Boys and Girls.

LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER.

By Joel Chandler Harris.
(Copyrighted, 1895.)

XIV.

Brother Lion Has a Spell of Sickness.

"The fact is," remarked Mr. Rabbit, "I was just telling the story—if you can call it a story—to please company. If you think the end of Brother Lion's tail is the end of the story, well and good—but it didn't stop there when I told it in my young days. And it didn't stop there when it happened. But maybe I've talked too long and said too much. You know how we gabble when we get old."

"I like to hear you talk," said Sweetest Susan, edging a little closer to Mr. Rabbit and smiling cutely.

Mr. Rabbit took off his glasses and wiped them on his big red handkerchief.

"There's some comfort in that," he declared. "If you really like to hear me talk I'll go right ahead and tell the rest of the story. It's a little rough in spots, but you'll know how to make allowances for that. The creatures had claws and tushes, and where these grow thick and long there's bound to be more or less scratching and biting.

"Of course, when Brother Lion had the wool scalded off his hide he was in a pretty bad condition. He managed to get home, but it was a long time before he could come out and go roaming around the country. As he was the King of the Animals, of course all the rest of the creatures called on him to see how he was getting on. I didn't go myself, because I didn't know how he felt toward me. I was afraid he had heard me laugh when he backed into the hogshead of hot water, though I made believe I was sneezing. Consequently I didn't go and ask him how he was getting on.

"But I went close enough to know that Brother Fox had told Brother Lion a great rigamarole about me. That was Brother Fox's way. In front of your face he was sweeter than sauce and softer than pudding, but behind your back—well, he didn't have any claws, but what tushes he had he showed 'em.

"I never did hear all that Brother Fox said about me in any one place and at any one time, but I heard a little here and a little there, and when it was all patched up and put together it made a great mess. I had done this, and I had done that; I had laughed at Brother Lion behind his back, and I had snickered at him before his face; I had talked about him and made fun of him; and, besides all that, I had never had the politeness to call on him.

"All the other animals found Brother Lion so willing to listen that they learned Brother Fox's lies by heart and went and recited them here and there about the country, and in that way I got hold of the worst of them. The trouble with Brother Fox was that he had an old grudge against me. He had been trying to outdo me for many a long year, but somehow or other he always got caught in his own trap. He had a willing mind and a thick head, and when these get together there's always trouble. The willing mind pushes and the thick head goes with its eyes shut.

"In old times people used to say that Brother Fox was cunning, but I believe they've quit that since the facts have come to light. My experience with him is that he is blessed with about as much sense as a half-grown Guinea pig. He's a pretty swift runner, but he doesn't even know when the time comes to run.

"Of course, when Brother Fox found out that for some reason or other I wasn't visiting Brother Lion he seized the chance to talk about me, and it wasn't such a great while before he managed to make Brother Lion believe that I was the worst enemy he had and the cause of all his trouble.

"I knew pretty well that something of the sort was going on, for every time I'd meet any of the other animals they'd ask me why I didn't call and see Brother Lion. Brother Fox especially was anxious to know why I hadn't gone to ask after Brother Lion's health.

"I put them all off for some time until finally one day I heard that Brother Lion had given Brother Fox orders to catch me and bring me before him. This didn't worry me at all, because I knew that Brother Fox was just as able to catch me as I was to catch a wild duck in the middle of a mill pond. But I concluded I'd go and see Brother Lion and find out all about his health.

"So I went, taking good care to go galloping by Brother Fox's house. He was sitting on his front porch, and I could see he was astonished, but I neither said howdy nor turned my head. I knew he would follow along after.

"When I got to Brother Lion's house everything was very quiet, but I knew Brother Lion was awake, for I heard him groan every time he tried to turn over. So I rapped at the door and then walked in. Brother Lion watched me from under his touseled mane for some time before he said anything. Then he says, says he:

"'What's this I hear?'

"Says I, 'Not having your ears, I can't say.'

"'My ears are as good as anybody's ears,' says he.

"'But I can't hear through them,' says I. "He grunted and grumbled a little over this, because he didn't know what reply to make.

"'You haven't been to see me until now,' says he.

"'No,' says I. 'I knew you were pretty bad off, and so I had no need to come and ask you how you were. I knew I was partly to blame in the matter, and so I went off to see if I couldn't find a cure for you.'

"Says he: 'Don't talk about cures. Everybody that has come to see me has a cure. I've tried 'em all, and now I'm worse off than I was at first.'

"Says I: 'I could have come as often as Brother Fox did, and my coming would have done you just as much good.'

"'I don't know about that,' says he. 'Brother Fox has been mighty neighborly. He has lost sleep on my account, and he has told me a great many things that I didn't know before.'

"'Likely enough,' says I. 'I've known him to tell people a great many things that he didn't know himself. But Brother Fox,' says I, 'was the least of all things in my mind when I found out that you had been scalded by water that was not more than milk warm. I didn't need to be told that when milk warm water scalds the hair off of anybody, something else is the matter besides the scolding.'

