THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH.

Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Sunday Bee, one year	$2.00
Saturday Bee, one year	1.00
Daily Bee, without Sunday, one year	4.00
Daily Bee, and Sunday, one year	6.00

DELIVERED BY CARRIER.

Evening and Sunday Bee, per month	40c
Evening, without Sunday, per month	35c
Daily Bee, including Sunday, per mo.	65c
Daily Bee, without Sunday, per month	45c

Address all complaints of irregularities in deliveries to City Circulation Dept.

REMITTANCE.

Remit by draft, express or postal order, payable to The Bee Publishing company. Only 2-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts. Personal checks, except on Omaha and eastern exchanges, not accepted.

OFFICES.

Omaha—The Bee Building
South Omaha—2318 N Street.
Council Bluffs—14 North Main Street.
Lincoln—26 Little Building.
Chicago—601 Hearst Building.
New York—Room 1106, 286 Fifth Avenue.
St. Louis—501 New Bank of Commerce.
Washington—726 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications relating to news and editorial matter should be addressed Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

DECEMBER CIRCULATION.

52,148

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.:
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of December, 1913, was 52,148.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS,
Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 3d day of January, 1914.

ROBERT HUNTER,
(Seal) Notary Public.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Japan and Sicily run a close race for the world's record of volcano victims.

Statistics prove that business depression always increases crimes of violence and plunder.

That St. Louis woman arranging for a "Mexican peace congress" at least has a rare sense of humor.

Both the good book and sad experience teach the wisdom and profit of pursuing the straight and narrow path.

"Make end to the pursuit of Harry Thaw," exclaims the Chicago Examiner. As if the lawyers did not have to live.

In boasting of the idealism of its laws, Wisconsin is not saying so much now for its fancy eugenic contrivance.

Three such apparent novices at the game of hold-up and murder should not be able to elude the police very long.

But it is much better to place the emphasis on providing work rather than providing free meals and lodging for the employed.

"Boston has sent many a good idea westward," the Boston Herald reminds us. Yes, and received many a better one in return.

"But fill me with the old juice and I'll be pretty tipsy by and by." The popular beverage of Omar's time evidently was not grapejuice.

Without "Coburn of Kansas" as its head and front, the Kansas State Board of Agriculture will have to carry a letter of introduction.

But some of the "new blood" on the Commercial club directory has been there before, and is now only showing that it can come back.

Unless this pie distributer gets around soon some of these Nebraska democrats, weak from hunger, will have to be carried out on stretchers.

It has been about a week since Missouri's attorney general sassed a federal judge on the bench and the chautauquas evidently have not landed him yet.

The live stock of the state will doubtless be glad to learn that the serum doctors have got together and will henceforth administer the antidote with firm, united hands.

When hunting for examples of the law's delays don't overlook that Capital National bank case still pending in our state supreme court though dating back nearly twenty years.

No doubt Neighbor Bryan is getting lots of satisfaction out of his little joke of making the bankers from Br'er Hitchcock's town go to Lincoln to see the regional bank locaters.

It being part of a good citizen's lot to look out for an efficient garbage disposal system, we assume all good citizens of Omaha are bearing in mind the fact that before July 1 this city must make such provision.

Chicago has found and brought together the twelve worst boys in the United States. Regardless of how the selection was made, it ought to have a most salutary effect on the boys to be told that they are the twelve worst.

Every one in Omaha believes Omaha should be the location of one of the regional banks. The only thing needed, however, is to convince the two cabinet secretaries and the comptroller of the currency who are to render the decision.

Can the Door Be Opened?

Preliminary steps have been taken to test out the right of the lieutenant governor to be a candidate for governor, notwithstanding its inclusion in the constitution as one of the executive state offices, and the constitutional prohibition barring every executive state officer from eligibility to any other executive state office during the term for which he has been chosen. To get into court a primary filing, tendered to the secretary of state, has been refused by him for this express reason, and a mandamus is to be sought to compel acceptance. We can see how the mandamus might be denied on the ground that no discretion rests with the secretary of state because it does not devolve on him to pass on the qualifications of candidates seeking nominations, yet we hope that this mooted question may be finally disposed of right now, for we are sure to have it with us with regular recurrence until it is disposed of.

