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FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

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HUNTING A NEW LEADER

With Mr. Bryan in old Mexico, speaking rest, the Iroquois club of Chicago, one of the staunch democratic organizations of the country, has already started a still hunt for a new leader, hoping to find an acceptable standard bearer for the 1912 campaign.

The club has planned a dinner on Jackson day, at which the list of eligibles will be put through their paces. A Chicago dispatch says: The club has invited the democratic governors and governors-elect of five states to foregather in Chicago on that date and at a suitable banquet to express their thoughts.

Unfortunately the full list of invited guests is not given. The invitations include "phrase leaves room for speculation and conjecture. Mr. Bryan may or may not be invited and there is nothing to show whether the democratic governors of the south are to be present or he required to take their medicine and support the leaders selected by the northern democrats, just as they have always done.

But the real question is, Will the new democratic leader come out of this list of guests? Governors-elect Harmon of Ohio, Marshall of Indiana and Shallenberger of Nebraska won by the help of the "wet end" of a temperance fight and neither of them can claim that his election was due to a growth of national democracy in his state.

EMPHASIZING ECONOMY. President Roosevelt has made it known that in his forthcoming message to congress he will recommend that the utmost care be exercised in pruning appropriations for the maintenance of the government for the ensuing fiscal year to end with June, 1910.

The condition of the federal finances makes the need for economy in expenditures imperative. The deficit for the last fiscal year was about \$60,000,000, and all indications are that the deficit for the present fiscal year, ending with June, will be fully \$100,000,000.

Samuel Compers declares that he is not a democrat. By the way, has the New-York World had a satisfactory answer to its question, "What is a democrat?"

The framers of that constitutional amendment enlarging the supreme court evidently made a mistake. They should have named the appointment of the new judges in the State Bar association.

General Menocal, the defeated candidate for president of Cuba, says he will be a candidate at the next election and will keep on trying until he lands the prize or dies.

WHAT DOES HE STAND FOR?

Mr. Bryan is strong because of the things he stands for.—World-Herald last Sunday. If Mr. Bryan is strong because of the things he stands for, what is it he stands for?

Does Mr. Bryan stand for free trade, that he advocated when in congress? No one else of consequence in this country stands for free trade, so how can his free trade ideas make him strong?

The retirement of Robert Dempster from the school board is to be regretted. But if he had to resign, would it not have been better to have handed in the resignation a few weeks sooner and to have let the people fill the place by choosing a successor at the last election?

Our new high school principal declares that as a result of personal investigation he has found the defects of graduates who have gone into the business world "seldom on the technical side of education." He should examine their handwriting and their spelling.

One of Mr. Bryan's closest friends declares that "Nebraska is no place for him and never was." Mr. Bryan, himself, however, has not yet admitted his mistake in locating in Nebraska.

Nations with a notion of picking trouble with the United States will learn something to their disadvantage by reading the record of the battleship Nebraska in target practice.

Who wants to be superintendent of the city hall when the present incumbent is promoted to the command of the Milford Soldiers' home? Don't all speak at once.

Why, of course, the Standard Oil business is hazardous. The price of Monaco at Monte Carlo conducts a hazardous business and makes a sure profit of \$3,000,000 a year.

It is a little severe on the part of our Italian guest to compare Bryan with Culline. Still there is one question in Culline's oration that might reasonably be asked of him: "Quousque tandem, abutere Bryan, patientia nostra?"

FEASTS THAT WERE FEASTS.

Sample instances of Big Blowouts—A Few Centuries Ago. Thanksgiving stands to most not as a memorial to the Pilgrim Fathers, nor yet as a day of sacred gratitude for prosperity and crops, but rather as a holiday marked by a feast.

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BITS OF WASHINGTON LIFE.

Senator Burrows of Michigan displays great disrespect for the vote of the District of Columbia. He doesn't care whether it comes his way or not; in fact, he doesn't want it in his business, for if he did want it, the chances of capturing a majority would be mighty slim.

The newspapers are telling a story about the wind whistling \$2,500 in gold certificates from the hands of a New York man and the crowd picking up the money and returning every bit of it to its owner.

The vote to erect a new court house on the site of the old one is already bearing fruit in stimulating private building enterprise in the immediate vicinity. That is where the taxpayers recoup themselves.

The Tennessee legislature is to pass a resolution asking for the disarmament of nations. It should also pass one demanding the disarmament of Tennessee editors and politicians.

The women of Washington evidently regret that they are not endowed with the right of suffrage. For, no doubt, every one of them—those married and the maidens who have listened to stories from their mothers, and sooner or later are to become wives—all rose up and called Judge Mulwony a sweet man.

Judge Mulwony dismissed the complaint and in doing so made the observation that any married woman, at any time and under any sort of provocation, had the legal, social and religious right to search her husband's clothes for money, marbles, chalk, long strands of hair, strange-looking notes and the like.

A correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle says that Indiana politicians in Washington are telling a good story about the way the thrifty Hoosier republicans employed a large amount of the campaign fund sent out there by the national committee to carry the state for Taft.

According to reliable information the local leaders bet all of this money on Tom Marshall, the democratic candidate for governor, and made a big killing. They bet on Bryan or whether Taft or Bryan captured Indiana and realized their candidature for governor, Jim Watson, was in for a licking.

With the nearness of the holiday season orders from the Treasury Department have started the coining machines in Uncle Sam's mint on an overtime rush, turning out copper pennies. A round million were coined last year, and they were soon lost sight of after they passed into general circulation.

