

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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JUNE CIRCULATION.

50,401

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss:
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of June, 1913, was 50,401.Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 25 day of July, 1913.
ROBERT HUNTER,
(Seal) Notary Public.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

No horny-handed son of toil need be idle during the call of the farm.

Young Mr. McLoughlin brings home the bacon in the Davis tennis cup.

Mrs. Pankhurst ought to make a good club editor for the Hearst combination.

The prompt surrender of the good ship Saturn shows how easy it is to scuttle a pirate craft.

A man with an equitable temperament does not get overheated even in 100-degree weather.

Senator J. Ham Lewis is the author of the bill for a "father's day." Never mind, J. Ham will get his.

Americans spend \$600,000,000 a year on music, which shows how much business is done with notes.

Omaha is taking a rest on trade excursions this year. It has the glad hand for its neighbors all the time.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge, but fools despise wisdom and instruction." True then, true now.

A Maine fishing schooner was raided with 130 barrels of liquor aboard. Which is some cargo for a prohibition craft to carry.

"Who pays the taxes?" is the subject of a dissertation in a local weekly. We know and can produce the tax receipts to prove it.

Don't get the idea that the war in Mexico will be settled in a day, or a week. A Mexican insurrection is always a long-lingering eruption.

That scientist who contrived a way of destroying mosquitoes by musical vibrations ought to annihilate them to the tune of a killing fortune.

It should be distinctly understood, however, that mumps is a cause for the removal of a postmaster from office only when the postmaster is a republican.

If we need another clean-up in Omaha, where has that great reform democratic sheriff been all this time? Busy grabbing for the jail-feeding graft?

The law governing women's work hours applies all over Nebraska, yet it remains for Omaha, as the state's most progressive city, to set the pace for early closing.

Our democratic friends are going to reduce the high cost of living by making bananas come higher. It's just like committing political suicide with the Italian vote.

Three men are said to have declined a nomination for mayor of New York from Tammany hall. Still, there are some 4,000,000 others from whom to lure a candidate.

European dealers in antiques are wondering who will now rise to the distinction of America's great art connoisseur since the death of Mr. Morgan. And the echo answers, "Who?"

Parcel post has proved 100 per cent better in the first year than the original estimates, which ought to make our democratic senator and the express companies popular as prophets.

After Governor Johnson had his last legislature enact laws for 390 new, well-salaried commissionerships appointive by the governor, the agitation is revived to divide California into two states, which looks like a mean conspiracy to cut Hiram out of half his dominion.

Our Insane Problem.

Nebraska, with its census population of 1,200,000, has nearly 2,400 insane patients in its asylums and hospitals. This means that out of every thousand of the population two have become wards of the state because of mental derangement.

The worst part of the situation, however, is that the facilities for taking care of these unfortunate people are altogether inadequate, with the consequence that instead of having the care and treatment they require, and with which in many instances they might be cured, a large number of them, particularly here in this county, which is the most congested, are forced into the poor house, where they are incarcerated for indefinite periods of time, with no pretense of proper treatment.

The Bee invites the attention of the new Board of Control in charge of the state's insane hospitals to this inhuman condition. The state assumes responsibility for the care of the insane, and having relieved the localities of that duty, it develops upon the state to see to it that these helpless people have the attention they are entitled to, and that they are not kept in jails or poor houses, except temporarily until they can be delivered to the state hospitals.

We know that our state insane hospitals are all represented to be full and overcrowded, but a determined effort would undoubtedly find more room. If necessary, let the superintendents and their families take quarters outside of the hospitals, so that the insane may be cared for in them. It is up to the Board of Control to solve this problem, for the solution is entirely in its hands.

Nothing New Under the Sun.

Here is balm and consolation for the modern railway man, who is sure his troubles are greater than those that beset his predecessors, and that the railroad is today, more than ever before, a mark for unfair public excursions. Some one has dug up the annual report of the Eastern Railroad company, now the Boston & Albany Railroad company, for the year 1851, from which the following excerpt is taken:

The treasury of a railroad seems to be considered like a city besieged by assault, the proper arena and admitted apology for plunder. It is perfectly understood among the profession, that the best feature in a lawsuit is to have a railroad company for an opponent. Judges and juries seem to vie with each other in helping liabilities and imposing penalties upon them. Each succeeding legislature loads them with new restrictions, imposes new burdens and subjects them to new and unnecessary expenses, while the public are continually crying out for lower charges, greater speed and more frequent and more splendid accommodations. These are facts too notorious for denial, and it is the duty of those to whom the stockholders have intrusted their interest, to point out the dangers as well as the profits of their investment.

