The Daily Times

Cimes Printing Company of Seattle

The Times Building-Second and Union. Alden J. Blethen, President and Editor-in-Chief EPH BLETHEN, Vice-President and Manager.

C. B. BLETHEN, Secretary and Managing Editor.

CHAS. ALF. WILLIAMS, Asst. Managing Editor. CHAUNCEY B. RATHBUN, City Editor.

EASTERN OFFICES: The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency, Tribune Building, Chicago, and Tribune Building, New York City. TACOMA, WASH., OFFICE:

730 Pacific Avenue. Telephone, Sunset, Main 7591. CITY OFFICES: Patrons not receiving The Times within the usual hours ould telephone the following agents:

Bhould telephone the following agents:

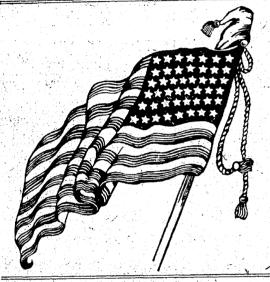
W. G. Seward, North 105, Green 65, Fremont.
J. V. Holton, Ballard, 5508 20th N. W. Phone Ballard 930.
Edw. Felt, University district, North 1722, Ind. White 591.
Chas. McKay, North 2025, Georgetown and South Seattle.
R. R. Silliman, Ind. Adams 210, West Seattle.
Jay Todd, Main 6500, Ind. 218, Rainier Valley.
The Times for all other points of the city.
Calls. must be made evenings before 7:30 p. m. and Sundays before 9:30 a. m.
TELEPHONES:

Ind. Sunset.

Business Office
City Editor
Dramatic Editor Managing Editor Editor-in-Chief ...

Entered at the postoffice at Seattle, Wash, as second-class

Population of Seattle 311,593. (Polk's Directory Estimate for 1910.)



THE WEATHER. Fair tonight and Sunday; moderate northeast winds.

TIDES AT SEATTLE TOMORROW.

 First high water
 6:28 a m., 15.5 ft.

 First low water
 11:09 a m., 12.6 ft.

 Second high water
 3:13 p. m., 14.0 ft.

 Second low water
 11:19 p. m., 2.3 ft.

Atterney-General G. W. Wickersham is going right after the big Tobacco Trust, just as if the United States is not Of course, if he trembles a little nobody will notice it during the excitement.

The P.-I. calls Mayor Gill's vetoes "the big stick." The P.-I. never objected to the big stick when President Roosevelt wielded it, but it makes a difference now. But Mayor Gill's

vetoes speak for themselves. War Secretary Jacob Dickinson has had \$90,000,000 set aside by the National House of Representatives for the use of his department for the fiscal year. That ought to be a fairly good offset for the \$10,000,000 Andrew Carnegle donated for

The will of the late Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy is likely to cause as much trouble among the Christian Scientists as the excommunication of Mrs. Stetson in New York. Mrs. Eddy left too much money behind to be allowed to rest peacefully

It is up to Mrs. Emma Smith De Voe to compel the Legislature to change that oath by which a woman must swear that she is "a male person" before she can register and vote. It will be tiresome for the male persons in the Legislature if

Why should George W. Dilling be put to the trouble of selecting a campaign committee when the half dozen Bugbear Leaguers that nominated him are still at large? They ought to be able to round up their own votes for him, even if they

Now that Congressman Miles Poindexter has come out for the Panama Exposition at San Francisco, it looks very much as if the Golden Gate City would be the winner in the contest. Probably New Orleans would have been left in the lurch anyway-but that's not the way to look at it.

Virgil Bogue will have his plan for a system of arterial highways for Seattle finished in about ten days. A month later the data will be ready for the public, and the taxpayers will then have something to talk about more exciting than the "recall movement" and of vastly more benefit to Seattle

The National Arts Club is trying to determine by debate which shall be the national flower of the United Statesthe Columbine or the Mountain Laurel. The Mountain Laurel is said to be leading by a nose or an eyelash, but the belief that Col. Theodore Roosevelt favors the modest violet in keeping back a decision.

"Prof Edward McMahon of the University of Washing ton, yesterday morning ridiculed the manner in which Hiram C. Gill was elected Mayor of Seattle"-says The P.-I. Will The P-I please have Prof. McMahon explain the manner in which any other man could be elected Mayor of Seattle except by polling a majority of the votes—as Mayor Gill did?

