

## THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

Every Day Except Sunday.

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RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

Don't tighten up too suddenly on the holiday spirit.

My boy, remember that a lazy man is failure's easiest victim.

Some women scream when they see a mouse because it's according to tradition.

None of the best people are going to the pole this season owing to the over-crowding.

The people who accomplish the most in life don't waste any time tracing their ancestors.

Now Kermit has killed a sitatunga, which puts it to T. R. to slaughter a whimpoof or an umpha.

We are all made of dust, and some of us always seem to need a little more of the raw material.

The chronic grouch says some people are honest because they are afraid and others expect a reward.

Everybody should help the census taker. The head of each family should have all the children counted by the time he calls.

An English policeman has died from injuries received in a suffragette riot. He was smothered, possibly, by a hat falling on him.

When a foreign missionary returns from his lonesome field of labor it is usually for the purpose of raising money to take him back.

The President of the United States doesn't have to go around looking for trouble. Kind friends with willing hands, bring it right to him.

Here is something that will interest the census taker. A Baltimore widow with seven children has married a widow with five step-children.

Editor Bok, who recently unb burdened his mind of a pressing conviction that the club woman is superficial, has had a burning sensation in his left ear ever since.

Apologists for the late Leopold say he kept his promise to his mother never to sign a death warrant. Perhaps he didn't count those poor Congo natives, who were tortured, maimed and murdered, but humanity does.

It has been suggested that the Germans cling to the dirigible balloon type of airship because it looks so much like a huge sausage. But it also looks like a rather chunky loaf of French bread, and yet the French aviators prefer the aeroplane.

Prejudice seems to be inherent in the modern youth, but, to judge from the number of stories of crime committed during the last few days by boys who ought to be in the grammar or high schools, it would appear that the time has arrived to restore the rising generation to its old status.

If we are to supply Europe as well as America with foodstuffs we must increase the number of farmers with the increase in our population, and if farming is made and continues sufficiently profitable there will be no lack of farmers. The poor rewards of farming in the past have driven the farmer boys to other pursuits. There will be a cry of "back to the farm" as soon as it is clear that there is money in farming commensurate with the toll which it exacts from those whose livelihood is the cultivation of the soil.

Some persons have supposed that the King's control over the creation of peers in England is a fiction, preserved for historical reasons. The British public has lately been reminded that the King himself does not so regard it. It seems that Winston Churchill said in a recent speech that Mr. Balfour was always praised by the newspapers whose proprietors he had taken the precaution to make into barons. The attention of the King was called to the remark, and his private secretary wrote in reply "that notwithstanding Mr. Winston Churchill's statement the creation of peers remains a royal prerogative."

Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture confirmed a general suspicion when he said that not the farmer, but somebody else, is getting the advantage of the exorbitant prices for foodstuffs now prevailing. The secretary speaks out of a fullness of knowledge. His department has been conducting an exhaustive investigation to find out why it costs so much to feed a family in these days. He has agents in every county in the country devoting themselves to this inquiry. Secretary Wilson's complete report, when it is summed up and published, should clear the situation. It should furnish the necessary evidence for the drawing of a copper-ribbed indictment against the illicit combinations that are now levying their extortions taxes upon the kitchen and the cupboard.

Almost three hundred men have served in presidential cabinets since the formation of the government, and

of the whole number the record for long service is now held by James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture. He achieved this distinction two months ago, when he passed the mark set by Albert Gallatin, who was Secretary of the Treasury from May 14, 1801, to February 9, 1814, or twelve years, eight months and twenty-six days. The third in length of service is William Wirt, who was Attorney General from 1817 to 1829, almost equaling Gallatin's record. Very few cabinet officers have served over eight years. Secretary Wilson was appointed by President McKinley March 4, 1897, and so at the beginning of 1910 he had been in the office twelve years, nine months and twenty-seven days. Not only has Secretary Wilson had the longest cabinet term in American history, but he has filled the office with distinguished success, materially extending the scope of the department's work and accomplishing many things for the country's most important industry.

Directly opposed to the Roosevelt protest against "race suicide" is the view of Prof. Edward A. Ross, professor of sociology in the University of Wisconsin, that an unchecked birth-rate really tends to race suicide because it tends to add to the numbers of the unfortunate class of people known to the sociologist as the miserable substratum. If the number of children in a family outrun the family means, the children cannot receive the proper care, nurture and education. A growing recognition of this fact has led during the last thirty years to a fall in the birth rate among all the white races of the world but the Slavic. France started the movement about a generation ago. England followed in 1878; the Scandinavian countries in the eighties, Australasia in 1888; Austria-Hungary, Germany, Belgium and Italy in the nineties. In the United States, in spite of the immigration of prolific races, there has been a steady decrease in the birth rate during the past forty years. The professor tells us that his investigations in France, where the annual birth and death rates are about even, show great improvement in the condition of all classes. Germany, which used to boast of its annual roll of 800,000 more births than deaths, and claim an annual victory over France, has experienced a change of heart. There is no longer a belief that it is a woman's duty to bring as many children as possible into the world. The ideal marriage and a proper sense of parental responsibility would involve in all cases, according to Prof. Ross' theory, the rearing of a family of children so proportioned to the family income as not to be a burden to the parents or a menace to the state by increasing its poverty-stricken class. More than this must inevitably lead to national deterioration.

**Hard to Get Rid of Guest.**

Jerrie McCullie was often the guest of friends who on account of his pleasant ways extended to him that sort of old Irish hospitality which enabled a visitor in my own family who came for a fortnight to stay for six years, says London Tit-Bits.

In McCullie's case the visit stretched to nearly doubt that time. After eight or nine years, however, his kinsman got a little tired of his guest and let him know of his old mansion's proposed renovation, saying that he had signed a contract for having it painted from garret to cellar.

"By George!" said Jerry, "it's fortunate that I don't object to the smell of paint, and it will be well to have someone to keep an eye on the painters, now that the wall-fruit is ripening."

Some months passed. Then his host informed him that he was going to be married, adding: "I thought I'd tell you in good time, so that you could make leisurely preparations to go, as the lady and you may not hit it off as well as you and I do."

With cheerful eyes Jerry grasped his cousin's hand, saying:

"Oh, Dan, dear, you have my hearty thanks for your consideration; but, dear, dear boy, surely if you can put up with her I can."

**Needed a Reminder.**

"A very pretty young woman was taking tea with me," said a woman writer, "and I noticed a knot in her handkerchief."

"Hello!" said I. "What's the knot in your handkerchief for?"

"My husband's gone to the country," said the young woman, and the knot is to remind me that he told me to think of him in his absence."

**Easily Obliged.**

Tramp—Say, boss, can yer tell a feller where he kin get 15 cents for a bed? Old Gentleman (dealer in secondhand furniture) — Certainly, my good man. Bring the bed to me, and it is worth 15 cents I'll buy it—Judge.

**His Story Accepted.**

"Quills has had a story accepted at last," remarked a novelist to a colleague.

"Surely not?" was the rejoinder. "Yes. He went home at 2 o'clock this morning with an awful yarn, and his wife believed it."

**His Use of Love.**

"Let us confess our love," murmured the heroine, "and live for love hereafter."

"Suits me," responded the hero. "I'm about out of epigrams."—Washington Herald.

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