

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 fancy in the west, where it was once so strong, but where repeated failures of the past have caused the steady, strong characters of the descendants of the frontiersmen to revolt at the idea, which had its origin in the socialistic minds of a certain class of long-haired immigrants from Europe. And the fact that the Chicago meeting failed to endorse the idea is significant that not in the west alone is the idea of municipal ownership dying out, but since the delegates to that meeting came from all portions of the country, it is indicative that other portions 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 can really benefit the rank and file of the people.

The cities and towns of the west were the first of the country to undertake, on a large scale, the ownership of waterworks, gas companies, electric lights, street cars, railroads, etc., and it is noteworthy that the same cities and towns were the first to repudiate the fact and to return to the American system of competition, where the business man and the skilled engineer can have charge of the public utility systems, to the exclusion of the politician and the ward heeler.

While all the delegates to the American League convention were not 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 fact had been tried argued something like this: "You people where this idea has not been tried think you know something about it, and theoretically you probably do, but we 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 are the supposition and hypothesis all pieces and make of your theory a practical unsuccess and a failure."

Around the hotel lobbies when the convention was not in session, the delegates gathered and talked "shop, theories and fancies." Many who were not delegates, but who were interested in municipal questions, mixed with them, listened to their talk and gave and took opinions and stories. And some of those stories which came out had to do with municipal ownership. From New York came the story of the failure of the municipal Staten 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 ferry fare was reduced, the cost of the service was bad and that the ferries were running behind at the rate of several hundred thousand dollars every year. Wages had been raised "out of sight" on the city owned boats, but instead of the workmen being of 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. About the same 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 contract, where it was possible to get better service cheaper. In Richmond, Va., the city had sold its electric plant and had made a contract with a privately owned company. Marion, Loganport 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 general election, to contract for 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 \$5,000,000 plant at a price of \$3,000,000, and where two other attempts at municipal ownership have been practical failures; from Denver, where the bitter election fight, 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. These delegates, in many cases, were men who have studied for 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 things heard most often was that the municipal ownership system fastened upon the city a most pernicious political ring of grafters and saloon-politicians who were continued in power from year to year by their control of the utility company. And in order to continue in this control, these rings appointed their henchmen to the positions, leaving the deserving workmen and competent craftsmen out altogether. "The man who gets the job or you lose your job," was the motto. And the machine, in turn, granted at the expense of the taxpayers.

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, not to the rich man, but to the mechanic and to the everyday man who was forced to pay higher rents and everything else 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.

More Than Society Butterflies.
These are the days when women of national celebrity vie with each other in housewifely accomplishments. Mrs. Philander 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 brandied 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.

Another International Exhibition.
An international exhibition of fine arts and horticulture will be opened at Mannheim, Germany, on May 1, 1907, on the occasion of the third centenary of the foundation of that town.

After they grow up most boys quit crying for jam and are thankful if they can get all the plain bread they want.

Thomas Alva Edison.



Latest Picture of the Famous Inventor and Scientist.

THE BEST FOOD FOR HENS.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT TO MAKE EXPERIMENTS.

Will Try to Learn if Mash Should Be Moist or Dry—Hope to Increase Production of Eggs.

Washington.—The department of agriculture has started a new experiment station at Halethorpe, near Baltimore. The experiments are to be conducted under the supervision of Robert R. Sloeum, an expert who was recently added to the staff of the bureau of animal industry for a particular line of investigation. For several years it has been a strongly contested question among poultrymen whether mash fed to hens should be dry or moist. Within the last year or two another problem has arisen with the introduction of the hopper feeding system on a commercial scale.

In conducting these chicken-laying experiments a hen house will be constructed, divided into three pens, each accommodating 25 hens, with suitable yards. This house, together with incubators, brooders, etc., sufficient to raise enough pullets to replace those used in the experiments, will comprise the immediate equipment. The different lots of fowls are to be housed exactly alike and all conditions made equal, except the methods of feeding. The fowls in pen No. 1 will receive, morning and night, a mixture of whole or cracked grains scattered in the litter, and at noon a moistened mash. Those in pen No. 2 will receive morning and night the same grain mixture fed in the litter exactly as with pen No. 1 and the same mash at noon, except that this mash will be fed dry. This will test the question of the dry and the moist mash.

