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TAFT'S APPOINTMENTS.

The elevation of Justice White to be chief justice of the United States supreme court, as well as the appointment of Judge Carland of South Dakota to the court of commerce, show the broad mindedness of President Taft in marked degree. Both these jurists are democrats and most presidents would have seized the opportunity to make partisan appointments all along the line. Particularly would most chief executives have selected a man of the same political complexion for the chief justiceship.

The list of jurists just appointed by President Taft is a longer one than usually falls to one president at a given time, and, with his splendid judicial knowledge and temperament, together with his high ideals as to the bench, the people in general will accord to Mr. Taft the ability to select these judges better, almost, than any other person in the country today.

With knowledge of Taft's ideas in this connection, the country will accept the appointments as the best that could have been made.—Norfolk News.

A SENSIBLE CRUSADE.

You may have observed recently that Catholic societies in many cities have started a war against profanity. It is a movement which should have the encouragement of all people, regardless of what church they belong to or whether they belonged to any. Profanity hasn't much of an excuse for itself, and there are plenty of reasons for avoiding its use. It not only offends other people, but cheapens the man who resorts to it. It is said some times that profanity acts as a sort of safety valve in times of great stress or anger. Perhaps it does in a way, but there are many better ways; a far better way is to learn to avoid the anger which might prompt it. There aren't many more valuable assets than perfect control of the temper and politeness; these things are well worth striving for, and, when they are attained, the use for profanity passes, for, even if you fail to feel the sacrilege of profanity, you will not, if you are polite, risk offending others by its use. And if you never get angry except on the rare occasions when you have ample and righteous cause, you will not miss the oaths which form so important a part of the vocabulary of the man who "flies to pieces easily." A great many men and a few women can afford to help the Catholic societies a little in this matter, and incidentally help themselves a lot.—Atchison Globe.

THE WILY THREE.

Mark Twain was a firm believer in the national movement for good roads. A Hartford man recalled the other day this experience of the famous humorist:

"I once had thirty miles"—so Mark Twain began—"to go by stage in Mississippi. The roads were terrible, for it was early spring. The passengers consisted of five men and three women—three large, well developed women, swathed in shawls and veils, who kept to themselves, talking in low tones on the rear seat.

"Well, we hadn't gone a mile before the stage got stuck two feet in the black mud. Down jumped every man of us, and for ten minutes we tugged and jerked and pulled till we got the stage out of the hole.

"We had hardly got our breath back when the stage got stuck again, and again we had to strain our very hearts out to release her. In covering fifteen miles we got stuck eight times; and in going the whole thirty we lifted that old stage out of the mud seventeen times by actual count.

"We five passengers were wet, tired and filthy when we reached our destination; and so you can imagine our feelings when we saw the three women passengers remove, as they dismounted, their veils, their shawls and their skirts, and lo and behold—they were three big, hearty, robust men.

"As we stared at them with bulging and ferocious eyes, one of them said: 'Thanks for your labor, gents. We knowed this road and prepared for it. Will you licker?'"—Human Life.

UNPREPARED.

Turn to your United States histories and read there the story of the first siege of Richmond, the battles of Bloody Lane, Peach Orchard, Malvern Hill and a dozen others, the retreat of the federal army upon Washington, and the tremendous confusion and lack of system which prevailed throughout the campaign, both with the union and confederate troops, and you find there the best answer possible to the people who insist that the United States needs no army; that it can muster troops and prepare to fight with any power on earth after war has been declared.

That campaign illustrated the fact that it takes time to train an army.

Had the union army in that campaign been thoroughly drilled and prepared for the great battles in which it was engaged, it might have driven the confederates back into Richmond, and ended the war. Instead of that the conflict raged for years afterward, and at tremendous cost.

The report of Secretary of War Dickinson, which has just been made public, calls attention to the fact that in case the United States should be called upon to go to war with some first class power, such as Germany, Japan or England, it would be almost helpless for a long time, in case the enemy was able to make a landing on American soil with an expedition of 100,000 men.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to prevent such a landing. The coast line is too long to make it possible for the fleet to guard all points at once. It might be possible to destroy the convoying battleships if the American fleet could find them, but it is very doubtful whether the invading fleet could be caught before it had landed the hostile army on the coast.