"At this, Brother Lion seemed to quiet down a little. He didn't talk so loud and he began to show the whites of his eyes.

"'Yes,' says I, 'Brother Fox is famous for talking behind the door, but I've noticed that he never says anything nice about anybody. You know what he's said about me, but do you know what he said about you? Of course you don't, and I'm not going to tell you, because I don't want you to be worried.'

"'But I'd like to know,' says Brother Lion, says he.

"'It wouldn't do you any good,' says I. 'I could have come here and jowered and made a good deal of trouble, but instead of that I knew of an old friend of mine who knows how to cure hot burns and cold burns, and so I've been off on a long trip to see the witch doctor, old Mammy-Bummy Big Money.'

"'And did you see her?' says Brother Lion, says he.

"'I most certainly did,' says I, 'and, furthermore, I laid the whole case before her. I had to travel far and wide to find her, but when I did find her, I asked her to tell me what was good for a person who had been scalded by milk warm water. She asked me three times the name of the person, and three times I told her. Then she lit a pine splinter, blew it out, and watched the smoke scatter. There was something wrong, for she shook her head three times.'

"'What did Mammy-Bummy Big Money say?' says Brother Lion, says he. His voice sounded very weak.

"'She said nothing,' says I. 'She watched the smoke scatter, and then she put her hands before her face and rocked from side to side. After that she walked back and forth, and when she sat down again she took off her left slipper, shook the gravel out and counted it as it fell. Once more she asked me the name of the person who had been scalded in milk warm water, and once more I told her.'

"'Wait!' says Brother Lion, says he. 'Do you mean to tell me the water I fell in was only milk warm?'

"'Says I, 'It seemed so to me. I had just washed my face and hands in it.'

"'Well, well, well!' says Brother Lion. 'What else did she say?' says he.

"'I don't like to tell you,' says I—and just about that time Brother Fox walked in.

"'But you must tell me,' says Brother Lion, says he.

"'Well,' says I, 'if I must I will, but I don't like to. When Mammy-Bummy Big Money had counted the white pebbles that fell from her slipper, and asked me the name of the person who was scalded in milk warm water, she told me that he could be cured by poulticing the burns with the fresh hide of his best friend. I asked her the name of this friend, but she shook her head and said she would call no names. Then she said that your best friend had short ears, a sharp nose, keen eyes, slim legs and bushy tail!'

"Brother Lion shut his eyes and pretended to be thinking. I looked at Brother Fox as solemnly as I knew how, and shook my head slowly. Brother Fox got mighty restless. He got up and walked around.

"'Well, well, well!' says Brother Lion, says he. 'That might mean Brother Wolf, or it might mean Brother Fox.'

"'I expect it means Brother Wolf,' says Brother Fox.

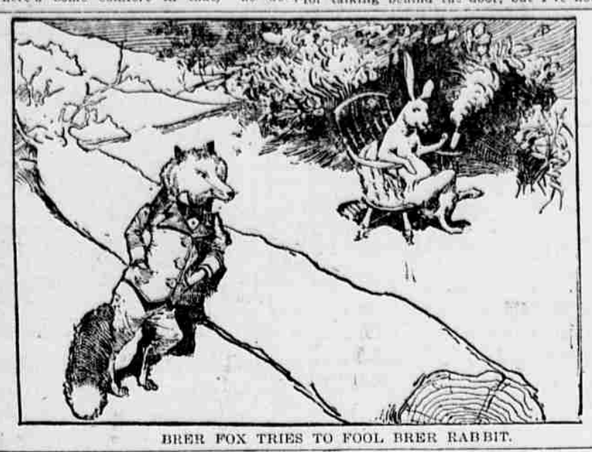
"'Why, you don't mean to stand up here and say right before Brother Lion's face and eyes that Brother Wolf is a better friend to him than you are!' says I.

"Brother Fox's mouth fell open and his tongue hung out, and just about that time I made my best bow, and put out for home."

"But did Brother Lion try the remedy?" Buster John inquired, as Mr. Rabbit paused and began to light his pipe.

"I think Brother Lion caught him and skinned him. It's a great pity if he didn't. But I'll not be certain. So many things have happened since then that I disremember about the hide business. But you may be sure Brother Lion was very superstitious. My best opinion is that he tried the cure."

(To be Continued.)



BRER FOX TRIES TO FOOL BRER RABBIT.

BRER LION ILL.

TRAINED BEASTS.

Extraordinary Employments of Wild and Domestic Animals.