The fowls in pen No. 3 will be fed on precisely the same feed as those in the other pens, but will be fed from two self-feeding hoppers, one containing the grain and the other dry mash. The hopper containing the grain will be opened about four p. m. in winter and five p. m. in summer, and will be left open until the next noon. It will then be closed, and the hopper containing the mash will be opened and left so

STATUE WANTED TO TRAVEL.

Strange Appeal of a Rome Shopkeeper Loosens Iowa Woman's Purse.

Davenport, Ia.—A Davenport woman brought home from Europe recently a letter which she considers one of the most interesting souvenirs of her trip. It came to her the day after her visit to a curio shop in Rome, where the proprietor wanted \$60 for a statuette of David in Carrara marble, offered by Michael Angelo. She offered \$10, which the proprietor could not think of accepting, but he asked her name and hotel and next morning she received the following letter:

"Roma, 11th March.—Dear Madam: To-night I have made a dream. I saw David alive! he was very angry with me. He asked me, 'Why don't you let me go to America? The beautiful lady will take care of me. I want to see the new world! I won't stay in Rome any longer! I want to travel as a tourist.'"

"I could not say anything against and have decided to deliver it at the price of 46 dollars. Now the difference between your offer and mine is only 6 dollars, and hope you won't have any objection to buy it."

"This morning entering my store David had a bad look! He looked as if he would throw his stone to me instead of throwing it to Goliath! I was

until the first hopper is again opened, late in the afternoon. In this way the hens will have feed before them all the time, and can eat as much or as little as they please. A comparison can then be made with pen No. 2, the only difference between the two pens being that pen No. 2 receives its feed at stated intervals and in amounts indicated by the appetites of the fowls, while the hens in the other pen can help themselves at all times.

White Plymouth Rock fowls will be used, not because of any special preference for this variety, but for reasons of convenience. Pullets will be raised from the various pens and the test repeated twice to confirm results and note the effects of the different systems of vitality.

It is hoped that by a careful study of this chicken dietary question the amount of eggs produced in this country may be materially increased, perhaps as much as five per cent., which would mean a billion more a year for the national consumption.

SAWED CELL BARS WITH YARN.

Federal Prisoner Invents Odd Instrument to Effect Escape.

Leavenworth, Kan.—Out of pieces of woolen yarn, unraveled from a sock and twisted together, a prisoner in the new federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan., constructed an instrument which he used to saw through the top and bottom of a three-inch steel bar.

That a common piece of yarn could be made to cut the strongest steel bars, tested with acids and resisting steel saws, is a discovery that not only surprises police and keepers of jails and penitentiaries, but scientists as well. It is the first case of the kind on record, as far as can be learned, and the prisoner who used it in the Leavenworth penitentiary is the originator.

The prisoner was confined in one of the isolation cells. A guard standing on a tier above noticed him working his hands back and forth around the bars and notified the guards on the lower floor. They investigated and found that the top had been sawed through. The bottom was about half through. The prisoner readily confessed and showed the warden how he had accomplished the feat.

frightened! Good lady, buy it! otherwise David will die of a broken heart and I—will go after him.

"Best wishes to the gentleman and the gentle Signorina who was with you yesterday, and hoping to see you again, I am much obliged for your kindness. Yours truly,

"C. MANETTI, Sculptor."

It is almost needless to say that the lady surrendered at this appeal and that David enjoyed his trip to America.

Must Pay Former Love.

Media, Pa.—The \$6,000 verdict given pretty Miss Leonora Hill, of Chester, in her breach of promise suit against Horace Witsil, the real estate dealer, has been sustained by Judge Johnson. This suit has been pending for two years. Miss Hill was wooed by Witsil for a number of years, according to her story, and had gone so far as to purchase her wedding dress and spend her time in making articles to make her home comfortable after the marriage. Without her knowledge Witsil married another estimable lady, and Miss Hill brought suit. She was represented by one of the ablest lawyers in the county, and his unmerciful scoring of Witsil during the trial was one of the reasons for which a new trial was asked.

