

his views. Mrs. Clark declared that she was a good friend of Mr. Heflin, but said that he needs information on this subject, which she will be willing to give to him at any time. Mr. Heflin's views, she added, do not represent the policy of the democratic party because no national organization can afford to disregard the women voters. Mrs. Clark added that she will march in the suffrage parade here on March 3 and will urge her friends to do likewise, following "Dawn Mist" and her Indian maiden colleagues who will lead the parade. Mrs. Pitzer declared that the experience of Colorado proves that suffrage does not break up homes, and called attention to the laws passed there since women possessed the franchise. "Reduced to its lowest terms," declared Mrs. Pitzer, "this attack, which on the surface looks like adoration of womankind and a beautiful spirit of chivalry, is the growl of the cave man who desires absolute ownership of his most valued beast. Woman is coming out of the cave, however. Indeed, she is being forced out with more and more frequency to forage for food. She has had a taste of liberty and likes it. She is coming into the open and the world must prepare for the change."



**A** SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD messenger boy in Chicago, Leo Gurners by name, did what the police have been unable to do—captured a bold bandit who had for weeks been holding up street cars in the lake city. The Chicago Record-Herald tells the story in this way: Leo's feat was staged early in the afternoon. He was a passenger on a through route, northbound Clark street car, when it suddenly came to a stop at Wentworth avenue and West Twenty-ninth street. Looking back he saw the conductor standing with hands in the air, while a bandit was robbing him of his money holder. Instead of attempting to wiggle out through a window or a door, as the other passengers did, the messenger boy raced to the back end of the car. The bandit, revolver in hand, was just stepping off with the coin container. Gurners jumped after him. The pair raced down the street, the 115-pound boy gaining on the bandit at every jump. At Thirtieth street a policeman lazily took cognizance of the chase. Finally he drew his revolver and commenced firing. The bandit returned the fire, still running. Gurners, instead of hiding behind ash barrels, sturdily plugged after him. Finally the bandit, his ammunition gone, took refuge in an alley near South Fifth avenue and West Thirtieth street. A grocer appeared with a revolver in his hand. The messenger boy borrowed the weapon and went into the alley after the robber, whom he cornered in an areaway while he took his weapon. The two struggled a few minutes, and when the detail of police arrived they found the triumphant boy sitting on the bold bandit's chest. The bandit was taken into custody, but gave the police a terrific battle before he was landed in a cell at the Twenty-second street police station. He gave the name of "Mike" Fogarty and said he lived at 3632 South Dearborn street. He set fire to his clothing after being placed in a cell and pretended to be demented.



**A**N interesting story is told in the local news columns of the Louisville Courier-Journal in this way: Along deserted streets about 1 o'clock in the morning a race between a street car and a police automobile was the exciting preliminary of the arrest of a man who said: "I am Thomas Persall. I hold a transfer that entitles me to a ride from Thirteenth and Main streets to the nearest getting off place to 1430 Shelby street. That's where I live. The street car company refused to haul me, so I just thought I'd take a car and haul myself. The transfer is a written contract and binds the company by law to render service for value received." Employees of the car barn at Thirteenth and Main streets saw the car move out of the sheds and start down the street and notified the night superintendent, who telephoned to the police to head it off. "Holy smoke, somebody stole a street car," exclaimed Lieutenant Conliffe at Central station, and he climbed into the auto patrol in charge of Police Chauffeurs Grainger and Seaman. A moment later the auto whizzed around the corner of Jefferson street and disappeared. The street car was having trouble at a switch at Twelfth and Jefferson streets, where the tracks ran the wrong way to suit the driver. At Tenth street the pursuers saw the larger vehicle hesitate and then lurch across Twelfth. High speed clutch work stirred the carbureter and the patrol snorted and bore into the darkness of the night with renewed vim.

The street car was under way again and moving peacefully southward on Twelfth. The pseudo motorman sensed pursuit and looked back as the police turned at Twelfth street and fell into the wake. He wound the controller around to the top notch, as it seemed by the speed of the car, and the race was on. At Chestnut street he was overtaken. On a charge of drunkenness and disorderly conduct Persall was taken to the Central police station. He denied that he was drunk. He said he held the car on the tracks all the way, and the tracks are straight and evenly separated. He said he knew that the car tracks did not lead directly to 1430 Shelby street, his point of destination, and that he did not intend to drive it there, but only wanted to go as far as he could, so he wouldn't get cold walking the remaining distance. "I was a street car motorman in St. Louis, and I know how to run a car," said the prisoner. "I know what a street car company's duties are, and if I pay them a nickel for a ride they have no right to put me off half way and tell me the car doesn't go any further. I gave them a good nickel and got a piece of a ride. When I boarded the get-on-and-pay car at Twenty-sixth street I asked for a transfer to the Shelby street line, and it was provided. If the conductor had told me I would be put off in the cold I'd have made different arrangements. He said 'all right' and gave the transfer. Here it is." The police examined the small document and say it was issued at 6 o'clock last night. How it came that Persall did not decide to be his own street car crew, haul himself home and transfer the transfer to himself until seven hours after the slip was issued, if the time indicated proves correct, the prisoner will be asked to explain in police court.