In many countries the fish-catching powers of the otter are taken advantage of, and this falcon of the water is trained to perform, in the sea or river, tasks similar to those fulfilled by the falcon in the air. Bishop Heber mentions having seen lying on the bank of a river, in China, a number of tame otters, tethered by long ropes attached to collars woven of straw. The animal is captured when very young, and fed entirely on bread and milk, not being allowed a morsel of fish. An artificial fish is then tied to a string and the otter taught to retrieve it. A real fish is next substituted; and the otter is punished if he mangles it and rewarded if he brings it to his master uninjured.

The Chinese fish with tethered otters, and as soon as the animal seizes a fish they haul it into the boat and force it to relinquish its prey by stamping on its tail.

The Chinese also train the cormorant as a fish catcher. A ring is slipped over the neck of each bird just loosely enough to let it breathe freely, but tight enough to prevent its swallowing. When the bird has given up its victim its master raises the ring and rewards it with a morsel of fish.

In the timber trade of Ceylon elephants are very important factors, and are found immensely useful in piling the timber. Once taught its task, it will continue to work without the aid of an overseer. Other elephants are trained to act as builders and to summon the overseer as soon as they have laid a course of stones, so as to obtain his approval before they begin on the next. One of these animals was observed by the overseer to stand in front of a certain portion of the wall so as to hide it from observation. The overseer insisted upon seeing it, whereupon the elephant, who had "scamped" a portion of his work, voluntarily pulled down the defective portion and relaid it.

One of the most remarkable dogs of the present day was Diable, who engaged in the inland smuggling trade on the continent. For a long time he was the terror of the customs officers, for he surpassed his human instructors in the way he evaded the duties on silks and laces which he carried beneath his false coat of shaggy hair. His culminating feat was riding twenty miles under the running gear of the cart which contained the officers who were on the lookout for him. Another dog of remarkable sagacity belonged to a shoeblack in Paris. With a view to improving business, he used to dip his paws in the mud, and then soil the boots of the first person that passed along. The dog was bought by an Englishman, who was amused and charmed by his trick, but the faithful little creature escaped to Dover, crossed to Calais, and found his way to his old master in Paris.

There is a kind of dog named "turnspit," descended from ill-made hounds, which they resemble in body, but have very short and even crooked legs. They are also said to be derived from terriers. The name comes from the duty to which man sets them, forcing them to turn the kitchen-spit, on which the fowl or meat is roasted before the open fire. The dog was put into an enclosed wheel, placed at the end of the spit, which he had to tread, causing it to revolve. It is a curious fact that now the office is abandoned, the race has become nearly extinct. The Duke de Liancourt had in his kitchen two turnspits, which took their turns regularly every other day in the wheel; one of them, not liking his employment, hid himself one day when his turn came, and his companion was forced to mount the wheel in his stead. The latter was so angry that he conducted the cook to the garret, where the idle dog was hidden, and killed him.

In many parts of the province of Canton, in China, the orange trees are infested with worms, and to get rid of these pests the natives import ants from the neighboring hills. The ants are trapped by holding the mouth of a lard bladder to their nests. Full of the little creatures, these bladders are placed among the branches of the orange trees, where they form colonies, and to facilitate their movements bamboo rods are laid from tree to tree. They soon disperse through the orangeries and exterminate the worms.

GATHERING COCOANUTS.

The delicacy of scent which the pig possesses in a remarkable degree has been turned to the use of man. The celebrated sow, named "Slut," in the early part of this century in England, was taught by her master, a game keeper, to mark game like a pointer. In some respects she surpassed the dogs at their own business, having frequently detected a covey of close-lying birds, which the dog had missed. She was not restricted to one kind of game, but in a single day was known to point partridges, pheasants, black game, snipes and rabbits; but for some unexplained reason she never took any notice of hares.

On the continent, truffle hunters train pigs to discover the fungi by scent. When the pig smells a truffle, he begins to grub up the ground with his snout.

Nowadays no one but the organ grinder makes use of monkeys, but in past days advantage was taken of their instincts, and especially of their curiosity and imitativeness to capture them. Le Vaillant, a noted traveler, tells us the natives of southern Africa make use of the common baboon when the supply of water is exhausted. They keep him without water for several days, until he is nearly mad, and then they lead him out, attached to a long rope, knowing that if water is in the neighborhood he will surely find it.

But the Egyptians succeeded in training the monkey to pluck fruit from trees. They did not muzzle the animals, but allowed them to eat as much as they liked, thus anticipating the law of Moses regarding the oxen which tread out the corn.

In the Jumina country, which lies to the south of Abyssinia, monkeys are still taught several useful accomplishments. Among them is officiating as torch-bearers at supper parties, when, seated in a row on a raised bench, they hold the lights till the guests depart, and patiently await their own repast, given as a reward for their services.

Sometimes the party is alarmed by an unruly monkey throwing his lighted torch into the midst of the unsuspecting guests, but fortunately the ladies there do not wear muslin dresses. The elaborate use of a stick and no supper punishes the offender for his disobedience.

