

### To a Friend in Bermuda.

Of all fair creatures, I'd like to say,  
The one that appeals to me  
Is the rollicking, frolicking green moray,  
That wriggles beneath the sea.  
If you'll bring me one about twelve feet  
long,  
With his melting eyes of gray,  
Forever I'll sing you a grateful song  
Of the beautiful green moray.  
An amphibious one would be all to the  
good,  
One that can live on hay;  
If you can procure him you certainly  
should,  
Such a beautiful green moray.  
Should his whiskers be red and his tail  
be white,  
His belly a navy blue,  
And his body resemble the stars at night,  
I'll be deeply obliged to you.  
I hope you won't deem that I ask too  
much,  
For life is still young and gay;  
But I surely would like to be placed in  
touch  
With a beautiful green moray.  
—Samuel Dechant.



## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LADY

By GEORGE BEARDSLEY.

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One fall when there was no political campaign in Nebraska—long before Nebraska went into politics—the editor of the Plattville Weekly News tried to liven things up for himself and the people by holding a beauty election. "Who is the most beautiful lady in Vista county?" was his editorial and local leader every week for three months. He also sandwiched the question between the Pill Ad. and his own persevering announcement that a load of cobs would be taken at his office on subscription. Every issue of the News from September 1 to November 30 contained a copy of the following ballot:

.....  
Plattville Weekly News.....  
.....  
MOST BEAUTIFUL LADY.....  
.....  
CONTEST.....  
.....  
One Vote For.....  
.....  
As the Most Beautiful Lady.....  
.....  
in Vista Co., Neb.....

Anybody could vote this ticket as many times as he had copies of it cut from the paper. A new subscriber was entitled to five votes out of hand. The winning lady would be awarded "an elegant gold watch and chain."  
The balloting opened without much spirit. At the end of the first week the count stood:  
Miss Marjorie Traylor.....7  
Miss Katherine Ormsby.....6  
Miss Maggie Heyward.....6  
Miss Jessie Bigelow.....1  
That Marjorie Traylor led was no surprise. The guess was general that Katherine could keep up the pace. As to Miss Heyward, some were unkind enough to suspect that her pupils would be constrained by policy to throw their votes her way—just as they took her the biggest red strawberries. At the bottom of the list the town smiled. The fair Jessie was not known; some country girl with a zealous lover, people surmised.  
The editor cheered on the fray. "Vote for the most beautiful lady. Cut out ballot on page 3." Subscribe for the News and cast five votes for the most beautiful lady in Vista county. "A load of cobs will be taken at this office on subscription." The editor was as sure of this as ever. Every page of the paper except the patent insides confirmed the offer in black type. But it looked as though the farmers thought more of their cobs than they did of their newspaper.  
The second and third week the balloting proceeded with no change in the order of the favorites. The highest now had 31 votes. Jessie Bigelow gained one vote each week, and



"Vote for the most beautiful lady." Plattville's smile broadened to a merry ha! ha! The wag, Ernest Somerville tried to bribe the editor to tell him who was voting for the mysterious Jessie. But Editor Jack declared he didn't know; the ballot came through the mails.  
Meanwhile the editor called for cobs. "A load of cobs on subscription." At the end of nine weeks the balloting stood as follows: Miss Heyward, 79; Miss Ormsby, 74; Miss Traylor, 73; Miss Alice Bracken, 40; Miss Bigelow, 9. Jessie, the unknown held her pace, but, as Ernest Somerville—compunct over the school teacher's fine lead—said, "Jessie

couldn't win now if all the other nags were pulled."  
"Cut out the ballot and keep the ball rolling," sang the editor. "Three weeks more tell the tale. Pay your subscription and vote for your favorite! Step up to the News office and vote like a man!" Meanwhile, for him—Prosperity. He had beefsteak every day for dinner. And after dinner he smoked a cigar—seemed like Sunday the week around. But still the desire of his heart was cobs. Readers at a distance used to open the paper with the standing family



