# THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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| 3 | 41,710 | 18 | 42,280 |
| 4 | 41,980 | 19 | 40,400 |
| 5 | 39,800 | 20 | 43,480 |
| 6 | 42,160 | 21 | 42,550 |
| 7 | 41,920 | 22 | 42,350 |
| 8 | 42,000 | 23 | 44,040 |
| 9 | 41,950 | 24 | 42,030 |
| 10 | 42,300 | 25 | 42,210 |
| 11 | 41,790 | 26 | 40,300 |
| 12 | 40,000 | 27 | 43,880 |
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| 15 | 42,150 | 30 | 42,340 |
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GEORGE B. TZSCHUCK, Treasurer.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 30th day of September, 1909. M. P. WALKER, (Seal.) Notary Public.

**Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.**


Minister Wu has been testing the truth of the spirits. He found it medium.

With careful cultivation Omaha might be developed into a top-notch foot ball town.

Dispatches from Colon indicate that the Nicaraguan insurgents have not yet come to a full stop.

With his newly acquired railroad control, Mr. Hawley will proceed to show what "Katy" can do.

From the recent silence of Mr. Peary it is possible he is investigating North's claim to the Mt. Ararat record.

Government reports showing the older department clerks to be the most efficient rather upset Dr. Osler's theory.

For novelty in automobile wrecks, the chauffeur holds the pennant who drove his car five stories down an elevator shaft.

The reverend anti-saloon clergyman who peddles the gossip of Turkish bath rubbers at second hand may consider himself properly rebuked.

Judge Gaynor, whose court room victims used to quiver under his tongue-lashings, is now in a position to know how it feels himself.

Still, that country must have seemed tame to the president in comparison with its career when one man's word was "law west of the Pecos."

We suspect that the announcement that ballooning is "so good for the complexion" is only a clever invention to arouse feminine interest in aviation.

Governor Shallenberger says he is not surprised at the outcome of the deposit guaranty litigation. Must have gotten something he was looking for.

Saturday is the last day for registration. If you are not registered you will lose your vote. Remember that last year's registration does not hold good this year.

The latest accepted cause for divorce is that the husband spent his time in perfecting an airship. Thus does the gentler sex interpose itself as a barrier to man's elevation.

That $38 graft for alleged extra watchmen for the court house during the Ak-Sar-Ben parades looks like coarse work for little money. Wonder how many are in on it?

If it takes two years to repave three blocks of one of our business thoroughfares, how long will it take before all Omaha's paved streets are in good condition? No prize.

A religious census of Omaha is to be taken as a basis of church extension. It is to be hoped that the enumerators will do a better job than did those who took the last school census.

Those contemplating suicide because of the high cost of living may find a deterrent in the fact that the threatened raise in the price of coffins is going to make it cost more to die.

Governor Shallenberger announces himself as a convert to Edgar Howard's scheme of killing all the federal courts except the supreme court. Why save the United States supreme court in such an emergency?

## The "Nullifiers."

The decision of the federal court knocking out the deposit guaranty law enacted by our late democratic legislature is seized upon by the democratic organs for another outburst about "nullifiers." The lesson which they seek to draw is that the only way to rebuke the courts when democratic law-makers seek to nullify the constitution is to put democratic judges on the bench who will set the constitution aside whenever any law with the democratic trademark comes up before them.

But courts only pass on cases duly instituted by lawyers on behalf of litigants. The laws stand until someone attacks them, and if they are nullified when they collide with the constitution the lawyers may, at least, claim to share the credit. If the democratic organs lament the loss of boasted democratic laws, who then are the nullifiers?

The deposit guaranty law nullified on suit brought by Judge William V. Allen, Nebraska's only populist senator.

The so-called nonpartisan judiciary law nullified on suit brought by Charles O. Whedon, whose insurgency the democratic papers have been loudly applauding.

The corporation tax law in course of nullification on suit brought by John J. Sullivan, now running for supreme judge on the democratic ticket.

If lawyers who find favor with the democratic organs have a hand in all this nullification, how will putting a new set of democratic nullifiers on the bench change matters?

It is not nullifiers, or anti-nullifiers, we want on the bench, but judges who look to the law, and to the evidence, and fear not to uphold the constitution whenever it is attacked, whether by democratic law-makers or republican law-makers.

## The First Recruit.

Several weeks ago when he published his proposed tariff platform in the Commoner Mr. Bryan invited democratic congressmen and democratic candidates for congress, to respond with brief letters giving their opinion of it.

The first response is now at hand, and strangely enough it is signed, not by a democratic congressman from Nebraska nor by a democratic congressman from Texas, but by one of the Tammany democrats of New York. "I am with you in your fight for free raw material and true tariff reform," writes Congressman Sulzer. "It is the best unifying principle the democrats have today." Mr. Sulzer represents a district in the heart of Tammany territory with the official headquarters of the Tammany boss facing the edge of his bailiwick. If Mr. Sulzer speaks for Tammany, Tammany is with Mr. Bryan in his fight for free raw materials, and regards this as the best unifying principle the democrats have today. If Tammany is with Mr. Bryan, of course Mr. Bryan will be expected to side with Tammany, whose unifying principle is the division of the spoils.

That Tammany is the first recruit to Mr. Bryan's army of reform cannot fail to be a drawing card.

## Mrs. