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WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1914.

The old veteran is coming to Washington Saturday next to bivouac again around the camp fires of memory. Let's see to it that his stay amongst us, if but for a short while, is made pleasant. They can not remain with us much longer to say the least.

Poor misguided Huerta. "Position desperate; but have no details." Thus a foreign representative puts it in a dispatch to Washington. He is nevertheless still holding the fort at Mexico City, the contrary opinion of the representative notwithstanding. He stands a good chance to continue so to do until he elects to do otherwise.

Clean-up Week in Washington exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine for the citizens responded to the call in a way to command admiration and praise. This was but another evidence that Washington always does the right thing when shown that it is absolutely imperative. We are to day in better shape in a sanitary way than in years.

Said a member of the County Board of Commissioners with reference to building a new home for the aged and infirm: "I am heartily in favor of a new and up-to-date home for the poor of the county, but it must be modern in every respect if I am to cast my vote for it. The poor of the county are entitled to it and as long as I am a member of the board I shall advocate only building a home that is creditable to the county." Many more citizens of this stripe are longed for.

THE MENACE OF THE MATCH. The number of persons burned to death in the United States each year by the "parlor" match is between eight and nine hundred, and the property loss more than \$2,000,000. The eighty million people in America use as many matches as the eight hundred million in the rest of the world, according to statistics of the National Fire Protective Association. This is a startling commentary upon the American nation, and supports the contention that we are the most wasteful and extravagant people in the world.

If one is in need of a match anywhere in the continental Europe, he must seek it in its proper place. Matches are not wasted in the world. Centuries of training in thrift and economy make the continentals conscious of the fact that matches cost money. Where does one find them in America? They are in almost every room, in almost every building, public and private. The American breathes imprecations if he can not at any moment of the day or night reach out his hand and find a match. They repose in the pockets or linings of every old coat and waistcoat; they are scattered about desk and bureau drawers; they are found in every accumulation of rubbish, wherever it may be; they are so carelessly and recklessly thrown about that rats and mice have adopted them as a standard article for nest building, certain always of an available supply.

Unfortunately, the burden of this extravagance is not confined to the cost of the matches themselves. This little article, unknown until 1832, while perhaps the most important factor in our civilization, has been doing its best ever since its creation to destroy the world it was designed to serve. The assistance given it as an instrument of destruction by the carelessness of the American people is a matter of amazement to continental countries. The average per capita property loss by fire in central, western and southern Europe is 33 cents; in the United States the average is \$3.02. The reason for this astonishing difference is obvious the moment conditions are scrutinized. While this is being written, a continual shower of imperfectly extinguished matches is falling into waste baskets, rubbish heaps, upon the rugs of clubs, hotels, dwellings and offices, thrown by careless smokers. Men reputed to be good fathers have been known to light cigars in the hallway of their homes, throw the match in the general direction of a cupidor, and go out to return in half an hour to see flames reaching their sleeping children from the second-story windows.

THE GOVERNORS'-LADY

(Continued from Yesterday.)

keep her umbrella up until she came to the bright lights of a cheap restaurant, where, out of breath and covered with snow, she closed the unwieldy and inadequate protection and went in. In her long fur coat and hat she seemed out of place as she made her way to an empty table. All around her were shabby figures, chattering girls having some toast and cocoa after the show, a pair of red-faced chauffeurs, and all the other typical patrons of the griddle-cake restaurant.

Laying aside her wraps and putting her umbrella against the table, mindful of the numerous signs which betrayed the fact that the management was not responsible for lost articles, she ordered a cup of coffee and some crackers and milk.

"Talk about your western blizzards!" exclaimed one of the chauffeurs. "If this is a sample of your eastern weather I'll stick to my job with Governor Slade and you can keep your job with Governor Sulzer." "Why didn't you go into the hall and listen to your boss talk?" asked his companion.

"Say, did you ever hear the same speech over and over? It's a great speech, but hearing it ever since we left home—the pause was significant." "Do you go everywhere with your boss?" "You bet," answered the other, "but this is the first time we've been East."

"Say, they call your old man the 'divorced' governor, don't they?" queried Sulzer's man. "Yep," Slade's chauffeur lapsed monosyllabic. "Great note—a man runnin' for office and being divorced at the same time," came the comment. "But he got elected just the same. Governor Sulzer said he was all right when he put our car at his disposal."

"But you noticed my old man wanted me on the box, too?" chuckled the other. "When I'm not drivin' I'm along jest the same." "What do you do?" "Oh, answer questions mostly. He's a great responsibility—a governor is—I have to keep my eye on him."

"Why? Did they ever try to assassinate him?" "Nope! Nearest they came to it was takin' him through Central park on your New York city pavements. But they did present him with a baby catamount in Carson City. I had to receive it."

"What did Mrs. Slade do?" Sulzer's man was patently more interested in the divorce than any other matter connected with Governor Slade. "Was she a high-stepper?" "Now, what'd she do?" "Well, what'd he do then that they got divorced?" "Say, are you looking for trouble? Where I come from they don't, criticize my old man. He runs things out there. I've had enough of this 'divorced governor' business. I don't know whose fault it is. She wanted it and he didn't, and she got it! When a woman knows what she wants, and he banges his flat down on the table, 'she's going to get it! Now, shut up and have another cup of coffee.'"

The New York driver looked at the raw-boned westerner and then proceeded to become absorbed in the all-important matter of consuming the largest possible number of griddle-cake cakes in the least possible time. "Well," remarked the sociable waiter, as he brought another cup of coffee, "I guess we don't get any of your crowd tonight."

"You wouldn't get our crowd anyway!" And the westerner inflated his chest. "Our bosses are qual-on-toast boys."

"And champagne, too, I suppose?" "Nope, my boss don't drink, don't smoke, don't keep yachts or horses,



Her Eyes Showed Amazement.

don't keep woom—" He stopped as he realized that he was talking loudly.

The little woman quietly eating crackers and milk looked up as she heard the old, familiar formula.

"Why, Jake!" she exclaimed in quick surprise. The westerner jumped up hastily and looked to see where the voice came from. There was only one voice as sweet and gentle as that: it was the voice of a woman who had been the best friend he had ever had.

"Why, Mrs. Slade!" he exclaimed gladly, as he recognized her in spite of the fact that her hair had grown grayer and that she was a much trimmer figure than she had been when he had last seen her.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

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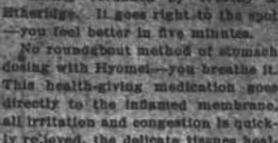
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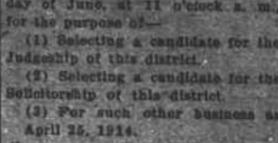
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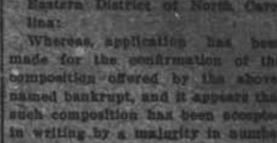
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M. M. WASHINGTON, Engineer and Surveyor, Surveys of All Kinds, MAPS, PLANS, ESTIMATES, Rooms 8, Garage &