

AVALANCHE WENT UP HILL

One of the Most Extraordinary Phenomena Ever Witnessed by Adventurous Man.

The tremendous force and strange vagaries of the Alpine avalanche are illustrated in an article by John Swaffham. The avalanche to which particular reference is made by Swaffham was seen by him in the valley of Dischmatal in the Engadine a year ago, says Wide World. The Dischmatal is a fairly broad valley, with well-wooded and not very steep sides. It lies, however, between mountains, on many of which there are large glaciers, and it was from one of these that the immense mass of snow which caused such ruin originally fell. Gathering impetus as it went, the avalanche projected its thousands of tons of snow on the pine woods, through which it cut a road as clean as though every tree had been felled flush with the ground by the ax of a miraculous woodman.

The chief glacier above the woods is the famous one called the Seal-offa, but it was from a smaller field on the Jatzhorn that the trouble came. It had been snowing for about a week, and the depth of snow in the valley was about ten or 12 feet, much more on the high peaks. Next came a warm spell of true April weather. The new snow settled, i. e., grew compressed by its own weight and the soft influence of the sun. You are to remember that this new snow did not lie upon the earth, nor yet upon a bare rocky bed. It lay as it had fallen, a separate mass super-imposed upon the hard frozen crust of the last winter's fall. As it contracted from above it gradually began to expand slightly on the unstable basis. The movement began continued and the whole mass commenced to shift. Finally it came clean away, leaving a gash of over a mile long on the side of the Jatzhorn where it had parted from the main mass. This gash was upward of 15 feet deep and was plainly visible miles away from the bottom of the valley.

The fall was on such a scale that it swept everything before it down the valley sides. Acres of pines of unknown age went down as easily as shingles, and the giant mowed down the valley with a roar heard for miles away, and under a cloud of snow dust so thick as to become a veritable fog, through which nothing could be seen for many minutes. For weeks after every tree and rock within a large radius was shrouded with a dirty covering of wet snow mingled with all manner of dust taken up by the fierce draught of the fall. Now, an ordinary, well-behaved avalanche is content to roll its troubled masses down into the head of a valley, there to stay until the sun had effaced its last relics from the summer landscape. Not so this one, the force and weight of which carried it right across the valley, so that it promptly mounted the opposite hillside—a thing almost unprecedented in the history of avalanches in the Alps or anywhere else.

This same impetus and weight, acting on snow already packing under the heat of a week of spring sun, compressed the moving masses into a consistency little short of the familiar asphalt. Moreover, the masses, naturally split up, and it was the side pressure of the latter parts which threw up the extraordinary bevels or moldings of snow. At the same time five successive falls occurred from the same mountain on its other side in the Zuse gorge, which is on the reach road from Davos to the Upper Engadine. The noise of these joined forces with that of the Dischmatal, and the combined result was very curious. First, there arose a loud, dull roar, which soon changed into a deafening thunder of ever-increasing volume, which again rose in a weird sort of chromatic scale, minkling at last with a wild sighing, almost moan, as of a thousand storm wreaths wailing for some dread disaster. This curious phenomenon was doubtless due to the great displacement of atmosphere caused in two valleys, the air from which rushed upward only to meet a similar wall of ejected air. As the great avalanche rushed down the valley it flung up walls or ramparts on each side to a height of over 20 feet.

Vegetable Habits in California. Every blade of grass, every flower and tree has learned in California a different habit from that of its own family in the eastern states—that is, those whose families are represented at all in that temperate zone. It is a wonderful story of botanic promotions, which would make a fascinating book "all by its lonesome." Out here, writes a correspondent, the eastern annuals learn to be perennials, the eastern biennials graduate to bushes, the eastern bushes burgeon out as trees. For a little instance: Many who read this will remember, as I do, the elderberry bush of back east; here the elderberry becomes a tree, and I cut one down on my place which was 19 inches in diameter but it down because of its interference with a lovely sycamore, each one of whose four trunks was nearly twice as large. —Out West.

The Cleverest Birds. Basing itself on the authority of the naturalist, Kropotkin Science Settings says that parrots are the cleverest of all birds. They have such a well-organized police system that no other species of bird ever ventures to attack them, and they invariably die of a cold. The gray parrot is called the "bird-man" by the savages. This bird is not very intelligent, but extremely affectionate as well. If one of his mates is killed by a hunter he will come fly to the body, and uttering loud cries of grief, allow himself to be captured without resistance. The gray parrot has even been known to die in case of the outbreaks of violent grief. —Gordon Penny.