The chief object of a power like Germany or Japan, in case of war, would be to land troops on the American coast, and sweep the country far and wide.

According to the army experts, the country should be prepared to put into the field an army of 450,000 men on ten days' notice, as a "first line of defense." It is figured that with a force of this size ready to come to the colors the first quick attack of the enemy could be repulsed and the nation would then be practically impregnable, because no nation can hope to conquer a country like this if the country is given time to prepare itself to fight.

The millions of armed men in Europe or in Japan are of no great menace to us except in their power to strike so quickly that we are unprepared to parry the blow. We would be obliged under present conditions to oppose such a force with a scattered regular army of about 50,000 and 100,000 state militia who are ill prepared for service as "minute men."

And it would take time to collect this unmatured army; it would be impossible to pit them at once against the veterans of Japan or the seasoned soldiers of Germany.

The question is whether it is not a good plan to take out insurance against a repitition of such misfortunes as followed the first seige of Richmond by preparing a reserve army of sufficient size to be able to respond quickly and effectively to a call to arms. Army men seem to be unanimous in the opinion that such a course is the only safe policy, and in the secretary of war they have found a staunch supporter.—Salina (Kan.) Journal.

WHAT TAMMANY IS.

It may surprise some newspaper readers to learn through the report of a small fire in New York that Tammany hall is a real building. It is in fact one of the landmarks of the city, a plain, old fashioned structure on East Fourteenth street. This hall, erected forty-three years ago, is the home of the Tammany hall organization, which has had a continuous existence of more than one hundred years. It was one of the number of patriotic societies formed toward the close of the eighteenth century, all of them more or less associated with the Sons of Liberty. A number of these organizations bore the name of Tamanend, a famous Indian chief of the seventeenth century, and from this was derived the title of Tammany. One hundred and five years ago the Saint Tammany or Columbian order was regularly incorporated as a fraternal society, after it had enjoyed an informal existence of about sixteen years. The order soon entered politics, and while the fraternal society still exists the political organization that has grown up around it is by far the most important machine of its kind in the United States.

Tammany has a closely knit organization, extending down from the man or group of men in supreme control to the district leaders in charge of assembly districts, and the captains in charge of the election districts. Complete as the machine is, its extraordinary success comes more from the manner of its operation than from the nature of the organization. The Tammany leaders have learned in their century of experience just how far they can go in giving favors to groups of people with a large number of votes without antagonizing other and larger groups. The disaster following the Tweed experience of forty years ago has made them cautious about attacking the tax payers too openly. They therefore have developed an elaborate system of distributing official patronage and social and political assistance among the submerged classes and the immigrants that enables them to swing an enormous number of votes at the polls. This compact following gives them control of the local democratic organization nearly all of the time, and through the old system of straight party voting this puts them in control of the city more times than the thoughtful citizens of New York like to contemplate. Since the office of mayor was made elective in 1834, Tammany has had that place nearly two-thirds of the time.

The fire, it may be added, did not even wipe out the building. The tentacles of Tammany which reach down into every block in the great city were therefore not even scorched.—Lincoln Journal.

MR. CUMMINS AND LAFAYETTE YOUNG.

LaFayette Young was appointed senator from Iowa to succeed temporarily the late Senator Dolliver.

Mr. Young is a distinguished publicist and an orator of national repute. He is also classed as a regular republican.

For that reason, and before Mr. Young has taken the oath of office, Senator Cummins has declared war upon his colleague. He proclaims that any member of the Cummins insurgent faction is more worthy to be senator than LaFayette Young.

All will remember how Albert B. Cummins, on the eve of the recent election, with panic in his looks and tears in his voice, stood on a public platform here in Chicago, swallowed his so-called principles, and implored his hearers to forget everything and vote for any and every candidate wearing any sort of republican label.

It is quite in character for such a moral coward before election to play the blatant bully when the election is over and he finds that his own hide, however scarred, is still on his bones.

The Cummins declaration of war against all Iowa republicans unwilling to be his henchmen and grovel at his feet shows why the insurgent movement is failing and was bound to fail.

Its chief, like Mr. Cummins, have no use for associates. They desire only slaves. They do not aim to be leaders, but masters. And the republicans of most American states will never suffer such an ignominy.