It is said that the apes of Siam are very popular among the Siamese merchants as cashiers in their counting houses. An enormous amount of base coins are known to be in circulation in Siam, and it is very difficult to detect the counterfeit money. No human being can discriminate between the good and bad coin with as much accuracy as these apes, and no trained banker can compete with them in their peculiar specialty. In pursuing his employment the ape cashier meditatively puts each coin presented to him in his mouth and tests it gravely. From two to five seconds is sufficient time for him to make his decision as to its merits. If the coin is good, he carefully puts it into the proper receptacle; if base, it is violently thrown to the floor, while Mr. Monkey makes his displeasure known by his angry chatter.

Said the Wise Man.

Justice to one is mercy to thousands.

It is pitiful to see the penalties which folly has to pay.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burdens of it for another.

We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.

A clear conscience can rest easy on a bed of granite, while an evil one would be uneasy on one of swansdown.

There is no computing the number of times we have served as a link in the chain of the inevitable in the lives of those whose paths we have crossed.

IDEAL CITY GOVERNMENT

Expertness, Integrity and Safeguards from Corruption Great Essentials.

SIDELIGHT FLASHES ON CIVIC AFFAIRS

Founders of Our Cities Lacked Foresight and Wisdom—Rural Legislators Ignorant of City Needs—Cities Should Make Their Own Laws.

The administration of municipal affairs may be compared to the running of an engine. The most skillful engineer finds his art crippled by an inferior locomotive, while the grandest monster of steel and iron ever put together in a railway shop is impotent to do its best without a well instructed brain and a responsible conscience to direct it. The essentials of good government are three in number, viz: Officers who are experts in the departments, officers who are men of honor and integrity, and an organization which can be run with slight friction and the minimum number of loopholes for corruption. Our field of inquiry is the last of these three—the ideal city machine—though as we pass along we may be able to flash a side light now and then upon the question of securing able and honorable men. City government at the present time takes its foundation from the devil's book of proverbs; it is government of the people by the bosses for the ring. The increase of cities in population and in area was not foreseen by the pioneers who first founded them. Nothing less than the mystical insight of a prophet could have predicted that the hamlet of fifty or seventy-five years ago was destined to become a human beehive into which farms and villages and country towns were to pour swarms of gold hunters or searchers for learning. Like the fisherman in the "Arabian Nights" fable, they did not dream of the giant force held prisoner within so little compass, and would have been beyond measure astonished to see the contents of one small casket stretch out into the towering stature of a colossal genuis. The result of this failure to measure possibility of growth held in that womb of the future was a want of provision for that growth. Charters were secured altogether too narrow for the young municipality to grow in; something on the Chinese plan of bandaging the feet of children to prevent their enlargement. The torture of this last process is said to be agonizing; certainly the misery and wrong inflicted upon a city's future by such short-sighted treatment are not less terrible. I do not here criticise the rectitude of the invention of the founders of our cities. Their foresight and wisdom alone were at fault. But the blunders of the parents are visited upon the children, as well as their sins, and we are reaping the harvest of corruption sown by our founders' want of faith in the future of a city of their own building. A narrow-gauge charter was granted by the state legislature, and as soon as it needed extension the legislature must again be appealed to. This threw the work into the hands of those members of the legislature who represented city districts. The country member was ignorant of city needs and could be led by the nose to consent to any measure which would line his pocket. The tampering of state legislatures with city charters is and has been infamous; it has been an open door to unwise and interested interference with city officers amounting to the creation of an irresponsible oligarchy over the heads of the voters. A city had in one instance elected republicans upon its municipal ticket; the legislature was democratic in the main. The democrats in the legislature simply changed the city's charter, turned everything topsy turvey, threw out the republicans just elected and voted themselves in. The first step in reform must begin with this matter. Legislatures should frame general rules for city organization and leave the more definite framing of the city's charter to the citizens of the town, with the proviso that resubmission be allowed if reform be needed in the future.

We must also remember that the growth of cities involves the expenditure of immense sums of public improvements. Now there is no fund of experience to draw in this particular. The plan of government for a nation can be compared with those of other republics or monarchies which have lived and fallen in the near or remote past. We are the heirs of their experience. We can look at our own plans in the light of their efforts and profit by their mistakes or improve upon their successes. In a municipal administration little can thus be learned; things must be done on a scale undreamed of by Athens, or Rome, or Venice, or Florence. In the work of housing, feeding or otherwise caring for a million or half a million of human beings, so as to encourage health, distribute labor and provide for comfort, we are pioneers.