THE SIX-SHOOTER.

Captain Jack Crawford, the First Scout, Explores the Habit of Carrying Concealed Weapons.

In the west, says Capt. Jack Crawford, in the New York World, the plainsman draws his gun when he has to fight. In New York a man draws simply because he has the gun. I know of no habit so out of all harmony with American manhood and courage as the needless and perpetual carrying of firearms. On the frontier, where I spent most of my life, weapons of self-defense were as necessary as beans and bacon; but we did not indulge in wanton slaughter, nor was it the custom to carry anything "concealed."

And right here at the word "concealed" is where we can fix the blame for most of the disasters that grow out of the "pistol play," especially in civilized and so-called law-abiding districts. It is the man with the "concealed" gun who plays the most cowardly part in the drama of civilization. He it is who, at the slightest provocation, whips out his weapon and shoots down his enemy without giving him a chance to defend himself. The fact that the firearm is "concealed" shows that the man who wears it desires to mislead a possible combatant. Admitting that it would be absurd to display one's weapon in a city like New York, it is equally ridiculous to assume that there is any necessity for carrying a gun "concealed."

It requires long intimacy with a revolver to be able to master it—to really refrain from using it at the wrong time, to control the mad impulse to press the trigger when the weapon nestles in your hand, and to know when, with honor and justice to all concerned, the time to fire has come.

It is a tremendous moment in a man's life when he feels the kick of a six-shooter in his fingers and sees a human being throw up his arms and plunge forward. Few men have returned their gun to the holster and walked away calm and satisfied that the deed was a duty after such an act. If the truth were known, the bravest men who have been forced by circumstances to take the life of their fellow-man always feel that they might have given the victim another fraction of a second before they shot him—not because he deserved a fairer fight, but because that flash of time might have changed the character of the tragic drama.

DEVELOPMENT IN YACHTS.

Changes in the Shape of Hulls as a Result of the America Cup Races.

As an experiment in the shape of hulls the America cup racers of this year are to be of greater interest than any ever held, says a writer in the World's Work. In the races of the Galatea period the stem rose vertically out of the water, while the stern overhung the water by a few feet. A broadside view of either of them showed a lateral plane that looked like a sled runner out from a plank by a country boy. Seen from another point of view the bow of the yacht was found to be a vertical wedge, thin and sharp like the blade of a woodman's ax, and it was a question among builders whether the wedge should have lines like an ax or hollow lines like a razor. The stern below the water line was also something of a vertical wedge, though a blunter one than the bow. In general dimensions the Galatea was 102 feet long over all, 27 feet on the waterline, 15 feet wide, perhaps 70 feet deep below deck, and her draft was 13 feet 6 inches. Her steepest opponent, the Mayflower, was 102 feet long over all, was 23 feet wide, and was perhaps 7 feet deep under the deck and she drew 12 feet of water.

With these facts in mind we can see how far we have traveled in changing the shapes of boats of that class. For Shamrock III, though only three feet longer on the waterline, is 146 feet long over all. The old boat had an overhang of 15 feet all of which was aft, while the new boat has an overhang of 25 feet at each end. The new defender, when compared with the Mayflower, shows almost exactly the same changes in length. Roughly speaking, each end of the old yachts was a wedge that rode the water with its edge perpendicular. The forward half of Shamrock III, is not unlike the half of a cone split lengthwise, while the stern half is drawn out into a long, thin, horizontal wedge—a wedge with its edge laid parallel with the water. At the stern the challenger is a scow. The Reliance, however, is a scow at both ends, in spite of the fact that her bow comes to a point above water. Each end presents a fine horizontal wedge to the water, and therefore in every sailing line she is a scow. We used to find in front of a yacht and marred at the thinness of the vertical wedge. Now we stand off aloof and look with delight at the scow of the forward end. One sees at a glance why the modern hull is more easily and therefore more swiftly driven through the water. The modern hull presents few or acute angles to the water, where the old hull presented wide or obtuse angles.

England's Married Folks. A recently published table of the British census gives the respective ages of all the married couples in the kingdom.