An American political party can never be made of one despot and a herd of serfs. The plan may have succeeded for the time in Wisconsin, but Wisconsin is not the whole country. Mr. Roosevelt learned the difference in New York.

In other states republicans feel that they are first American citizens, and that, above and before everything else, they are free men.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

An Old Garret on a Stormy Day.

I know no nobler forage ground for a romantic, venturesome, mischievous boy than the garret of an old family mansion on a day of storm. It is a perfect field of chivalry. The heavy rafters and dashing rain, the piles of spare mattresses to carouse upon, the big trunks to hide in, the old white coats and hats hanging in obscure corners like ghosts, are great! And it is so far away from the old lady who keeps rule in the nursery that there is no possible risk of a scolding for twisting off the fringe of a rug. There is no baby in the garret to wake up. There is no "company" in the garret to be disturbed by the noise. There is no crochety old uncle or grandma, with their everlasting "Boys, boys!" and then a look of horror.—Donald G. Mitchell.

Jack Sheppard as a Text.

Jack Sheppard had a great hold upon the imagination of the people of his time. The fact that 200,000 people witnessed his execution at Tyburn on Nov. 18, 1724, "upon the tree that bears twelve times a yeare" is some witness to his grim popularity. But one of the strangest tributes ever paid him was the sermon preached upon him in a London church.

"Oh, that ye were all like Jack Sheppard!" began the preacher, to the stupefaction of his congregation. He went on to draw a parallel between things of the flesh and those of the soul and to point out that the genius shown in housebreaking might have been bestowed upon "picking the locks of the heart with the nail of repentance."—London Standard.

Sure on One Point.

"Do you believe that great wealth has a tendency to keep a man out of heaven?" queried the party who was addicted to the conundrum habit.

"I am not prepared to express an opinion on that subject," answered the student of human nature, "but I know that great wealth has kept many a man out of the penitentiary."—Chicago News.

THE STORY OF HOW "THE BIG FELLOW" WENT OUT.

The Irish bard knows how to tell about a fight. When Cuchuillin and another hero whose name was smashed through my memory were battling for the mastery of all Ireland, the bard—I think it was Jeremiah Curtin—says: "And where they tore up the earth in their struggles they made hills where there had been hollows, and hollows where there had been hills, and one of the clods of turf from their heels flew off a million miles and blinded one eye of the hag who sits spinning in the Eastern sky." And that's the sort of a fight they had when Jim Corbett beat John L. Sullivan for the championship of the world.

The ten thousand men packed in the amphitheater around the square platform on which the fight was to take place were so keyed up with expectation that they could not sit still. They talked incessantly, smoked or chewed gum incessantly and drank many gallons of ginger ale, sarsaparilla and soda water from the peddlers' trays—all in vain hope of assuaging the eagerness that stretched every nerve to the utmost.

There was a little clapping of hands when Corbett entered the ring, for there were a few spectators who had bet on him, besides some others who felt sympathy for the gallant lad in what they believed was a hopeless encounter and were trying to cheer him in his last moments of consciousness. He smiled as he bowed to the hand-clappers and then pranced about the ring, charging forward or sidestepping on tiptoe so as to judge the elasticity and stability of its floor, which was of reddish brown earth from the Mississippi river bottom, packed and rolled so as to give a hard, smooth, resilient surface with no danger of slipping. Corbett had hardly seated himself when Sullivan plunged through the ropes and bounded across the ring, while all the house arose as if on one pair of legs and cheered and howled and shrieked and stamped for joy. John L. bobbed a short little bow and sat down in his corner. He glared over at Corbett—for two reasons: 1, he felt himself so immeasurably the best man in the world that he hated any one who dared to dispute his kingship, and, 2, he knew that the glare generally took the last atom of fight energy out of his antagonist.

But the glare had no terror for the pale young Californian. He met Sullivan's eye calmly and smiled in a rather patronizing way. Inasmuch as Mike Donovan had long ago warned me about this duel of eyes, I was watching intently every thing that passed, when I saw Corbett's supercilious smile I was struck breathless with surprise. Could it be possible that any human being would dare to treat John L. like that and hope to live? Impossible. Something of the same sort, much intensified, must have passed through the great man's mind, for his glare now became a scowl of fierce malignity before which the strongest must quail. But Corbett did not know how to quail. When, in conformity with custom, he advanced to shake hands in the middle of the ring, he still regarded Sullivan with his supercilious smile.