BIG IOWA CORN RANCH

ONE FIELD EXPECTED TO YIELD 525,000 BUSHELLS.

is Largest in the World—Farmhouses on it Make a Small Town—Owner Passes His Winters in Chicago.

Odebolt, Ia.—When it is considered that there are such corn fields in Iowa as Adams' 15,000-acre ranch at this place, producing 525,000 bushels every season, and employing regularly 105 men, it is little wonder that the state of Iowa has a 400,000,000-bushel corn crop for 1906. Before long 200 men will start on the 15,000 acres of corn, which will all be husked from the shock. Then the stocks will be shredded for the fat cattle before spring.

This corn field is the largest in the world. The full 15,000 acres was planted with tested seed and is expected to yield an average of more than 35 bushels to the acre. This is considered a small average for Iowa corn this season.

Thirty-seven double stalk cutters will be used to bind the corn in the field this fall. Mules are employed almost everywhere to do the heavy draft work on the farm, and there are over 200 of these animals kept there constantly. Mr. and Mrs. Adams and family are at present at their winter home in Chicago and the farm is in the hands of its manager.

With the exception of a large number of feeders which are purchased every fall, no cattle are raised on the big farm except enough milk cows to keep the help supplied with milk. Last winter Mr. Adams had 6,000 sheep brought from his North Dakota ranch for feeding, and it is announced that he will do it again this winter as soon as the present yardfull of cattle has been marketed.

The affairs at the farm are conducted with as much system as in any large business office in this city. There is a main office and headquarters where the manager of the farm has his desk. It is here that Mr. Adams himself passes a large part of his time in summer. The farm is divided into sections, and each part is under the direction of a subforeman and worked by his force of men.

All the houses of the employes are located in one place near the center of the farm, making a small town. A schoolhouse is also erected here for the children of the workers. The farm and its methods are a revelation to the visitor. Adams is an enthusiast for good roads and all through the place he has built handsome driveways.

There is another farm in Sac county, Iowa, which contains 6,000 acres. The land there is not all tilled as on the Adams ranch, and hence it is not of so general interest to the public. It is, though, among the record-breakers in this state for acreage owned by one man in one contiguous piece.

TWINS TO DIVORCE TWINS.

Brothers Whose Lives Seem to Run in Parallel Lines.

Kansas City.—Miles J. Farris and Jiles M. Farris, born 32 years ago, on coming of age made twin sisters their wives. Their lives which were parallel, did not diverge much when they went into business, for one became a barber and the other a butcher—not such a great difference after all, as Jiles expressed it recently.

Time went on, and to the families had come a little Jiles M. and as well a little Miles J. But with neither, it seemed, domestic harmony at the fireside prevailed, for one day a petition for divorce was filed by Jiles M. against Martha A. Farris, and on the following morning an attorney appeared at the county court house with a petition for a divorce for Miles J. Farris from his wife, Attie Farris.

Both petitions set forth desertion as the cause for seeking legal separation and both charges show jealousy on the part of the wives, which, it is alleged, made life intolerable for the husbands.

Both women are in Louisiana, Mo.

KINDNESS BROUGHT A FORTUNE.

Good Samaritan Receives One-Fifth of Rich Man's Estate.

Denver, Colo.—Because he befriended Dr. Albert B. Cummings, of Pittsburgh, Pa., many years ago, W. P. Harris, of Denver, has received \$13,500.

In 1889 Harris was employed in a hotel at Cresson, Pa., where Dr. Cummings, a guest of the hotel, was taken ill one night, and Harris, an absolute stranger, attended him until he recovered. They met but once afterward, at a dinner table.

Harris recently received a letter from the lawyer of Dr. Cummings, stating that the physician had died and in his will bequeathed young Harris his entire estate, valued at between \$50,000 and \$75,000. Later relatives contested the will, and a short time ago a compromise was effected by which Harris accepted \$13,500.

Harris is at present salesman for a biscuit company.