**A** GOOD burglar story, told in an Associated Press dispatch from Los Angeles, follows: A burglar who went to rob Mrs. Fred Morris remained to save her baby's life. Such was the report she made to the police. Mrs. Morris said her baby was suddenly stricken with croup. She started to run for a physician. Just as she went out her front door she met a masked man who ordered her to keep quiet at the risk of her life. She screamed, "My baby is dying; I am going for a doctor." "Let me help you," said the robber, placing his revolver in his pocket. Mrs. Morris led him back into the house. He asked for vinegar, sugar and water and concocted a mixture which he forced down the infant's throat. Then he rubbed olive oil upon the child's chest and worked for an hour before he told the mother that it was out of danger. "You must have a baby yourself," remarked Mrs. Morris. "I have five," replied the man. "That's why I came here tonight." Then he left and Mrs. Morris refused to give the police his description.

#### THEN AND NOW

Immediately after defeat of Mr. Bryan in 1908 it was loudly proclaimed that the progressive reform movement in this country was dead—that it was the death knell of what then was termed Bryanism; and Bryanism was regarded by many well-meaning people, now heartily in accord with the party on the issues of the day, as worse than socialism. It afforded the reactionaries of our own state the opportunity for which they had long waited, to make a fight, with some reasonable hope of success, to enact laws that would invite corporations to the state, adopting a sort of an open door policy like that that has made New Jersey famous, or infamous, and it was argued in the state senate, and in the house, too, for that matter, that we wanted and must have in order to make progress and to grow and flourish and be happy and contented, the New Jersey corporation laws. Bills were introduced and advocated and some of them were enacted into law, and are now on the statute books. We must invite great corporations here by enacting such legislation as would assure them of the state's protection, they said, and it was pointed out that the corporations which had organized in New Jersey paid all the state taxes, that is all the taxes required to run the state government and thus were the people relieved of the burden of taxation.

But times change and men change with them. The corporations which were thought to be a valuable asset of the state are now looked upon as irksome and burdensome—as a menace to the state, oppressive of the people and corrupting in their policy and menacing in their power and influence. In Governor Wilson's recent and last message to the legislature of his state, foremost among the laws advocated are a radi-

cal revision of the statutes governing corporations, and better laws in the matter of drawing juries.

The corporation laws of the state notoriously stand in need of alteration the governor says. They are manifestly inconsistent with the interests of the people in the all-important matter of monopoly, and, as they stand, far from checking monopoly, they actually encourage it. The whole country has set its face against this method of forming vast combinations and creating monopoly, Governor Wilson declares. "I am sure that the people of New Jersey" he continues, "do not dissent from the common judgment that our law must prevent these things and prevent them very effectually."

The governor says the statutes of the state should be amended to provide some responsible official supervision of the whole process of incorporation and provide in addition salutary checks upon unwarranted and fictitious increases of capital. No legitimate business will be injured or harmfully restricted by such action. These matters affect the honor and good faith of the state, and should be acted upon at once and with clear purpose.—Montgomery (Ala.) Journal.

#### "STAND PAT" CIVIL SERVICE

Charles W. Eliot, former president of Harvard university, criticized the republican administration for having placed fourth-class postmasters under civil service rule. Dr. Eliot says:

"Fourth class postmasters were patronage appointees. They are to be continued in office now simply because of the application of the spoils system. The blow has been struck from the capital at true civil service."

Dr. Eliot has given a valuable hint to those who imagine that the republican administration means civil service in the arrangement of public office. That administration is something like the partisan republican, who later in life was found supporting an independent ticket in a municipal election. He was expected to deliver a "non-partisan" address. When the hour for the meeting arrived the hall was crowded. The orator took his place upon the platform and beating his chest proudly, began: "I don't care what a man's politics is,"—and then the old time spirit returning to him, he made haste to add—"just so he's a republican."

#### THE LITTLE KNEE PANTS

The Little Boy come in the room just now,  
With a proud little look on his face;  
I turned with a wrinkle upon my brow,  
But it fled at his pristine grace.  
He seemed to have something to let me see,  
And, oh, how his eyes did dance  
When I saw through the light of his golden gleam  
That he had on little knee pants.

The Little Boy strutted around just now,  
As a conquerer might who'd won  
Some battle of old in the rowdy-dow  
Of sword and banner and gun.  
But he caught me looking away, I fear  
Through a mist that was in my eyes,  
For I walked in a dream of the yesteryear  
And the blue of my boyhood skies.

The Little Boy thinks it is fine to grow,  
And he yearns for the day to dawn  
When he can be master and he can go  
With pants like his father's on.  
And then after while he will sit him down  
In a reverie just like me  
And wish he was lad in a little town  
With breeches that came to his knee.

Wish it as often as we have done,  
We men who were boys on a time,  
And lived in the beautiful valleys of sun  
Neath the hills of the childhood clime,  
And it will not matter when that day comes  
What glory the world may hold,  
Nor the music of fifes, nor the roll of drums,  
Nor the legions that march in gold.

The Little Boy will look far away,  
As I am looking just now,  
And something way down in his heart will be  
gray,  
And the wrinkles will lie on his brow,  
And he'll wonder and wonder if ever again  
His heart will be happy and free  
As those of the lads who have wished they were  
men  
When their little pants stopped at the knee.  
—Baltimore Sun.