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Contentment is satiety or the philosophy of failure.

Oh, where are the war millionaires of yesterday?

Fame: A headline in yesterday's newspaper.

If business isn't good, there is no virtue in punishment.

If you believe you have troubles, think of Lloyd George.

When in doubt, make the bootlegger take the first drink of it.

The only man who makes a fool of himself is the one who was a fool in the first place.

More living is cheaper, but it seems to cost just about as much to impress the neighbors.

Whenever a nation begins to talk about a crisis, one wonders what prize it is preparing to grab.

The reason producers don't keep sex stuff out of the movies is because it doesn't keep patrons out.

At times one suspects that the army of unemployed includes most of the government clerks.

Everybody knows how to raise the neighbor's children and direct the other nation's conscience.

And now you can't tell whether that protruding front is the result of prosperity or the yeast cake fad.

Mexico is showing some signs of progress when an American Bolshevik agitator and draft evader is placed under arrest.

Scientific Scot says reptiles may rule the world some days! Old stuff! They tried it in 1914, and look at the mess they made of it!

Let a dish of water for the birds during the hot days of the coming summer be the monument in your back yard for John Burroughs.

When the controversy between railroads and unions is threshed out, it will doubtless appear that justice consists in swatting the public.

Just as an increase in wages means an increase in prices, so a decrease in wages means lower prices, and indeed lower prices can come in no other way.

Another man has talked in his sleep and been convicted of bigamy. No wonder such efforts are being made to find a cure for sleeping sickness.

There are three qualities which are essential to success—honesty, industry and thrift. Without these there can be no success that is entitled to credit; with them there can be no failure that is subject to criticism. So speaks Calvin Coolidge, U. S. vice-president.

The remarks of Inspector Levan as to the character and work of the Collegiate Institute is decidedly gratifying to the trustees and the citizens generally. The inspector has the reputation of being a very close observer and will not praise unless deserved. His opinion that commercial and technical education will bulk large in the future is worthy of attention. Kingston should get ready for a big extension of this educational work.

THE VALUE OF BREVITY.

Once when President Lincoln was handed a huge pile of papers containing a report on a new army and navy gun, he said: "I would want a new lease on life to read all this. If I send a man to examine a horse for me I expect him to give me his good points, not to tell how many hairs he has in his tail."

GREEKS IN ANATOLIA.

The Greek armies landed in Asia Minor expecting little opposition. They have learned in a nine days' battle that Mustapha Kemal is not a guerrilla chieftain but the commander of armies well officered and equipped. The Greeks have forces in the field, and available at home and in Thrace, numbering 200,000. Mustapha has Anatolia to call upon for recruits, who will respond when they know that it is Greek domination that threatens them. The war in Turkey grows in magnitude and importance.

The ancient contest of Greek and Turk has been renewed with the ancient objective in view. Constantine looks hopefully for the realization of the Greater Greece which shall include Constantinople. The Turks fight for the preservation of the remnant of their empire.

The western powers, which having possessed themselves of Constantinople, could not decide what to do with it, observe the warfare with apparent tolerance. But when the day comes that the fate of the gateway must be determined, they will probably interpose. They always have.

THEY HAVE 'EM; WE HAVEN'T.

There are ninety-three American consular agencies in Canada forming a network organization throughout the dominion for the gathering of information as to trade openings in this country and to facilitate and promote the sale of American goods here.

Canada has no such agents in the United States, says the Toronto Star.

Every export from Canada that crosses the border has to be "passed" by a consular office and a fee paid, and these fees more than support the American agencies in Canada which are here, not because of this trade, but which are here to promote trade the other way. As it works out a fee is levied on our exports to the United States to maintain an elaborate service engaged in promoting American exports to us.

It looks like a pretty good plan and one rich in suggestiveness for us if we expect Canada to get along in the world.