There is one husband of 91 years, who has a wife of 21, while three husbands ranging in age from 81 to 91, have secured wives of 21. Elderly wives and youthful husbands are rare, and the greatest disparity in this direction is between a wife 43 years and her husband of 20. The oldest couple in the list are aged 100 and 85 years, respectively, while the youngest pair have only numbered 16 and 15 summers, respectively. —Stray Stories.

CRABS CATCH FISH HAWKS.

A Spectacle Reported from the Atlantic Coast by a New Jersey Observer.

"At this time of year, predicted the condition of the water is right," said a Tom's River man, to a New York Sun reporter, "anyone along our part of the Jersey coast may get a lot of fun watching hardshell crabs in the river as they catch fish hawks. The water is just right at present, muddy after the rains, and the fun is on."

"Fish hawks are common all along the coast, especially where there are rivers and shallow bays, and at this time of year the hardshell crabs have a habit of swimming as near the surface of the water as they can get. In swimming thus their claws come out of the water, and make sufficient splashing to interest the sharp-eyed hawks sailing watchfully high above."

"The muddy water prevents the birds from discovering just what is showing so much life below, but as it is in the water the hunky birds evidently suppose it must, of course, be fish, and every little while down will drop a hawk like a plummet."

"Not a hawk ever flies without having pounced on and clutched what it thus dropped down after, but the captured crab is no sooner lifted out of the water than it reaches out with its claws and grabs the hawk by a leg or some tender part of the body, and the result is some of the queerest kinds of midair antics."

"The hawk, smarting under the pinching the crab gives it and persists in, moves over, shakes its leg vigorously and twists and turns in all sorts of ways in its effort to free itself from the crab. Sometimes the crab will hold on to the hawk in the air until the bird has in its twistings and turnings fallen into the water, but generally he will loosen his claws after awhile and come somersaulting back to his native element."

"As there are frequently a half dozen or more hawks in the air at one time thus engaged in trying to escape from crabs that have caught them, and more getting ready to put themselves in the same fix, the fun is like a continuous performance. Not the least amusing part of it is the positiveness and suddenness with which a hawk, once free from its crab, takes itself away from the spot on vigorous wing, with angry shrieks of protest against the treatment it has received."

"Toward evening the fun is the greatest, for that seems to be the time the crabs like best to do their surface swimming stunt, and the hawks are out in larger number, seeking their suppers."

WOMAN'S WIDENING SPHERE.

Here Man Has to Hustle a Little Bit These Days to Hold His Place.

A refreshingly sane and common sense view of woman's widening sphere of usefulness was that taken by James B. Hill, the corporation lawyer, in his recent address before the University of Minnesota, according to the Housekeeper. Regarding the oft-quoted complaint of timorous men that women wage earners are monopolizing the best-paying positions and cheapening labor by their strenuous competition, Mr. Hill said:

"Women are not crowding out men, they are only making them hustle a little to hold their places. The struggle will be productive of far-reaching results. It is severe, interesting and suggestive, but the man who falls under it should not complain. If he respects his mother's memory he will take off his hat and thank God for the pluck of American womanhood."

Speaking of idleness as a feminine trait of the highest value in commercial life, Mr. Hill thus neatly punctured the slander that women cannot keep a secret:

"The man who contends that a woman cannot keep a secret displays ignorance of Wall street history. Many of the greatest financial and commercial secrets of the day are entrusted to women, who act as private secretaries for well known men, and the confidence is not misplaced. One man of national reputation allows a woman to answer much of his mail without even showing him the letters. To reach the private office of this dignitary you have first to speak your little piece to this woman secretary, and if you get past her it is because you have told your story in a straightforward way, without having beaten around the bush. She is an expert in reading character, and the man who thinks he fools her soon appreciates his mistake. That woman can give points to thousands of men who think they are receiving a boy's wages for doing a man's work. The American woman is none the less a lady because she adorns a profession or becomes interested in commercial affairs. I honor her all the more for the splendid example she sets her sister in other lands, and for the grace, dignity, purity and faithfulness she contributes to the daily routine."

In the advance of women to executive positions of trust and responsibility in business and the professions the wise man will see cause for congratulation rather than complaint. We must recognize the truth that not only does the world move, but that women are moving with it.

Little Reuben Says. De difference between a judge and a referee is dat one has de law to back him up when he's wrong, an' de other has to climb over de winter an' fly fur his life when he's right. —Detroit Free Press.

