

### Uncle Silas Says.

Uncle Bill, I see in the paper here that "Our Teddy" is called "Roosevelt the Roarer," suggesting delicately thereby that he is a dead one. Perhaps he is, but that is by no means certain. But that brings forcefully to my mind an incident of my boyhood. In summer I often went to my Uncle Toby's farm, a couple of miles from ours, and used to put in a great deal of time with Uncle Toby in studying insects which was one of his hobbies. He caught them by means of a tight silk net bag at the end of a long stick. I was always anxious to catch a hummingbird, and, like Brer Rabbit, I lay low. Finally, one bright morning I got the bird just where I wanted him, above a blossom of wild cotton. I brought down my net kerflop, and I was certain that the green beauty was mine that I yelled with delight. I was recalled to earth by Uncle Toby, and when he saw that he had my attention he said: "My boy, if you would succeed in your undertakings study the skill of the hummingbird and learn to flit backward." Well, Teddy has mastered the art of backward flight so that, hummuh he ever so loudly, his humming don't even a little indicate the direction of his flight. He is like the darky's flea. "When yu-h got 'pu yu-hr finger on 'im he isn't dar!"

Sister Sue, you say you are becoming so absent minded that you often spoil your cooking by seasoning it twice, and you take a great many unnecessary steps in doing your housework by going to look after things you have already attended to. I certainly know how to sympathize with you, for I have a lot of trouble that way myself. Usually I don't mind it much; but when it comes to taking small potatoes, as I did the other day, and dropping them in my breakfast coffee, I want to draw the line right there. Mother called my attention to the fact that potato s were not sugar to sweeten anything, just as the second one plopped into my cup, and she almost had fits laughing at me. However, such a thing is easier to bear than what a friend of mine who lives in the city did about a month ago. We were having a lot of rain, and his good wife saw to it that he had an umbrella every time he left the house. One day he happened to get out without it. It began to pour, and just then one of the young women in his office stepped out of a store on her way home. She had an umbrella raised and offered to take him as far as she was going. He accepted of her offer of shelter, carried the umbrella for her until she reached her door, and then started off home with the umbrella over his head. She didn't have the heart to protest, though she knew that she would have to go out again in a little while, and she didn't know where she could borrow another umbrella. Well, he blundered on, utterly unconscious of the fact that he was sheltered with what didn't belong to him; but, luckily for her, his wife was at hand when he came in, and when she found out where he had picked up the umbrella, she sent him right back with it and his best apologies. Now, the trouble with me is I have so long depended upon mother to keep tab of the little things of life and to attend to them, that I have become very much like the man whose teeth bothered him. "I'm sorry you've been troubled with the toothache," said the family dentist, when the man appeared in his office. "I gave you the first minute I had free after receiving your wife's telephone message. Let me see which tooth it is that is troubling you." The man looked bewildered, swished his tongue around in his mouth, and answered slowly: "M—m, it's not aching just now." Then after a moments-hesitation, during which he made another cautious investigation with his tongue, he inquired dreamily: "Didn't my wife mention to you which tooth it is? I always rely on her in such matters."

Mother, Sister Sue, you know, loves Sport, and thinks he is the finest dog ever. There is a dog in the city that is almost Sport's double, she says, that was not in good standing with his mistress because of his size and nothing else. The woman who lives a few doors west of Sister Sue's, had aims for a rather high place in society and was doing her level best to attain that place. Her husband is just as plain, every-day sort of man, who would rather come home from his office at night and make himself comfortable about the house than to go out to parties and visiting. He is a great lover of pet animals, and several years ago, before he became very prominent in his profession, and before it seemed to his hity-toity wife would ever be able to reach the height she longed for in the butterfly social whirl, he bought a fine thorough-bred English water spaniel pup which immediately became a favorite with all of the family except the wife, whose objection to him was that he was too large for her to hold in her lap. As the pup grew older it came to be a great pal of it's master, but carefully avoided it's mistress. It would obey her and eat what she gave it, but it never showed any great sorrow if she failed to give attention. With it's master it displayed just the opposite sentiments, and when it saw him coming home it would run to meet him and take the evening paper from his hand. He trained the pup to hunt in fields with him, and he declares it saved him from being bitten from a rattlesnake one day by gripping him by the leg of his trousers and preventing him entering a clump of bushes, and then advancing and stirring up the big rattler, which the master shot. When the family had increased it's amount in worldly wealth, the mistress secured a tiny lap dog that she could cuddle in her arms, and if she could have had her way the noble old dog would have been banished to the back yard without any shelter. But the master would not allow it, and the old dog continued to live in the house, was fed as usual and slept in a comfortable bed