Without considering the wisdom or the foolishness of the constitution makers, The Bee has always read that document as putting a dead line in front of gubernatorial ambitions cherished by other state house incumbents. There are other parts of our constitution equally inconvenient to those affected, such, for example, as the prohibition upon the treasurer serving more than two consecutive terms, but no one has ever thought it worth while to try to avoid them by judicial construction or popular vote amendment. It goes without saying that if the door to the office of chief executive is opened to the lieutenant governor, it would seem inevitable that it would also be opened wide enough to permit several others to squeeze through, too.

The Michigan Turmoil.

Only as a step toward a complete revelation and adjustment of conditions in the copper mine region may the sweeping indictment of labor leaders be hailed with a degree of satisfaction. This is a two-sided controversy, as many investigations prove, and defies proper settlement by one-sided methods. It may turn out that all the men indicted are culpable, but even then a more thoroughgoing effort at correction ought to be made.

So far as investigations are concerned, as Senator Townsend of Michigan affirmed in objecting to a proposed inquiry by the senate, it seems that, "If Michigan is suffering from one thing more than another at this time, it is outside influences." These objectionable outside influences include the officers and agencies of labor unions trying to extend their authority into Michigan.

The report of the Department of Labor was direct and unequivocal, throwing the onus of responsibility for the turmoil on the refusal of the mine owners to arbitrate their differences with their employes. The owners retort that they do not intend to deal with imported labor leaders. Rather than new official investigation some sort of decisive action is desirable before muddling the waters by further outside intrusion. For this is a situation of far more than merely local interest.

Bryan and That Conspiracy.

Whoever started the story that "big business" was conspiring to discredit Secretary Bryan in the eyes of the president and drive him out of the cabinet is having difficulty eliciting faith in the yarn. The New York World's theory that as Mr. Bryan is not doing anything to annoy "big business," and has done nothing for many years, there is no reason to suppose that "big business" would concern itself about getting him out of the cabinet. The New York Mail, a Roosevelt organ, opines that "No conspiracy is necessary to discredit Mr. Bryan. He is accomplishing that result himself," adding:

> It has long been evident that the relations between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan have not been due to efficient official work on the part of the secretary of state, but to purely political considerations. The two men are wholly unlike. One is a talker; the other a doer.
>
> While it is painful to note these aspersions upon the indispensability of the public service of our friend and neighbor, it has often occurred to many, no doubt, that Mr. Bryan might not have been called to the premiership of the cabinet in the first place but for the fact that the man, who once wished him knocked into a cocked hat, knew of no other way of discharging a political indebtedness. Yet, there stands the president's published statement of a few months ago, to the effect that Mr. Bryan's presence in the cabinet is the source of great help to the administration.

Nebraska democrats already have five candidates in the grooming to head their state ticket, but all more or less contingent on whether Governor Morehead runs. It is up to the governor to create a spontaneous popular uprising that will insist on him throwing his hat in the ring.

The government is going to make temperature tests of railway mail cars. Oh, while about it, please also test out the cars in which the railroads either freeze or bake their ordinary every-day passengers.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

JANUARY 17.

Thirty Years Ago—

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Woodard, 517 Fifth street, a pleasant little party indulged in music and dancing, those present being Misses Maria Walker, Ella Logan, McDonald, Julia Mahoney, May Mahoney, Myrtle Eshes, Mabel Woodard, Minnie Woodard and Lulu Woodard; Messrs. John Walker, John Conte, R. V. Woodard, Thomas H. Golden, Jones, Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Drahos and Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood.

C. F. Smith, for about a year past a clerk in the office of the auditor of passenger accounts of the Union Pacific, has been appointed ticket and freight auditor for the St. Joseph & Western, with location at St. Joseph.

Among the communications received by the city council was one from W. J. Broatch and others protesting against George W. Homan placing hay scales in the alley of their block.

The resolutions of the Ministerial association in respect to the memory of Rev. G. F. Stelling are signed by Rev. W. J. Harsha, Rev. D. Stone and Rev. F. S. Playney.

Chief Engineer Butler and Jim O'Brien of the fire department and Councilman Leeder went to Council Bluffs to witness the test of the new water works.