Insurance on Ships. The ships of the world are insured for a total of \$250,000,000.

OLD-TIME MISSOURI HUMOR.

Forty-Five Years Ago They Used to Rely on the Almanac for Funny Reading.

An old-timer who listened not long ago to Mark Twain at a club dinner in this city and who laughed at Simon Ford's wit was talking afterward to one of the committee on entertainment, says the New York Sun, and among other things, he said:

"You people have so much of this sort of feat that I question whether you appreciate it. All you have to do when you want to get together is to press the button. You get tired and you fill up your rooms or homes with clever people, unique entertainments, and the cars which infest the day—you know the rest. It is not strange, perhaps, when you think of it, that we are not quite so frequently entertained or amused 45 years ago. We were fewer, we were scattered, and maybe we were easier pleased because we did not have our entertainment on tap."

"Why, do you know, we used to rely on the almanacs for our jokes? We used to keep almanacs on the center tables for our guests. When the conversation lagged, and the company began to look at the clock on the shelf, someone would pass the almanac and we would have some fun."

"The home newspaper had no department of humor. If a joke crept into the columns it was credited to the almanac. Some of the editors used to get advance copies of the almanac and play a scurvy trick on the druggists by printing the jokes before the druggists got their consignments."

"Occasionally a home genius unloaded home-grown fun on the editor. But there was not so much of the home-grown article then as now. I do remember one, but he did it for pure fun."

"He was a banker, too—Col. A. M. Saxton, president of the first bank of my town. He was the living image of Mr. Pickwick. He wrote occasionally funny pieces for the old St. Joe Gazette long before the rebellion."

"For a long time the people thought the editor wrote the pieces, and he was always asked to step up and have something when he was in sight. I don't remember how it came about, but it was finally learned that Col. Saxton wrote the pieces that gave the paper its bloom."

bank, hoping to hear Saxton talk, but he was as silent and as far-away in his looks as the Sphinx. Then he quit writing for the paper, because he said it hurt his business to be known as a funny man."

"Occasionally the paper printed the articles of Philadelphia Dosticks, and after him, Artemus Ward. Josh Billings puzzled the public for awhile. We didn't know whether he was funny or ignorant."

"But he struck St. Joe with a lecture. The editor of the Gazette reported the lecture straight away, spelling correctly, and the public decided that Josh Billings was no wit. His reputation was frostbitten in our town."

"One year we had a opening circus come to town. The theatre editor always had a seat down by the ringside, and whenever the clown said anything the editor jotted it down on a paper he held on top of his stovepipe hat, and we had circus jokes for several weeks after."

"A little later a young lawyer came to town who afterward attained a national reputation as a politician, wit and after-dinner speaker. That was Gen. Jim Craig."

"He was a member of the lower house of congress, afterward president of the Hannibal & St. Joe railroad, and he became a close friend and advisor of Lincoln. But before Craig got to be so generally known he became famous in his town as a wit."

"Whenever he sat in front of the old tavern in the afternoon of a summer day the crowd assembled to hear him tell stories. I've seen the street congested with teamsters and draymen listening to him, and the business men in the vicinity would willingly lose a customer in order to go over and hear Gen. Jim Craig's jokes."

"But funny men began to be more numerous, newspaper wits began to increase, and Gen. Craig began to grow old. Notwithstanding his ability as a lawyer and railroad manager, his reputation rested on his inimitable wit. Although wit and humor are abundant to-day, and in general demand, I verily believe that if Gen. Craig should return to earth he would have a hank of stories of the undiscovered country that would cause him to take first place in the list."

The after-dinner speaker of the time of which I speak was unknown. There were banquets and public occasions, but the speakers were either ponderous or of the speed-eagle make. The popular speaker was permitted to tell an anecdote, but he was expected to raise his reports to the skies, and funny stories do not have that effect."

Dealings in Abandoned Farms. A company in Boston is doing a big business selling abandoned farms. Here lies the solution of the New England problem. Farms that a century or less ago easily sustained their owners have long since ceased to support peas. What to do with them became a leading question what none could satisfactorily answer. Now comes along the "abandoned farm" genius. He has set out to corner the supply, which he proposes to work off on the rich urban population of the north and down east as sites for country homes. In time these deserted farms will belong to the millionaires, who will convert their barren fields into game reserves and fish ponds. It is stated that in Maine alone over 1,000 such farms are for sale.—N. Y. Press.