It would seem that the report needs only to be re-dated to pass current as coming from some one of the railroad spokesmen of today. How familiar it sounds; and, incidentally, how convincing it is as testimony that the restrictions laid by the people through their legislators on what has become the mighty railroad system of the country, the far greater part of it built within fifty years, have, as a whole, really injured to their mutual benefit.

The Battle of Mulhall.

The federalists decided to attack the insidious lobbyists and, led by the commander-in-chief, himself, made a fierce midnight assault, sending heavy shells into the camp, followed by desultory firing, which soon died away when the enemy failed to retaliate. The federalists, believing the enemy had either retreated or been completely annihilated, advanced cautiously, to find the fort had been evacuated for some time, except for a few old guards, furloughed or mustered out of the regular service.

Manifestly disappointed and chagrined at the result, the federalists, deciding to change their tactics, advanced rapidly in the hope of locating the foe further on. Hastening in the opposite direction, they met General Mulhall, who having deserted the army of the manufacturers, was eager to disclose the secrets of their maneuvers and so fell into confidential relations with the federalists. Soon again the latter's tactics underwent another change when they discovered as complete a disappointment in General Mulhall as in the deserted fort.

The result was a virtual alliance of the federalists and manufacturers in a concerted assault upon Mulhall. It was deemed best for the federalists to lead the first attack, flanked by the manufacturers, with plans to throw up reinforcements from the rear whenever needed. Mulhall, however, soon after the battle began, took the aggressive and forced the federalists into what at first seemed a poor defensive. He led with his heavy artillery, hurling his forces fiercely against the federalists and fairly raining shells from his trenches into their ranks. While a heavy list of federal wounded was at first feared, complete reports disclosed few casualties and no fatalities. General Mulhall kept up so ponderous a cannonading for days as to give the impression of a most intrepid and resourceful warrior strongly supported.

The tables turned, however, when the federalists, reinforced from their own and the manufacturers' ranks, began a terrific artillery bombardment which was incessantly maintained until thoroughly demoralized, the Mulhall phalanx frantically sought refuge in a miserably disorganized retreat.

The federalists, however, were badly disappointed in their original attack on the insidious lobbyists.

Later bulletin: An official dispatch to the War department says the federalists spiked their own guns with blank cartridges in this onslaught, which, it turns out, was designed merely for a stratagem.

Eating on the Train.

That splendid old democratic custom of carrying one's own gingerbread and grapejuice on the train and eating it in the day coach is said to be rapidly reviving in New England, where there are enough staid folk to stand off what foppish fashion may say against the crudities of common sense.

Everyone who has traveled realizes, of course, that the cost of transportation is but an initial item in the list of expenses; that eating in the diner, where everything runs to exaggerated prices and tipping the waiter on top of this, forms a large part of the budget. Now, an eastern exchange rises to remark in favor of the Arcadian simplicity of carrying a lunch and eating it in the regular coach, pointing out what is perfectly true, that this is the best that an average tourist can afford.

All of which may be granted without leaving something to be said on the side of the diner and against the pastoral plan. Let all the passengers, say on a long journey, adopt the latter and traveling becomes far more of a burden than exorbitant prices and expenses can possibly make it. The Gothicism of the average tourist car or day coach crowd at tea is in no sense calculated to enhance the joy of travel. Such as this never enters into the advertising matter put out by railroad companies seeking business. The expenses in the diner are exorbitant, but some things are even worse, and besides, traveling is not usually resorted to as a means of economy.

Crimean and Balkan Wars.

Only a little more than half a century ago England, France, Turkey and Sardinia were joined in war against Russia on the Crimea. The primal cause was the Russo-Turkish dispute over the protectorate of the Greek Christians in the Ottoman empire. France in the meantime looked upon the war as a means to the guardianship of the holy places in Palestine and Great Britain's cause belli was resistance to the aggressive policy of Nicholas I, emperor of Russia. The upshot of it all was to strengthen the Turk's position in Europe.