"Kill that corn-cob notice, Jimmie!" joke. "Well, wonder if the News man's got his cobs yet."  
At length the final week of the contest rolled around. Katherine led the list with 88; Miss Heyward, 87 (her school and Somerville stood by her loyally); Marjorie, 85. All the betting was on these three. It seemed plain no one else would be in the race at the finish. The last days saw much quiet activity among the young men about town. Each exerted himself to the utmost to throw the scale for his favorite. Left-over copies of the News went off like seats for a prize fight. New subscriptions poured in, sometimes two, three a day. Editor Jack felt so prosperous that he was almost tempted to the reckless extravagance of going out and paying cash for a load of cobs. Winter was on in full blast now and splitting goods boxes for kindling disagreed with the editorial humor. But he controlled himself, and only put a double head on the notice for cobs—"Cobs on Subscription!"  
Saturday morning, the last day of the contest, Jack sat at the editorial table making the final count of the ballots just before going to press. The door of the sanctum opened slowly, and a burly countryman, with light hair and a very red face, stepped inside.  
"You the editor?" said he.  
"Yes, sir, that's me."  
"Well, my name's Slavin—Bill Slavin—from fourteen miles 'other side the river. Used to live in town, before you come." His eye was on the piles of ballots. "Hear as how you want some cobs on subscription," he said.  
Jack started up, but went on counting. "Ye-es," he said, with business reserve, "I could use a load—twenty-seven, thirty-six, forty-one." The cobs at last! they threw him clear out of count.  
"Couldn't use more'n one load, I reckon," said the countryman, shuffling his feet.  
"Heavens, yes, twenty loads," cried Jack, thinking what a time he had had of getting any.  
"Done!" says Slavin, on the instant. Jack looked up wild-eyed. "Send me the paper for twenty years," went on the farmer, coolly. "Start deliver the cobs Monday. How's the votin'?"  
Jack began to see the light. He finished the count, read the votes of the first three, Miss Heyward leading with 89.  
"That there Miss Heyward's the schoolma'am, ain't it? I remember her, 'fore your time." Jack recalled the story he'd heard of how Maggie Heyward had thrashed a busy years ago, and Slavin sounded like the name.  
"How 'bout the tall enders?" said Slavin, carelessly.

Jack read them off, bringing up the rear with Miss Jessie Bigelow, eleven.  
"Um-hum," assented the farmer, blushing like a sugar-beet. "Now if you don't mind, jest cast a even hundred for Miss Jessie—an' I guess she's a winner out, eh. What's that, who is she? Say, what's this here 'lecter fer, anyhow? She's first money, 'hat? who she is, gold-durn; an' some day if I don't make any mistake, she's goin' to be Mrs. Bill Slavin—gold-durned if she ain't! Good-day to you."  
The editor ran the fingers of both hands through his hair, walked over and spit on the stove. Then he went back to the table and wrote this headline in tremendous letters: EXTRA! EXTRA! Then he shouted into the back room: "Kill that corn-cob notice, Jimmie!"  
And that day's paper as a sensation maker, stands alone in the history of Vista county journalism.

### ACTOR'S IDEA OF HAPPY DEATH.

Mansfield Tells How One Thespian Got Revenge on a Manager.  
Richard Mansfield was discussing the subject of vengeance.  
"Vengeance, as a rule," he said, "should be left to the gods. I can't help sympathizing, though, with the vengeance that a stage villain took on his manager last year in the West."  
"The villain was supposed, at the end of the fifth act, to plunge a knife in his heart, and to die very hard, rolling and kicking all over the stage."  
"When his cue came he did plunge in the knife, but then, instead of dying he lay down on the floor, crossed his legs and burst into loud, long laughter, the dagger still sticking, mind you, in his breast."  
"The audience was amazed and stupefied at such unreasonable conduct. The actors on the stage could not go on, for they were amazed and stupefied, too. The manager nearly beside himself, hissed from the wings in a loud whisper:  
"You fool, what are you laughing at? This is your death scene."  
"Death scene?" said the recumbent villain. "Yes, I know it is, and with such a salary as you give me, death comes as a happy release."

### HIS IDEA OF PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Small Pupil in Doubt as to Whether It Was a Hen or a Rooster.  
"During one of my visits through the country districts," said the professor, "I happened to reach a small village where they were to have a flag raising at the schoolhouse. After the banner had been flung to the breeze, there was an exhibition of drawings which the pupils had made, and of the work they had done during the year.  
"The teacher recited to them, 'The Landing of the Pilgrims,' and after she had finished she requested each pupil to try and draw from his or her imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock."  
"Most of them went to work at once, but one little fellow hesitated, and at length raised his hand.  
"Well, Willie, what is it?" asked the teacher.  
"Please ma'am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"

