

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP IDEAS DYING OUT

Delegates to Annual Convention Disgusted at Repeated Failures of System.

Chicago, Ill.—When the American League of Municipalities, at its annual meeting in Chicago last week, refused to endorse the principle of municipal ownership of public utilities, it sounded the death knell of the remnants of the municipal ownership party in the west, where it was once so strong, but where repeated failures of the fad have caused the steady, strong character of the descendants of the frontiersmen to revolt at the idea, which had its origin in the socialist minds of the cities and of long-haired immigrants from Europe. And the fact that the Chicago meeting failed to endorse the municipal ownership party in the west is indicative of the attitude of the country, as well as the western sections, have seen through the fallacy and have decided that there is nothing in municipal ownership that will benefit the rank and file of the people.

The cities and towns of the west were the first of the country to undertake a large scale of municipal ownership of water-works, gas companies, electric lights, street cars, roads, and other public works. It was in the cities of the west that the idea of municipal ownership was first introduced, and it was there that the idea of municipal ownership was first introduced, and it was there that the idea of municipal ownership was first introduced.

While all the delegates to the American League convention were opposed to the city ownership of semi-public corporations, yet it was conspicuous that where that system had been tried most the delegates were stronger in their opposition than in those cities where municipal ownership was yet a theory and not a condition. Many of the delegates from those cities where the fad had been tried argued some of the reasons why people where this idea has not been tried think you know something about it, and theoretically you probably do, but you who have given municipal ownership a thorough trial know of the dozens of little things that theory does not provide for, but which, when they arise, knock supposition and hypothesis all to pieces and make of your theory a practical success and a failure.

Around the hotel lobbies when the convention was in session, delegates gathered and talked "shop, theories and fancies." Many who were not delegates, but who were interested in the subject, questions, mixed with them, listened to their talk and gave and took opinions and stories. And some of the stories which came out had to do with municipal ownership. From New York came the story of the failure of the municipal States island ferry boats—a scheme good for those living on Staten Island, but very bad for the taxpayers of New York who had to foot the bills. It was shown that while the actual price of the ferries were running behind at the rate of several hundreds of thousands of dollars every year, wages had been raised "out of sight" on the city owned boats, but instead of the workmen being the honest class, most of them were the hangers-on of the ward politicians and "pull" was necessary in securing a job while worth and ability counted for nothing. And the number of employees had been increased almost 100 per cent on each boat.

Southern Indiana had a dozen failures to report. That at Muncie was one of the most notable. At that city the municipality, which had for years owned its electric light plant, this summer had entirely abandoned its own plant and had gone back to a private contractor, where it was possible to get better service cheaper than the city itself could furnish. Richmond was another town from that state which had grown tired of the fad and its mayor, who had held office three times on a municipal ownership platform, had publicly backed down and declared that he no longer believed in his platform. He recommended that Richmond sell its electric plant and make a contract with a privately owned company. Marion, Logansport and a number of other Indiana cities also told stories of the same kind and result.

From the middle west came the story of Waterloo, Iowa, which had refused at a general election, to construct a municipal waterworks plant; from Omaha, where there is a mess of the waterworks deal by which the city is liable to be forced into buying a \$3,000,000 plant at a price of \$2,000,000, and where two other attempts at municipal ownership have been practical failures; from Denver, where the highest election of the year known in the state has gone against municipal ownership; and from various other cities and towns where the fallacies of the "fad" have been exposed and the taxpayers have decided that they don't want any more of it.

The reasons given by the delegates for their opposition to municipal ownership were various. The most common was that years and years the effects of municipal ownership in both Europe and America, and the conclusions reached by them may be considered as the opinions of experts in their lines. One of the opinions heard most often was that the municipal ownership system fastened upon the city by the municipal ownership party was a system of control by the municipal ownership party, and in order to continue in this control, these rings appointed their henchmen to the positions of chief engineers, workmen and competent craftsmen out altogether. "You vote for the machine or you lose your job," was the motto. And the machine, in turn, granted at the expense of the public.

Another reason was that the idea was simply a branch of socialism and was being used by socialists to extend their beliefs in other directions. In fact, socialists boasted that municipal ownership was to be the entering wedge which would lead to their other "isms" being accepted.