Then there are two other factors to be taken into account in this prelude to our answer to the problem: There is the indifference of intelligent citizens and the existence of a class of ignorant foreign voters. Good citizens, so called, do not care to vote, and foreigners do not know how to vote. The men who ought to vote are disgusted with the rotteness of politics which their own neglect is helping to create, and the men who are unfit to vote are snared in the web of cunning demagogues whose livelihood depends upon keeping politics corrupt. In New York in 1890 100,0000 of its best citizens did not even register, and the Tammany tiger would have been in power until this moment had it not been for the unflinching perseverance, the sturdy honor, and the belief that good government was as much God's cause as good churchmanship, which made one man go to the front as the champion of righteousness and purity in city life. Single-handed he hewed his way through misunderstanding, contempt, slander and heartache, until today wherever the name of Dr. Parkhurst is spoken the Tammany sachem strikes his tomahawk into a tree, folds his hands and bows his head in submission and begins to chant his death song.

Beneath ideal municipal conditions there must lie three axioms: First, government of the people for the people and by the people; second, the government of a city is business, not politics; third, charters are subjects of divine inspiration and sanctified common sense.

Of these three points the second needs a passing explanation. The only two parties which have a rational basis for existence in city elections are the citizens or municipal party and the boodle party. At present the national parties are in control for boodle only. In the politics of the nation issues are defined in the platform; any one can decide where the party stands upon questions in dispute, but in the city these issues do not exist, and nothing is left for the parties to do but to fight for the spoils alone. The nation and the city have different needs, and to make the same parties share in the politics of both is as absurd as for a gold washing machine to be expected to turn out loaves of bread or pictures. The best way to break up this party spirit seems to me to be, first, to create a platform broad enough to include the better citizens of both parties who are really interested in good city investigation, and second, to organize a committee of investigation, whose work shall be simply to unearth and bring to light and expose the dark and wicked schemes perpetrated behind the scenes in every department of city politics.

And now we reach the constructive part of this essay. Exposure is insufficient of itself. There must be a determined effort at changed conditions; in other words, every movement which aims at municipal reform must offer its well wishers a program of action as a substitue for the present twisted and unhappy state of affairs. At the beginning we criticised our city founders for clothing the child they brought into the world in a suit too small for him and full of holes. Now we must find another suit, which shall be as elastic as a suit of air, and yet as tight fitting as the unmentionables of a gymnast in the circus.

First of all, then, in the ideal city there must be centralization of responsibility. This may sound terrible in the ears of true believes in a popular government, but I hope explanation will rob the scorpion of his sting. There are only two proposals before the world, so far as my reading goes, which offer a practical solution of the problem of municipal business, viz: Bipartisan boards and a single responsible executive at the head of each department. Bipartisan boards are boards, as the name implies, in which an equal number of citizens of both parties are placed in charge of each department. This plan has several grave defects; first, no one is head; there are four heads instead of one. Now every one knows that the worst of having too many cooks is not that they spoil the broth, but that we cannot tell which particular one we ought to kick. Responsibility cannot be fixed when there are many in charge. Public service should be so arranged that one man can be called to account for any and every misdemeanor and indiscretion. Explanations should be as free and frank as the daylight, and how can we get them from a board composed of individuals whose personal interests are in all likelihood keenly enlisted to cover up any nefarious transaction. Again, who will guarantee that the members of a board will always be of one and the same mind in respect to city improvements, or to any movement demanding concert of action. In closing gambling houses, for instance, it has been pointed out that each member might give contrary instructions from the other, the board thus playing a perpetual game of see-saw, independent of regard for the public service or the public weal. Besides this, boards of any kind are apt to do their business independent of each other. One board tears up the pavement for sewers, another for gas, another for water, all at different times and in spite of the outcries of long-suffering and much abused taxpayers. Then I believe such boards to be wrong in principle, for they do not wipe out party spirit from city politics; they only split the difference between the partisanship of one party and that of another. In such a system merit and intelligence, or fitness for the place, would find it impossible to secure an appointment, and to the partisans alone would belong the spoils.

The second of these methods consists of a single executive or mayor, with the right to appoint single heads for every department of the government. This is the only strong plan. It is an application of the principle on which our federal government is based, the mayor standing in place of the president, and the heads of the various departments being his cabinet. If this is not one-man power in a national administration why should it be called one-man power in city administration? If 60,000,000 of people can trust one man with the nation's business, why cannot a city of 150,000 people trust one man with the same work on a vastly smaller scale for two or three years?

One objection to the vesting of the appointive power in the hands of a mayor is his probable incapacity. Experts are needed to handle city business, as we pointed out at the beginning. Now, instead of the mayor of a city being selected from among the inexperienced citizens in a municipality, it seems better to adopt the German plan of professional mayors. It is a custom of that country to call the mayor of one city who has demonstrated his ability in that sphere to take charge of the executive department of a larger city, much as ministers are called from one parish to another. The moral character and administrative effectiveness of a mayor thus stand always at a premium. Cream will rise to the surface, and out of a list of candidates gathered from within the confines of the state, or if need be from the larger area of the nation, experts could be selected who would do justice to this high and important position. The council's power to overrule the mayor's veto should require a four-fifths vote in ordinary cases, and in matters of money or the granting of franchises the vote should be unanimous.