Rev. J. D. O. Powers having faced a "recall movement" by a little "welfare league" in the Boylston Avenue Unitarian Church, probably knows how Mayor Hiram C. Gill feels about it. Later he will be able to congratulate the Mayor upon coming out of the fiery furnace unscathed, as he himself has done. The "recall business" is becoming an unpleasant

Mrs. Mary Arkwright Hutton, Mrs. Emma Smith De Voe and Mrs. George A. Smith are mentioned as each taking a different view of the Suffragette situation in the State of Washington-which indicates that the new voters will be just as much mixed and contrary about politics as the mere men-Perhaps they ought to be disarmed of their hatpins before the trouble begins.

While there may be some doubt as to the propriety of the caustic criticisms of former President Theodore Roesevelt's platitudinous speeches by Prof. William T. Darby at the Washington State University, there can be no doubt of the truth of what he said. "The President is a much abler man than his predecessor"-was the closing remark that clinched Prof. Darby's review.

That was certainly a thoughtful man in Butte who selected an undertaking parlor as a place for committing suicide. He was said to have been a friend of Mark Twain, and if this be true, it may be that the unfortunate old fellow also had a sense of humor. He may have figured it out that it would be "up to the undertaker" to give him a decent burial, even If he did not happen to have money enough in his old pockets

The P.-I. expresses itself strongly on the liquor question in opposition to any new legislation upon the subject-but it will be noted that it was careful to wait until the Legislature had decided that point before it ventured to express an opinion.

So far The P.-I. has been unable to get a picture of Frank H. Scobey. This looks like a failure in journalistic enterprise by the yellow organ of the "forces of evil." Having dilated upon the cruel wrongs of Scobey until the public interest has been awakened in the community, there is a natural and growing desire to see Scobey, or his picture. Yet The P.-I. falls lown with "a dull thickening sud."

COLLECTIONS IN SEATTLE.

N EWS UNFAVORABLE TO SEATTLE certainly travels far and fast. The latest issue of Law Notes, a weekly publication for lawyers issued in New York, devotes about half a page of its space to a statement of the efforts which are being made in Seattle to correct the evils of the present law as applied to attorneys' fees in collection agency

It is charged that certain attorneys in Seattle make no effort to collect the accounts placed in their hands by the ordinary methods, but that they immediately bring suit so that they can collect \$5 additional in fees from the defendant on top of the commission which they charge the client and deduct from the amount of the bill.

It is true. There are lawyers in Seattle who practice this nernicious custom and it seems that there is no way short of disbarment proceedings which will stop them. Debts which have been overlooked or forgotten are brought suddenly to the attention of the debtor through the medium of a subpoena

The defendant so served must either employ an attorney and run the risk of extra expense in fighting the case-should he believe the claim to be unjust-or he must compromise by paying the costs already incurred-including the fee to the attorney who has sued instead of making an honest attempt

This practice is common in almost every one of the cities in the country. The only place where it is not common is where Bar Associations have made it their business to drive out practitioners of this sort. Technically it is legitimate, but ethically it is despicable.

And just because it has been allowed to flourish here. Seattle is advertised in this manner.

CALIFORNIA AND THE JAPS AGAIN.

ALIFORNIANS have evidently assimilated the Chinese question and digested it. The Chinese population of that State is the largest in the Union, and yet we hear more complaints from California concerning these people.

Apparently they have come to understand each other and with the present restriction laws controlling the immigration of Chinese, and the disposition upon the part of the Chinese to play the part in Californian life which has been forcibly set apart for them, there is no cause for further trouble or

With the Japanese, however, it is different. California has only about as many Japanese as we have in Washington, and yet California seems to have about ten times as much trouble with its Japanese guests as we have here.

It is all very well to group the Chinese and Japanese toether and call them the "Oriental Problem," or by some other high-sounding name, but as a matter of fact, it is impossible to group them because they are two peoples entirely different in temperament, racial characteristics and dispositions.

You cannot treat a Japanese as you would a Chinese-no matter whether your intentions be kindly or hostile. A favor to one might very easily be construed as an insult to the other. They are two widely diverse problems, and although California seems to have solved the problem of the Chinese, it jis evident that they are still groping in darkness where the Jap-

The worst part of this agitation upon the part of the State of California is that it raises the question of State Rights. It is very difficult to explain to the people of a foreign country that treaty rights which are supposed to apply to the whole of the United States may not necessarily apply to a certain

It makes a great deal of trouble for the State Department for our diplomats abroad and often brings upon the heads of entirely innocent communities the revenge for a discrimination against a foreign people in which they have no deserved share and very little actual concern.

