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TUESDAY March 5 1912

Expansion Impossible In Crowded Cities

By BRUCE CALVERT, Social Philosopher

IF you live in a two room flat you have a TWO ROOM SOUL. If you are able to afford a seven room and bath apartment then your mind and spirit have slightly better opportunity for expansion.

If you live in a basement, heaven help you!

HEAVEN HELP ALL DWELLERS IN CITIES ANYHOW. THEY ARE DWARFED, THWARTED, EROTIC, AND KEEP THEMSELVES KEPT UP TO THE DEMANDS OF CITY LIFE BY THE USE OF STIMULANTS, NARCOTICS AND HIGHLY SEASONED FOODS.

It is the new life from Europe and from the west and south that keeps New York going. The men who rule New York were COUNTRY BRED MEN. The native New Yorker, with here and there a very rare exception, does nothing worth while. How can he? His soul is CRAMPED BY THE CONDITIONS OF HIS LIFE.

ALL THE BIG IDEAS, THE GREAT POEMS, THE WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES, NEED THE WOODS AND THE STARS, THE SUNLIGHT AND THE RAIN FOR THEIR DEVELOPMENT. THERE ISN'T SPACE FOR THEM IN THE TWO ROOM SOUL, THE SPIRITUAL TENEMENT OF THE CROWDED CITIZEN OF A LARGE CITY.

Men and women in the city eat highly spiced foods. They stimulate their lagging brains with alcohol or soothe their exhausted nerves with narcotics. City vices are the inevitable outcome of city life.

The Scrap Book

Beyond the Judge's Control.

"The courtroom has its fun as well as its tragedy," once observed William Travers Jerome. "Sometimes the humor is not as appreciable to the principal actors as to an outsider, as in the case I once attended in a New England court where a scandal trial was on."

"The principal witness was an impetuous old Irishwoman. She talked so fast that the judge was unable to follow her testimony, especially as it was delivered in the broadest of brogues. In vain he attempted to stop her."

"Stop, stop!" he cried, rapping sharply on his desk. But the torrent of words continued as before. "Old woman, shut up!" he shouted in exasperation, but to no avail. The old lady was determined to have her say. Finally the unhappy judge threw down his pen and yelled to the lawyer:

"There, Mr. Murdoch! You set her a-going. Now stop her!"—Lippincott's

Love Much.

Love much. Earth has enough of bitter in it.

Cast sweets into its cup whenever you can.

No heart so hard but love at last may win it.

Love is the grand primeval quest of man. All hate is foreign to the first great plan.

Love much. Men's souls contract with cold suspicion.

Shine on them with warm love and they expand.

"Tis love, not credence, that from a low condition

Leads mankind up to heights supreme and grand.

Oh, that the world could see and understand!

His Ambition.

Acton Davies, the dramatic critic, tells a story of Oliver Herford, the humorist. Herford never had a serious thought in his life.

"Herford sat next to a soulful poetess at dinner one night," Davies relates, "and that dreamy one turned her sad eyes upon him. 'Have you no other ambition, Mr. Herford,' she demanded, 'than to force people to degrade themselves by laughter?' Yes, Herford had an ambition—a whole of an ambition. Some day he hoped to gratify it. The woman rested her elbows on the table and propped her face in her long, sad hands and gazed into Mr. Herford's eyes. 'Oh, Mr. Herford,' she said—'Oliver, tell me about it.' 'I want to throw an egg into an electric fan,' said Herford simply."

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A Salute Returned.

It was the last music lesson before the Christmas holidays, and the children had been thinking more about the coming festivities than about their studies, so it had been rather unsatisfactory.

"Well, children," said the supervisor as he was about to leave, "I wish you all a merry Christmas, and I hope that when you return after the holidays you will have more music in your heads than you have today."

Without a moment's hesitation came the reply from forty little urchins. "The same to you, Mr. Browning."

Let Him Into a Secret.

A prominent member of the London Stock Exchange was a man who enjoyed his wine and always took great care of it when he happened to pick up a choice vintage. While living in a fashionable quarter of the west end he chanced to buy a large cask of very fine old port, which he placed at the extreme end of his cellar, and to make perfectly sure that it should not be touched he had a wall built across the cellar and so closed it in.

It was about a year or two later that one evening he accepted an invitation to dine with his next door neighbor when the latter brought out some very fine old port. Several glasses having been drunk, the man of stocks and shares asked his host where he could get some port like it.

"Well, old fellow," returned the other, "I will let you into a secret. I was having some alterations made in my cellar lately when we discovered that some old fool who lived in this house before me had built a wall round a large cask of port and forgotten all about it. This is some of it, but I am afraid there isn't much left."

His Losses.

A prominent Washington official was lunching at the Metropolitan club when he saw one of his society friends sitting near by and looking gloomy and disconsolate.

"What's the matter, Sam?" called out the official.

"Nothing much," sighed the sad, denuded Sam, "only I took too much to drink yesterday. I lost a pair of glasses, a cane, a raincoat and a reputation."—Washington Star.

Tales of Cities.

New York is regarded as the moving picture show center of the world.

The industrial production of the French city of Marseilles amounted last year to the sum of \$294,340,000.

The number of vessels that entered the port last year was 8,318.

Tunneling beneath the Chicago river at all points where drawbridges are now operated is the only solution to the traffic problem which is being faced by Chicago, according to Colonel George A. Zinn, government engineer stationed there.

Cost of Living.

Several Cincinnati schoolgirls have proved that they can live on 7 cents a day. But will they?—Cleveland Leader.

The high cost of living isn't nearly as mysterious as the arguments that try to explain it. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A good many persons are puzzled over the newfangled paper bag cooking, but more are puzzled over the problem of getting something to cook. —Milwaukee Sentinel.

