

Referring to the bureau of corporations the president says:

"The policy of the bureau is to accomplish the purposes of its creation by co-operation, not antagonism; by making constructive legislation, not destructive prosecution, the immediate object of its inquiries, by conservative investigation of law and fact, and by refusal to issue incomplete and hence necessarily inaccurate reports. The business of insurance vitally affects the great mass of the people of the United States and is national and not local in its application. It involves a multitude of transactions among the people of the different states and between American companies and foreign governments. I urge that the congress carefully consider whether the power of the bureau of corporations can not constitutionally be extended to cover interstate insurance."

The president here declares "the pension bureau has never in its history been managed in a more satisfactory manner than is now the case and then he repeats what President McKinley said about the importance of enlarging the American trade in Asia.

Didn't Look His Age.

The literary man was telling stories after his luncheon at the Franklin Inn club the other day, relates the Philadelphia Press.

"Once," he said, "when William Dean Howells was in the editorial rooms of Harper's Magazine, a young man entered the office, and as he bore a letter of introduction from Charles Dudley Warner he was ushered into Mr. Howells' private office. After perusing the letter he asked the young man what he could do for him. The young man said that he was a joke writer, and he had written a joke that he was anxious to have Mr. Howells read.

"Mr. Howells read the joke, and then turning to the young man, he asked:

"Did you write this joke?"

"Oh, yes, sir! Oh, yes, sir!" he quickly answered.

"Well," said Mr. Howells, rising, "you don't look it, young man, but if you wrote that joke, as you say you did, you must be at least 120 years old."

The Special War Correspondent

We incline to the belief that the mission of the special war correspondent is at an end. There will always be one or two trained, practical men with each army, but the duty of these men will be to write about accomplished

Cancer—How J. S. Parke, of Iola, Kans., Got Rid of One on His Temple—His Experience with a Combination of Oils

Iola, Kan., March 7, 1904.

Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

DEAR SIRS—Please accept our sincere thanks for the personal interest you have taken in my case. We found your written instructions so plain and easy to understand that it was an easy task to apply your Treatment. And then we found the results just as you said they would be. Altogether it has been a very satisfactory job, and we are all delighted. There was scarcely any pain at all, every particle seems to have been removed, and it is nicely healed over; a wonderful cure. While I am not writing this as a testimonial, I feel like I would like to tell all who are afflicted with such a good Treatment. So if you have the opportunity just tell them what a good cure it was, and I will gladly answer any who care to write to me about it. You understand, of course, that yours is not the first treatment I have heard of. There are hundreds of them, but yours is the first one I cared to trust. I have not expressed half of my appreciation of the cure, nor can I, but such work as yours done in a Christian spirit will surely receive a just recompense. With sincere wishes for your future success, allow me to remain

Yours very respectfully,

No. 1103 East St. J. D. PARKE.
There is absolutely no need of the knife or burning plaster, no need of pain or disfigurement. The Combination Oil Cure for cancers is soothing and balmy, safe and sure. Write for free book to the Office, Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Drawer 505, Dept. 28, Indianapolis, Ind.

facts and to amplify and render intelligent to the general reader the brief official telegrams. This, indeed, has been the extent of the journalistic work in the present war. It has served every purpose. We have, it is true, missed some picturesque English and been denied the views of some would-be military strategists, but the deprivation has not been severe. All the essential facts have been laid before us promptly and accurately, and with this presentation we can well afford to be content.—Washington Post.

It Had Served It's Turn

Mrs. John Lyon Gardner of Boston exhibited some beautiful asters at the recent show of the Massachusetts horticultural society.

One evening some one narrated to Mrs. Gardner a humorous story of an exhibitor who had tried to bribe the judges of a flower show into giving him all the first prizes. She commented on the story thus:

"The man had probably heard of the cadi of Bagdad. This cadi had been in his youth a fisherman, and, to keep himself in mind of his humble origin, there was always spread upon his dinner table a huge fishing net.

"People admired the cadi for this exhibition of humility. He was rich, and his house was sumptuous. But, amid all that elegance, the net, the sign of the man's lowly birth, was always prominently displayed.

"The story of the net spread through the city, and finally reached the ears of the caliph. He, in due time, sent for the cadi, took him into his favor and made him his grand vizier.

"Thus," said Haroun al Raschid, "we reward humility."

"From the day of his appointment the grand vizier ceased to exhibit his fishing net. It disappeared, and it was never spoken of.

"Once, though a visitor, a man of considerable impudence, said to the vizier:

"Why is it, my lord, that your net is no longer spread upon your table?"

"The vizier smiled and quietly replied:

"It has caught the fish."—New York Mail.

Berge on the Election

George W. Berge, fusion candidate for governor of Nebraska at the recent election, is in no way discouraged or cast down by the success of the republican state and legislative tickets. "I hope the friends of good government will not despair," said Mr. Berge, in commenting on the republican success, "but that in this hour of defeat we shall all take new courage, because the fight is not ended. It has only just begun."

As soon as it became known to a certainty that the fusion cause had lost Mr. Berge issued a statement, of which the above is the keynote. Discussing the political situation in the state, in the light of the last election, Mr. Berge further says:

"I am encouraged because republicans everywhere joined us in the fight. All through the campaign I maintained, as I maintain now, that in a fight for good government in the state all people, regardless of politics should stand together. If this had not been a presidential year our ticket would have won by 25,000 majority.

"We made the fight along right lines. I feel that we won a greater victory this way than to have won and be compelled to be the servile tools of certain influences that contend against each other in Nebraska politics.