Some of the delegates opposed it because it increased taxes, and to the everyday man, who was forced to pay higher rents and higher prices when prices went up. Still others declared individual effort availed nothing under that system and that a young man anxious to work and to rise in the world stood absolutely no chance with the political grafters who controlled things. In fact, the reasons put forward by those who had studied the "fad" were so numerous and weighty, and were so well grounded on common sense that many of the delegates who came ardent admirers of the system, went home thoroughly disgusted with municipal ownership in every form.

Treasures for the Louvre.
Attention is called by the Travelers' Gazette to recent acquisitions by the Louvre, notably of a life size bust in chalk, primitively colored, of the hermit king of the eighteenth dynasty, Akhounalon, or Amenophis IV., one of the strangest figures in the long line of the Pharaohs. The bust is a remarkably fine specimen of the art of the period, and is well preserved. Besides this, there are four sepulchral urns in blue porcelain from the tomb of Rameses II. In these urns was found, besides funeral linen, certain organic matter, which is being chemically examined.

More Than Society Butterflies.
These are the days when women of national celebrity vie with each other in housewifely accomplishments. Mrs. Phillander C. Knox has just dispatched to Mrs. Roosevelt a firkin of butter, made with her own hands, at the Valley Forge farm. Mrs. Roosevelt has sent delicious branched cherries to her intimates, and to the Episcopal Home for Old People in Washington. Mrs. Bonaparte, wife of the secretary of the navy, has preserved some toothsome mangoes.

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE
AUTHOR OF "THE GRAFFERS," ETC.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

But another member of the Rosemary group had more courage—or fewer scruples. When Miss Carteret let herself out of the rear door, Jastrow disappeared in the opposite direction, passing through the forward vestibule and dropping catlike from the step to inch his way silently over the treacherous snow-crust to a convenient spying place at the other end of the car.

Unfortunately for the spying purpose, the shades were drawn behind the two great windows and the glass door, but the starlight sufficed to show the watcher a shadowy Miss Virginia standing motionless on the side which gave her an outlook down the canyon, leaning out, it might be, to anticipate the upcoming of some one from the construction camp below.

The secretary, shivering in the knife-edge wind slipping down from the bald peaks, had not long to wait. By the time his eyes were fitted to the darkness he heard a man coming up the track, the snow crunching frostily under his steady stride, Jastrow ducked under the platform and gained a view point on the other side of the car. The crunching foot-falls had ceased, and a man was swinging himself up to the forward step of the Rosemary. At the instant a voice just above the spy's head called softly: "Mr. Winton!" and the newcomer dropped back into the snow and came tramping to the rear.

It was an awkward moment for Jastrow; but he made shift to dodge again, and so to be out of the way when the engineer drew himself up and climbed the hand-rail to stand beside his summoner.

The secretary saw him take her hand and heard her exclamation, half indignant, wholly reproachful: "You had my note. I told you not to come!"

"So you did, and yet you were expecting me," he asserted. He was still holding her hand, and she could not—or did not—withdraw it.

"Was I, indeed?" There was a touch of the old-time rallery in the words, but it was gone when she added: "Oh, why will you keep on coming and coming when you know so well what it means to you and your work?"

"I think you know the answer to that better than anyone," he rejoined, his voice matching hers for earnestness. "It is because I love you; because I could not stay away if I should try. Forgive me, dear; I did not mean to speak so soon. But you said in your note that you would be leaving Argentine immediately—that I should not see you again; so I had to come. Won't you give me a word, Virginia?—a waiting word, if it must be that?"

Jastrow held his breath, hoping dying within him and sullen ferocity crouching for the spring if her answer should sic it on. But when she spoke the secretary's anger cooled and he breathed again.

"No; a thousand times, No," she burst out passionately; and Winton staggered as if the suddenly freed hand had dealt him a blow.

CHAPTER X.
For a little time after Virginia's passionate rejection of him, Winton stood abashed and confounded. Weighed in the balances of the after-thought, his sudden and unpremeditated declaration could plead little excuse in encouragement. And yet she had been exceedingly kind to him.

"I have no right to expect a better answer," he said, finally, when he could trust himself to speak. "But I am like other men; I should like to know why."

"You can ask that?" she retorted. "You say you have no right. What have you done to expect a better answer?"

He shrugged. "Nothing, I suppose. But you knew that before."

"I only know what you have shown me during the past three weeks, and it has proved that you are what Mr. Adams said you were—though he was only jesting."

"And that is?"

