

and should not only be denied his naturalization papers, but he should be deported."

Turning again to Judge Hanford's critics, we find the New York Evening Post (ind.) remarking that under his ruling "an applicant for citizenship who believes in the popular election of United States senators might be rejected because the constitution provides at present that senators shall be elected by the legislatures." That he went beyond his jurisdiction, says the Buffalo News (rep.), appears plain "when one compares the socialist doctrine with the general doctrine of the new nationalism;" and the Chicago Record-Herald (ind.) remarks that Oleson "has as much right to advocate socialism as other citizens have to advocate the recall of judges and decisions, government railroads, the single tax."

Other editors remind us that nearly half a million socialist citizens cast their votes in the last presidential election; that a socialist sits in the national congress; that there are more than thirty socialists sitting in the various state legislatures; and that socialists have been or are mayors of many of our cities. Judge Hanford, says the Milwaukee Leader (socialist), "has overshot the mark." And the New York Call, another socialist organ, observes:

"Every recent decision of the courts shows that the tendency is more and more to restrict the right of honest thought and honest utterance, and to protect property."

"It is emphasized strongly by the action of Judge Cornelius Hanford, of Seattle, in annulling the citizenship papers of Leonard Oleson on the grounds that the latter is a member of the I. W. W.; that he does not believe property which is social in its nature should remain private property and utilized for the exploitation of wage-workers; that he is in favor of revising the constitution of the United States, and that he is a socialist."

"He might have been in favor of militia murder, as it has been committed in Lawrence and in the Pennsylvania coal-fields during the past few months. He might have been enthusiastic for the depriving of citizens of their right of habitation and of public utterance, as has been the case in San Diego. But his outspoken announcement that he desired a change in the constitution, and that he wished social robbery to cease through the acquisition by society of the means of production, constitutes a heinous crime in the eyes of Hanford."

"And Hanford is a judge with enormous power, and doubtlessly with the backing of all those elements which seek to brand as crime any criticism of, or opposition to, social crime."

The Philadelphia North American recalls the fact that Judge Hanford was once hanged in effigy by his fellow citizens because of the unpopularity of one of his rulings in a case of a street-railway company versus the people of Seattle. And in a Seattle dispatch to the New York Sun we read:

"Judge Hanford has been on the federal bench ever since Washington was admitted into the union. His enemies say in contests of a public nature coming before him he has invariably decided against the people. It was Judge Hanford who attempted to block the recall of former Mayor Gill, of Seattle, on the ground that the council did not include the cost of election about to be held in the regular budget passed months before."—Literary Digest.

It is better to be worn out with work in a thronged community than to perish of inaction in stagnant solitude.—Charlotte Bronte.



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Superman

In all that makes for purity, for surety, futurity,
For everything and anything worth while.

For piety, sobriety, the good of all society—

Is he, the one you seek? Well I should smile!

From Washington to Harrison, not any were so fair as one

Who modestly admits his worth today.

For what you call veracity, and eke Jove-like capacity,

Just cast your eyes on HIM of Oyster Bay.

Old Pericles, Demosthenes, Euripides, Theostrices—

A lot of selling platers every one.

For logic of philosophy, from Plato to Theosophy,

He's got 'em skinned since time or space begun.

Old Mother Nature's mysteries, all long-forgotten histories,

He's capable of making plain today.

Wouldst know about typography, cosmography, geography?

You'll have to seek HIM of Oyster Bay.

Astronomy, agronomy, political economy,

Or calculus or algebra—he knows.

Philology, biology, geology, pomology—

He's got the only head wherein it grows.

Photometry, geometry, the whole of trigonometry—

What's work for us to him is merest play.

For all around profundity—the greatest 'neath the sun t'day.

Just doff your hat to HIM of Oyster Bay.

For wisdom most methodical, for manner pedagogical,

For vision that would shame a common seer;

Pragmatical, didactical, estatical, dogmatical—

If such an one you seek he's surely here.

The lantern of Demosthenes may be extinguished when you please;

We'll never need its rays another bit.

For honesty, vivacity, and also perspicacity,

The gentleman of Oyster Bay is IT!

Having Fun With the Editors

There are two annual affairs that the Architect always figures on attending. One is the international convention of the Typographical union, the other is the annual meeting of the Nebraska Press association. The press association met in Lincoln a couple of weeks ago, and it was a profitable as well as a gay session. But what the local newspaper men of Lincoln did to a number of their out-of-town brethren was something awful. If I can slip this little explanation past the associate editor and the business manager, I'll state that Charles W. Bryan, H. T. Dobbins, editor of the Lincoln News and J. W. Johnson were the arch conspirators who framed up the "doings." They were, of course, ably abetted by divers and sundry other newspaper men, and result was a hilarious ending to what was planned to be a very sedate and formal banquet. It happened in this wise:

The local committee, of which Mr.