"The free pass system stands between the people and their government. I believe it to be a form of bribery. I believe that high freight

rates and low taxation of railroad property is the price that Nebraska people pay for the free pass system.

"I believe that the professional lobbyist is an enemy to popular government. A man who tries to influence a representative of the people with money, with a pass or with a promise of political reward is guilty of treason to his government and should be dealt with accordingly.

"Extravagance has characterized nearly every branch of the state government. The new revenue law was passed to raise still more money. The law places heavier burdens upon the farmers and small property owners and lets corporations escape their just share of the taxes. Popular government is a farce and a hollow mockery if those conditions are suffered to continue, and if it is possible to have railroad domination all the time instead of representative government.

"I have faith in the intelligence and integrity of the people of this state, and believe that when they clearly see that these influences are running their state government, that then, with the whip of righteous indignation, they will drive out of office every man who dares defend or tolerate these abuses."

A Great Politician

Those who have watched Mr. Douglas in his recent campaign say he is a great politician. A World reporter who observed him at his headquarters last Wednesday was struck with the easy way in which this plain man of business adapted himself to politics. Almost every two minutes some of his workers, wearing the very evident stamp of the politician, came in to congratulate him. Instantly the governor-elect was up to meet them with a hearty handshake and "Why, h-e-l-l-o, Jim! Well, it was all right, wasn't it? You did fine. You boys were great. I am awfully glad to see— No, you are to be congratulated yourself."

All-day Wednesday the political workers filled his improvised campaign headquarters in the Old South building on Washington street, and Mr. Douglas, who has devoted all his life to the shoe business, mingled with them with his hearty laugh, and with as great freedom as though politics had been his calling all his life.

Down in Brockton, nineteen miles from Boston, where the Douglas shoe factories are, Mr. Douglas is unquestionably the idol of the people. He has a great army of employes in his several factories there. He is known from one end of the state to the other as the ideal employer. What the people of the town like about him is that he is a plain, sincere, unostentatious man who goes about the street mingling with the people, without ever giving in his manner the slightest suggestion of the great success he has won. The newsboys and bootblacks all know him. The conductors on the accommodation trains that run from Boston to Brockton all know him, and he always gives them a hearty handshake. All the cabmen and truck drivers are his personal friends, and though Brockton is a republican town far and away, he carried it Tuesday by a good vote.

There is no question that Mr. Douglas' election is the most remarkable thing that ever happened in Massachusetts politics. Many explanations are offered for it. Probably the most popular explanation is that the labor vote did it. Though this explanation covers a great part of the phenomenon it does not explain it all. Throughout the state the labor unions were pretty generally united in favor of Mr. Douglas. They liked him, and they did not like Governor Bates, whom they blamed for vetoing an eight-hour law and an overtime bill. The labor unions in many cases came out openly and in-

dorsed Mr. Douglas. The socialist vote also went for him.—Boston Correspondence to New York World.

The Costly Philippines

With an export trade of \$32,000,000 the Philippine islands are called upon to pay \$12,500,000 in 1903 for the expenses of insular government; in other words, for every \$100 worth of produce exported from the islands the general government costs \$39. If to this we add \$2,500,000 collected in the islands for municipal and provincial government, the ratio of expenditure on government account to value of exports is raised to 46 per cent.

Comparing the cost of government, on the basis adopted above, with that of five British dependencies in various parts of the tropics—Ceylon, Barbadoes, British Guiana, Trinidad and the federated Malay states—the average is 27 per cent, as against 46 per cent in the Philippines.

But this does not close the comparison. In the British dependencies every charge connected with the government, whether of a civil or a military nature, is paid by the local government; in the Philippines all military expenses are paid by the United States; and the islands do not even pay for their own police work, as a body supplementary to the Philippine constabulary, are on the army pay-roll.—Alleyne Ireland in November Atlantic.

Tom and the Tomato

Thomas E. Watson, late populist candidate for president, describes in "Bethany," his novel just published by the Appletons, the feeling of a public man at a formal dinner. After celebrating the lavish hospitality of the south before the war, where all the viands were set on the table at once, he says:

"It has happened to me several times in my life to be arrested, convicted and sentenced to dine with other well-dressed convicts, male and female, at a swell dinner—one of those formal functions where solemn flunkies bring you one thing only to eat at a time. When you have pecked awhile at that one thing, whatever it may be, solemn flunkies take it away and bring you another plate and some other thing to peck at awhile.

"Sometimes it happens that this one thing is a big, defiant-looking tomato. To sit in one's chair, gazing at the last course which the flunky has just put on; to realize that this entire course consists of a solitary tomato, looking fiercely red and raw; to glance along the table and to realize that all the convicts, male and female, have one tomato apiece, and are trying to look cheerfully at the convict boss—the host—has overwhelmed me every time it got the chance. The scene is heart-rending."—New York World.

He Couldn't Swim

Charles E. Meek, secretary of the National Association of Credit Men, says the New York Times, illustrated the plight of a man who is about to fall and can't make up his mind whether to do it under the state laws or under the rational bankruptcy act, by telling a story of two Irishmen who had been captured by vigilantes in the west and were about to be hanged for horse stealing.

The lynchers took them to a bridge over a river, and the rope was tied around the first man's neck and he was dropped overboard. The noose slipped, and he swam away.

As the second man was led forward and asked if he had any last request to make, he turned to the leader of the lynchers and said:

"For the love av heaven, tie that rope tight. I can't swim, and I don't want to drown."