"A faint, a dilettante; a man with all the God-given ability to do as he will and to succeed, and yet who will not take the trouble to persevere."

send myself by saying that I didn't know about it until a few minutes ago. He didn't tell me. I am not worthy of your confidence."

"You are; you have just proved it. But there isn't anything to be done. The next thing in order is the exit of one John Winton in disgrace. That spur track and engine means a crossing fight which can be prolonged indefinitely with due vigilance on the part of Mr. Darrah's mercenaries. I'm smashed, Miss Carteret, carefully and permanently. Ah, well, it's only one more fool for love. Hadn't we better go in? You'll take cold standing out here."

She drew herself up and put her hands behind her. "Is that the way you take it, Mr. Winton?"

The acid laugh came again. "Would you have me tear a passion to tatters? My ancestors were not French."

"Trying as the moment was, she could not miss her opportunity. 'How can you tell when you don't know your grandfather's middle name?' she said, half crying."

"His laugh at this was less acrid. 'Adams again? My grandfather had no middle name. But I mustn't keep you out here in the cold talking genealogies.'"

His hand was on the door to open it for her. Like a flash she came between, and her fingers closed over his on the doorknob.

"Wait," she said. "Have I done all this—humbled myself into the very dust—to no purpose?"

"Not if you will give me the priceless word I am thirsting for," she cried. "Will nothing serve to arouse the better part of you?"

"There is no better part of any man than his love for a woman. You have aroused that."

"Then prove it by going and building your railroad, Mr. Winton. When you have done that—"

He caught at the word as a drowning man catches at a straw.

"When I have won the fight—Virginia, let me see your eyes—when I have won, I may come back to you!"

"I like men who do things. Good night." And before he could reply she had made him open the door for

What is to be done?—but stop; you hear, and he was left alone on the square railed platform.

In the gathering-room of the private car Virginia found an atmosphere surcharged with electrical possibilities, felt it and inhaled it, though there was nothing visible to indicate it.

The Rajah was buried in the depths of his particular easy-chair, puffing his cigar; Bessie had the Reverend Billy in the tete-a-tete contrivance; and Mrs. Carteret was reading under the Pintsch drop-light at the table.

It was the chaperon who applied the firing spark to the electrical possibilities.

"Didn't I hear you talking to some one out on the platform, Virginia?" she asked.

"Yes, it was Mr. Winton. He came to make his excuses."

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Gossip from Washington

President Resumes Work at White House After His Summer Vacation—Death Calls Col. "Ike" Hill—Special Attorneys to Fight Trusts.



WASHINGTON.—President Roosevelt, sun-burned and in fine health from his vacation, is again at his usual round of duties at the White House. The day after his return from Sagamore Hill he was at his office about nine o'clock and began work while a procession of laborers were pushing wheelbarrows filled with gravel up a gangway to the White House roof and dumping it almost over his head to be used in roofing the west wing of the building. Although a small army of men has been working on the building since July it is not yet fully repaired.

The president weighs over 200 pounds but his flesh is firm and hard from outdoor living and exercise. He was in the best of spirits and before the cabinet met he received numerous visitors. Among these was Admiral Culler, of the Italian warship *Piemosa*, and two of his officers, accompanied by the American naval aid at the White house, Lieut. Commander Keys.

Usually the Roosevelt children return from Oyster Bay with a procession of new pets. This time they brought only the old ones, including Rollo, the big Newfoundland dog; Skip, the bear dog, and the horses. Slippers, the six-toed cat, passed the summer in Washington and was greatly rejoiced at the family's return.

PASSING OF A NOTABLE CAPITAL FIGURE.
In the death of Col. Isaac R. Hill, known for generations back as "Ike Hill, of Ohio," the house of representatives has lost its most unique character. Col. Hill had been a unique figure in national and Ohio politics for two decades.

Tricks of Smugglers.
Double-bottomed bottles and other vessels are common contrivances for smugglers. In order not to awaken suspicion they are usually filled with some beverage, beer or wine, and this is duly declared by the man in charge of the vehicle in which they are carried.

Industrious French Workmen.
Nearly all the workmen employed in the naval arsenal at Toulon, France, add to their salaries by exercising another trade during their leisure hours.

