

Oklahoma State And Her New Constitution.

THE newest thing in constitutions is the instrument adopted by the late constitutional convention of the proposed state of Oklahoma. In view of the political controversy over the question of its approval by the president it bids fair to become a much discussed document.

The friends of the new constitution declare it to be the best ever drafted by the people of any state. Its critics oppose some of its provisions, and in Republican quarters the claim has been made that it was so drawn as virtually to nullify important parts of the statehood enabling act passed by the last congress. It is also said that in the division of the state into legislative and congressional districts so much advantage has been given to the Democrats as to make it impossible for any other than that party to control the state. But while partisan bias may in some respects affect the view taken of the Oklahoma constitution it has many features which are likely to commend themselves to the public without distinction as to political creed. Among these are the provisions against child labor, those prohibiting the issuance of watered stocks and making the books of quasi-public corporations subject at all times to inspection, the employers' liability law, the eight hour law for state, county and municipal work and the provisions for stringent regulation of railroads and other large corporations.

The constitution contains several features that embody the latest ideas on the subject of government by the whole people—namely, the initiative and referendum and nomination of officers by direct primary instead of through the old party convention system. In fact, it is claimed by friends of the new instrument that Oklahoma has profited by the mistakes of the older states, avoided the bad features of the constitutions of other commonwealths, borrowed their good features and initiated some new methods that other states long to have, but are prevented by selfish interests from enjoying.

The act admitting Oklahoma to statehood which the last congress passed provided that before a state govern-



GOVERNOR FRANK FRANTZ AND AN OKLAHOMA MILL AND ELEVATOR.

ment could be instituted a constitutional convention should be held and the instrument adopted by it should be submitted to the president of the United States for his approval and to the people of the new state for ratification or rejection at the polls. The convention thus called for met at Guthrie and was in session for many weeks, adjourning in April. The draft finally agreed upon was adopted without a dissenting vote, but with twenty-seven of the eighty-five delegates present not voting. The convention was composed of ninety-eight Democrats, two independents and twelve Republicans. The constitution will go before the people of Oklahoma for approval or rejection, and the returns will be canvassed by the chief justice and secretary of the territory of Oklahoma and the senior judge of the United States court of appeals for Indian Territory. They will certify the result of the vote to the president, and if favorable—provided also that he finds nothing in the constitution inconsistent with a republican form of government—he will issue a proclamation declaring the result, and Oklahoma will thereupon be considered admitted into the sisterhood of states. In the meantime the existing authorities in Indian Territory and Oklahoma will hold their posts, including the governor of Oklahoma, Captain Frank Frantz, who was appointed by President Roosevelt.

There are about 45,000 words in the new constitution, which is about 30,000 words more than the average. This unusual length is in part explained by the fact that about one-third of the document is taken up with fixing county boundaries, another large section is devoted to defining how the question of prohibition shall be submitted to the vote of the people of different localities, while still another long section contains provisions as to putting in operation the principle of the initiative and referendum. It is stated to be the first time that the ideas underlying this principle have been so fully written into the constitution of an American commonwealth.

The accompanying engraving shows a mill and elevator plant at Oklahoma City, the largest plant of the kind in the southwest.

Matter of Orthography.
Lola—I told mamma this morning that the sun affected my eyes.
Grace—What did she say?
Lola—She asked whose son I had reference to.—Chicago News.

THE ILIAD'S WEAKNESS.

Homer's Version of the Legend of Helen of Troy.

Why did not the Trojans restore Helen to Menelaus and by so doing avoid all the fatal consequences of the siege of Troy? This question has probably been asked by every reader of Homer's celebrated epic without finding a satisfactory answer. Why, indeed, should the entire population of Priam have preferred the destruction of their city and their lives rather than by restoring Helen to disturb the love pleasures of one of the many Trojan princes? Such stupidity or recklessness on the part of the Trojans seems incredible, and it must be supposed that for some good reason not mentioned by Homer they could not help acting the way they did.

In fact, Herodotus, a countryman of Homer's, in his version of the Helen legend, which he claims to have received from the Egyptians, gives a plausible explanation of that obscure point. According to this account, Paris, after carrying off Helen from Sparta, sailed with her homeward, but on his way across the Aegean sea he was driven by violent winds to the Canopic mouth of the Nile. On that shore stood a temple dedicated to Hercules, which had the right of sanctuary. Some of the attendants fled to the temple, and, with a view to procure Paris, they accused him to the Egyptians, narrating all the circumstances of the outrage of Helen and the wrong done to Menelaus.

As soon as Thonis, the warden of that mouth of the river, received the intelligence he sent a message to Proteus, in Memphis, to this effect: "A stranger is arrived from Greece. He is by race a Teucrian and has done a wicked deed in the country from which he is come. Having beguiled the wife of the man whose guest he was, he carried her away with him and much treasure also. Are we to let him depart as he came or shall we seize what he has brought?"

Proteus in answer ordered that the man who dealt so wickedly with his friend should be seized and brought before him. His order was carried out, and Proteus asked Paris who he was, whence he came and how he got possession of Helen. In his reply Paris became confused and diverged from the truth; whereupon the slaves interposed, confuted his statements and told the whole history of the crime. At last Proteus pronounced this judgment:

"Did I not regard it as a matter of the utmost consequence that no stranger driven to my country should ever be put to death I would have avenged the Greek by slaying thee. Thou basest of men, after accepting hospitality to do so wicked a deed! Now, then, as I want to put no stranger to death, I suffer thee to depart, but the woman and the treasures must stay here till the Greek stranger comes in person and takes them back to him. For thyself and thy companions I command thee to be gone from my land within the space of three days, and I warn thee that otherwise at the end of that time you will be treated as enemies."

According to this account, therefore, the Trojans could not restore Helen for the simple reason that she was not in their possession, for she was in Egypt, where Menelaus received her back unharmed. It seems the "Homer, too, was acquainted with the original story, since he tells that Paris came with Helen to Sidon, in Phoenicia (Iliad vi, 291), also that Menelaus before returning to Troy stayed with Helen in Egypt (Odyssey iv, 228-230; Iliad iv, 361). But Homer probably thought the Herodotian version less adapted for epic poetry than the one he followed.—New York Tribune.

He Struck the Right Chord.

A man came to interview Rosenthal during the pianist's stay in New York. The young chap was a total stranger to the artist. It was about 2 p. m., and he was ushered into the hotel dining room where Rosenthal was having a late lunch. The life of a soloist on tour is a very busy one, and on this day the pianist was to start for Philadelphia at 4 o'clock for his concert there that evening. Consequently time was precious. The interviewer asked his preliminary questions, and Rosenthal courteously answered them. He had gone through the ordeal often before, and he knew it by heart. But suddenly a new note was struck. The interviewer had proved to be himself a pianist and, more than that, to have a very comprehensive knowledge and a great love of Chopin. Immediately the lunch was abandoned, and, taking the young fellow to his apartments, where he had his piano, Rosenthal sat down and played for the entire two hours for a perfect stranger who neither in years nor in prominence was entitled to any special consideration.—Bohemian.

The Art of Lighting a Pipe.

Keep pipe and stem as clean as possible, and the time to clean them is immediately after a smoke. Fill the bowl with your favorite brand and press down firmly, but don't strive to see how solid you can pack it. If you make it as solid as wood, it will burn like wood and make a coal fire about as hot and ungrateful. Don't light the entire surface. Don't "pull" as though you had no more matches and feared it would "go out." Light a small spot directly in the center. Smoke slowly until it works its way gradually downward. If it undertakes to spread, press it down again with thumb or finger. A half minute's care in starting is all that is required. Now smoke slowly. The little fire continues downward, delicately roasting the tobacco on the sides, and presently when you cave this off there will come a revelation in soft, mellow smoke, so cool, so delicious, so soothing, that you will never regret having read this.

The Man With Forty Ghosts.

A popular novelist talked with regret about the old ghost habit of the past.

"Famous painters first and famous writers afterward alike had ghosts," he said. "These ghosts were pupils, disciples. They did the basic work of the master's picture or novel, and the master polished up, put on the finishing touches and signed his name to it. This practice, indeed, still obtains in architecture. It was a practice that allowed a popular artist a manifold increase of production and consequently of income. Dumas, the elder Dumas, had no less than forty ghosts—forty intelligent young men writing away for him about D'Artagnan, Porthos, Aramis and the rest. But Dumas was reckless, and the existence of his forty ghosts became known; hence a good deal of scandal. At the height of this scandal Dumas said to a lady one night:

"Have you read my last book, madame?"
"The lady, with a mischievous smile, replied:
"No, M. Dumas. Have you?"

He Felt Complimented.

