropped from airplanes above the German trenches.

"I understand that there are millions of perfectly competent rattlesnakes literally going to waste in our great West," explains the serpent impresario. "They are all armed with deadly weapons and ready for the war against the Germans. All they need is the chance to do their bit. They have the ammunition and the weapons. They eat very little and never drink. They require not clothing, cigarettes, comfort kits, love letters, or———"

"How about parachutes?" was suggested.

"Of course, many details remain to be worked out," said Mr. Nicholson, "but from all I can find out about rattlesnakes they are the only ready-made, sure-death, noncombustible combination of liquid fire, poison gas and barbed wire that is equal to the job of helping our armies to clean out the German trenches. I'm going right ahead, and the day when I unloose my fanged rattlers over the Hindenburg line will be 'Der Tag' with a vengeance."

His Income Hardly Adapted to "Gay White Way"

CHICAGO.—Legacies may come and legacies may go, but the one into which Henry Miller came just goes right on forever. By the terms of the last will and testament of Mr. Miller's wife, who died on January 30 last, he will receive every day as long as he lives an expense account of ten cents. This he can spend in any way which seems to him desirable.

Mrs. Miller left an estate of $5,000 and it is to be divided in equal parts among her husband and two sons, Charles and Henry, Jr., It is provided that they give up their home and that Henry Miller, Jr., as executor of the estate, will obtain a suitable boarding place for Henry Miller, Sr. Rent for one room and board for the elder Mr. Miller are to be paid once a week and a lump sum of ten cents is to be given him daily by the estate. In a sense he is a remittance man. Seen at the court, Mr. Miller seemed to think that his legacy would be just about enough to keep him uncomfortable for life, as was indicated when he was asked for a brief interview. That he gave.

"Well," said Mr. Miller in part: "Well, well!"

Food Expert Emphasizes Superiority of Milk to Sugar for Children

By DR. HARVEY W. WILEY

I beg those who are doing their utmost to economize and those in somewhat straitened circumstances to ponder carefully these suggestions: to eat more of the cheaper kinds of foods, such as cereals bought in bulk and eaten with simplicity; to purchase less sugar, which is by no means a necessity, and add this saving to the sum set aside for the purchase of milk.

I should like to see these conditions obtain, namely, that in every family where there are children, at least a pint of milk should be used each day by each child. Whenever milk is purchased in these circumstances, it should be devoted first of all to the infant or young child, and if any be left over it may be used by the children of larger growth, and the men and women of the household.

I am not exaggerating in any sense when I say that 10 cents invested in milk is of far more value to the family with a child than when invested in sugar. This is true, although the heating power of 10 cents' worth of sugar is considerably greater than that of 10 cents' worth of milk.

The nutritive value to the child, however, is far greater in 10 cents' worth of milk than it is in 10 cents' worth of sugar. A child fed sugar will never be nourished and grow, and it cannot be well nourished and grow properly without milk.

All the constituents of milk nourish the child. Its bones and teeth are made from the valuable mineral substances in the milk. The muscles and parts of the nerves, tendons, and bones are built up from the protein (casein) of the milk. The heat of the body is supplied by the milk sugar and milk fat.

Strong Arguments Made in Favor of Universal Military Training

By THOMAS ADDISON of the Vigilantes

There are many arguments in favor of universal military training Here is one that struck home to me with peculiar force.

This southern state from which I write has a population of over two million, of which 15 per cent is illiterate. I have met a good many of this latter class in my goings about in the rural districts. One of them I knew very well. He was a young fellow, white, and a farmhand. He had three brothers. Only one of the four could read; he was a carpenter in the city. The others had stayed on the farm, and never gone to school. They couldn't write their names. The mother could read and write, after a fashion. The father was dead.

Well, Jim, the one I knew, was drafted and sent to Camp Lee. This cut him off completely from his family, for, you see, he was unable to communicate with them in any way but by word of mouth. Jim had the regular farm slouch when he left home. His shoulders were hunched over, and his walk was a shuffle. His eyes had a bovine look. His face had no expression. His speech was a slovenly drawl. This was the picture of Jim that remained with me from my last view of him.

The other day I dropped into a hotel here in the city to send off some picture cards. In the writing room a young infantryman sat at a desk near mine. He was making rough weather of a letter he had under way, but was getting on just the same.

Presently I heard my name spoken and looked up. The soldier had left his seat and come over to me. He was standing by my chair, his hand extended—as trim a figure of a man anyone would wish to see—erect, straight-shouldered, alert, quick-eyed and brimful of energy. I stared at him, and he grinned in return.

"Don't you remember me?" he quizzed. "I'm Jim Blank. I'm waiting for my chum, we're going to a picture show. Thought I'd put in the time writing home to ma." His head lifted pridefully. "I can do it now. We've got a bully good school at camp. I'm getting on fine all 'round. I'm living every minute I'm awake." He laughed out loud in the exuberance of his feelings. "Say," he confided, "it tickles me to death 'cause you didn't know me. I wouldn't take $10 for it."

Well, is this one argument for universal military training, or isn't it?

We Must Stand By Our Boys Who Are Fighting for Us "Somewhere in France"

By PAULINE WORTH HAMLIN

Word has come back from the boys in France "We will be all right over here in the trenches if you folks over there will stand by us."

What do they mean by standing by?

They mean for us to do our part in food conservation, in buying Thrift stamps and Liberty bonds. They mean for us to stand by the Red Cross with our money, our hands and our brains. They mean for us to refrain from buying nonessentials so that the men and women who make them can be released for the making of essentials. They mean for us to place a one-cent stamp upon our periodicals when we have finished reading them so that the boys may have good things to read.

They mean for us to write cheerful letters to them. One young soldier said, "I don't mind the danger and the discomforts if I feel that everybody is all right at home, but when I get a letter saying that Frank is out of a job and Sister Hattie is sick and food is so high they can't afford it and there is no coal—well, I feel like the devil."

Remember that by the time that letter reaches France Frank may have a better job, Hattie may be fat and rosy, food may be easier to get and the coal shortage ended. Even if that is not true write cheerful letters anyway. The boy over there needs cheer, it isn't his place to be cheering you. Remember that whatever discomforts we may be having over here they are comforts compared to what they have over there. Let us not fail our boys who are fighting for us. The very least we can do is stand by.

The star-spangled banner that tells how many employees are in their country's service is worthy of all honor, too.

The story Americans like best in their evening's paper contains but three words—Haig Hammers Huns.

W. N. U., MEMPHIS, NO. 16--1918.

Wouldn't Stand for That.

A good story is told by Sir Auckland Geddes concerning an interfering saloon loafer and a Canadian soldier who bore on his shoulder the initials "C. E.," which stands for Canadian engineers.

The soldier, his face a study in concentrated wrathfulness, had the civilian by the scruff of the neck and was apparently just on the point of giving him a thrashing when a belated policeman put in an appearance.

"Now, then, what's all this about?" demanded the constable.

"What's it about?" replied the Canadian, giving the wretched loafer an extra shake to emphasize his words. "Why, he called me a conscientious ejector. Now watch him being ejected."

Really Bright Idea.

Margaret had been enjoying a visit from her cousin, a young woman librarian from a distant city. When, her vacation being over, she began getting ready to go, Margaret was filled with dismay and begged to have her stay longer.

Her mother said, "No, they need her at the library and she must go."

Margaret sat thinking soberly a long time. Then her face cleared and she cried out, "Oh, mamma, couldn't we get her renewed for two weeks?"

Vindictive.

Friend—What would you like best to plant this year?

Farmer—My summer visitors.

He who has "common" sense has sense to "come on" in the world.