The women of the First Congregational church held a social at the residence of George A. Hoagland, corner St. Mary's avenue and Sixteenth street.

It is rumored that Omaha is to have another big bank, and that Hon. Ezra Millard is to be the prime mover in the project.

Twenty Years Ago—

Another meeting of the incorporators of the Union Depot company was held at the Merchants National bank for the purpose of going over the proposed ordinance under which the depot was to be built. City Attorney Connell was present with the ordinance and it was thought that the city and the company were gradually getting closer together.

William E. Ransom, a private detective for the Union Pacific, was taken to St. Joseph, and pronounced in a very critical condition. He was suffering from the effects of injuries sustained in a hand-to-hand fight with freight car robbers a month or so before at Wahoo.

"We will have a good season in the Western league this year," said Dave Rowe, newly-elected president of this league at the Merchants hotel. "Omaha fans will see some good ball playing."

Commissioner Utt of the Commercial club finally completed his report for 1893, which showed Omaha's totals bank clearings for that year $296,585,487.

James Sheridan died at the home of his brother, John Sheridan, 1549 North Twentieth street.

Ten Years Ago—

Local socialists at their afternoon meeting listened to some of their big guns, among whom was Victor L. Berger of Milwaukee, J. M. Work, who with B. Berlyn and S. M. Reynolds signed a call for a national convention to name candidates for president and vice president in Chicago May 1.

A new bottling works with a capital of $50,000 was promised Omaha by a man named Prince, from Davenport, Ia., who was here looking for a site.

Major Moses G. Zalinski, new quartermaster for the Department of the Missouri, arrived from Philadelphia to take charge of his work.

Willard K. Sweeney died at the home of his parents, 4920 Davenport street, at 5:45 p. m. The family decided on interment at Prospect Hill.

Mayor Moores' proclamation that all public dancing must cease had its effects, as visits to various dance halls proved.

The temperature was running from 25 to 37 above zero.

People and Events

The census of 1911 shows the total population of the Union of South Africa on May 7 of that year to have been 5,973,394, comprising 1,276,242 Europeans and 4,697,152 of native or other mixed races.

The fact that Mrs. Redfield Proctor, wife of the late senator from Vermont, has consistently refused to accept a pension of $7,500 ever since it was voted her by the senate shortly after the death of her husband, March 4, 1908, came to light recently.

Miss Mildred Johnson of the women's college, Western Reserve university, has been declared winner of the first prize of $300 in the college historical essay contest of the Ohio Perry Centennial society. Essays were submitted under an assumed name and were considered by the judges separately.

Police Justice Robert D. Brower, a veteran of the civil war, who also served under Commodore Perry in the expedition to open the ports of Japan, died at his home recently in Maplewood, N. J. A native of Bloomfield, Judge Brower celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday December 12.

A committee of the Board of Education of Chicago in looking over available sites for schools found the most attractive parcels of real estate in the hands of option purchasers. The discovery furnishes two surprises—the innocence of the committee, and that the members should give the snap away.

Former Attorney General Charles W. Mullen of Iowa, addressing the federal supreme court in Washington last Monday, pulled off a sentence so long that it stretched three minutes beyond the hour of adjournment and was then left in a "to-be-continued" condition by the court crier breaking in.

The wide scope of the recent ocean storms is shown by the fact that the Baltic coast has suffered as severely as New Jersey and California from abnormally high tides and huge waves. We had nothing in this country like the submerging of Damkerort by a tide so high that all the houses in the village but three were completely submerged.

No visitor to a newspaper office is welcomed with a heartier glad hand or receives a heartier, though mute, "Happy New Year," than the World Almanac. To call the work an "almanac" is a misnomer. In reality it is an annual encyclopedia, invaluable as a reference book for all classes. The present number is the wonder book of 1914 so compact and complete are the various departments covering the activities of man and womankind. It is complete from the new tariff, the income tax and the currency bill to the latest base ball score, and from the parcel post to the progress of the woman suffrage movement.

In Other Lands

Saber Rule in Germany.