They were playing a little social game of poker in the parlor, the young gentleman acting as instructor to the ladies.  
"It is not your turn to bet now, Miss Primleigh," he remarked; "you have the advantage of not having to bet until the others have all said."  
"Why so?" she inquired.  
"Because you have the ace on us," he responded.  
She was his bitterest enemy from that time on.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Two Pictures.  
I.  
An old farmhouse with meadows wide,  
And sweet with clover on each side;  
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out  
The door with woodland wreath about,  
And wishes his one thought all day:  
"Oh, if I could but fly away  
From this dull spot the world to see,  
How happy, happy, happy,  
How happy I should be."  
II.  
Amid the city's constant din,  
A man who round the world has been,  
Who, mid the tumult and the throng,  
Is thinking, thinking all day long:  
"Oh, could I only tread once more  
The field path to the farmhouse door,  
The old, green meadow could I see,  
How happy, happy, happy,  
How happy I should be."  
—Universalist Leader.

Brave Answer.  
"John Henry, why did you go to bed with your clothes on last night?" asked Mrs. Gibbins.  
"Because it was cold," bravely answered John Henry, who couldn't remember anything at all about having gone to bed, but who was quick-witted.—Buffalo Express.

Not on the Mouth.  
Nell—He has been very attentive to me and last night he tried to kiss me.  
Belle—Well, it's all right to be attentive, but that was overdoing it.  
Nell—Oh, no; he underdid it. He only succeeded in kissing me on the chin.

May Adopt Metric System.  
A petition in support of the bill for the adoption of the metric weights and measures, which will be introduced in the House of Lords by Lord Kelvin, has been extensively signed throughout the British kingdom.

Fight on American Lumber.  
As a means of keeping American lumber out of Canada, lumbermen of the Canadian Northwest have agreed to reduce the price \$1 per 1,000 feet, providing that the railroads would also reduce rates from 40 cents a hundred to 25 cents.

## SHOULD COME TO US

### TRADE WITH CANADA OUR NATURAL RIGHT.

Chicago Record-Herald Believes That Reasonable Reciprocity Would Strengthen Our Hold on the Markets of Our Northern Neighbor.

In a speech in House, Representative Dalzell of Pennsylvania announced "the reciprocity policy" of the Republican party. The announcement is a notification to the champions of the "Iowa idea" that the stand-patters propose to control and shape the party policy upon the tariff question.

Mr. Dalzell declared that the reciprocity of the Republican party "must be a reciprocity of protection." In other words, the only reciprocity that will be considered will be a reciprocity in non-competing articles. If we are to admit articles free of duty in exchange for the free admission of certain of our products to other countries the articles admitted must be such as we do not produce. This is the Dalzell idea of "reciprocity," and the one, we are assured, for which the Republican party will stand in the coming campaign.

Gov. Cummins of Iowa has declared in his inaugural address last month and in numerous speeches that this is not reciprocity, and that such a policy tends to deprive American labor of its just rewards. Singularly enough, both Representative Dalzell and Gov. Cummins argue from the case of Canada, and each of them uses our trade with that country to prove his contention, the former maintaining that before the reciprocity treaty with Canada the balance of trade was largely in favor of the United States, and that while the treaty was in operation the balance was in favor of Canada.

Upon this question Gov. Cummins, in his inaugural address, said:  
"In the last ten years American manufacturers have expended \$100,000,000 in the establishments of plants in Canada which would have been kept at home, with all the labor which that implies, if there had been a fair and permanent relation existing between the two countries. Not only so, but every student of affairs knows that the chance we now have across the border will be completely destroyed unless we treat with our neighbors upon a fair reciprocal basis."  
"The farmers of Iowa have lost something in the foreclosure of the opportunity to feed the men who are operating the plants to which I have referred, and they will lose more when Canada raises the barrier so that England, France and Germany will supply the material for the wonderful development upon which she is just entering, and which we are so well prepared to supply."

In an address at the annual Lincoln day banquet at Minneapolis, he said:  
"We want to sell Canada the things she must buy. We are better fitted to produce them than any other people in the world. Her needs are growing with greater rapidity than any other market which we enter. All that I say is that we are blind if we do not make an honest, faithful effort to maintain our hold upon that country and to increase our exports into its markets."

Mr. Dalzell's conception of reciprocity is that of most of the party managers, while Gov. Cummins speaks for the dominant sentiment of the people of the West upon this question.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Why They Hate the Tariff.