Bryan and the above mentioned gentlemen were the working factors, arranged for a series of toasts and responses at the annual banquet tendered the Press association by the Lincoln commercial club. Thirteen erudite editors agreed to respond to the toasts assigned them, and all came to Lincoln with their inside coat pockets bulging with manuscripts. So far as known those manuscripts still repose in those same pockets. At any rate the addresses were never delivered—and that's where the arch conspirators turned the trick. President Woods of the Commercial club welcomed the club's guests in a formal way, then introduced Will O. Jones, managing editor of the Lincoln Journal, as toastmaster. Mr. Jones started off well, but his end was ignominious. Before he got well started John W. Cutright, editor of the Daily Star, arose and protested against inflicting any thirteen-man power toast list on a bunch of men who were all worked up over politics. He made the protest so strong that C. W. Bryan backed him up and suggested that here in the city bearing the name of the great Lincoln we proceed at once to organize a new and independent political party. The idea took like wildfire—that part of it having been arranged for. Immediately Mr. Jones was thrown out of the chair because he was charged with being out of touch with progressive political thought, and Joe W. Johnson was installed.

Then the convention proceeded to nominate presidential candidates. The nominating speeches were screamingly funny. The weaknesses of the candidates were held out as their strong points, and care was taken to see that each speaker nominated a candidate he is personally opposed to. For instance, Mr. Metcalfe nominated Roosevelt, the republican deputy attorney general of Nebraska nominated Champ Clark, the republican candidate for lieutenant governor of Nebraska nominated Harmon, and a hard-working democrat impersonated La Follette and nominated himself. Governor Wilson was nominated by a republican reporter on one of the daily newspapers, and another reporter impersonated a suffragette and demanded that equal suffrage be indorsed by the platform of the new party. Each candidate was trotted in and allowed to make a plea in his own behalf. Frank Harrison, who managed La Follette's campaign in Nebraska impersonated Champ Clark, and brought with him a "country band" that played the "Houn' Dawg" song as long as the crowd would stand for it. J. R. Farris of The Commoner impersonated Taft, and the Architect impersonated Roosevelt. Mr. Cutright, garbed in cap and gown, looked like Wilson. H. M. Bushnell of the Lincoln Trade Review made a very sedate looking Harmon and G. S. Foxworthy of the Western Newspaper Union had La Follette down fine.

During the festivities President Woods attempted to restore quiet and get back to the original program, but the sergeants-at-arms of the convention threw him over a convenient transom. So earnest were Mr. Cutright and Mr. Bryan in their protests, and so well did Toastmaster Jones act like a man who just wouldn't be sidetracked, that it took the 250 editors and their wives quite a while to grasp the fact that a deep

laid plot had been hatched against them. But when the situation dawned upon them they entered with zest into the spirit of the occasion. The Architect has attended many a banquet, but the annual banquet tendered to the Nebraska Press Association in Lincoln a couple of weeks ago, had 'em all beat. But we still think that the arch conspirators ought to apologize to those thirteen squelched post prandial orators who still have those sizzling banquet speeches seething and boiling in their systems.

In Hard Lines

"Yes, sir," ejaculated ol' Bill Jenks. "There ain't no justice n'r no fairness in th' way things is goin'."

Having long known Mr. Jenks as a prosperous farmer I couldn't understand this exhibition of pessimism, so I made inquiries.

"It's just thisaway," said Jenks. "I got t' git that second cuttin' uv alfalfa in right away, just when I got t' harvest my wheat which is thicker'n heavier'n I ever saw wheat afore, and there's my corn growin' so fast I jus' can't afford t' let it go another day f'r fear it'll git too tall t' cultivate ag'in—an' there you are. There ain't no fairness a-tall these days."

Fronted by such a condition I could say nothing, but I grasped my friend Jenks by the hand just to let him know how deeply I felt for him in his sad condition.

Short Arm Jobs

There are those who would shrink with horror from voting for a man habitually drunk on alcohol, who are not a bit afraid to snuggle up to an officeseeker drunk with ambition.

The steamroller that worked so well in 1908 seems now to be doing equally well in the reverse motion.

We admire a genius, but we prefer a man who knows everything about something to the man who claims to know about everything.

Cesar thrice refused the crown, but Cesar didn't have anything on some men of today.

Falling to get tariff revision downward the people give evidences of being determined to secure presidential revision downward.

After all, throwing one's hat into the ring is often a good way to preserve one's anatomy.

"The bigger they think they are the harder they fall."

Those Alaskan volcanos are foolish if they think they can spout more hot air than is being spouted in Chicago, U. S. A., about now.

Contemporaneous political events somehow or other remind us of the bramble that proclaimed itself king of the trees.

Brain Leaks

The worst feature about having a reputation as a humorist is that people will not take you seriously when you are.

When a banquet orator consumes more than twenty minutes it is a sign that he will not be invited again.

What Washington refused, Lincoln opposed and the people denied to Grant, is not likely to be given to any man of the present generation.

Some people's idea of a "safe and sane" Fourth is to sit around and growl because small boys and girls are having a good time.