The "see folk" whose tastes and desires do not run into extravagant lines, are able to get fully as much goodness and undisturbed pleasure out of a dozen or more bright shining brand new copper cents, which to them are just as attractive as gold coin, as they would from the higher denominations of money.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar. MADE FROM GRAPES. Of greatest healthfulness and usefulness. No alum or phosphate acids. Absolutely PURE.

PERSONAL NOTES.

New York courts have decided that personal bets are legal. The belief that they are foolish was not touched upon.

It has been discovered that William Howard Taft is the first president since Chester Alan Arthur to have a middle name. Yet middle names are the rule rather than the exception.

Dampkibactisakabak is the title of a Norwegian ship owning corporation now a plaintiff in the supreme court of New York. The opposing lawyers are careful not to refer to it by its title.

Francis George, a hermit, of Mosherville, N. Y., who died recently at the age of 83, had for years walked annually fifty miles to Albany to collect the interest on the money he had deposited there.

William Barry, an American engineer, has been selected by Finance Minister Koylovoff to be president of the Nevsky Shipbuilding company of Russia. The company is controlled by the government and it gets a large share of the naval construction work.

A New York man of means has put aside cigars and taken up the pipe as a measure of economy. When an astonished friend asked why he pointed to the costume worn by his wife at the horse show—a directoire gown of straw-colored satin net, embroidered with black flowers and gold thread, a tight-fitting basque of the same material and embroidery, a mushroom hat of pale yellow tulle, with bird of paradise and white osprey plumes. Wasn't that a dear? Wonder if the old man has enough to fill the pipe?

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Some Information Eagerly Sought and Readily Given. New York Evening Post (ind.). Bryan's insistence on fighting out just what his aim, amounts the kind of admiration that would naturally go out to a man bravely conducting his own postmortem. His own familiar blend of the logic of Socrates and the high school debater is applied with his usual terrible effectiveness to an analysis of Tammany's showing on election day. Was it the fault of the candidate? Bryan asks. Or of the democratic platform? Or of Tammany? Or are there democrats in New York outside of Tammany? But why so many "ors" where "ands" are proper? It was the fault of the candidate and the platform, and of Tammany; and there are democrats in New York other than those gathered under the standard of Charles F. Murphy. The republican sweep of New York was the fault of the candidate, because the candidate's name was Bryan. It was the fault of the democratic platform, because upon it stood Bryan. It was the fault of Tammany because its savory company can only harm the man it supports, even if he is a Bryan. And that there are thousands of democrats in New York City outside of Tammany is proved just by what happened to Bryan on election day. Were a non-Tammany democracy in power in New York, Bryan's last state would be worse than the first. The support of such an organization could not be purchased by proclaiming "Great is Tammany and Murphy is his prophet," or rushing from Fairview to the Lincoln railway station to shake hands with that high-souled Commander of the Faithful.

CHEERY CHAFF.

"To think," sighed the disheartened poet, "of having to write a pushel of love songs for a barrel of flour!"

"Why," said the other poet, "you're just a great lunk, my friend. I've got two barrels of returned love songs on hand, tell me where your grocerman is!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"Have you ever made any effort to stop fract?" "I should say so," answered the ward politician. "Whenever the opposition party comes into power I'm a reformer from the heart!"—Washington Star.

"First Doctor—This is a most mysterious case. I can't make anything out of it." "Second Doctor—Hain't the patient any more?"—Puck.

"Wife—What did that young woman observe who passed just now?" "Husband—Why, my love, she observed, 'Bather a good-looking man walking with quite an elderly female'—that's all!"—St. Louis Times.

"I sang the 'Spring Song' at Mrs. Krowder's musicale last night," said Miss Kreech, "but I forgot, you were there and heard me sing 'The Countess' and 'The Jew'." "What an awful crush there was there! Once you

CHEER UP

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GET IN IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO GET OUT UNTIL THE WHOLE THING WAS OVER.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The sweet young thing with the beautiful red hair approached the parrot's cage. "Pretty Polly," she said, "I've got a 'Fire! Fire!' screamed the parrot.—Chicago Tribune.

City Editor—What do you mean by saying in this robbery story that "Brown was knocked down and relieved of \$100? Were you ever robbed yourself?" New Reporter—No, sir.

City Editor—That accounts for it. If you've been robbed you wouldn't describe the loss of \$100 as a relief.—St. Louis Republic.

SING HOME THE LOVED ONES.

Baltimore Sun. Sing home the lad, sing home the lass; Sing home, sweet mothers, o'er the land; The old trees dream amid the grass; Sing home, sweet mothers, sing them home; The loved lads life hath taken to roam; Sing home the lass with sweet, sweet curls; The old home waits for boy and girl.

Sing home, sing home the wandering crew; The brave, the bright, the loved, the true; The seas are sweet, the hills are blue; Sing home, sweet mothers, ad and ad; Sing home, sweet mothers, sing them home; Sing home the lass with sweet, sweet curls; The old home waits for boy and girl.

Sing home the chicks that went astray; Sing home the wayward and the wild; Sing home, young lads of holiday; The grown-ups and the little child; Sing home, sweet mothers, sing them home; Sing home, sweet mothers, sing them home; Sing home the lass with sweet, sweet curls; The old home waits for boy and girl.

Sing home the lad, sing home the lad; Sing home, sweet mothers, all of things; Make once again thy old hearts glad; Thy old sweet eyes of love make things blue; Sing home, sweet mothers, ad and ad; The old trees dream amid the grass; Sing home the old Thanksgiving bard; Sing home the loved ones more, dear Lord!

HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

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