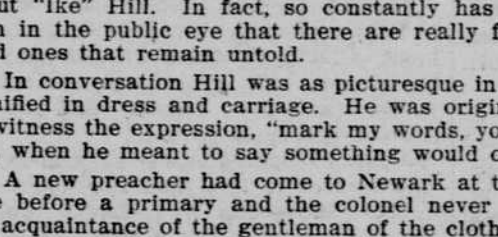
Microbe of Gray Hair.
They have discovered a new microbe in New York and it is quite popular among actors and society women. It is called the chromophage, its special function being to turn the hair gray at a comparatively early age.

INTERESTING CONTEST.
Heavy Cost of Unpaid Postage.
One of the most curious contests ever before the public was conducted by many thousand persons under the offer of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, Mich., for prizes of 31 boxes of gold and 300 greenbacks to those making the most words out of the letters Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts.

ODD HISTORY IN OFFICIAL FILES.
There is some queer history locked up in the files of the various government departments. A few days ago the appointment clerk of the treasury department unearthed a letter written by Horace Greeley in 1865 recommending Cornelius Vanderbilt for appointment as a member of the cotton claims commission.

"TRUST BUSTERS" TO BE REWARDED.
Attorney General Moody, under authority of the statute permitting the hiring of special assistants at salaries not exceeding \$7,000 to help him in the prosecution of trusts is building up a corporation of trust breakers that promises to be responsive to popular sentiment in every judicial district in the country.

FRAUDS IN LETTER BOXES.
The reason why postmasters in large cities exercise care in the renting of letter boxes to patrons," said a post office official, "is because, unless the applicants are known or identified to the postmasters, they might rent boxes to persons in fraudulent occupations."



Though Col. Hill from the age of 20 was always in politics, yet he never ran for office but once, and then he failed. This was away back in the early '70s, in Licking county, when there were ten candidates for the office of county sheriff. "Ike" Hill stood next to the top of the list, but was beaten by Ed Williams. He made a vow then never to "run" for another office, and he kept it.

In conversation Hill was as picturesque in the use of language as he was dignified in dress and carriage. He was original and quaint in his remarks, as witness the expression, "mark my words, 'young fellow, before next grass,'" etc., when he meant to say something would occur before springtime.

A new preacher had come to Newark at the time Col. Hill was a candidate before a primary and the colonel never tired of telling how he made the acquaintance of the gentleman of the cloth. "I was walking down to the polls," he said, "when I came up to this stranger. He says to me: 'Good sir, I'm a newcomer to your bustling town. I have always felt it to be my duty to interest myself in the political affairs of the community in which my lines have been cast. I am the new minister of (naming the church) and am on my way to the primaries. I understand there is a candidate named Ike Hill, who is unregenerate, a gambler, liberal in every sense, and in every way unfitted to receive the suffrages of a sovereign people. What do you know about him?'"

"I didn't waste no words, but said to this immaculate gentleman: 'Sir, I am the identical son of a pirate, or words to that effect.'"

For years no political convention in Licking county or in Newark was complete without Hill. He took a hand in state politics, too, and was for years state central committeeman in the Seventeenth Ohio district for the Democrats.

The photographer of the treasury department has a negative made of Gen. Grant when the latter was beardless. It requires a second look to detect any of the familiar features of the silent soldier.

In the bookkeeping division of the office of the auditor for the post office department is a record and all the correspondence relating to the shortage in the accounts of Abraham Lincoln as postmaster at New Salem, Ill. Mr. Lincoln's postage was not large and was promptly paid.

On file in the treasury department is an application for promotion filed while John Sherman was secretary of the treasury. It bears the following indorsement from Secretary Sherman: "Promote this man \$200 a year, as he was useful to me in my race for the senate."

In another department is a copy of a land warrant and a receipt attached in the handwriting of Lafayette acknowledging the donation of land and money made by the United States on the occasion of his visit to this country following the revolutionary war.

Moody continued the utilization of the district attorneys, and good work against a trust is now a certificate of merit which in many instances is followed by promotion to special assistant to the attorney general, with a nice berth in Washington. Before Knox inaugurated the system which Moody is now bringing to perfection no district attorney ever hoped for anything better than he had, simply because appointments in the offices here were rewards of merit for political work.

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The private letter box should be abolished and the attention of congress ought to be called to its abuse in large cities. It is often impossible to locate persons engaged in conducting fraudulent and unlawful correspondence through the mails. For a small sum these individuals can rent a box in some store, usually a cigar or stationery store, through which to receive letters addressed to them, instead of having them addressed and delivered to their places of residence from the city post office.



"Ah, Well, It's Only One More Fool for Love."

