

do not agree is to label them agitators, rattle brains, irresponsible theorists who have no experience with the realities of business.

Thieme is fighting for business methods in government—especially in city government. He's one of those poor deluded theorists who make out that they believe politics can be made an honest business. He can't see the necessity of ring rule and machine domination.

But he is more than this. He is one of the foremost manufacturers in the state of Indiana. He has built up a unique business, a business which sells to the world; a business which is recognized beyond the ocean. He has been practical enough to make a success of the knitting mills in Ft. Wayne.

He started with nothing but a brogue. Today he is a captain of industry—a man of "big business."

His position in the business world precludes the allegation that he is irresponsible; that he is an agitator; that he would destroy big business—for no man would destroy himself.

And yet this fellow says that even business men owe something to the state. That citizenship has other responsibilities than grabbing all the profit possible.

Here is this man Thieme out waging war in behalf of a new constitution for the state of Indiana. Would he be doing this service if he could see the least possibility of upsetting business?

Here is this man Thieme, the genius or a great business institution, saying that business methods are possible in politics; that labor has its rights; that present governmental methods in this state are antiquated and obsolete.

You can't charge him with being a dynamiter and agitator.

Everything he has is at stake, and he has more than most of us.

It is reasonable to suppose that if Mr. Thieme devoted all his time to his knitting mills he could increase his profits, and yet—think of it—he finds that his responsibility to the state as a citizen demands that he devote some of his time to fighting for what he believes to be right; to advancing the interests of the state.

Indianapolis may boast of richer men, but none who has made a greater success than Mr. Thieme. Indianapolis may boast of more conspicuous celebrities, but none who are held in higher esteem than Mr. Thieme, and here he is at Terre Haute pleading with other business men to support a movement for a new constitution for the state of Indiana because he finds that his idea of citizenship

places serious responsibilities on his shoulders.

Here is the standard of citizenship which Indiana needs. This is the type of citizen which will bring peace and prosperity to a great state.

Here is a business man who is still old-fashioned enough to place his obligations to the state above his obligations to his business—who counts patriotism more than profit.

Hats off to such men. — Indiana Daily Times.

PROHIBITION WINS A SKIRMISH

During the last half century's history of the American congress there has been no session more astonishing in its results than that of last Tuesday. After a debate lasting eleven hours, the house of representatives—a strongly democratic body—gave a majority approval to a constitutional amendment, of which the principal section provided:

"The sale, manufacture for sale, transportation for sale, importation for sale and exportation for sale of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes in the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are forever prohibited."

The proposal required, of course, a two-thirds majority of both house and senate, after which the amendment would be submitted for ratification to the legislatures of the states, its final adoption requiring the assent of three-fourths of the states.

Of the 433 members of the house, 386 declared themselves, one member merely voting "present," and 197 favored the amendment, 189 voting against it. Thus the project of national prohibition, while it received 20 votes less than a majority of the full membership and 91 less than the necessary two-thirds, polled a majority of 8 of those voting. Moreover, the declaration for prohibition was made emphatic, since that system was favored instead of local option by states.

The mere record of the vote, however, does not reveal the startling strength of the demand for a sentence of national outlawry against the liquor traffic. It must be remembered that this, the most radical proposal ever offered on the question, carried the house of representatives on its first test. Counting the members present and voting, eighteen state delegations lined up solidly for the amendment and twelve were for it by from 60 to 90 per cent. Here is the record:

Solid for prohibition—Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, New Mexico, North

Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, Wyoming—18.

Gave majority for prohibition—Alabama, Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, Maine, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Virginia—12.

Delegation evenly divided—Nebraska—1.

Gave majority against prohibition—California, Louisiana, Maryland, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Texas, Wisconsin—9.

Solid against prohibition—Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, Massachusetts, Nevada, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Utah—8.

Thus the delegations of thirty of the forty-eight states declared for national prohibition. And it is significant that not a single member of the house was elected exclusively as a representative of the prohibition party. The vote against liquor came from democrats, republicans and progressives in this fashion:

For prohibition—

Dem.	Rep.	Ind.	Prog.	Total
114	67	4	12	197

Against prohibition—

Dem.	Rep.	Ind.	Prog.	Total
141	46	1	1	189

So completely were party lines obliterated that the leaders of the two old organizations joined forces in defense of the threatened liquor traffic. Underwood, for the democrats, was no more aggressive in his championship of rum than Mann, for the republicans. — Philadelphia North American.