There should be some amendment to the Constitution which would settle once and for all this matter of the rights of citizens of all foreign countries within the borders of the United States. It is both nonsense and anarchy to allow the Federal Government to proceed with the solemn task of entering into treaty obligations which can be nullified by the action of a

"WASTING TIME ON FRILLS."

THAT IT IS WRONG to waste time upon the little things of life is an old idea, but it is not often that we see it applied to the smaller people of the world.

Ordinarily we find it applied to the men of large affairs who find that they can make the most money by looking after the generalities and letting the details either handle themselves or drift naturally into the hands of their subordinates.

Miss Agnes K. Hanna, of Chicago, however seems to have different ideas upon the subject. She says, for instance, that It is a mistake to teach a girl to embroider her own under garments-to hem the tablecloths or the napkins,-or to do anything of that sort of work upon the ground that she could find much better use for her time.

Miss Hanna would have the girl buy her "fancy" clother ready-made instead of working upon them herself after having purchased the raw material. She claims that it is as much a waste of time for the girl to make up musling and do embroidery work upon the finished product as it would be for the man to buy the raw material and make his own pajamas or neckties. "The man who makes \$5,000 a year," says Miss Hanna,

"has a pretty accurate idea of the value of each hour. But voman frivols her time away sometimes when she should utilize every precious moment."

With a woman who sets herself up as an adviser of comen saying such a thing as this, we certainly have a most weighty problem upon our hands. Some of the things which she says are truth and others are at least susceptible of a large amount of argument upon the other side.

It is decidedly true that some of the most successful business men who deal with large affairs and who earn large sums of money for so doing, do not have anything to do with the smaller details of the business in which they are concerned. Their time is so valuable either to their employers or to themselves that they cannot give attention to anything else than the larger generalities of the business -the matters of policy and of general instructions to sub-

They cannot stop even to read their mail because they cannot spare the time from the consideration of general questions to consider these matters of detail.

The principal thing to which such men pay attention to the matter of selecting the right kind of employes and, having once found them, about all of the consideration they give to detail is in the matter of occasionally checking up on the work which these employes are doing in their name.

Some of these trusted employes in the large business houses of the country are women and naturally we would suspect that one of these would have little time for embroidery after she has concluded a hard day's work in practically writing letters of her own volition concerning steel or copper

No more would one suspect that the head of one of these great business houses would stop on the way home from a meeting of a Board of Directors which had just "passed" or "doubled" a dividend and personally pick out a dozen carnations for his wife or a doli for his little girl.

And yet, both of these miracles are witnessed every day, as any florist or any sales-girl in a toy shop will tell you. Furthermore, you will find that the stenographer who has come to act so much in the way of "confidential secretary" to her employer that she no longer has any time to devote to stenography is also quite an adept at these little feminine "wastes of time" after she gets home and forgets all about the fact that she is not doing a man's work.

As for the work itself, this Miss Hanna is evidently not an appreciater of pretty things. No woman who can ply a needle at all would ever be satisfied with the things which she buys "ready-made."

They do not belong in the same category. The peculiar little touches of frills and tucks-the ribbon here and the ribbon there-make them all different and mark them with the stamp of the well-kept-well-groomed and at least well-

THE HALL ROOM BOYS







THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN

Tells Friend Wife That Silence Is a Gold Cure

Copyright, 1910, by the New York Evening Telegram (New York Herald Company). All rights reserved.

seems that silence is not only golden but it also cures nerves,

golden but it also cures nerves, according to an Italian specialist," remarked Friend Wife.

"Sort of gold cure ch?" answered the Tired Business Man. "I always wondered at the frail health of such fragile talkers as Jack Johnson, T. R. Bryan, the suffragettes and the special platform policeman who incessantly holiers 'Step lively' as he jams seventeen more passengers into a car packed to the limit. They certainly would become healthy and strong if they tried the silence cure, but heaven help the London bobbies and send for the Scots Grays if the militant suffs ever stop talking!