John L. was raging. That huge bulk of his seemed to throw off hate in vibrations, and the corners of his mouth snarled downward as he came face to face with his adversary. Corbett, twenty pounds lighter and three inches taller than his enemy, smiled down upon him patronizingly. This was too much. When they clasped hands Corbett quickly grabbed Sullivan's fingers, squeezed and wrenched them as hard as he could, and then disdainfully threw the hand aside. That is the way John usually crushed the spirit of his antagonist, but this bold young upstart had actually beaten him at his own game. Not only that, but he grimaced exultingly in John's face, and then, as he walked off, turned and grinned mockingly while he uttered some sneering phrase which, of course, none of us outsiders could hear. That moment, it seemed to me, witnessed the most daring act of Corbett's life. Surely it would have been safer to have put his hand in a lion's mouth and twisted the lion's tongue than to take such liberties with Sullivan, the destroyer of men. No other human being had ever dared to think of such a thing, much less try it. Moreover, when he returned to his corner he pointed at Sullivan and made jokes about him that caused Bill Brady and Delaney and the others to explode with laughter.

Corbett's taunt was delivered with the deliberate purpose of jarring Sullivan off his mental poise ("getting his goat" is the sporting phrase), and it fully succeeded, for when the bell clanged a few moments later Sullivan dashed out of his corner furious with rage. The first physical encounter was a fascinating spectacle. Sullivan tore in, head down and neck arched, more than ever like a mad bull. As he came close, Corbett, seemingly without effort, rose in the air and leaped backward fully six feet, alighting on tiptoe as lightly and as well poised as a ballet master. Sullivan rushed again, and Corbett again willed himself out of the way rather than leaped. It was the swiftest, easiest footwork anybody had ever seen in the ring, and the crowd could not withhold a cheer of appreciation.

It was not until the third round that Corbett felt safe in replying to the enemy's fire, and then he leaped only half as far back as usual, crouched low and drove his long, lean left arm straight up in a piston-like blow that made the first thud against Sullivan's mouth, jarring his head back, puffing the lips and drawing blood. The expression of hate and baffled fury in the champion's face at that moment would have scared most men out of the ring; its only effect on Corbett was to increase the width of his grin. Now he was convinced that he could hit Sullivan while Sullivan could not hit him. The rest of the battle was a mere matter of care and endurance.

Barring accident the battle was already ended, yet every moment of the contest was full of thrills; for again and again Sullivan's blow came within an inch of destroying his mocking young adversary. I was reminded of the hairbreadth escapes of the matador, of the miraculous deliverance of Victor Hugo's man who struggled on the rolling deck with the loose cannon, of a score or more of near-tragedies.

But the end was at hand in the twenty-first. Sullivan came out on tottering legs, but he was on the aggressive, still charging on the foe. Corbett drove left and right into the body and Sullivan's arm dropped limp. Corbett turned loose a rapid fire of left and right hooks—short, round-arm blows—on the jaws. Sullivan wavered, dropped, sprawled on the ground. In five seconds he was up, only to be sent down in a shorter time. Five seconds later he was up again, only to be battered down a third time. He tried hard, but he couldn't get up. Slowly the referee's rising and falling arm told off the fatal ten seconds. The greatest battle in the history of the ring was ended.—William Inglis in Harper's Weekly.

WILLING TO LEND.

Only Her Husband, the Mean Thing, Had Pinched Her Wad!

Men have something to learn from women in the art of warding off "touchers" for coin. Women respond to such requests once in about every thousand cases, but they are scientific in their refusals. A Cleveland woman with a reputation as a borrower turned up at the home of one of her friends the other morning with a much done over story about a persistent and threatening dressmaker and the usual request for the loan—"pay it back tomorrow, certain"—of $5.

"Why, my dear, certainly," was the pleasant response to her carefully rehearsed little yarn, "you poor thing, you! Just wait till I run upstairs and get my purse."