The police power is a state function, and I have often wondered upon what principle it could be granted to a city without impairing the state's rights as a commonwealth, bound to protect the lives and liberties of all citizens within its sphere. If the municipality is still to exercise this power as the deputy of the state, then there should be one police commissioner appointed by the mayor, and removable at his pleasure, having absolute control over the entire administration of the police department. The expenses of this department should illustrate poetic justice by being paid from saloon licenses, funds for prostitution, etc. Let the devil pay the salaries of those who help to keep him in order.

There are two remaining points on which I must write a few words; the time is too limited for more than a brief allusion. First, the municipalization of water, gas, electric and street railway plants. The city should own these indispensable conveniences for the sake of economy if for nothing else. In Berlin, from the year 1827, under the ownership of a company, gas cost $2.40 per thousand feet. The city built its own plant upon the expiration of the franchise and the price fell at once to one-half of the former figure, $1.20. The present price is only 96 cents, and yet the city makes a yearly profit of $1,300,000, or nearly $1 per inhabitant. A moment's computation will show us how much Omaha's taxpayers are giving away every year to their gas corporation at the same rate—i. e., about $125,000.

In Toronto, Canada, the street railway franchise granted in 1861 terminated three years ago. The city bought out the company for $1,500,000, the price being fixed by arbitration. The franchise was then put up for sale to the highest bidder, hedged in by conditions so stringent and favorable to the city as to sound almost comically one-sided. The city controls the extension of the system; it decides the rate of speed and the amount of service to be given on every street; at certain hours the fares must be lowered for the convenience of working men and school children by the sale of tickets; passengers may be transferred from one branch to any other in a given direction without extra fare; the city prevents overcrowding by fixing the maximum number of passengers which may be carried in each car; other provisions exist regulating the working hours of employes, the general character and style of the cars, the duties of conductors and the mode of operation in the streets. Now, what do you think the city gets for this? It receives a rental of $800 a year for each mile of single track, and it further receives percentages on the gross receipts, as follows: (I quote from an article by Albert Shaw in the Review of Reviews for September): On all gross receipts up to $1,000,000, per annum, 8 per cent; between $1,000,000 and $1,500,000, 10 per cent; between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000, 15 per cent; over $3,000,000, 20 per cent. These percentage payments are made monthly, and the city officials have the fullest liberty to inspect the books and accounts of the street railway company. These are not the figures of a juggler; they represent caustic facts, and they preach to every citizen the gospel: "Stand still, look, learn and be wise."

The municipalization of those industries which serve the public at large is dreaded by many from fear of increased corruption and dishonesty. This, it seems to me, could be avoided in part by the method above suggested, of concentrating responsibility in the hands of one official, responsible to the public, and appointing his own superintendents or commissioners over the various departments of administration, and then also by the second safeguard, of which we are to write, viz: The introduction of the principle of civil service reform into every municipal bureau. The clerks and subordinates of each department should be compelled to pass a strict examination as regards their qualifications for the office applied for, and should be required to furnish over and above any bond a certificate of good character from six freeholders of the city and from at least one minister. Then, from the list of names of such men submitted by the board, the commissioner may pick out his deputies and clerks as he pleases without danger to the public weal.

There is a vast deal more to be spoken of; the council of one chamber emancipated from the fear of the bosses, with curtailed legislative power; the fire system, which should, above all others, be controlled by experts; the saloons, which I would organize on the Gothenburg principle, so as to eliminate all profit from the sale of liquor; the pavements of asphalt for the lighter vehicles, and granite for heavy teaming; the sewerage, which should be received in immense underground tanks and sold as a fertilizer, the refuse being burned in a crematory; the public schools, each surrounded by its campus, where military drill should be compulsory, at least for the boys; the manual training established in every city; the large school, one of which should be market house in the center of the town, with its low, flat roof laid out for a public pleasure garden, on the European plan; the library and art institute and free swimming baths, with the yearly provision for their maintenance; the spacious parks, with a gymnasium in each; the horticultural gardens, maintained by their entrance fees, as in Toronto; and so on, until the perfect environment has been created.

With the revenue from municipalized public works and the decrease in corruption, but little extra taxation will be required for these improvements. Philadelphia pays 18 per cent of her expenses every year with the income from her gas works alone. Berlin pays 17 per cent with the same. Why cannot Omaha?

Behind this reformed municipality, however, and most important of all, is the need of a sensitive and determined civic conscience; a body of citizens too broad to allow personal or party interests to dominate their minds in the consideration of municipal problems, sincere in their search for truth about city conditions, inflexible in their determination that righteousness shall come in city life to terminate the reign of sharks, pirates and hypocrites, who now prey upon the people's money; citizens who will give more of thought or good advice, who will give hard work and personal service for the enactment of civic wrongs and blunders.

L. P. D. LLWYD

A HARP OF THE WEST.