The court-martial held at Strassburg to try Colonel von Reuter and Lieutenant Schad, German army officers charged with overriding civil authority and arresting citizens at Zabern, last November, promptly acquitted the officers. At the same time the military court of appeals at Strassburg set aside the sentence of forty-three days' imprisonment imposed on Baron von Forstner, the "boy lieutenant" responsible for the convulsion in the Alsatian town. The expected happened in both cases. Saber rule in Germany, and particularly in the conquered French provinces, is a power which holds civil law and civilian life as things to be tolerated while unassertive and respectful. The jeering laughter of boys at Baron von Forstner was the primary cause of the outbreak which caused the military to override the populace, sweep the streets of Zabern with guns, cut down a cripple who could not get out of the way quick enough, and arrest civil functionaries without warrant. The trial of men responsible for the outrage by associate defenders of "the honor of the army" could have no fitter ending than the vindication of military over civil rule. The fact that the military spirit dominates life in Germany prompts an American writer to warn his countrymen who may visit the Fatherland to exercise the greatest caution and reserve in the presence of officers or soldiers. To resent a fancied insult or interfere in a gross act of brutality happening before his eyes, endangers the visitor's life. There is no redress for his injuries and no reparation for heirs in case he succumbs. "For his military assailant, perhaps his slayer, will be able to plead that he acted in accordance with the strict rules of his profession and with the time-honored ethics of his caste; and, since he is immune from the jurisdiction of the ordinary criminal and civil courts, is only amenable to court-martial."

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Wrangles in the Balkans.

Affairs in the Balkan states are not sounding the serenely peaceful note which usually follows the conclusion of war. Too many bandmasters confuse the pitch, and the best artists in the concert of Europe appear unable to harmonize the discords. Prince William of Weid, appointed by four of the six powers governor of Albania, has not taken office nor moved in that direction, although the powers have guaranteed him a civil list of at least $100,000 a year and a pension of $50,000 a year for life in event of abdication, voluntarily or otherwise. The prince evidently realizes the difficulties of the task of governing a few millions of aliens in race and creed, more apt in guerrilla operations than in peaceful pursuits. But the main reason for hesitation is the rumpus over the boundary lines of the new-born kingdom. The boundary commission, influenced by Austria and Italy, seeks to curtail the territorial prize won by Greece and Servia, and shave the meager slice of land promised Montenegro in return for the evacuation of Skutari. Turkey is also strutting in the neighborhood a number of its military adventurers having landed at Aviona, only to be disarmed by the Greeks. With a German military commission in charge of the reorganization of the Turkish army, the sublime porte is leaning heavily on German influence and is boosting every move likely to rob the victors of the spoils of war. The division of the islands in the Aegean sea remains unsettled. As the situation stands it is apparent that the triple alliance has tightened its grip on the buffer state of Albania and euchered the triple entente at every stage of the diplomatic game.

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South African Troubles.

It would be hard to find in any civilized state such difficult problems of government as confronted the authorities of the South African union from the outset. There were the hard feelings engendered by war, the antipathy of the conquered for the conqueror and bridging the gulf between opposing races. To compose these differences was a supreme test of statesmanship, and General Botha, prime minister, proved equal to the task. But the greater problem or series of problems, the heritage of former governments, became more perplexing day by day, and the present industrial outburst of strikes and sympathy strikes is hardly more than a warning explosion of a volcano. The importation of the cheap labor of India and the employment of native black labor in the mines is an increasing source of irritation to the dominant Dutch and Saxon races. Not because the blacks or browns compete with white labor. There is no competition. The danger lies in drawing the color line and enforcing regulations humiliating and almost inhuman. A commission is now striving to satisfy India's demand for equal rights under a common flag. The native black workers outnumber the whites many times. To hold them in check and at the same time deal effectively with an industrial war is a task calling for courage, vigilance and keen judgment.

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Downfall of Alien Landlordism.