Graphophones as Soul Savers.

Cleveland, O.—Graphophones will be used by the local Salvation Army for the purpose of saving souls. The plan will be put in practice during the coming harvest festival. Big graphophones will be installed at the doors of the headquarters, and the attention of passers-by attracted by sermons and sacred songs turned out on the machines. Each graphophone will have a guard and a contribution box.

JOHN WAS IN LUCK

GOOD STORY, WITH NO SEMBLANCE OF A MORAL.

Showing How Important It Is for Forgetful Husbands That Their Wives Should Have Rich and Generous Brothers.

"John, dear," remarked Mrs. Horton across the breakfast table, "do you know what day this is?"

"Why, yes," replied John; "it's the—the why, it's Thursday, of course. Hang it—where's that calendar?"

"O, I don't mean that," replied the wife, with a suspicion of tears in her voice.

"It's my birthday, and you forgot it!"

"Not at all, dear; not at all. Of course, I remember that. The date escaped me for a moment. Of course, I knew it was your birthday. You wait and see the present I have ordered for you, and you will be filled with remorse at having suspected me of forgetting. You wait."

John was a wicked prevaricator, but his bluff "went."

"O, John dear, what is it? Do tell me," urged his wife.

"Not now," said the deceitful John. "It's a surprise, you know. By Jove, I must hurry down town. I've an important engagement at nine o'clock. Wonder if I can make it?"

It was John's intention to stop on his way down town and order a present for his wife; but, becoming engrossed in his paper, he was so far down town before he realized it that he concluded to go on to the office, and then to visit some jeweler later in the day.

There was an unusual amount of business to be attended to that day, and John's mental and physical resources were taxed to the utmost. Naturally he forgot all about the birthday present, and it was only when he was hanging up his hat in the hall and his wife's voice came sweetly down the stairs: "Is that you, dearie?" that the horrible fact flashed upon him. Before he could find his guilty voice there was a frou frou of skirts, and Mrs. Horton came gliding down the stairs and threw her arms around the wretched man's neck with a joyful little cry of "O, John, the present came. It was just what I wanted. It was just lovely of you."

John was bewildered, but he was a man of resources.

"Yes," he said, "I thought you'd like it. Er—er—where is it?"

"Where is it?" retorted the wife. "Why, John, are you blind? Can't you see I have it on?" And she pointed to a brooch of rubies and diamonds which glittered on her bosom.

"Who the d—," he growled, but the rest of the sentence, which went "had the cheek to send diamonds and rubies to my wife?" was unuttered.

"Why, what makes you scowl so?" inquired the surprised woman.

"Oh, nothing," was the reply. "I only thought at first it was not the same one I picked out, but I see it is."

"In the evening Mrs. Horton's rich brother called. As soon as his name was announced John gave a gasp and jumped at the solution of the mystery of the birthday present in a second.

"O, how nice of you, George, to come on my birthday. See what a beautiful present John gave me," was Mrs. Horton's first greeting to her brother.

"That!" replied the brother, with a look of perplexity on his face. "Why, I—"

"Yes," broke in John, looking the other man threateningly in the eye; "I ordered it a week ago at Biffany's and was afraid it would not be ready in time. Come into the library a minute. I want to speak with you for a second on a matter of the greatest importance." And before the astonished George could gather his wits he was seized, dragged into the library and the door shut behind him.

"If you give me away, I'll murder you," whispered John. Mrs. Horton could hear her husband's voice pitched low and speaking earnestly behind the closed door.

"That's really a very pretty piece of jewelry," said George. "Not many wives have such thoughtful and attentive husbands as you have, Lorna. My present will be up to-morrow. They didn't have it ready to-day."

"I haven't had such a pleasant birthday in a long time," said Mrs. Horton when she retired that night. John smiled a little wearily, for he was tired—and had reason to be.—N. Y. Press.

English Women the Tallest.

After taking measurements of the height of women in France, England and America, a doctor announces that an English woman is the tallest and the American woman comes next. The average height of the French woman is five feet one inch. The American woman is nearly two inches taller, and the women of Great Britain half an inch taller than the latter. American women, however, weigh slightly more than either of the others, their average weight being 117 pounds.