RED RAYS OF THE BLOOD.

Buddy Light Stimulates Development of Malarial Microbes—Reason for Chills.

Additional insight into the phenomena of malarial fever may possibly be afforded by a theory just outlined in the New York Medical Record. The disease is now generally attributed to a parasite in the patient's system, and the occurrence of chills is believed to be due to, or associated with, the operating of splitting or multiplication. Dr. A. F. A. King, of Washington, expresses the opinion that the process is promoted by the action of red light. Several reasons are offered for so thinking. This organism belongs to the animal kingdom, and is practically an amoeba. It is already known that red light stimulates other amoeba, and darkness seems to prevent their multiplication. The great majority of malarial chills occur during the daytime, inasmuch as the parasite is immersed in the blood, it is under the influence of a ruddy illumination when a strong white light falls on the surface of the body. Finally, it is conceivable that the comparative immunity of negroes to malaria may be in some measure an effect of the color of their skin."

An ingenious phase of this hypothesis is its bearing upon the recognized potency of quinine. This drug is one of several which possess the property of fluorescence. Fluorescence affords a violet light, and the latter antagonizes or suppresses red rays. Dr. King deems it possible that the sporulation of the parasites may be checked by fluorescence. Quinine does not always break up malarial fever; but it is suggested that the organisms which remain thus obstinate may be those of the "recurrent" type. According to Dr. Patrick Manson, a leading authority on the disease, the crescent-shaped parasites hide in the spleen, brain and darker recesses of the body. Thus, in Dr. King's judgment, they are not exposed to the fluorescent action of the quinine."

Though shrewd laymen who have had much experience with "chills and fever" may be able to pick flaws in the theory here presented, and though physicians may find it even more vulnerable, at least one thing can be said in its favor. It is not flatly contradicted by accepted notions in regard to bacterial disease. Typhoid fever, diphtheria and cholera are known to be caused by germs located by bacteria. The germs of those and some other maladies operate directly, and their products can be, and have been, isolated."

The parasite of malaria, not being a form of vegetable life, is apparently free to work in an entirely different manner. Whatever other objections may be offered to Dr. King's surmise, any lack of similarity between the latter and the fairly well established theories of bacteriology would be by no means fatal."

If by further experiment his convictions should be confirmed, perhaps new methods of treatment might be suggested. At present it does not seem likely that quinine will ever be superseded, but it would be interesting to know what could be accomplished as the exposure of a patient to violet light or commitment to absolute darkness. Except in special institutions, the former agent would be costly. Darkness could be more easily obtained in the patient's own home, but it never so happily, of course, there would be difficulty in persuading him to submit to it for a long time. Still, if tests of the right character were undertaken it might be found that the remedy would prove efficacious without being annoyingly expensive."

Another line of inquiry of a might prove fruitful is a hunt for sources of malarial infection. It is a fact that of malarial fever, wisely directed by physicians having unusual cases, comments the New York Tribune, ought in a few months to throw much light on the soundness of Dr. King's views."

POWER OF CHARM IN WOMAN.

Queen Draga of Servia the Latest Example of the Wondrous Force of Hypnotism.

Experience teaches that charm in a woman is of even greater worth than beauty. The world's history furnishes innumerable instances of this, and in the lurid light of the gnarly Servian tragedy Queen Draga stands forth as the latest example of the wondrous power of fascination. Like the poet, unhappily, says the London World, she must be born, not made, who possesses this dangerous and subtle quality. But to a certain extent it can be cultivated, and Queen Draga made a sort of charm out of her own slight, and from the cradle to the grave she was not strictly beautiful, she had no ancestry, she was very even the superior of the young king who risked his throne and finally gave his life for her, but she possessed to a marvellous degree the power to sway to her will, and to hold those with whom she came in contact. And furthermore she understood the art of dressing almost better than any other woman in Europe. She died in a peculiar but its beauty seems to have inspired even her assassins, and in life she is said to have never missed her effect or made an error in the details of her dress. In a greater country than that in which she rose to the highest position Queen Draga would have been a European power with whom to reason for no woman can dress to absolute perfection and sway men and women alike by her ineffable charm without becoming a danger. Happily the ability to do both is given only to the very few, but every woman may well be counselled to make this her ambition."