A significant feature of the transition of political life in Ireland is the responsiveness of land courts to public demands. For years far beyond the memory of living men Irish courts have been as clay in the hands of a potter, their interpretation of law being molded by their creators, the landlord class. The fact that one of the courts in County Galway decided against a landlord and that landlord the notorious Clanricarde, is a refreshing evidence of the progress of the peaceful revolution. Lord Clanricarde owns thousands of acres in the north of Ireland and has refused to sell on any terms. He is a finished type of the alien landlord who give neither thought nor act to the welfare of the people whose sweat and toil maintain them in idleness. As a member of the House of Lords he succeeded a few years ago in preventing the passage of an act providing for compulsory sale of land. But the court of appeals of Galway upholds the various steps taken by the congested districts board and rules that Clanricarde must relinquish ownership of the lands involved. The decision is a severe rebuff for Clanricarde and his kind. About 40,000 acres are covered by the decision and these acres will be sold to deserving tenant farmers.

A Gun Worth While.

Chicago Record-Herald.

It begins to look as if Mexico would be an excellent place in which to try the recently invented gun that shoots unconsciousness into the army at which it is aimed.

Twice Told Tales

What He Made.

Senator Clapp of Minnesota tells Hearst's Magazine of the cross-examination of a Swede.

"'Now, Jensen,' asked the lawyer, 'what do you do?'

"'Tank you,' replied the Swede. 'Aw am not very well.'

"'I didn't ask you how your health was,' said the lawyer, 'but what you do?'

"'Oh, yes. Ay see,' said the fellow, his stolid countenance changing a trifle. 'Ay york.'

"'Yes, but what kind of work do you do?'

"'It's puddy hard york.'

"'Yes, but do you drive a team or do you work on the railroad, or do you work in a factory?'

"'Oh, yes. Ay york in a factory.'

"'Well, what kind of a factory is it?'

"'It ees a very big factory.'

"The lawyer was much exasperated.

"'Now, see here, Jensen, tell us what you do in the factory. What do you make?'

"'Oh, yes. Ay understan'. You bane want to know vat Ay make in the factory?'

"'Exactly. Now tell us what you make.'

"'Yes, Ay make von dollar and a half a day.'"

They Couldn't, Either.

She was a charming English girl, says the National Monthly, but she could not see the point of a joke. Her classmates at college, jolly, fun-loving girls, regretted this serious defect in their dear friend and determined upon a reform.

So they made up a little joke with a very broad point, to spring upon Evelyn that night. Accordingly, when they had all met in Evelyn's room Clara propounded the joke, which was really a riddle.

"Maude," she said, "can you tell me the best way to make a Maltese cross?"

"No," replied Maude, after due thought. "How do you make a Maltese cross?"

"Pull its tail," said Clara, promptly.

The other girls tittered obligingly, but Evelyn sat solemn as an owl with a puzzled frown on her classic brow.

"What's the matter with you, Evelyn?" cried the girls, justly indignant. "Can't you see the point?"

Evelyn shook her head. "Girls," she said, regretfully, "I know it's awfully stupid of me, but I can't for the life of me see how anyone could make a Maltese cross out of a pullet's tail."

The Winter Voyager.

Captain Inch of the ill-fated Volturno was talking to a New York reporter about certain criticisms.

"These criticisms were very censorious," he said, "but they were still more ignorant. They had just about the value of the young woman's stricture on her winter voyage.

"The young woman, on her arrival in Liverpool, wrote back home to Conshohocken:

"'We had cold, nasty, foggy weather the whole way across. The reason is that the captain neglected to take out clearing papers, which, I understand, is customary.'"

Editorial Siftings

Philadelphia Ledger: Some of our more progressive statesmen are now proposing that investors be prohibited from owning stock in competing railways. Perhaps it would be a good thing to arrest all citizens who have anything to invest.

Brooklyn Eagle: The Pittsburgh steel mills are resuming work on new orders and 50,000 men get their jobs back. A note of optimism is mighty wholesome, even if it comes from a trust, and from the former habitat of Andrew Carnegie.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: The German officers who were accused of tyrannizing over Alsace and then acquitted may now require the Alsatians to walk around bareheaded as long as they are in the neighborhood. Shades of Tell and Gessler!

Chicago Record-Herald: Premier Ladislaveff of Bulgaria sends word that his country has resumed diplomatic relations with its neighbors and has no desire to engage in another war. If the Bulgarian government knows when it has had enough it is to be congratulated.

Indianapolis News: The United States army physicians find that many of the victims of the battle of Ojinaga died because neither the federals nor the constitutionalists had hospital corps. Thus we have a regular old-fashioned war with all the glories of which history—which the late N. Bonaparte said was fiction agreed upon—tells us about so eloquently.