How well the allies succeeded may now be realized in the light of the Balkan slaughters. What tremendous allied power it has taken to dislodge the sultan from part of his European strongholds! The tables turned in time. What if England, Germany and France have refused Russia's invitation for a joint naval demonstration for the Turk's benefit off Constantinople coincident with the mobilization of Russian troops in the southwestern province? They have not lessened their contempt for the Turk nor abated their zeal for his expulsion. Yet he comes. Crushed he may be under the impact of the Balkan alliance, obstructed by a nominal concert of the powers, his advance is admittedly more arduous and so long as the concert assumes no aggressive form, which in this case is tantamount to a collapse, the Turk in Europe threatens to continue for a while longer an irritating thorn in the flesh of the divine-right ruler of the Russia.

The Need of Service.

"Too many persons who see the sign 'P. C.' in the heavens think it means 'Preach Christ,' when it means 'Plow Corn,'" said Vice President Marshall in an address at the dedication of a vocational training school in Illinois. "A vast army of persons," he said, "whose labors would make for the industrial advancement of the nation, have conceived themselves fitted for the fancied nobler pursuits, and thus the progress they would have made in the work they are fitted for is lost."

The force of these trite sayings is felt by those who have thought seriously about them. But the ambition to "preach Christ" need not suffer behind the plow, if rendering useful, honorable service to the world may be taken as preaching Christ. Christ, Himself, had a good deal to say of the importance of the good husbandman and the folly of sowing seed on stony ground, and of the diversity of gifts making no difference in results, so long as each was employed to the full capacity.

The vice president's suggestion that many a good farmer is spoiled by a poor preacher, or many a good mechanic by a poor doctor and so on, as directing young folks' minds to the fundamentally important thing of exalting service for service's sake, or avoiding the mistake of getting the round peg in the square hole and vice versa, is worth emphasizing. The world is in need of good, average men, men who are proficient in the common walks of life, the common fields of labor, and education has no

higher duty to perform than to instill in young minds appreciation that it is not the livery, but the service that determines merit, or success, if that term is preferred.

Another American Championship.

The Davis cup, which was the trophy of Maurice McLoughlin and his team's triumph in the tennis courts of the world, comes back to the United States after ten years of absence. It was carried to England by the famous Dohertys in 1903, and American cracks struggled in vain for its recovery since until McLoughlin, Williams, Hackett and Johnson captured it during the week at the great London contests.

Thus America claims another international athletic championship, which, achieved so closely upon the heels of our polo victory, is all the more enjoyable to us. It helps to emphasize the signal lead we are taking in the world's forum of sportsmanship and acts as a dynamic inspiration for yet other distinction. The recapture of the Davis cup is especially gratifying, since it is originally an American trophy, given in the first place by Dwight Davis, a former American tennis champion.

The young man, McLoughlin, whose individual playing astonished the tennis world, is another of the list of California athletes taking so large a part in these triumphs. Our victorious Olympic teams, it will be remembered, include some lucky native sons of the Golden West. They have helped considerably to impress on our British cousins the American's superiority both as an athlete and sportsman, for skill in one usually means grace in the other. Americans are naturally what is commonly called "good sports," for we know how to lose as well as win, "how to be abased and how to abound." And the general effect is a tonic to the race.

Base Ball in History.

The Carnegie museum has applied for the famous palmless glove and uniform worn by Hans Wagner, the famous Pittsburgh shortstop, when he shall have laid down his mantle of greatness and retired to the quiet precincts of his valuable Pennsylvania farm to enjoy the evening of life in the shade of the fortune accumulated on the diamond.

Thus Clio, as well as the muses of current chronicles, has her eye on our renowned national game, which she would enshrine in history for the instruction of posterity. But strange, indeed, would it be to imagine that future generations would not be interested in a sport so artistically combining business and pleasure as to draw such throngs and yield such revenues as this. Yet are we not to think that only in "storied urn or animated bust" or the palmless gloves and well-worn uniforms of great stars shall base ball live in the future. It will go on improving and developing until to posterity our great scientific inside game will appear as but comical crudities and our Wagners, Lajoles, Cobbs, Chances, Johnsons and Mathewsons but blundering novices, interesting only because amusing.

