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★ TO PEACE ★

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There may be problems connected with your return to civil life that are difficult to solve.

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Uncle Sam Sets a Good Example



VIEW OF U. S. CAPITOL DURING PAINTING.

The dome of the United States Capitol at Washington is kept in excellent condition by painting it every few years. For this work forty painters are steadily employed for three months' time. Over five thousand gallons of paint are required for one coat. The reason for painting the Capitol dome at regular intervals is to prevent disintegration of metallic surface.

He Was Probably Right.

Writing his New England congressman in answer to an appeal for a donation to the Salvation Army home service fund, a constituent had this to say altho he did enclose a check for \$250:

"I have found your letter requesting a donation for what you consider a very worthy cause. I flatter myself that I have a spirit of loyalty and generosity. I have contributed to each and every object that has been presented me, but I have to decline helping your cause for the following reasons:

"I have been held up, held down, sand-bagged, walked on, set on, rolled over, flattened out and squeezed, first by the United States government for the Federal war tax, the excess profit tax, the Liberty loan bonds and the bonds for matrimony; in New Jersey for the state tax, the highway tax, the income tax, the auto tax, school tax, eat tax, and syntax, and every society and organization the inventive mind of man can invent to extract what you may not possess, from the Society of John the Baptist, the G. A. R., the woman's relief corps, the men's relief, the stomach relief, the wifeless, the husbandless, the childless, the conscienceless, the Navy League, the Red Cross, the Green Cross, the double cross and every other cross of all colors.

"One of my mills burned down, the hen house and board blew away, and because I will not sell all that I have and go beg, borrow or steal I have been cussed, discussed, boycotted and talked to, talked about, lied to and lied about, held up, hung up, robbed and nearly ruined, and the only reason I am clinging to life is to see what in hell is coming next."

Riley's Deatness.

One of the best stories that Bill Nye told during the Nye-Riley lecture hours, writes James Whitcomb Riley's nephew in Harper's Magazine, was of actual incident. Once on the state fair grounds at Indianapolis, Nye would relate, an elderly Hoosier came up to the manager and said:

"Excuse me, but ain't that little branch-leg fellow over there the Hoosier poet?"

"Yes," says Mr. Walker, "but he can't hear much of anything in one ear, and the other is plumb gone. On that side he hasn't heard his own loudest thoughts for years. If you speak to him, you must let out your voice."

So the man with the copperas hair and solferina whiskers stole up to him and in a wild bleat shot a question into Mr. Riley's ear:

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

The poet offered him the other ear, at the same time looking at him with large, blue, wondering childlike eyes. People stepped back out of range to give the man with the voice a chance, and he repeated the query in a way that shook the blue ribbon of the large iron-gray Rosa Bonheur stallion across the plaza.

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

The poet said softly, as he squirmed up a little closer, "I can't hear what ye say."

About three hundred people were now round there, waiting to see what would happen, and the man who ran the pounding machine that tells how much a blow a poor tired farmer can strike while he is getting rested at a fair was not taking in any money at all.

Finally the Hoosier managed to break through Riley's profound solitude and make him hear and admit who he was. Then the surprised and delighted man shot into Riley's stunned an aching ear:

"I knew yer father!"

"Yes, yer," said Riley, "so did I!" and walked away.

In Columbia and Venezuela the American dollar is at a discount of 20 per cent. Here at home it is at a discount of about 50 per cent.—Paterson Chronicle.

The Germans decided that after all it was better to do business with the underwriter than with the undertaker.—Exchange.

"De Ducks Got All De Rice."

(From the Youth's Companion.)

A lumber firm of Kansas City that owned a good deal of "cut-over" land in Louisiana converted the swamps into rice fields. The venture was so successful that in a few years the company had several nibbles from buyers. Because of their confidence in the land, the members of the firm let the prospectors go down alone to make their investigations.

These men found everything as represented except for the general dissatisfaction of the negro tenants.

"Yes, sir," the negroes invariably said, "de land's fine—raises first-class rice. Oh, yes, sir, dey pays good price for de rice; but de ducks gets all de rice!"

Whereupon, the would-be buyer, realizing he was seeking agricultural, not hunting, land let the deal fall through.

After repeated failures, the lumber firm got wind of trouble and started some investigating on its own account.

"What, yes, you seem to have a fine plantation down there," a prospective buyer admitted upon his return, "and if I could find any way of protecting the grain from the ducks, I'd certainly invest. But the growers seem discouraged about it."

That night the president of the firm was traveling on the fastest express toward the rice fields.

"See here, he said to the first tenant he met, "what do you mean by telling all the men I send down here that there's no money in rice. You know you've had a bumper crop for three years now, and have got a good price for it every time."

"Yes, sir, that's what we tell the gentlemen. But you know de ducks—"

"Nonsense! There aren't enough ducks to—"

"Well, sir," said the negro, speaking with characteristic patience, "you see, it's this er way—de land's good, it grows lots of rice, and de rice sells fine; but when dey goes to pay us dey de ducks for de rice, de ducks for de rice for de ducks, for sugar, de ducks for tea—and de ducks gets all de rice!"

Some Remarks.

A recent attempt to raise a sum of money for a charitable purpose brought forth the following heart-breaking reply:

"I have your letter requesting a donation for what you consider a very worthy cause. I flatter myself that I have a spirit of loyalty and generosity. I have contributed to each and every object that has been presented to me but I have to decline your cause along for the following reasons:

"I have been held up, held down, sand-bagged, walked on, set on, rolled over, flattened out, and squeezed; first by the United States Government for the Federal war tax, the excess profits tax, the Liberty Loan Bonds, and the bonds of matrimony; in New Jersey for the State tax, the highway tax, the income tax, the auto tax and syntax, and every society and organization the inventive mind of man can invent to extract what you may or may not possess, from the Society of John the Baptist, the G. A. R., the women's relief corps, the men's relief, the stomach relief, the wifeless, the husbandless, the childless, the conscienceless, the navy league the Red Cross, the green cross, the double cross, and every other cross of all colors, and by the children's home, the Dorcas society, and the hospital.

"One of my mills burned down, the henhouse and board walk blew away, and because I will not sell all that I have to go beg, borrow, and steal, I have been cussed and discussed, boycotted, talked to and talked about, lied to and about, held up, hung up, robbed and nearly ruined, and the reason I am clinging to life is to see what in h— is coming next."—Munsey's.

Most houses now on the market have two stories—the buyer's and the seller's and then there is the tenant's—but that's another story.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Old Story Revived.

In 1902 a man committed suicide in Enid, Okla., by taking poison. He lived several hours after taking it and during that time he confessed that he was John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. An investigation followed which proved to the satisfaction of a great many people that his story was true. At that time there was a good deal of newspaper comment on the incident and then it was forgotten.

The story was revived a few days ago when two men in a museum at

Chicago recognized a picture of Booth as that of a man with whom they worked in Oklahoma in the seventies. They claim that the man told them he was Booth and that a man named Ruddy was killed in the crib house by soldiers while he escaped into West Virginia and thence made his way west, changing his name and appearance every year or two.

Whether there is anything in the story or not, it makes interesting reading. The body of the dead man in 1903 was identified by several people as that of John Wilkes Booth.

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