In his address to the Toronto board of trade Col. John A. Cooper, who was for eighteen months in New York as publicity agent for Canada, and made a study of this question, presented a pretty good case for the establishment of such agencies in the United States. He showed that, contrary to the prevalent belief, we already sell more manufactures than raw materials to the United States. He declared that 53 per cent. of our exports to the neighboring country cannot be classed as raw materials, and are therefore goods which we ought to sell in larger quantities and could with organized effort.

Canada is engaged in doing business internationally just like any other country, and yet ours is about the only country engaged in the export and import business which endeavors to get along without the service of consular agencies. Are the other nations all wrong, or are we neglecting something?

TO DIE—TO SLEEP.

In current comment on Nevada's new method of executing criminals by the use of "lethal gas," little has been said about the really remarkable feature—the fact that death is to be inflicted by stealth, at a moment unknown to the victim. Always heretofore a doomed prisoner has had some warning. The new provision is regarded as merciful. But is it? Only experience can tell, but it may be illuminating to put oneself in the prisoner's place. Imagine, if you can, yourself condemned to death for a capital crime. Would you rather die at a definitely appointed time, with at least several hours' notice to prepare for it, or be "launched into eternity" in your sleep?

If death were to come wholly unawares, that might be the easiest way for everyone, in prison or out. But the victim in this case will know that he is doomed, and will know that the avenging Law is merely awaiting a favorable moment, watching him day and night, peeping through the walls of his cell, waiting to catch him asleep so that it can close the ventilators and turn on the deadly gas. To die—to sleep. To sleep—perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub. For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come. When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, must give us pause!

Will not every doomed prisoner be a Hamlet, with his plight all the more terrible because, unlike Hamlet, his life is not in his own hands? Knowing that at any time he falls asleep, death may come, with its possible dreams of hell, how will any prisoner of intelligence, of imagination dare to close his eyes until he sleeps the sleep of utter exhaustion or goes insane?

The Nevada lawmakers, with the most humane intentions in the world, may have devised a torture worthy of the Spanish Inquisition.

"PASS BUCK" TO CHURCHES.

Why is it that when anything goes wrong with society men of the world turn to the Christian forces saying, "Why doesn't the church do something?" It seems so easy for the man of affairs to "pass the buck" to the church. This is the situation we are at the present time, says the Western Christian Advocate. Men in the field of education are saying, "It is time for the church to do something." In the field of business the great financiers are urging the church to get busy in moral education. In the field of industry the outstanding leaders are expressing the conviction that if the church would only move, things would very quickly adjust themselves.

For instance, the average imperfect individual in times of distress looks at society and discovers an increase of irreverence, immorality, lawlessness, dissipation and shocking immodesty, and he throws up his hands and exclaims, "Why does the church not do something?" Our nation is going to ruin. The church gets into action. Hearing the commotion, he faces its leaders. To his amazement he sees the forces lining up which he little thought could get into action. They move and make an attack. They express themselves. He looks down the line and, to his chagrin and disgust, discovers what he is impelled to call "intolerance," "fanaticism," "blue laws," "bigotry," "narrowness," and "hypocritical piety." He cannot stand between the two parties. He must choose or flee both. Not willing to wait and see what the leaders of the church have in mind or to learn what they really want to do, he declares they are both undesirable and hopeless. He can't stand what he thinks is fanaticism. He rebels against any adoption of what might be called a blue law. Puritanism, bigotry and narrowness he must eschew. Because when the leaders of the church begin to stand for what they think is right and draw the line where it will solve the problem of moral ruin, he gets frightened and runs. And yet the average citizen wants the church to do something.

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THE WISE PHYSICIAN.