A man from Philadelphia, says a writer in the Ledger of that city, was visiting in a town of very few inhabitants. One day when he was about to make a purchase he discovered that he had exhausted his small change. The shopkeeper could not break the ten dollar bill offered him, and the man went out in the main street to see how he might solve the difficulty. He asked several persons, but no one had the requisite amount for the bill. At last an old white haired, seedy negro came along. In sheer desperation the man said:

"Uncle, can you change a ten dollar bill for me?"
"Uncle" looked dazed for a moment, then his shambling figure straightened. With a doffing of the hat and a bow worthy of Chesterfield he replied, with dignity:
"No, marse, I can't change no ten dollar bill, but I done 'preciates the compliment jes' the same, sah."

Birds That Boat In Their Nests.

"The mother bird sat on her eggs at the water's edge, and when I approached she pushed off with her foot as though the nest had been a boat, and away she floated calmly down the stream."

"What you saw was a rare spectacle," said the nature student. "The bird was a grebe, the columbus minor. She always builds on the water's edge, and her nest is always woven of aquatic plants so closely and firmly that it will float herself and her eggs without leaking. On the approach of danger the bird pushes off. Nor is she at the current's mercy during her voyage. She uses her foot as a paddle, and I have seen her steer her boat-nest with some little dexterity round a bend, landing in a quiet cove as well, say, as the average young lady waterman."

Fresh Sheets at Premium.

The woman who had just returned from abroad, where she had visited some country towns, was telling of the comforts and discomforts of the European country hotel. "They have an aversion to putting fresh sheets on the beds for every new guest," she said, "and we always pulled down the bedclothes the minute we were assigned our rooms to examine the sheets. Ten chances to one they were wrinkled and had that 'slept in' appearance, and we invariably insisted on fresh ones. Finally we struck a series of towns where the hotel proprietors got the best of us, for the sheeting they used was a sort of crepey stuff, something like seersucker, and for the life of you you couldn't tell whether they'd been slept on or not."—New York Press.

Harden by Sulphuric Acid.

Hardening an ordinary drill in sulphuric acid, states the English Mechanic, makes an edge that will cut tempered steel or facilitate cutting hard rock. The acid should be poured into a flat bottomed vessel to a depth of about one-eighth of an inch. The point of the drill is heated to a dull cherry red and dipped in the acid to that depth. This makes the point extremely hard, while the remainder remains soft. If the point breaks, re-harden, but with a little less acid in the vessel.

A Dangerous Secret.

Upon asking an eminent scientist how he accounted for enjoying exceptional and unbroken good health a doctor was informed that the cause was habitual self denial. "In fact," admitted the professor, "I only partake of one meal each day." "Hush!" exclaimed the physician in alarm. "Pray keep this to yourself! If many people were to follow your example we medical men should be ruined."—Westminster Gazette.

His Little Scheme.

"You mortified me terribly," complained Mrs. Richley.
"How?" demanded her sick husband.
"Why did you tell the new doctor you were in the habit of eating corned beef and cabbage? We never have such common food as that."
"Well, I want him to fix his charges on a corned beef and cabbage basis."

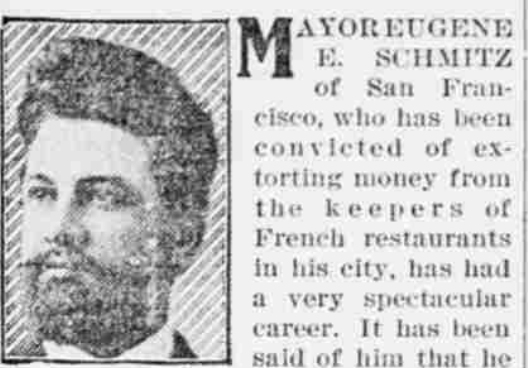
The Usual Cause.

"Ma, Sis is just home from the hairdresser's, and she's in a tearing rage. What's wrecked her temper?"
"I'm not sure, but I rather think it was a head-on collision caused by a misplaced switch."—Baltimore American.

Point of Resemblance.

Stella—Does her auto match her gown?
Bella—Yes, they are neither of them paid for.—New York Sun.