She ran upstairs. The male head of the house happened to be in the room where she kept her purse. He saw her dig the purse out of a chiffonier drawer and deliberately remove a wad of bills from it, leaving about 37 cents in silver and copper in the change receptacle. The man was mean enough to lean over the stair railing when his wife went downstairs to the parlor with her flattened pocketbook in her hand.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, dearie," he heard her say, "but I really thought I had the money. I find, though, that Frank, as usual, has been at my purse—I heard him say something about settling a plumber's bill last night when I was half asleep—and the mean thing has left me only enough for car fare. Too bad! Of course, you know, if I had it"—and so on.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CURIOUS BLUNDERS.

The Anachronisms That Crowded a Once Famous Poem.

The medieval romances are full of blunders, making contemporaries of men who were separated sometimes by hundreds, sometimes by thousands, of years, but as historical criticism had not then a being and the general information of the age was not superior in any particular to that of the novelist their plans do not amount to much from a literary point of view. Such an instance is the case of Ariosto, who might be supposed to know something at least of the truth of history, but whose once famous poem, "Orlando Furioso," is a tissue of historical absurdities from beginning to end.

In this poem Charlemagne and his peers are joined by Edward I. of England, Richard, earl of Warwick; Clarence and the Dukes of York and Gloucester; cannon are employed hundreds of years before the time of Monk Schwartz, and the Moors are represented as established in Spain in spite of the historic fact that 300 years elapsed after the death of Charlemagne before they crossed from Africa. In one place Prester John, who lived 400 years after Charlemagne, and Constantine the Great, who died five centuries before him, are introduced and hold familiar converse with the great Charles, while in another Saladin and Edward the Confessor are joined by the Black Prince.

A Straight Tip.

"You can't see my husband. He is not at home."

"But, madam, I want to see him the worst way."

"Well, if that's the way you want to see him you'd better sit right there on the steps until he comes from the club."—Houston Post.

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BATTLES WITH LOCUSTS.

In 1780 an Army Was Arrayed Against the Ravaging Pests.

Since the days of the pharaohs the locust has been an unmitigated plague. Pliny relates that in many places in Greece a law obliged the inhabitants to wage war against the insects three times a year—i. e., in their various states of egg, larvae and adult.

In 1749 locusts stopped the army of Charles XII., king of Sweden, as it was retreating from Bessarabia after its defeat at Poltava. The king at first imagined that he was being assailed by a terrific hailstorm.

In Transylvania in 1780 the ravages of the locusts assumed such disastrous proportions that the army had actually to be called out to deal with the pests, and whole regiments of soldiers were employed gathering them up and putting them into sacks.

A weird, uncanny looking customer is the locust. The general color scheme of his body is a kind of indefinite green, relieved by pink legs and wings of a whitish color. Two huge, blank, unmeaning eyes give an expression of utter imbecility to the insect's countenance.

To atone in a measure for their destructive proclivities the locusts are edible. The Arabs are particularly fond of them. Camels, to which they are given after being dried and roasted between two layers of ashes, look upon locusts as great delicacies.

The flavor resembles that of crabs, and in Bagdad they are consumed so extensively as to affect the price of meat.—Stray Stories.

A Historic Spot.

Linlithgow palace, on the shore of the beautiful sheet of water of that name in Scotland, is somewhat square and heavy looking. Linlithgow was the birthplace of Mary, queen of Scots; in Linlithgow church James IV. of Scotland was forewarned by an apparition of the coming disaster at Flodden Field; in its streets the regent Murray was shot; close by the town Edward I. had two ribs broken by his horse the night before Falkirk, and on its loch a chancellor of the exchequer, bent on economy, issued instructions that the royal swans should be kept down to a dozen.—Argonaut.

Good at Arithmetic.

"For goodness' sake, John, how long did you boil these eggs?"

"Just as long as you told me to, my dear."

"Impossible! They're hard as bricks."

"I boiled them just twelve minutes."

"Twelve! Why, I told you that three minutes was long enough for an egg!"

"Yes, dear, but I boiled four of them."—Toledo Blade.

In Musical Terms.

Chief Editor—Look here, Sharpe, here's a fiddler been hanged for murder. How shall I headline it? Musical Editor—How would "Difficult Execution on One String" do?—St. Louis Times.

English as She Is Spoke.

"Must you go?"

"Yes. The wife's sitting up for me, and if I miss the last train I shall catch it."—Lippincott's.

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