Sure Sign of Insanity.

"Your honor, our client cannot be guilty. We contend that he is insane."

"But the defendant himself says he is of sound mind."

"It is largely upon that circumstance, your honor, we base our claim that his insanity is advanced and apparent."

RUN DOWN FROM GRIP

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Cured This Form of Debility in Hundreds of Cases.

"Four years ago," says Mrs. F. Morrison, of No. 1023 Carson street, South Side, Pittsburg, Pa., "I took a cold which turned into the grip. This trouble left me all run down. I was thin, had backache much of the time, had no appetite, my stomach was out of order and I felt nervous and unstrung."

"While I had the grip I had a doctor, but I really suffered more from the condition in which the influenza left me than I did from the disease itself. I felt generally wretched and miserable and the least exposure to cold would make me worse. I couldn't seem to get any better until I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I very quickly noticed a benefit after I began taking them and they restored me to good health and strength. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful good medicine. Thanks to them I am now in fine health and have had no return of my former trouble. I recommend the pills to everyone who is ailing and take every opportunity to let people know how good they are."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. Morrison because they actually make good, red blood. When the blood is red and healthy there can be no debility. The relation between the blood and nervous system is such that the pills have a very decided action upon the nerves and they have cured many severe nervous disorders, such as partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia and St. Vitus' dance, that have not yielded to ordinary treatment. Their double action, on the blood and on the nerves, makes them an ideal tonic.

All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or they will be sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$3.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

A well-known Rochester lady says: "I stayed in the Adirondacks, away from friends and home, two winters before I found that by taking

Kemp's Balsam

I could subdue the cough that drove me away from home and seemed likely to never allow me to live there in winter."

Kemp's Balsam will cure any cough that can be cured by any medicine. Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

DAY OF TRIUMPH POSTPONED.

Dudekins Has Yet to Get Even with Witty Charmer.

She had been having fun with poor Dudekins for a long time, and he was wishful to get even with her. His idea took the form of a brilliant conundrum, whose answer Dudekins thought was locked in his manly chest.

"I have a conundrum for you, Miss Frances," he said, when he next met her.

"Ah!" she responded. "What is it? Who gave it to you?"

"I made it up myself!" he asserted, bridle somewhat.

"Indeed! What is it?"

"Why are my clothes like the moon?"

She hesitated a moment, and Dudekins began to look triumphant.

"You may think," she said, slowly—and Dudekins somehow felt the sand slipping from under him—"it is because they have a man in them, and you have a perfect right to think as you please. But, Mr. Dudekins, opinions differ!"

Adopt American Ideas.

The Russian military authorities are considering the adoption of khaki uniforms, the czar having been especially interested in one recently worn by an American army representative at St. Petersburg. The military authorities are also considering American accoutrements, including web cartridge belts and cavalry saddles, with a view to their adoption.

NO DAWDLING.

A Man of 70 After Finding Coffee Hurt Him, Stopped Short.

When a man has lived to be 70 years old with a 40-year-old habit grown to him like a knot on a tree, chances are he'll stick to the habit till he dies.

But occasionally the spirit of youth and determination remains in some men to the last day of their lives. When such men do find any habit of life has been doing them harm, they surprise the Oseberites by a degree of will power that is supposed to belong to men under 40 only.

"I had been a user of coffee until three years ago—a period of 40 years—and am now 70," writes a N. Dak. man. "I was extremely nervous and debilitated, and saw plainly that I must make a change."

"I am thankful to say I had the nerve to quit coffee at once and take on Postum without any dawdling, and experienced no ill effects. On the contrary, I commenced to gain, losing my nervousness within two months, also gaining strength and health otherwise."

"For a man of my age, I am very well and hearty. I sometimes meet persons who have not made their Postum right and don't like it. But I tell them to boil it long enough, and call their attention to my looks now, and before I used it, that seems convincing."

"Now, when I have writing to do, or long columns of figures to cast up, I feel equal to it and can get through my work without the fagged out feeling of old." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."