Yet, seriously, base ball is not in its infancy. We are impressed at the crowds it draws. Nearly fifty years ago it was drawing its crowds of 10,000 and more. Read this from the files of Harper's Weekly of June, 1865:

BASEBALL.

The Athletic base ball club of Philadelphia comes to New York about June 12 to play with various clubs in this city and vicinity and will then return to receive visits at home from their friendly rivals. The games of these athletes are most attractive. They are sometimes witnessed by not less than 10,000 persons, including ladies. There is no nobler or manlier game than base ball, and the more it is cultivated the better for the country.

What a prophecy! It reads now in the light of this cultivation and the betterment as if inspired. Base ball has prospered so richly in America because it is so definitely visualizes the American spirit and temperament. It holds a place in the life of our people which assures it its rightful corner in the archives of history.

President Wilson will not recognize the Huerta government of Mexico because there is a moral question behind it. The moral question, however, did not prevent him from recognizing Colonel Bryan for a place in the cabinet, notwithstanding his notorious betrayal of the mandate of his constituents at the Baltimore convention.

"Brother Charlie" Wooster publicly confesses that he used to worship at the shrine of Bryan, but now nevermore. Mr. Wooster's name would be inscribed high on the Bryan roll of honor, but he may fairly assume that it has been expunged without right of trial by jury.

Kansas City has a fight on to stop licensing saloons in residence districts, a fight every progressive city must make and win; by the way, Omaha's new home rule charter puts the ban up against issuing any more liquor licenses west of Twenty-fourth street.

Never fear, the exact date of Rev. "Billy" Sunday's coming to Omaha will be announced sufficiently in advance. Rev. "Billy" knows enough to give his press agent ample time to plow the field and make it ready for seeding.

Looking Backward
This Day in Omaha
COMPILED FROM BEE FILES
AUGUST 3, 1913.

Thirty Years Ago—

Confirmation is had of the purchase by an English syndicate of several farms near Summit Siding. It is now disclosed that the company was organized by J. H. Swan, the cattle king of Wyoming, with a view to establishing the finest stock yards in the western country and ultimately to invest \$2,000,000 in the yards and packing houses.

Articles of incorporation have been filed for the First German Presbyterian church, the initial trustees being Max Boehncke, N. Krebs and N. Kluge.

Among the passengers on the Overland Beach association got home from a business trip to Lincoln.

St. John's lodge elected the following officers: Charles B. Needham, master; Jerome K. Coulter, senior warden; George Elliott, junior warden; Henry Van Dusen, treasurer; J. J. Points, secretary.

Arrangements are being made for a complimentary benefit to the veteran actor, Mr. G. C. Staley, to be given at the Academy of Music.

Twenty Years Ago—

Detective Mike Dempsey returned from Chicago, where he took in the World's fair.

Secretary Daugherty of the Courtland Beach association got home from a business trip to Lincoln.

A. L. Strang of La. Porte, Tex., formerly of Omaha, was here visiting old friends.

Police Judge Berka and Detective John Vissard were rigging themselves out for a gay trip to the World's fair in Chicago. Both had bought the very latest thing in

sporty hats and their friends around the station were wondering just how high they might fly in the Windy City when the wind got real good.

A. W. Bowman, shoe merchant, closed his store at 117 North Eleventh about 9 p. m., and started for him home, 238 Dodge street, feeling good over a good day's business. He was about to cross the intersection at Eleventh and Dodge, when under the glare of an electric street light and in the presence of fully fifty persons, two highwaymen, both armed with guns, commanded him to stop, throw up his hands and let them take what he had.

Instead Mr. Bowman, instantly sitting up the situation, struck the gun from the hand nearest his face, leaped a low iron railing fence and started for pastures new and more hospitable. "Bang, bang," rang out whistling bullets behind him, but he beat them. Sergeant Whalen and other officers captured one of the thugs and entered on a search of the other, who got away.

Ten Years Ago—

The McKinley club, at its meeting, adopted resolution apropos to the death of Richard S. Berlin, a former member.

The Omaha club board of directors committed itself to the plan of erecting an addition to the building costing \$15,000.

Delegates to the International Typographical union convention in Washington, D. C. were leaving or preparing to leave. Among them were Herman Matthes, F. A. Kennedy, I. J. Copenharve, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Matthes and Mrs. C. B. Matthews were also going as delegates and officers of the women's auxiliary.