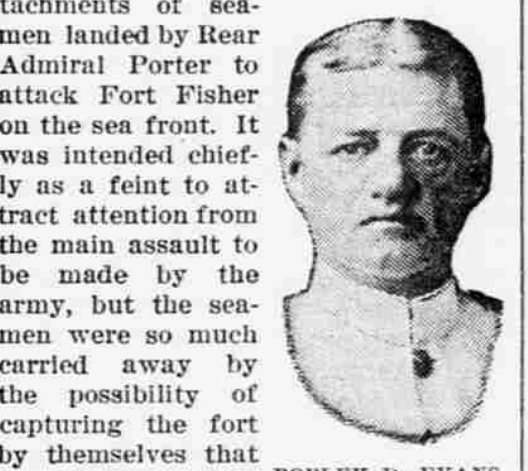
Tabloid Tales About a Few People of Note.



EUGENE E. SCHMITZ
MAYOREUGENE E. SCHMITZ of San Francisco, who has been convicted of extorting money from the keepers of French restaurants in his city, has had a very spectacular career. It has been said of him that he went up like a rocket and came down like the stick. He is the first labor union mayor of San Francisco and also the first executive of the city to be convicted of malfeasance in office. He is known as the "fiddling mayor," and when he ran for office it was predicted that if San Francisco were to burn down he would be found, like Nero, fiddling while the flames were at their height. But when the city by the Golden Gate did burn down after the awful earthquake shock the mayor rose to the emergency, and even his enemies credited him with acting with creditable energy and efficiency in the terrible crisis. When the crisis was past, however, according to the testimony of those who went on the stand at his trial, he yielded to the temptation to use his official power to get money illegitimately, and hence his downfall.

There have been many ups and downs in his career. As a young man he started to study medicine, but gave it up because of failing health and took up athletics, which enabled him to build up the magnificent physique he possesses. He has been violinist, orchestra leader, Klondike miner, gas engine maker and executive of a great city and now at forty-three has the prospect of spending a term of years behind the bars of a criminal's cell.

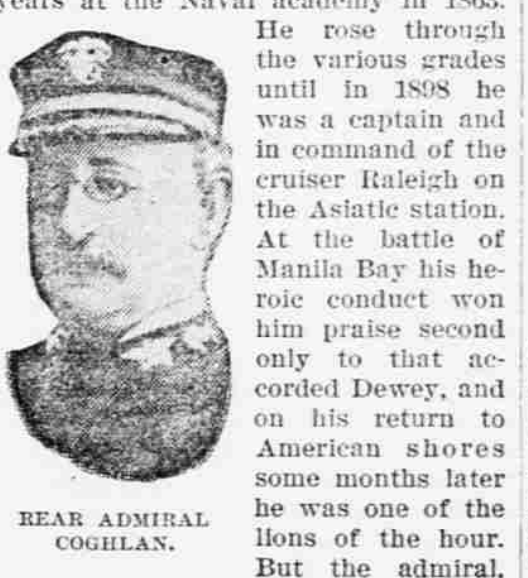
Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans had few sadder duties than fell to him in announcing the death of the six officers and five seamen of the battleship Minnesota who were drowned in Hampton Roads. He has to go back to the days of the civil war to recall so long a death roll among men he has commanded or with whom he has fought. It was during the civil war that Evans commanded one of the detachments of seamen landed by Rear Admiral Porter to attack Fort Fisher on the sea front. It was intended chiefly as a feint to attract attention from the main assault to be made by the army, but the seamen were so much carried away by the possibility of capturing the fort by themselves that they charged it like crazy men as soon as they were ashore. The bluejackets, although they reached the foot of the parapet, suffered severely in killed and wounded. They did not retreat, however, but huddled along the outer edge of the glacis, where the Confederates could not fire at them without rising high enough to expose themselves. Among those who fell at this point was Bob Evans, one leg being so shattered at the knee that it was believed impossible that it could be saved.



"There we lay," said Evans afterward, "the Johnnies taking pot shots at us whenever they dared and our men watching the parapet to fire at every head that came up, for that was our only protection against annihilation. Not until the army took them in the rear and swept them from one traverse after another did we feel there was any hope to escape. We were so close that we could 'sass' each other back and forth, and it certainly had a discouraging influence upon the fellows behind the parapets to hear themselves damned unanimously by a line of men who apparently had cuss words enough to represent a whole army corps."