There was no danger of bloodshed. I knew—we all knew—that Decker wouldn't go to extremities with the small force he had."

"Then it was only a—"

"A bluff," he said, supplying the word. "If I had believed there was the slightest possibility of a fight, I should have made my men take to the woods rather than let you witness it."

"You shouldn't have let me waste my sympathy," she protested, reproachfully.

"I'm sorry, truly, I am. And you have been wasting it in another direction as well. To-night will see the shale-side conquered definitely, I hope, and three other days of good weather will send us into Carbonate yards."

She broke in upon him with a little cry of impatient despair.

"That shows how unwary you have been! Tell me: Is there not a little valley just above here—an open place where your railroad and Uncle Somerville's run side by side?"

"Yes, it is a mile this side of the canyon head. What about it?"

Winton stopped to think. "I don't know—a week, possibly."

"Yet if you had not been coming here every evening, you or Mr. Adams would have found time to go—to watch every possible chance of interference, wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps. That was one of the risks I took, a part of the price-paying I spoke of. If anything had happened, I should still be unrepentant."

"Something has happened. While you have been taking things for granted, Uncle Somerville has been at work day and night. He has built a track right across yours in that little valley, and there is a train of cars or something, filled with armed men, kept standing there all the time!"

Winton gave a low whistle. Then he laughed mirthlessly.

"You are quite sure of this? There is no possibility of your being mistaken?"

"None at all. And I can only de-

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Power of Sweet Laugh.

A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Sometimes it comes in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business, ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirits of the mind.

How much is debtor to that sweet laugh! It turns praise to poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which weary feet are traveling; it touches with light even tired sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. I, J. P. LIPPINCOTT, County Clerk, do hereby certify that FRANK J. CHENEY is the senior partner of the firm of F. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 25th day of December, A. D. 1906.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

Solely by all Druggists. F. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Heavy Cost of Unpaid Postage.
One of the most curious contests ever before the public was conducted by many thousand persons under the offer of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, Mich., for prizes of 31 boxes of gold and 300 greenbacks to those making the most words out of the letters Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts.

The contest was started in February, 1906, and it was arranged to have the prizes awarded on Apr. 30, 1906.

When the public announcement appeared many persons began to form the words from these letters, sometimes the whole family being occupied evenings, a combination of amusement and education.

After a while the lists began to come in to the Postum Office and before long the volume grew until it required wagons to carry the mail. Many of the contestants were thoughtless enough to send their lists with insufficient postage and for a period it cost the Company from twenty-five to fifty-eight and sixty dollars a day to pay the unpaid postage.

Young ladies, generally those who had graduated from the high school, were employed to examine these lists and count the correct words. Webster's Dictionary was the standard and each list was very carefully corrected except those which fell below 8000 for it soon became clear that nothing below that could win.

Some of the lists required the work of a young lady for a solid week on each individual list. The work was done very carefully and accurately but the Company had no idea, at the time the offer was made, that the people would respond so generally and they were compelled to fill every available space in the offices with these young lady examiners, and notwithstanding they worked steadily, it was impossible to complete the examination until Sept. 29, over six months after the prizes should have been awarded.

This delay caused a great many inquiries and naturally created some dissatisfaction. It has been thought best to make this report in practically all of the newspapers in the United States and many of the magazines in order to make clear to the people the conditions of the contest.

Many lists contained enormous numbers of words which, under the rules, had to be eliminated "Pegger" would count "Peggers" would not. Some lists contained over 50,000 words, the great majority of which were cut out. The largest lists were checked over two and in some cases three times to insure accuracy.

The \$100.00 gold prize was won by L. D. Reese, 1227-15th St., Denver, Colo., with 941 correct words. The highest \$10.00 gold prize went to S. K. Fraser, Lincoln, Pa., with 921 correct words.

A complete list of the 331 winners with their home addresses will be sent to any contestant enquiring on a postal card.

Be sure and give name and address clearly.

This contest has cost the Co. many thousand dollars, and probably has not been a profitable advertisement, nevertheless perhaps some who had never before tried Grape-Nuts food have been interested in the contest, and from trial of the food have been shown its wonderful rebuilding powers.

It teaches in a practicable manner that scientifically gathered food elements can be selected from the field grains, which nature will use for rebuilding the nerve centres and brain in a way that is unmistakable to users of Grape-Nuts.

"There's a reason."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.