

for the things that democrats stand for, the moment that he became personally distasteful to the majority of democrats, that moment would his leadership be overthrown. He has nothing but his ideas, and his constancy to those ideas, to give him strength. Nobody knows it better than Governor Johnson and Secretary Taft.

Democrats may be proud that Mr. Bryan does not thus play the cheap demagogue in his references to Mr. Roosevelt's leadership of the republican party. With far more truth might he say that Roosevelt leads the republican party against its will. But he doesn't say it. Instead he is brave enough and honest enough to say that Mr. Roosevelt represents the enlightened judgment, the conscience and the real will of the republican voters, but that he has been unable with all his strenuousness, to induce the republican leaders and the republican organization to give the republican voters what they want.

The day when clap-trap and petty partisan demagoguery pleased voters has passed, please God not soon to return. The people are demanding sincerity and frankness in their leaders. When a would-be leader, be he Taft, Johnson or any other, lowers himself to indulge in palpable misrepresentation of the plain facts he belittles himself and acknowledges thereby the weakness of his cause. And he hurts no one but himself.—Omaha World-Herald.

TROUP DINES WITH EMPLOYEES

With all his employes gathered around him, Alexander Troup, editor of the Union, last night celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday with a banquet at Cox's Surf House, at Salvin Rock, and the affair completely eclipsed those of former years. The

program opened with an assembly of the entire force of the Union, together with Mr. Troup and E. Katz, of New York, in the center of the city about 6:30 and then the ride to Cox's, where dinner was served about an hour later. As usual, the employes entered into the spirit of the occasion and helped make things merry. During the evening speeches were made by representatives of each department of the paper and although knocks were passed about pretty plentifully on the men, every one attested his appreciation of Mr. Troup in a way that left no doubt of sincerity. One of the features of the evening was the presentation of a farce called "Catchin' the Mail," which represented a day in the office. It made a hit and was presented by the following characters: :

Salty, the Devil, Frank Sullivan; Colonel T. G. M. Tugalic, pencil pusher, also uses paste, James Scott; John Brown, a politician who works for practice, James Logan; Walter Wells, too fat to work, so sits down and eats, Clarence Hadden; William White, who never worries, William Hinchelle; John Fitzpatrick, who sweats some—times, Fred Mullen; Bill Rex, the main squeeze, Thomas (Henry) Reynolds; John Johns, the busiest man in the place, George Mullen; W. Fitz Henry, too tired to think, Dan McCuen; J. J. Byrnes, always on the jump, Dale Fitzgerald; Tom Walback, a rural subscriber, Clarence Whitney; Joe Welch, the silent man, William Kesses; Franco Wallo, who never stops, Tom McCormack; Ouch, the squaw man, Dick Smith; Arizona Bill, the would-be comedian, William Comiskey; Sleepy Bob, who lays on the forms, Tom Harkins; Desperate Dick, Sleep's accomplice, Donald Bryant; Oriole Jack, a traveling minstrel, Barney Marsh; Little Jakey, who swears in Swedish, Jake Hobrau; Cute Pet, who likes girls and soap, Walter Hicks; Lifty Jack, who takes things, mostly pictures, J. Crosby.—New Haven (Conn.) Exchange.

PROOF NOT NEEDED

As General Benjamin F. Butler entered the lobby of the Boston state house one morning he saw two men whom he knew engaged in a heated argument.

"One moment, general," said one of them to him; "can't you settle a dispute? We are arguing as to who is the greatest lawyer in Massachusetts, and as we can't agree we will leave it to you."

"That's easy. I am," said Butler, with perhaps more truth than modesty.

The two men were somewhat taken aback.

"Er—er—but, general, of course—you know—but—how can we prove it?" the first speaker managed to get out.

"Prove it? Prove it?" growled Butler. "You don't have to prove it. I admit it."—Woman's Home Companion.

PAID IN FULL

She was one of the multitude with the passion for bridge—only she liked to play for money. One afternoon at her winter home in the south she gave a luncheon to which several resort acquaintances were invited and afterward proposed bridge. Either by accident or design she failed to mention to her guests that the stakes in the game were not wholly imaginary. Some of the women may have understood that there was to be a settlement after the last card should have been played, but there was one among the company who had no idea that the game was for any other purpose except to while away the idle afternoon. The fates would have it that the

misunderstanding one should play poorly—in fact she played extremely out of her usual form. When she arose to go she was followed into the hall by her hostess who hesitatingly inquired if she had not forgotten something.

"No, I think not," was the reply. "My wraps are all here and I brought no bag."

"Oh, you understand we were playing for money, and you owe \$80."

"Eighty dollars! Why I didn't dream we were playing for money. I never do it." And then resolving to make the best of a bad situation she added, "Of course you understand I haven't that amount of money with me, but as soon as I get to the hotel my husband will send you a check for it."

Imagine the hostess' feelings half an hour later upon receipt of the following note signed by the husband of her recent guest:

"Inclosed please find my check for \$82.50. Eighty dollars of it is to pay my wife's bridge losses, \$2 to settle for the luncheon, and 50 cents for the maid."—St. Louis Republic.

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