The Board of Education created the position of supervisor of primary work in the public schools and gave it to Miss Clara Cooper, at a salary of \$100 a month. Miss Cooper had been principal of Forest school and her promotion led to the following rearrangement of principals: Franc Eaton to be principal at Forest, Virginia White of Beals, Ingletta F. Ware at Gibson, W. H. Detweiler, Lower and Smith vying against it. The board decided to restore the secretary's salary to \$2,500. J. P. Burgess, during his three years' incumbency, had been receiving but \$1,800 a year.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

A conservative is a radical who has been elected to office.

Any scheme to rob the rich will enlist approval and enthusiasm.

About all the enjoyment some people have is that of poor health.

The proudest man is the farmer whose boy has gone to town to study law.

If you wish sentiment and prejudice to influence the verdict, leave it to a jury.

If a boy could marry at the age of 13 he would, nine times out of ten, marry his school teacher.

The rule in every home is that father and the boys do the losing and mother does the finding.

When a man is 50 the raffle is over and it becomes apparent to him that he hasn't drawn anything.

Language puts out its tropical verdure every time a press agent sits down to write a notice of his show.

Do not take up too much time talking about your children. Remember there are others present who wish to discuss their children.

We have a good deal of admiration for the English sparrow. The English sparrow shifts for itself. No one is expected to express sympathy for it or contribute to its support.

People and Events

The cocktail is said to have reached its seventy-fifth birthday, but the inventor failed to show up and start the celebration.

Owing to the mysterious disappearance of the Sanjak of Novipazar news from the Balkan seat of war lacks the ginger of former times.

"Keep your clothes on," shouts a Chicago editor. Some little covering, even an umbrella, prevents blistering when the lake breeze is off duty.

Preliminary overtures of the concert of the powers impress non-musical ears that the fiddles are out of tune or the fiddlers can't fiddle. No rain checks and no money returned.

There were only thirty-three sets of twins born in Texas during June. Considering the vastness of the territory ready to smile a harvest when tickled, Texans are not doing their full duty to their country.

A revised installment of Jeffersonian simplicity hailing from Washington enables patrons of the postoffice to decorate their package with stickers of all colors and sizes. As long as your Uncle Sam gets the money the package goes.

Colonel "Silver Bill" Riley, the "squirrel sport" that ever covered a bet in Chicago, shuffled off at the age of 53. In the days of easy money in Gamblers' alley, Silver Bill was a millionaire. He died almost penniless.

Amos Ruess, the once famous pitcher of the New York Giants, is laid up in a Seattle hospital with an arm damaged in a collision with an iron bar. Amos has been out of the game for some time, but has been doing a steady turn as a plumber.

Just as Illinois was singing the praise of the beautiful verdict rendered by a jury of women under legal age, the gallant attorney general of the state butts in with an opinion that jury service under the constitution is restricted to males. Isn't that mean?

The "land of steady habits." Connecticut, justifies its reputation by putting up the bars against hasty marriages. Since August 1 five days' notice is required before a license can be granted. The new regulation slams elopers and marrying squires with one swing.

F. H. Miller of Brattleboro, Vt., celebrated his seventieth birthday by walking from his home to West Brattleboro a distance of sixteen miles, in four hours. He did this to prove that his retiring from active business recently was not because of failing health.

The Washington gale lends considerable strength to the weather sharp theory that heat waves moving beneath stratus of cold air "create a meteorological cataclysm of gyrating currents which visit destruction on the countryside." The national capital was surcharged with human heat that fearsome day. You know the rest.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS

Miriam, aged 5, had been delegated to rock the baby to sleep.

"I can't do it, mamma," she said after trying for some time. "He won't keep his eyes buttoned."

"Johnny, I'm afraid I'll have to whip you," said the mother of an incorrigible youngster.

"All right, mamma," he replied. "And after you whip me, may I have the whip to play horse with?"

Mrs. Mater—I wonder what makes that dog so afraid of me? He acts as if he thought I was going to half kill him.

Little Daughter—I guess he's seen you 'pinkin' me, mamma.

The teacher was giving a test on the value of foreign money in America. When it was little Harry's turn, she asked:

"Harry, how much is a guinea worth in this country?"