I had a lot of pimples upon my princely mug, and I took yarbs and simples and bitters by the jug. My blood was out of order, my life was full of care, and I was near the border of bottomless despair. And many learned physicians prescribed their capsules gray; alas, alas, conditions grew punker every day. And then I sought a healer who just had come to town, and many a boasting squire proclaimed his wide renown. No silly, trifling question was by this doctor sprung, concerning my digestion, my liver or my lung. He said, "You're always fussing with finks, who lives next door; you two are rotting by causing each other, ever more. Unless you live serenely your ills I cannot cure; so long you've acted meanly it's made your blood impure. For giving way to passion gives rise to many ills and you, in angry fashion, keep kicking o'er the thrills. Go home and quit expounding the riot act to Jinks, and health and peace abounding will soon remove your kinks." His counsel, wisely given, I took, and saved my life, and from my head were driven all thoughts of hate and strife; and now glad smiles and dimples are strung around my map, where once unseemly pimples were prone to overlap.

LEAS AND LEASER.

We now have wireless vehicles, wireless telegraph, fireless cookers, iceless refrigerators, smokeless powder, and a beerless nation — Billie Wood.

NAMES IS NAMES.

Ruby Ring lives in Match, Tenn.

OUR DAILY SPECIAL.

A High Flyer Seldom Reaches The Top.

WALT MASON THE POET PHILOSOPHER.

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YOU KNOW HIM.

A mean old cuss is Oswald Brakes. He isn't fair, and he is yellow. For every time he makes mistakes, He blames them on the other fellow.

MEAN BRUTE!

"Why is it that all the world loves a lover?" sighed Miss Old Girl. "Because the world likes to be amused, I suppose," growled Mr. Old-batch.

POEY!

"What's in a name?" the Bard once mused. And by his statement I'm enthused. Limburger by another name, I am afraid, would smell the same.

RUN DOWN.

"Would you issue a prescription for whiskey to a run-down patient?" asked the Caller. "Why, I suppose so," replied the Doctor.

WELL, GO AHEAD AND WRITE THE PRESCRIPTION, DOC.

"Well, go ahead and write the prescription, Doc," said the Caller. "I'll be back in a minute. I'm going out and let an automobile hit me when I am crossing the street."

FAST.

Wealth does not make men humble, Bill. A thoughtful man declares, You'll find the help to millions will Put on a million airs.

NO JOKE.

The self starter has been a great thing for the automobile, said the Motorist. "Yes," agreed the Pedestrian. "But it would help some if some one would invent a self-guider for the automobile."

NOTICE!

A. Frank Christian, of Newport, Tenn., wants to start a revival in the Names Is Names Club and see if some of the members won't hit the trail.

CROPS.

The weather won't cause me alarm. Announced old Farmer Topps.

CREIGHTON HALE AND MARY HAY

10 D.V. GRIFFITH'S "WAY DOWN EAST"

Coming to Grand Opera House three days, beginning Monday evening, April 11th, twice daily.

"For I will start a chicken farm. And I will have full crops."

Well, That'd Help Some, Barrie. (Nashville Tennessee)

If beer is to be sold only in nine states, let us hope, for Luke McLuke's sake, that Ohio is at least two of them.

EDUCATION.

Prof. West of the University of Wisconsin, recently made an information test with a representative college group chosen at random from different classes of students. The result would intimate that the average college man should go back to grammar school. From four to thirty per cent. of the students agreed on such matters as the following:

Leghorns are cows. An artichoke is a fish. A chameleon is a bird. Tokyo is in China. Yale University is in Cambridge. Boston is in Connecticut. Darwin was a novelist. Poe wrote "The Scarlet Letter." Diamonds are produced by oysters.

Perhaps the ignorance exhibited here may be explained by this statement of the students: "Our college work keeps us so busy that we have no time to read the newspapers."

APPLEJACK!

We would like to call the attention of Mr. Webster to these lines from a poem by Hildegarde Flanner in the current number of the Bookman: "I who drank myself to death With the apples of your breath."

OH, JOY!

We have no time to grand to play. Photograph to whom? But we have music once a day When Father eats his soup. —Luke McLuke.

Well, daughter starts the ball to roll. Though Father she will roast; But she is just as bad, my sooth. Each morn when crunching toast. —Newark Advocate.

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