"In the light of the learned nerve

"Dr. Parafini or Serafini or whatever his name is, says that persons
not loquacious always have good health.
Has he never heard of the scads of
farmers who rise at dawn and work
alone in the fields all day, with no one
to talk to, until some day the silence
busts their main springs and fills their
cases with loose wheels? Whereas, the
man in the information bureau of a
railroad station is always a person of
calm—wise, sane and of unworried
mind.
"Congress and our other great legis-

platform policeman who incessantly noters 'Step lively' as he jams seventeen more passengers into a car packed to the limit. They cerfainly would become healthy and strong if they tried the silence cure, but heaven help the London bobbies, and send for the Scots Grays if the militant suffs ever stop talking!

"In the light of the learned nerves specialist's declaration that great-gobs of silence are the real thing for those frazzled nerves, we should regard those West Point and Annapolis cadets as kind benefactors when they treated their instructors to 'the silence.' Of course, the soothing, noiseless moving picture show is far more comforting to the nerves than one full of talk, although not so sporific. And it only remains for the actors to cut out all the dialogue in a play, giving the American stage a generation of sound-proof Booths.

dark road or past a cemetery at midnight would the effort of answering some brisk conversationalist make one more nervous than moving alone in silence? I wot a couple of wots.

"Silence is golden, yes; but gold has depreciated terribly of flate years. Pull that golden sentiment on the milkman who makes the rounds before any one else is up or the man who goes around turning off the street lights for salaries not so awfully nobby, and then tell it to the monologue actor who gets his \$500 a week—some weeks—or the high priced trust lawyer who argues thinking up the tunnels under the law. Talk is a safety valve. Talk too much and one will either be declared a pest or elected to some high office or both.

"There is Noah Webster's dictionary

By WALTER A.

elected to some high office, or both.

"There is Noah Webster's dictionary just bulging with good words to throw around loose. Some of us can take it, or, leave it alone, meaning we can take it. The only dumb man I ever heard of who awas any athlete was a sign word Hercules who developed strong, fingers using strong language."

"Ministers talk a lot, and they often have nervous breakdown," suggested Friend Wife, timidly.

"That's when the congregation's money fails to talk," replied the Tired Business Man.

THE GOSSIP MICROBE

By ELBERT HUBBARD Copyright, 1911, by Star Company.

HE person who plays pitch-and-toss with your good name is not neces



with kindly deference and is regaled by hearing the character of some one clse ripped up into carpet rags.

The Gossip Microbe is born of vacuity and breeds best in idic minds.

If you do not hear what the scandal monger says you are not harmed. As for those who hear him they are not influenced against you by what he says, and for the most part his words die on empty air. He injures no one but himself.

However, the person who comes and

self.

However, the person who comes and tells you what the loquacious one says about you is a positive pest.

His action is unforgivable and unpardonable.

about you is a positive pest.
His action is unforgivable and unpardonable.
He robs you of your peace of mind.
The idle charges when told over again take on a different color and become realities.
So, to repeat: The individual who rails at me behind my back is very seldom my enemy; the person who comes to me and tells me what he says, is.
The first I'll pardon, the latter forever is taboo—let his name be anathema. He is one who magnifies idle nothings and vacuous vaporings until they become noxious gases.
The man who talks gossip is a fool, but the one who repeats it is a rogue. Your friends are those who, in the holy name of friendship, come, to you and poison your atmosphere by the other thing.
That plan of the king in the olden.

BARRIERS

"Is there anything between you and Miss Von Boh?"
"Only her father and mother."

6

time, who killed the messenger that brought him bad news, has my approval. Blessed are the feet of those who bring glad tidings.

Ply and Beer.

The late Gen. William R. Shafter developed during his residence in California a dislike to the Chinese.

Some time ago, at a dinner in San Francisco, Gen. Shafter pointed to a fly in a glass and said:

"Watch a man when a fly gets in his glass of beer and you can tell his nationality." An American will say the glass of beer and you can tell his hattionality.

"An American will pay laugh and order a fresh glass.

"A Spanlard will pay, but quietly walk off without drinking the beer.

"A Frenchman will pay and go, but make a tremendous fuss.

"An Englishman wills throw away the beer and demand a fresh glass for nothing.

"A German will carefully remove the fly with his finger and then drink the beer.

"A Russian will toss off fly, beer and all. "A Chinaman will first rescue the fly and eat it and then drink the beer to the last/drop."—Los Angeles Herald.

How It Was.

Brother Lobstock—How did yo' all got yo' nose busted?