Retort (caption)—Biggs—Mr. but you have large ears! Biggs—Yes. All I lack is your brains to be a perfect donkey! —Chicago Daily News.

PROOF AGAINST ACCIDENT.

However Reckless, No Harm Comes Ever to the Messenger Boy on His Merry Errands.

"Pick up a paper any day you will, and you can see accounts of terrible accidents. Many of them come from some small oversight. But have you ever read or heard of a messenger boy getting the worst of it?" asked a policeman, stationed at a transfer junction in this city, of a writer for the Washington Post. "These chaps ride in and out of danger with a grace any society girl might envy, and what would scare a war veteran to death never so much as phases the district messenger boy. He is proof, and that is all there is to it."

"The other day I was on duty here, and I spotted pulling up the hill at breakneck speed a boy on a bicycle. It was noon and the street more crowded than usual. Well, I'm a strong man, and accidents have no novelty for me, but this chap made my heart stand still. Fifty or more people ran to his rescue, and I was on the verge of sending in a hurry call for the ambulance, when out rode that chap as cool as a cucumber. How he ever managed to untwist himself out of the fender of the car and pull his legs out of the spokes of the wheel of one or maybe more vehicles that were passing, remains a mystery for the crowd and myself to dissolve, but he did without so much as a scratch, and apparently without once raising his head or slowing up."

"It all happened in a moment, and the crowd stood breathless as he rode off. Had I known he was a messenger boy I wouldn't have given the matter a second thought, but he was not in uniform for some reason, so I naturally concluded it was some one with real bones and human flesh, and I determined to make an example of him, and gave chase immediately. Instead of stopping as I called to him to do, he rode faster than before, if possible, and all the while kept his head turned in my direction, throwing me the sandest looks I ever saw. Finally a lady policeman appeared from one of the crossings and nabbed him, and when I reached the scene, positively suffering for want of breath, he was still smiling that devilish smile."

"Young man," said I, "but I got no further. Sober up, please, he had had a drink of beer, and he had had a bunch pulled for stopping the 'S. M. S.' I was too dumfounded to speak, and when I gained my senses and glanced up the street there was that grin looking back at me with the same devilish smile, and still dodging one of the laws of the law, only to land in for the nose of some other merry thing."

"But mind what I tell you, never on the top of this kind of a job when you lose or hurt a messenger boy."

A CYNIC'S DICTIONARY.

His Opinions of Himself and His Neighbors Set Forth in the Form of Definitions.

Aristocrat—A person who thinks to a certain extent, M. P. who worships nothing but himself.
Bore—A person who talks more than you do.
Coward—A person with the least reasonable habit of seeing and feeling the truth.
Eminent—A person who is very popular in his own opinion, the person he is with at all times, and that person's society.
Embezzle—A person who steals enough money to get away.
Fool—A person who will not take your advice.
Genius—A person great enough to be himself.
Heathen—A person who does not believe in the same God you do.
Liar—A person who tells you the truth about yourself.
Juror—One of 12 persons who helps to make a fair trial of justice and success.
Kleptomaniac—A thief whose relatives are rich enough to keep him out of jail.
Lawyer—A person who makes the law even worse than it is.
Mormon—An American Turk.
Neighbor—A person who borrows from you.
Optimist—A person who believes the world is growing better, because he knows it can't get any worse.
Politician—A wise man turned fool, an honest man turned dishonest, or a knave turning the pockets of the other two.
Quibbler—A very disagreeable person who picks flaws in your arguments.
Reformer—A person who wants you to do the same as he is doing.
Truly—A girl who has some life about her, she is loved by the women because she is liked by the men.
Fisher—A person employed by a church to keep strangers from entering the minister's pews.
Vixen—A woman who has out out her rival.
Wit—A person who says his things so cleverly that he says something good every time while by accident.
Xenophobic—A person who inflicts a great deal of unnecessary harm upon his friends with what he calls must.
Yakutz—A person who looks through his toes and looks you on a horse deal.
Zealot—A person who believes in his God as much as other people in theirs.
The Magazine System.
"I thought you had the Stammer Magazine, and had your photograph published in its issue of Men of Tomorrow," said the envious rival to the successful author.
"Huh. If they defer printing it like they do the poetry they accept it won't come out until they will have to print under a head of Men of Day Before Yesterday." —Chicago Tribune.