REFEREE WHITE PUTS DAMPER ON "FAKE" HOWLERS

Intercom Charles White puts the damper on all the wise guineas who yell "Fake!" after every bout.

"Years ago," says Charles, "I was invited to witness a grudge battle held in a cellar of a tenement house near Corlears Hook, in New York city. While the fellows fought, water kept gradually flowing in until it reached their armpits. After fifty-two rounds one of the men slipped and sank. In about twenty seconds he came up bubbling and splashing about. That was when the referee got busy."

"This bout is a fake!" he shouted. "I declare it no contest."

"That referee left many descendants."

Michigan End Was Coached by Yost In Front of Cigar Store.

The annual yarns about the football players are now beginning to spring into print. About the best told of the western gridiron warriors is one on Stanford Wells, the star end of the Michigan eleven.

It was just a day or so before the Michigan team left Ann Arbor for Philadelphia to meet the Quakers on Franklin field last fall.

Two powerful looking men stood in front of Houston's billiard hall on State street, Ann Arbor, Mich., looking into

each other's eyes. One was a tall, dark man. He was chewing a stogy, rolling it nervously from one corner of his mouth to the other as he talked. The other was a stocky, auburn haired fellow.

Suddenly the man behind the stogy shot out at full length, grasped the other by the shoulders, pushed him backward and jerked him roughly from side to side. Several newsboys stopped, looked on and wondered. Other people stopped to watch the peculiar actions of these two men.

Watching for an opening, the tall man ducked like a flash and rammed his shoulders against the stomach of the quiet, red haired man. Then, chewing his cigar harder, the dark gentleman backed slowly away, his hands on his knees. Still the red haired man stood mute, watching every move of the man opposite him.

By this time quite a crowd had gathered. Freshmen stood looking on with wonder in their eyes. Seniors slapped each other on the back and laughed.

"You must use your hands on 'em this a-way," y'know," drawled the tall, dark man, grabbing the other by the shoulders again. But by this time even the greenest freshman in the crowd of spectators knew that it was only Coach Fielding Harry Yost showing Stan Wells how to play right end on defense against the shift attack.

AMATEUR BILLIARD TOURNEY.

First of Five For Championships in New York to Be Held Nov. 27.

The first of the five big championship tournaments which the National Association of Amateur Billiard Players has mapped out for the winter will be the Class B national championship at 182 ballline. The tournament will be held in New York Nov. 27.

The matches will be 300 points, and all entrants must qualify at a grand average of between five and seven.

Swimming Compulsory at Princeton. Princeton university will make learning to swim compulsory this year.

Photo by American Press Association.

STANFORD WELLS, MICHIGAN'S SPEEDY END.

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STANFORD WELLS, MICHIGAN'S SPEEDY END.

R. G. Collins, Postmaster, Bandon, N. J., was troubled with a severe gripe cough. He says:

"I would be completely exhausted after each fit of violent coughing. I bought a bottle of Foley's Home and Tar Compound and before I had taken it all the coughing spells had entirely ceased. It can't be beat." Sold by Bandon Drug Co.

Typewriters Given Away.

The Emerson Typewriter Co. of Woodstock, Ill., have recently given away over 400 of the highest grade, wholly visible Emerson Typewriters made in the world. They have gone into every state and territory in the United States. There may be some in your town. They are giving them away everywhere to men, women, boys and girls, over 18 years of age, on surprisingly liberal conditions.

If you could make any use of a \$100.00 typewriter, providing it did not cost you even one cent, then in letter or on a postal card addressed to Frank L. Wilder, President, Woodstock, Ill., simply say, "Mail me all your Free Offers," and by return mail you will receive their Free Offers, the names of over 400 who have recently received typewriters free, and you will know what easy conditions you can get one of their typewriters, free, right away.

The Emerson Typewriter is one of the highest grade, wholly visible typewriters made in the world. Many who have used the "Emerson" and other makes pronounce the "Emerson" superior to any \$100.00 typewriter on the market. It is a wholly visible machine, has every new, up-to-date feature, looks like other high grade \$100.00 typewriters, though it sells regularly for less and on terms of \$1.00 down and 10 cents a day until paid for. The "Emerson" has every new improvement, universal keyboard, back spacer, tabulator, two-color ribbon, everything the best; is the ideal machine for beginners as well as for the most expert typists and stenographers; just the typewriter for the smallest or largest office.

If you could possibly make any use of a high grade typewriter, even though it didn't cost you one cent of money, then be sure, on a postal card or in a letter addressed to "Frank L. Wilder, President, Woodstock, Ill.," say "Mail me your Free Offers."

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Lodge and Professional Directory

Lodges are requested to notify this office on election of officers and on change of meeting night. Cards under this head are 75c per inch per month.

Lewah Tribe No. 48, Imp. O. R. M.

MEETS First and Third Tuesdays of each month at 8th run at the Bandon Wagon. Suppering Chefs in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

A. J. Hartman, J. C. Shields, C. of R. Sachem.

W. O. W.

Keep the logs rolling boys!

SEASIDE CAMP NO. 212, WOODMEN OF THE WORLD.

Meets First and Third Thursdays. Visiting Neighbors welcomed.

C. M. Gage, C. C.

H. E. Boak, Secretary

Masonic.

BANDON LODGE, No. 130 A. F. & A. M.

Stated communications first Saturday after the full moon of each month. Special communications second Saturday thereafter. All Master Masons cordially invited.

W. E. Craine, W. M.

Phil Pearson, Secretary

Eastern Star

OCCIDENTAL CHAPTER, No. 45, O. E. S., meets Saturday evening before and after stated communication of Masonic Lodge. Visiting members cordially invited to attend.

Louise M. Boyle, W. M.

Merta Mehl, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.</