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However, when it comes to Lenin and Trotsky, Russia has its stomach full.

If the drivers had simpler wits, pedestrians wouldn't need such nimble legs.

Leaves don't fall while they are green, and prices don't while the consumer is.

The habit of blaming everything on the freight rates at least gives the ex-kaiser a rest.

Two things cause industrial stagnation: Pessimism and the existence of tax-free securities.

The automobile front seems determined to equal the casualty list of the Western Front.

A Japanese statesman says that tongues stir up strife. This is also true of the Shantung.

De Valera seems determined to acquaint the world with every phrase of the Irish situation.

We doubt if Harry Lauder will put the old-time rest in "Something in the Bottle for the Morning."

Fate usually turns her thumbs down for the chap who stands about waiting for something to turn up.

It must be awful, in time of war, to hear the bullets. It's bad enough, in times of peace, to hear the bull.

The world has been out of joint for some time, but the doctors do not seem to be able to reduce the dislocation.

We shall never be satisfied, however, until some scientist shows us what human glands will do for a monkey.

Except for prohibition, a lot of men are now loafing around out of work might be comfortably housed in jail.

Telephone operators too frequently wait until the patient is on the verge of apoplexy before they decide to operate.

You can say one thing for Chicago. She has the only police force that has been able to control the liquor traffic.

The marriage will probably be a permanent arrangement if the bride's trousseau includes a few gingham aprons.

"Lightning strikes hidden moonshine," says a headline. And we have no doubt the moonshine knocked thunder out of it.

When future historians learn that we called those things coote coops they won't feel inclined to call this the age of chivalry.

An economist says every household should have a fixed overhead charge. It has if the wife has a fondness for millinery.

They can't fool the public with a re-issue of an ancient picture in which the heroine pulls down her skirt when she sits down.

POPPY DAY. We are approaching another anniversary of Armistice Day and the memories with which that day is associated, and the event which it's observance commemorates will again be brought before us. Three years ago we gave expression in noisy demonstrations of joy to the relief we felt when the news was received that war was over and that peace and victory had finally rested with our arms. That spontaneous outburst of rejoicing was both natural and proper but with each successive anniversary of the day there has been a growing feeling that on this day there should be some tangible expression of the reverence in our hearts for the memory of the men whose sacrifice made peace and victory possible.

WORDS OF WISDOM. Admiral Lord Beatty, the hero of the British Navy, has always been looked upon as a man of few words but of mighty deeds. His whole life has been one of action, and in action he found greatness during the war. Whatever words of his have come down to history have been in the form of brief and pointed epigrams, and he has never been looked upon as a man of the diplomatic type. Rather has he been one of the British bulldog type who have for so many generations ruled the seas for Britain by sheer force of their power, and their ability to transmit their power into action.

ALONG LIFE'S DETOUR BY SAM HILL. Battled. I've listened till I'm woozy To each reformer's complaint, Maybe it would be better If I was what I ain't.

THE STORM. It is a dark and stormy night, the winds around my dwelling roar, and as my trusty lyre I smite, the rain is beating at the door; the rain is pelting at the door, and owing to that circumstance my nephew's head is passing sore—the storm has kept him from a dance. The storm began, a gentle shower, from vagrant cloudbanks overhead; but it grows fiercer every hour, and now its noise would wake the dead; the tempest now might raise the dead, and every minute swells its power, and all my folks are seeing red, and they are savage, mad and dour.

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