"There is not a Democrat who does not believe in tearing down the tariff walls that limit commerce and breed corruption."—From the speech of Charles A. Towne, former United States Senator from Minnesota, delivered at the Democratic club in New York, Feb. 17, 1904.  
That is exactly the position of the Democratic party regarding the protective system. Here and there may be found a Democrat who is a protectionist at bottom or who is anxious to preserve protection for some industry or interest in his state or district, but when it comes to voting in Congress every one of them votes with his party to tear down the tariff walls. Not because the tariff walls limit commerce, for they have wonderfully increased commerce. Not because the tariff breeds corruption, it breeds industry, breeds employment, breeds wages, breeds deposits in the savings banks, breeds plenty and comfort in the homes of many millions of people. It is not for these things that Democrats hate the tariff. It is because the tariff walls have for more than forty years stood between the Democratic party and the control of national affairs; because the tariff walls have all in all these years kept a million or more of Democrats out of office. That is the chief reason why all Democrats hate the tariff.

### Dangerous to Democracy.

Republicans naturally oppose the agitation of the tariff issue, for the soundest of reasons. They hold primarily that the tariff is today in the hands of the party of protection; that it has been adjusted to suit the economic policy of the nation; that an agitation of the issue at this time would naturally tend to unsettle business, as it did in 1892. They believe in tariff revision by its friends.

The Democratic motive in clamoring for a renewal of the tariff discussion in the coming campaign is little less than an indecent exposure of their unscrupulousness in politics. First, they do it with a view of unsettling business for partisan purposes. They would gladly accept Bryan's issue for the same reason, but they know that free silver can no longer frighten the business men of the country. It is no longer a dangerous issue, except to the Democratic party.

### Let them stir up the tariff question if they can find nothing else. It, too, is a settled question, from the Republican standpoint, though by no means a "dead one." The opportunist Democracy will revive it in this campaign at their peril. It is not only settled, but it will stay settled.—Dayton (Ohio) Journal.

### No Service Pension Law.

Those men who served in the civil war and who were even slightly disabled in consequence should, and do, receive liberal pensions. That is plain justice.

Those who served and who are now impoverished—even though their poverty is in no way the result of their service—should, and do, receive liberal pensions. That is plain gratitude.

But it would be an error to extend the already generous limits which now mark the pension laws and to pay pensions not merely to those who are in want or who were disabled but also to those who are at once sound, healthy and in comfortable circumstances.

The service pension law proposes to bestow pensions of \$12 a month on every man who wore the union uniform for ninety days, whether or not he was at the front and whether or not he needs a pension. Unless Uncle Sam has Fortunatus' purse this is unwise and wasteful legislation.

Ample provision was made long ago for the pensioning of men suffering from disabilities due to service in the Mexican war. In 1887 congress passed an ill advised act giving all survivors above the age of 62 years a service pension of \$8 a month. The advocates of service pension legislation ask congress to do on a grand scale what it did on a small scale seventeen years ago and to force pensions on something like 200,000 men who are not pensionable under existing liberal laws.

A service pension law will be a costly affair, and congress should be slow to saddle new, heavy expenses upon the taxpayers. Since 1865 the disbursements for pensions have been \$2,942,000,000, and while the country will not be ruined if heavy payment on account of pensions continue for several years, there ought to be some regard for economy. It is not because or the amount of money involved that the Tribune chiefly objects to service pension legislation, but because of the vicious principles underlying it. This paper protested when service pensions were given the comparatively small number of Mexican war soldiers, and it protests now when it is proposed to copy that evil precedent.—Chicago Tribune.

### Panama Canal Commission.

The Panama canal commission is composed of experts who will work harmoniously together and be a most efficient whole. In selecting the men who are to have charge of the greatest work any nation has yet undertaken, President Roosevelt was unflinching by political, personal or sectional considerations. He was properly deaf to appeals that he "recognize" a particular state by appointing one of its citizens a member. There are senators who are displeased because there is no patronage for them in connection with the canal. The public will not sympathize with them in their affliction.

### Something to Fall Back On.

"The Democracy still has the tariff to fall back upon, and may be able to do something along that line."—Springfield Republican.

The Democracy will, of course, fall back on the tariff. It must do so. It has no other issue on which to base an appeal to the people. Take from the Democratic mind its seated grudge against protection and you remove the last remaining reason why any man should continue to be a Democrat. The Presidential election of 1904 will be determined almost exclusively on tariff lines.