New York World: In order to show their appreciation of Mr. Ford's generosity and sense of justice, 15,000 men tried to wreck his factory yesterday because he was unable to give them jobs immediately at twice the wages they could earn anywhere else. By Saturday they will probably be ready to hang him in effigy and denounce him as an oppressor of the poor.

Here and There

Denver's municipal budget for 1914 totals $2,884,998.

More than 3,000 Methodist ministers in the United States preach and work the year round for less than $600.

Newfoundland is now regarded as one of the most promising future sources of supply of petroleum within the British empire.

Miss Margaret Montgomery of Stillwater, Okl., picked 700 pounds of cotton in one day, the record for the world, although she weighed only 121 pounds herself.

Printers of Vancouver, B. C., have decided to work only five days a week that their members who are out of work may have an opportunity to provide for their families.

The extent to which wireless telegraphy has been taken up by amateurs is disclosed in a list of radio stations in the United States issued by the Commerce department's bureau of navigation. Almost 1,300 amateurs had been granted licenses up to July 1.

C. E. Brison of Pittsburgh, Pa., a railway district passenger agent, who raises chickens as a side industry, has learned how to increase his egg product by kindness. He has provided his hens with "palatial" quarters, and, in order to make them feel that they are engaged in no menial occupation, has put a placard with the words: "Eggs are 60 cents a dozen." He says: "I talk to my hens to make them lay. That is the only way. I make companions of them."

LAUGHING GAS.

"Senator Wombat is bitterly disappointed in the wireless system."

"How so?"

"He thought you could send a wireless without anything being put on paper."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hub—Mary, my love, this apple dumpling isn't half done.

Wife—Well, then, finish it, my dear.—Boston Transcript.

"Are you familiar with the Mexican situation?"

"Only up to 8 o'clock this morning."—Detroit Free Press.

"It says here that a Milwaukee man found an eel six inches long in a glass of water," remarked the Old Fogy. "Isn't that remarkable?"

"Sure," replied the grouch. "It is remarkable that a Milwaukee man had nerve enough to monkey with a glass of water."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Why have you interested yourself in theosophy?"

"Well," replied young Mrs. Torkins, "my husband persists in talking about banking and currency. I thought I'd follow his example and try to act wise about something that neither of us understands."—Washington Star.

Governor Cole Blease, in a brief address to a number of convicts, said in Columbia:

"I advise you to live quiet, temperate, industrious lives. It is dissipation that fills our prisons."

Governor Blease paused, then ended impressively:

"A high old time lays many a man low."—New York Times.

Court (to prosecutor)—Then you recognize this handkerchief as the one which was stolen?

Prosecutor—Yes, your honor.

Court—And yet it isn't the only handkerchief of this sort in the world. See, this one I have in my pocket is exactly like it.

Prosecutor—Very likely, your honor; there were two stolen.—Christian Register.

KEEP ON KICKING.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Two frogs one day—so runs the tale—
Went out to reconnoiter;
Wanting something to commandeer
To make their belts feel tighter.
They fell—but how I cannot tell
(I did not see them do it)—
Into a pail of buttermilk,
And soon began to rue it.

They kick'd, and kick'd and kick'd again,
But all their strength seemed wasted.
They thought of home, out in the fields,
And all the joys they tasted.
They slipped and climbed, they climbed and slipped,
They spluttered execration;
Till one cried out, "I'll jack it up!"
'Twas his last examiationn.

He lost all hope, gave up the fight,
And sank 'neath milky waters;
His mate kick'd on, resolved to see
Again his wife and daughters.
He jump'd and kick'd till he could feel
The milk around him churning;
And in his breast, though cold his blood,
The hope of freedom burning.

The milk grew hard, the butter set;
On it his feet he rested;
Climb'd to the top. Success at last!
Through pluck, he'd not been bested.

MORAL.

When things look black, don't give up hope,
Nor let your courage falter.
You soon will knock the molehills down—
Dark days to bright will alter.
Another line I'd like to add—
My words with care I'm picking—
The only one that seems to rhyme
Is—kick, and KEEP ON kicking!