The United States navy has had few more picturesque figures than Rear Admiral Joseph B. Coghlan, who retired from active duty a short time ago after a lengthy service distinguished by several episodes which gave him a good share of public attention. He is a native of Kentucky and was appointed to the navy from Illinois in 1860, becoming an ensign after three years at the Naval academy in 1863. He rose through the various grades until in 1898 he was a captain and in command of the cruiser Raleigh on the Asiatic station. At the battle of Manila Bay his heroic conduct won him praise second only to that accorded to Admiral Dewey, and on his return to American shores some months later he was one of the lions of the hour. But the admiral, though brave, has always been exceptionally free and blunt of speech, and this trait has got him into embarrassing situations more than once. A number of years before the Spanish war he was put back several places on the naval list on account of too free expressions of opinion. It was in 1899 at a dinner that his story of the

trouble between Admiral Dewey and Admiral Von Diederichs at Manila, together with his now historic "Hoch der Kaiser" song, nearly led to international complications, for the Germans were much offended by the remarks of the gallant but indiscreet American officer.



Despite his bluntness of speech and the troubles caused thereby, Coghlan reached the rear admiral's grade and has retained the popular affection his courageous sea duty has inspired. He is very fond of good stories and once told one to illustrate his distaste for being the last speaker.

"Having the last word," the rear admiral said, "reminds me of a story I heard not long ago. A certain man died, and a clergyman was engaged to offer a eulogy. The worthy minister prepared a sermon of exceeding length and strength, but just before he entered the parlor to deliver it he thought that it might be advisable to learn what the dead man's last words had been. So he turned to one of the weeping younger sons and asked:
"My boy, can you tell me your father's last words?"
"He didn't have none," the boy answered, "ma was with him to the end."

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who lost a \$15,000 gem box a few months ago and recently recovered it, was a helpmeet when she married young Mr. Vanderbilt, so that money has been plentiful with her from girlhood up. She was Miss Virginia Fair, daughter of the late Senator Fair, and is a beauty of the brunette type, small, but well built, and graceful and very vivacious. The gem box, or "vanity box," was stolen at Sherry's one evening after the opera. It was set with 500 diamonds and seventy rubies. Detectives recovered the box from a waiter who tried to pawn it. Mrs. Vanderbilt was asked if there were any marks by which she could identify it.

"Yes," she replied after a few moments' thought; "there are some telephone numbers on a celluloid card inside of the box."
"Can you remember what they are?" asked the detective.
Mrs. Vanderbilt knitted her brows, and then her face cleared. She repeated three or four numbers on the card, and the detective smiled.

"It's yours without question," he said as he drew forth from his pocket the gold and jewel studded case. There was an exclamation of delight from the leader in society as she eagerly clasped the box and held it to the light.
"Yes, it's mine," she said.
Mrs. Vanderbilt refused to appear in court against the thief and delegated the task to her husband.

Representative Theodore E. Burton of Ohio, who has been prominent as a supporter of Secretary Taft for the Republican presidential nomination, has attained many of his ambitions, but has never won a wife. His friends are having considerable fun at his expense on account of an incident in connection with his invitation to speak at Mechanicsburg, O., on the glorious Fourth. In announcing the expected visit from the congressman the editor of the Mechanicsburg Weekly Telegram said:

Hon. Theodore Burton of Cleveland will deliver the Fourth of July address in Mechanicsburg. It is also understood that the ladies of this community have tendered Mrs. Burton an invitation to spend Independence day in Mechanicsburg, and it is more than likely that she will be our guest on the Fourth. She is a most attractive woman, and her appearance here will be a great event in social circles.

The congressman's friends now say it is up to him to produce a "Mrs. Burton" for the occasion of the nation's independence anniversary.

Brand Whitlock, who criticizes the prevalent penal practices of this country in an article in a leading magazine, succeeded the late Sam Jones as "Golden Rule mayor" of Toledo. He combines reform politics with literature and makes his success in the one contribute to his success in the other. It was his political novel, "The Thirteenth District," that gave him his greatest fame, and for years he has worked for the promotion of his reform ideas, both in the field of literature and in that of practical politics, in that respect resembling Winston Churchill of New Hampshire. There is this difference between the two men—Mr. Whitlock got a chance to carry out some of his ideas of reform through being elected to office, while Mr. Churchill was not chosen to the position to which he aspired, that of governor of the Granite State. Mayor Whitlock in his recent article on the penal system in vogue in this country scores the treatment of criminals under it and says that society makes and perpetuates the only criminal class by refusing to forgive a first offender or to trust an ex-convict and by making the conditions of imprisonment of criminals in most instances wholly discouraging, brutalizing and degrading.

Brand Whitlock.



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