Brother Tump—I done slipped down an' plumb lit on my back.

Brother Lobstock—But, name o' goodness, sahi—yo' nose isn't located on yo' back!

Brother Tump—No, sah; an' needer was Brudder Wack.—Puck. The Call of the Present.

Visiting Physician.—You are getting along nicely now, and I want to tell you that you have the makings of a fine mun in you!

The Kid.—Gee, Dor, I wish I had demakin's of a cigarette!—Puck.

ADVISING A HUSBAND

By WINIFRED BLACK

Dear Winifred Black: I am in great distress, and wish to have your advice, as I know it will be impartial. My wife is untrue to me, but thinks I am in ignorance of the fact. She is very wily. Should I leave her without saying anything or speak to her? She will probably deny it. Kindly advise me, and oblige yours truly.

A. D. R.

7ES, it's genuine-perfectly genuine. No one in the world could ever be ingenious enough to invent a situation like that. Poor A. D. R., so your wife is untrue to you, and you don't know whether to speak to her about it or not?

Poor woman of course she's very

situation like that. Poor A. D. R., so your wife is untrue to you, and you don't know whether to speak to her about it or not?

Poor woman, of course she's very naughty and all that, if she really is all that, and you aren't just imagining it, but I wonder what sort of woman it would take to stay in love with a man who believes, she's untrue to him and can't make up his mind whether he ought to speak to her about it or not.

Why, man alive, what would you do if you saw her getting ready to munder the baloy and then' kill herself? Would you tiptoe out of the room and let her go on with her desperate work while to speak to her about it or not?

If you haven't courage enough and compel you to speak to her, whether you ought to speak to her about it or not?

If you haven't courage enough to want to or not, can't you summon up just a little plain friendship and tell the woman what she's doing, just as you'd tell her if you saw her about to step oft he edge of a precipice in the dark?

Very willy, is she? How do you know she is? Perhaps you are very suspicious and very imaginative.

Why don't you take hold of this situation like a man, and not dilly dally like a foolish boy? If your 'wife loves you she's true to you. Have an explanation and put yourself out of your misery. If she's unirue to you, she doesn't love you. Well, then face the truth and leave her to work out her own, salvation as, best she must.

True — untrue—faithful—false—what different words they are in different

she must.
True— untrue—faithful—false—what
different words they are in different
people's mouths, and how different ratures treat these terrible emergencies!

New Chair in College. A new chair has been established at the University of Leeds for the "coal, gas and fuel industries."

CUPID A GRAFTER

By DOROTHY DIX

NEW JERSEY youth, who robbed his landlady, claims that he stole to get the money with which to court a girl with whom he is in love. According to this unfortunate swain, romance is at a discount with the modern girl, and only money talks. In the words of the ragtime ditty, she "don't want no, cheap man, and if you ain't got the tin, you needn't come round," and, such being the case, it was in order to supply the sinews of war, such as ice cream and sodd wafer and moving picture shows and matinees, and chocolate creams, etc., etc.

inees, and chocolate creams, etc., etc., that drove this poor lover into becoming a sneak thief.

Of course, too much reliance is never to be placed on the good, everavailable Adamite excuse—thes woman on the good, everavailable Adamite
excuse—"the woman
Thou gavest me (or
the woman I am
after) she did it,"
but, all the same, it
is only too true that
in these later days
Cupid has become a
grafer, and that
girls do make unreasonable demands
upon the slim pocketbooks of their
beaux.

Love has become a luxury that only the rich can afford and perhaps one of the chief reasons why there is such a falling off of business at the marriage license bureau is because it takes so much money to court a girl on that a man has nothing left upon which to marry.

MODERN WANTS.

Miss Up-to-date Juliet isn't content to have Romeo twang his light guitar under her window and warble a few madrigals to her. She wants to be taken to the Metropolitan Opera House to hear Caruso. She isn't satisfied to devour his burning words of affection; she expects him to bestow upon lier costly feeds at the smartest restaurants in town.

To be given a good time to be taken

costly feeds at the smartest restaurants in town.

To be given a good time, to be taken about to all sorts of places of amusement, to have her pathway strewn with flowers and candy and presents, have come to be considered by girls the perquisites of courtship, and, as between the man who laid these offerings at his ladylove's feet, and the one who didn't undoubtedly the one best bet as to the hot favorite would be the Good Thing.