### British Free Trade a Failure.

Last year the British government spent \$25,000,000 more than its revenue. The foremost question at this time in the foremost free trade nation is a proposed return to protection. The battle may be a long one, with varying fortunes, but the fact remains that the system of free trade has been weighed and found wanting by the nation best prepared to sustain it. The United States had a treasury surplus last year and the balance will again be on the right side for the fiscal year ending with June.

### Loss a Billion a Year.

Although the population of Great Britain has increased largely in the last thirty years, yet she sells about \$110,000,000 worth of goods a year less to foreign countries than she did thirty years ago, while her imports have increased in the same period more than \$800,000,000 a year, which is nearly a net loss of a billion dollars a year, or \$165 for each adult male in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. No wonder they are thinking seriously about adopting protection as a national policy.

### Just a Suggestion.

For the Democratic vice presidential nomination we take the liberty of suggesting Gov. Jeff Davis of Arkansas. He is the only man in sight who won't have what might be called a lighter chance of being elected.

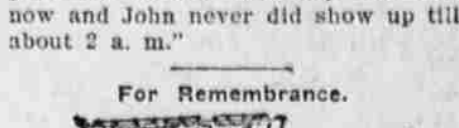


Not His Usual Line.  
Mr. Selph—She thought I was rather severe. She said she didn't think it was like me to talk of others so.  
Miss Bitter—And it wasn't like you, either.  
Mr. Selph—Think not?  
Miss Bitter—No; you generally talk about yourself.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Too Early for Him.

"The conditions seem to be unfavorable," admitted the trance medium. "I am unable to get any communication from your late husband."  
"Well, I'm not at all surprised," replied the widow. "It's only 9 o'clock now and John never did show up till about 2 a. m."

### For Remembrance.



Gibbs—Hallo! You've got a knot in your handkerchief. What's that for?  
Tibbs—Oh, my wife's gone to her mother's for a few days, and that knot is to remind me that she told me to think of her in her absence.—Pick-Me-Up.

### The Main Thing.

Mr. Nervy—Miss Roxley, I adore you. Will you be my wife?  
Miss Roxley (haughtily)—The idea of your proposing to a girl in my station! You should know better.  
Mr. Nervy—I do know better, but no richer.

### A Movable Feast.

Boarder—Why in creation did you ring the breakfast bell at 4 o'clock this morning?  
Cook—The mistress heard it thundering and told me to hurry up and serve breakfast before the milk soured.—New York Weekly.

### How It Happened.

Brownovich—Esnepek's wife doesn't jaw him like she formerly did.  
Smithinski—The worm finally turned, eh?  
Brownovich—No, it wasn't that; she had some kind of throat trouble and lost her voice.

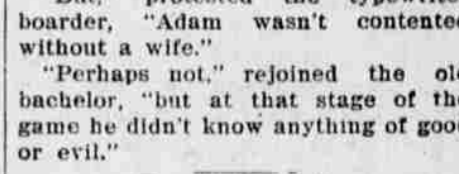
### His Point of View.

"But," protested the typewriter boarder, "Adam wasn't contented without a wife."  
"Perhaps not," rejoined the old bachelor, "but at that stage of the game he didn't know anything of good or evil."

### Tangles It All Up.

Towne—It's a fact that a person with a strong imagination has absolutely no head for figures.  
Bowne—Don't you believe it. When my wife gets her imagination to work upon her age she can make arithmetic look sick.

### Willing.



"Why, my dear man," declared the hypnotist, "by making a few simple passes before your eyes I can make you forget that you are married."  
"Go ahead," said the other. "I've been trying to forget it for ten years."

### An Easy Matter.

Giles—Congress could settle this woman's suffrage business in short order if it was to go about it in the right way.  
Miles—How?  
Giles—By enacting a law compelling women to vote. Then they wouldn't want to.

### A Cautious Youth.

"Bobby, your father wants to see you."  
The boy looked dubious.  
"Do I want to see him?" he asked.  
"How should I know?"  
"You ought to be able to tell by the look in his eye."

### The First Sufferer.

Diogenes was discovered with his lantern.  
"I use it," he explained, "to see the gas after I have lighted it."  
Hopelessly he continued his quest for an honest man or gas company.—Harper's Bazar.

### A Church Sleeper.

Parks—Do you know our minister at all?  
Lane—Oh, I have a nodding acquaintance with him.—Exchange.