"BRYANITUS"

(The following has been prepared by a student of the University of Chicago.—Ed.)

BRYANITUS

Its Origin, and Peculiar Symptoms of the Foul Disease. Successful Treatment of Patients Afflicted when taken in time. Chloroform Only Remedy After Disease has been Neglected too long. In some respects not unlike the Foot and Mouth Disease. About twenty years ago, Wall street was infected with a "political microbe known as the money question, and, being extremely contagious it spread rapidly throughout the country. One peculiarity of the disease is that it is hereditary, and while its physical effects are very weakening, it is especially harmful mentally.

This dangerous malady is known to the medical profession as the Wall Street Mental Disability. Another symptom of this dangerous affliction is a tendency by the patient to attack the private and public character of men, day and night, occupying positions of great responsibility, state and national.

Some of the leading physicians of America have been unable to cope with this malady, and so far all they have succeeded in doing, is to banish the patient from this country when dangerous; to recommend seclusion and complete rest for the sufferer. Wherever it is possible, hot electrical and strong sulphur baths, followed by severe rubbing and pounding on the head is the treatment. In many cases, however, they have found their patients are absolutely incurable, and the only humane treatment or remedy is chloroform.

This Wall street infection is similar to the foot and mouth disease, but unlike this disease, however, the feet are not seriously troubled, the chief ailment seems to be in the mouth.

BLAMING IT ON WILSON

The delicatessen man found That all his sweet pickles were sour;

His beans were improperly browned And worms had got into his flour.

"Oh why is your coffee unground?" I asked, and he answered me true: "I blame it on Wilson, on President Wilson;

I blame it on Wilson, I do!"

The barber was cutting my hair (Yes, potes have it scissored sometimes).

He said: "On this morning so fair, I've made only three little dimes!" I said: "If long tresses we wear, Who's guilty?" He gave me the cue:

"I blame it on Wilson, on President Wilson; I blame it on Wilson, I do!"

A dramatist gave us a play That wasn't exactly a hit; It ran one consecutive day,

And then to the storehouse for it! I heard the mad dramatist say: "You call it my fault, sir? Pooh-pooh!

I blame it on Wilson, on President Wilson; I blame it on Wilson, I do!"

Smith wanted to go for a walk, But found it had rained in the dark.

Jones simply was aching to talk, But never a human would hark. They cried: "At such hoodoos we balk!"

The answer blew out of the blue: "Go blame it on Wilson, on President Wilson; Go blame it on Wilson, just do!"

O Goat-Universal-Unique! You're blamed if it's wet or it's dry!

You're blamed if the water-pipes leak! You're blamed if an auto won't fly!

You're blamed for 'most any old freak! For this is the cry of the crew: "We blame it on Wilson, on President Wilson;

We blame it on Wilson, we do!" —John O'Keefe in New York World.

AN INTERESTING COMPARISON

The other day I strolled into the sociological department of Columbia University and found one of the Fellows (cap F of course), Mr. Edwin L. Clarke, reading a little old brown book. On demand he surrendered the volume and I glanced at the title page with an eye of journalistic disapprobation. It was published in Harrisburgh in 1811.

"Why do you waste your time on stuff a hundred years old? Here, take my copy of the morning paper and read something up-to-date, all about Bryan and Wilson and the Constitutionalists."

"If you will read this you will not have to read the morning paper," he retorted. "The news of the daily is not so new as you think. Listen to this," and he turned over the yellow pages until he came to the desired paragraph and read as follows:

THE COLONEL'S OPINION . . . With respect to Mr Bryan, so conspicuous at this era, . . he was

NEW RUPTURE CURE

Don't Wear a Truss
 Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No Obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Blinds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No plasters. No ties. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Full information and booklet Free
 C.E. Brooks, 1736B State St, Marshall, Mich




This Young Man Ought to Read

Buck

If he had a speaking acquaintance with "America's Cleverest Weekly" he wouldn't have to go to so much trouble in entertaining any company in which he might suddenly find himself.