"A Harp of the West" is the title of a little book of verse from the pen of Isabel Richey of Plattsmouth. This recent addition to literature is published by Charles Wells Moulton of Buffalo, N. Y.

It is a production which will doubtless be popularized by true merit. "A Harp of the West" plays forty-seven tunes in a poetical way and possesses the true chords of harmony.

There is a versatility and a general excellence within the covers of this book which make it a volume of interest to people who admire clean cut versification, and it is doubly interesting to Nebraskans in view of the fact that western talent is thus so clearly defined.

Among the best productions of "A Harp of the West" are the poems on "Millionaire's Dream," "Denial," "Pictures," "Have You No Child?" "Love is a Prism" and "What Would You Choose?"

The old soldiers are remembered with a pretty reference to "The Flag and the Flowers," in which the poet says, with tender reverence:

Gather the flowers of orchard and meadow,
Roses and lilies and sweet mignonette,
Bind them in wreaths with the fern and the clover,
To cover the heroes we cannot forget.

Red, white and blue, let the grand colors mingle,
Red of the sunlight and red of the rose,
White of the moonlight through which they were marching,
White of the lilies and cold winter snows;
Blue of the sky in the hot August weather,
Blue of the steel which their bayonets bore,
Mingle in order their colors together,
Bind them with laurel and cover them o'er.
Sweet may their slumbers be under the daisies,
Soft may they rest in the bosom of earth,
Thousands today are singing their praises,
Thousands on thousands are telling their worth.

Miss Richey presents this gem of thought, "We Are the Sculptors:"

We are the sculptors, Life the marble block,
And what we carve unchangeable must stand,
Firm then should be the purpose and the hand,
Unfalt'ring, lest our execution mock
Our fair design. Let no newcomer knock
Upon our door with smile and promise bland,
Enticing us. Hear naught but the command
Of that stern faithful sentinel—the clock.

The following happy originality on "The Owl" is sprightly and refreshing:

An old owl sat on a broken tree,
He cried "To-wit! To-woo!"
The night was dark as it well could be,
But he cared naught for the dark, not he,
To-wit; to-wit! to-woo!

A maiden fair and a dashing beau,
Presumably to woo,
Came strolling by that way, you know;
They walked, as lovers do, quite slow;
To-woo! to-woo! to-woo!

Now this brave youth had vainly tried
To woo! to woo! to woo!
And ask the maid to be his bride,
But his tongue hung motionless and tied,
To-wit! to-wit! to-woo!

But when the owl in the darkness said:
"To-wit! to-woo! to-woo!"
His tongue was loosened in his head,
His courage rose, and his fear it fled,
To-wit! to-wit! to-woo!

"The bird's in sympathy, you see;
He cries 'To-woo! to-woo!'
Oh! Mary, dear, shall we wedded be,
For I love you; do you love me?"
To-wit! to-wit! to-woo!

The maiden blushed till the woods were light,
To hear her lover woo!
It made the old owl blink with fright
To see the day come in the night,
He cried out, "Woo! to-woo!"

"The City of Peace" is a pathetic feature of the book, well rounded and not strained. "My Creed," "How Long Does It Take to Forget?" "Promises," "Procrastination," "Second Love" and "Victory" also possess flavor of the true poesy and deserve mention.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Mamma," said little Elsie, as the family circle was discussing acquaintances, "I know two men; one is a gentleman and the other is papa."

Uncle John—You boys fight a great deal, don't you? The Twins—Yes, sir. "Who whips generally?" "Ma does."

Fond Mother—Clarence, didn't I overhear you praying at bedtime for God to keep Willie Wiggles from harm during the night? Little Clarence—Yep! I wanted him spared so's I could lick the stuffin' out of him today.

Little Sister—Any new studies this term? Little Brother—One—elocution. "What's that?" "It's learnin' how to read a thing so it will sound as if you was at the other end of a drain pipe."

"What lessons should we learn, Wendell," asked the Sunday school teacher, "from this story of demoniacal possession?" "One of the lessons we should learn from it," replied the little Boston boy, "is that the word demoniacal is accented on the antepenultimate."

Grandma—Now, Robbie, what kind of pie do you like best? Robbie—I don't know what you'd call it, but it's what takes a whole pie to make one piece.

Neighbor—Johnny! Don't you know that your mother has been calling you for the last half hour? Johnny (at play)—Yes'm, I hear her. "Then why don't you answer her?" "I'm 'fraid I'll strain my voice so I can't join in the hymns next Sunday."

Teacher—Suppose you had $89 and gave $20 away, how would you ascertain how many you had left? Bright Boy—I'd count them.

Mamma—You never see Tommy Jones playing about the trolley car tracks or running before the cars. Teddy—'Taint no fun for him. Mamma—Why isn't it? Teddy—His mamma never said he mustn't.