near the furnace in the basement. A few days ago, the couple were riding in an auto in the country near the city. The woman, who was on the rear seat, had her baby poodle cuddled down in her lap under a fur robe. The man was driving the machine, and, in attempting to go up a steep hill it balked, and ran swiftly backward and plunged into a creek where the water was very deep. The auto was completely submerged, and although the man who could swim would have saved himself, the woman would surely have been drowned if the old dog who had gone to her rescue and pulled her, not only ashore, but up on the bank. Well, the joke of the matter is the poodle got tangled up in her fur robe and was drowned. Since then the woman has experienced a change of heart towards the brave old dog who saved her life, and he became her idol. Now he sleeps in a comfortable little room, all of his own, on the second floor of the home, near that of his master, and his mistress feeds him as carefully as she had previously done to her worthless poodle. "In the olden time" they used to wash evil spirits out of supposed witnesses by ducking them in a pool of cold water until they would cry for mercy and agree to be good. That plunge into the water, likewise, washed ill thoughts from the woman's mind and she is now a model housewife instead of a fashionable human butterfly.

### Lesson of the San Francisco Fair.

However successful the San Francisco Fair has been in a business way, it is entitled to yet more credit for the service it performed for the American nation. It did more to make Americans know their own country than any other of the great shows that have been held here, with the possible exception of the Centennial at Philadelphia. It came at a time when Europe was largely barred to our travellers and there was willingness to consider the West, because West and East had been brought closer together than ever by the opening of the Panama Canal. The imagination of the nation turned toward the Pacific slope; there was a new desire to see and know, and the people by hundreds of thousands who would have never seen more than their own little section of his big and varied country traveled across the continent with their eyes open to learn things that every American ought to know.

### And There Is No Peace.

So the situation is that Germany is in the position of being willing to make such a peace as will leave her an unopposed giant, but cannot find anyone else willing to talk peace with her. In other words, Germany would like to let go but cannot. There is a great deal coming out in connection with the speeches in the Reichstag over the censored wires that deceive no one, about filled bellies, burning copper warehouses, heaping potato bins, populous pig pens. Never did blockade work such wonders. In the name of the prophet, figs! Meantime, the allies are more determined than ever. The time has been reached where there are more munitions than can readily be used, when new levies in hundreds of thousands—soon to be millions—for service and the international war council is working together for peace sure which is soon to be applied in new ways and with new strength on every front. There is no thought of peace anywhere in the allied countries which are far, far stronger after more than sixteen months of war than the final victor in our civil war was in the August of 1862.

### The Two Colonels.

The Washington correspondents are busy at their pleasant work of forecasting struggles in the national conventions this year. They are especially interested in speculating on the activity of the two colonels, who have been the most conspicuous figures in national politics for many years. It is argued, very plausibly, that both will be at the conventions. It is also assumed, that neither would dodge should the presidential lightning strike in his neighborhood, although each realize the impossibility of such an accident. Here the resemblance ends. The material of Col. Roosevelt will work for peace while the pacific Col. Bryan will be for party war.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer states what is generally known in political circles about the attitude of Col. Roosevelt. The Colonel wants to go as a Republican delegate from New York and his enemies in the Empire State raise no objections. He has also announced his willingness to support any of the suggested candidates, with one or two exceptions. While Col. Roosevelt will not have what might be called a chastened spirit it is stated that he will attempt no dictation. He will be satisfied with the convention's choice of candidates, but he will insist on a firm platform declaration for preparedness.

Col. Bryan, on the other hand, will make a platform fight for what he regards the "traditional Democratic policy." That is, he will oppose a large standing army and an increase in the navy. In all his speeches in 1912 he emphasized the single-term pledge and that part of each speech was published in the Commoner. In the issue before election he took pains to show how peculiarly sacred his pledge was. He has never publicly altered his stand on this question. But Mr. Wilson's renomination is a foregone conclusion. It is predicted that Col Bryan will make only a perfunctory fight for the one term principle, concentrating his efforts on an antimilitarism declaration in the platform. He will not be ignored, for he will have many old friends in the convention and even his enemies will hesitate about driving him to revolt. The St. Louis convention may not be the team ratification meeting many have expected.

### Mr. Ford's Return.

Mr. Ford has abandoned his crusade of peace crusaders and home, because of his best person to find the mistake and present the correction to the merchant in a dollar in cash. Proper nouns and trade names excepted.

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### Spending the Peoples Money.

About the only thing that everybody seems agreed that the present session of Congress is certain to do is that it will set a new record for governmental expenditures. But Congress' long suit has been the spending of the people's money. And the enthusiasm among the "pork barrel" experts in the National Legislature over the appropriation prospects ahead of them must be extensive.

# S BARGAIN PAGE.

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