Harry smiled and answered: "A dollar and a half a day."

A man sent his neighbor's little boy to the drug store to buy five postage stamps. He handed him two dimes, the extra one being for himself. Some time afterward the boy came back blubbering and said he had lost one of the dimes.

"But why didn't you buy me the stamps?" asked the man.

"Because, mister," replied the boy, "it was your dime I lost."

Mary, aged 14, was found one day by an older sister sobbing and crying.

"What is the matter?" she asked with great concern.

"Three boys have asked me to go to the dance tonight," was the unexpected reply.

"Well, my dear child, certainly that is not such a terrible misfortune."

"Yes, but I told the first one that I would go with him, and the last one was a long-panter!"

SECULAR SHOTS AT THE PULPIT

Houston Post: A corps of the Salvation Army is to visit the swell resorts of the east to save the souls of the idle rich. It will first be necessary to find the souls.

St. Louis Republic: The czar of Russia and the holy synod have decided to destroy Tolstoy's posthumous works. The dead lips of Tolstoy can no more be silenced than the living, but you couldn't expect the czar or the holy synod to understand that.

Leslie's Weekly: "Why should not the church which solemnizes marriage, go behind the ceremony, encouraging young people to wed and giving them needed instruction concerning married life? Just this the New York diocese of the Protestant Episcopal church proposes to do. In the discussion of the marriage problem it was unanimously agreed that health certificates should be required for marriage. The much greater problem of how the church is to bring young people together with marriage as the aim and how to make the married state happy and permanent has been turned over to the social service commission to work out.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Too many small towns try to support four or five churches when they should unite behind one or two. Decline in church attendance and shrinkage in ministerial salaries will be somewhere on the road toward solution when rural churchgoers decide to give up trying to keep so many competing institutions alive. Most people will believe these conditions are as much responsible as motor cars for the situation complained of. It is likely to be found as difficult, however, to carry out a general policy of rural church mergers as it would be to discourage Sunday motoring.

MIRTHFUL REMARKS.

"Did De Tank and his wife get along all right?"

"Yes, when he was sober."

"And when was that?"

"The day he was married."—Indianapolis Star.

"And when they call up from the office, dear, and ask what's the matter with you, shall I say indignation now, or do you want to disgrace me? Tell 'em it's complicated ptomaine!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Smith to Chemist—I wish to buy a thermometer to regulate the heat of my room.

Chemist—What kind will you have, madam?

Mrs. S.—Oh, it does not matter, so you set it at 86, as the doctor said that would be the proper heat.—Boston Globe.

"If I did steal the grocer's scales," pleaded the thief, "I was only doing what they were made for."

"How do you make that out?" asked the judge.

"I was only making away with them."—Baltimore American.

"Gracious! That skirt is so tight that I can plainly see what you have in your pocket."

"But I have no pocket."

"Then what is that lump?"

"Oh, that's a mosquito bite."—Houston Post.

"I like to see a man take off his coat and work for a new law the way Jim Hooper is doing. It tickles me to death to meet a man who is sincere in what he undertakes. I wish we had more Jim Hoopers."

Jim's all right. If the new law carries he's got a \$5,000 job under it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LIFE.

Baltimore Sun.

A steady job somewhere that pays one can keep as long as those who have to give you blame or praise are satisfied the way work goes.

A two-piece suit just twice a year. For winter and for summer wear. And one nice garment for the dear and one good second best spare.

Six dresses each for those who've come into your little world of strife. To share the rib roast and the crumb. With the enshrined and frugal wife.

A trolley ride just now and then. When paper and clear grow stale. Two lectures to feed the dome. The odd change left will best avail.

The theater paragon for two. Six nights of intervals when they have something that's worth seeing through. And, maybe one meal in cafe.

A quarter for collection plate. Each Sunday through the punctual year. And now and then—no special date—A bottle of imported beer.

The base ball games when team is home. The circus and the Wild West show. One lecture to feed the dome. Medicine, doctor, lawn to mow.

Grocer, the ice man, and milk; The baker, huckster—then Louise. Must have that bodice made of silk. An Benny needs a hat, dear, please!

Sometimes laid off, and then the cloud. A new dress that is hardest borne. But that love lifts the settled shroud. And faith illumines the morn.

Patience, content and sacrifice. Of both hearts to a common end.