"Katie," sternly exclaimed the little girl's father at the breakfast table, "you are too noisy! I shall certainly have to punish you." "Well, there ain't anybody holdin' you, is there?" replied Katie, with flashing eyes and quivering lip.

"What did Noah live on when the flood had subsided and his provisions in the ark were exhausted?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her class one Sunday. "I know," squeaked a little girl, after all the others had given up. "Well, what?" inquired the teacher. "Dry land," said the child wisely; and the answer passed.

The Doctor's Escape.

"The worst I was ever frightened," said a doctor to the Cincinnati Enquirer, "was when called at midnight to attend a man reported to be in a dying condition. When I reached his bedside he was dead and had been for several hours. His wife stood near seemingly calm, and when I told her that her husband was dead, she said: 'He is not dead—you are a physician and you must cure him. If you do not I will kill you.' I looked at her and saw that I was alone with a maniac. In her hand she grasped a pistol, and it was evident that she was determined to use it if I did not restore life to her husband. I knew that I must keep my self-possession or all would be lost, and felt his pulse, leaned over him as if listening to his heart beats, and finally said: 'You are right. He is not dead, but must not be disturbed; he will awaken in the morning. As soon as he awakes give him this medicine,' and I poured some drops into a glass of water. Fortunately the woman was satisfied and allowed me to leave. It was a very narrow escape, and I felt relieved when the woman was taken to an insane asylum."

It is reported that Governor Budd will reorganize the militia of California in anticipation of a possible engineers' strike on the Southern Pacific.

Yale's Hair Tonic

Ladies and Gentlemen—It affords me great pleasure to call the attention of the public to Yale's Excelsior Hair Tonic, which is the first and only remedy known to chemistry which positively turns gray hair back to its original color without dye. It has gone on record that Mme. M. Yale—wonderful woman chemist—has made this most valuable of all chemical discoveries. Mme. Yale personally endorses its action and gives the public her solemn guarantee that it has been tested in every conceivable way, and has proved itself to be the only Hair Specific. It stops hair falling immediately and creates a luxurious growth. Contains no injurious ingredient. Physicians and chemists invited to analyze it. It is not sticky or greasy; on the contrary it makes the hair soft, youthful, fluffy, and keeps it in curl. For gentlemen and ladies with hair a little gray, streaked gray, entirely gray, and with BALD HEADS, it is specially recommended.

All druggists sell it. Price, $1.00.

If Anybody Offers a Substitute Shun Them.

MME. M. YALE, Health and Complexion Specialist, Yale Temple of Beauty, No. 146 State street, Chicago.

Dewey & Stone Furniture Co.

SPECIAL PRICES FOR MARCH

Chamber Suits

We show over one hundred and fifty designs, in price from $7.75 to $525.00. We offer a large number of suits in Bird's Eye Maple, Curly Birch, Mahogany, Cherry and Antique Oak, from 10 to 50 per cent discount.

WE ARE OVERSTOCKED —ON— PARLOR GOODS,

And have put a price on each piece to make it move, our elegant line of Sofas, Divans, Easy and Reception Chairs, Fancy Rockers, etc., are marked at about one-half their actual value. Will also quote very low figures on any goods made to order this month.

OUR LINE OF Dining Room FURNITURE

Is large and complete in every detail. We offer rare bargains in this department and can show you some beautiful things in Antique Oak and Mahogany. Brass and Iron Bedsteads, Dressing Tables, Chiffoniers, Parlor Cabinets, Banquet Lamps, Parlor Tables, Music Cabinets, Ladies' Desks, Folding Beds, Mattresses, and in fact everything in our line is going at lower prices than ever before quoted by any house on first-class quality of goods.

Drapery Dept.
FIRST FLOOR.

DEWEY & STONE Furniture Co.,
1115-1117 FARNAM ST.

Teeth Without Plates

BAILEY, DENTIST.
Paxton Block, 16th and Farnam Sts.
Tel. 1085.

Full Set Teeth.....$5 00 | Silver Fillings.....$1 00
Best Teeth.....7 50 | Pure Gold Fillings 0
Thin Plate.....10 00 | Gold Crowns—22k. 6 0
Painless Extract'n 50c | Bridge Teeth—tooth 6 00

Teeth Out in Morning, New Teeth Same Day

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT is sold under positive written guarantee, by authorized agents only, to cure Weak Memory; Loss of Brain and Nerve Power; Lost Manhood; Quickness; Night Losses; Evil Dreams; Lack of Confidence; Nervousness; Lassitude; all Drains; Loss of Power of the Generative Organs in either sex, caused by over-exertion, Youthful Errors, or Excessive Use of Tobacco, Opium or Liquor, which leads to Misery, Consumption, Insanity and Death. By mail, $1 a box; six for $5, with written guarantee to cure or refund money. West's Liver Pills cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia and Constipation. GUARANTEES issued only by Goodman Drug Co. Omaha.