Inasmuch(as after marriage, most women get more kicks than hapence, we should not be too hard upon them for trying to get all that they can before marriage, but it is not to be denied that this commercializing of courtship, this necessity of wooing a maiden with all his salary as well as his whole heart, works a grievous hardship on the average young man.

works a grievous hardship on the average young man.

WHAT LOVE MEANS.

For alas and alack! only in novels can the hero of a romance invariably afford to scorn the cost of things, and to order theatre boxes and suppers; and American Beauty roses, and keep taxis waiting at the door when Guinevers takes three-quarters of an hour to pin on her hat, and forty minutes to powder her nose.

on her hat, and forty minutes to powder her nose.

In real life, Reginald, no matter how much in love he is, has to count his pennies, and when he takes Guinevere even out to dollar table d'hote dinner, and to sit in a dollar and a half seat at the threatre, and presents her with a 50-cent bunch of viglets that he bought at the Subway entrance, it means that for a week before, and after, he dines at a quick-lunch joint on corned beef and—and that he smokes stogies in stead of cigars and nresses life own

for a week before and after, he dires at a quick-lunch joint on corned beef and—and that he smokes, stogies instead of clears and presses lies own trousers.

Yet Reginal on his \$20 or \$30 or; \$40 per is just as much in love as if he were a millionaire, and just as crazy over a subjust of the word a millionaire, and just as crazy over a subjust of the word and the weath of the Rockefellers and the Morgans, and as anxious to win her, and so when she shows him that; the road to her fancy is by means of gifts and amusements, she puts the biggest tempration that is possible before thim to spend more on her than he can afford and run himself into debt, and even to steal from his employer.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

"One day," he said, "a young fellow that I knew a fine intelligent promising youth, came into my store to get his watch set. With him was a pretty, frivolous girl, always dressed beyond her means, but with whom this boy was desperately smitten. While I set the boy's watch the girl looked at the things in the showcase, and finally asked me if I would let her see a jeweled bracelet worth \$300.

"I handed it to her and she slipped it on her arm and twenty."

"I handed it to her and she slipped to n her arm and, turning to the boy, said, 'Would you give me this if Tasked you for it?' And he laughed lightly and said. Oh, of course, Id give you anything in the world you wanted. 'Well, then,' she said, I od ask you. You are joking,' he said, growing pale; but she insisted, and he was too much in love with her to have the courage to tell her that he couldn't afford it, and wouldn't run himself into debt for any woman.

woman.
"I tried to interfere, but she was persistent but in the end he wrote me a check for \$150, and gave me a note for the balance, and that night-I met him, dead drunk for the first time in his life. In a little while the girl threw him over for a man with real money, and the poor fellow went to the bad.

THE WORAL.

THE MORAL.

"Weak? Oh, of course, but what man isn't weak in the hands of the woman he loves! And I tell you that many a young fellow starts in wrong just because the girl he is in love with is like the daughter of the horse leech, continually crysing give us more, give us more."

girl he is in love with is like the dauly crying, give us more, give is more. This story, as well as that of the poor, silly New Jersey boy who is reflecting in fail on the love that has a price tag on it, has a moral for both young men and women.

For girls it is this: Don't demand to much of the man who is in love with you. Don't make him spend money on you that you know he cannot afford. Don't for the sake of having a diamond engagement ring or being taken around to places, of amusement, tempt him to piler from the cash drawer, or falsify his accounts. There is a curse on the slove that does not make a man better instead of worse.

his accounts. There is a curse on the slove that does not make; a man better instead of worse. For young men, the moral of the story is this: Don't let any woman inveigig you into spending more upon her than you can afford. The girl who has to be woosed with money, and the things that money buys, isn't worth having, and if you marry her, you will regret it to the longest day you live. Don't jeopardize your present and your future for a woman whose measure of a man is the size of his pocketbook and the ease with which he can be held up.

The vampire is not a creature for women to imitate or men to marry.

Man with Lamp-Globe (to Jaggs. who has been following him closely for two blocks).—See here! Why don't you pass me? You make me nervous, tagging at my heels!

Jaggs.—Shorry, old man! Would if I could, but the rules this year won't let me get ahead of the man carrying the ball!—Puck. New Eules.

INCONSISTENT.



"Oh, Charles; it was one o'clock this morning before you got home."



"Aren't you queer? Réfore we were married you didn't care; how late I got home."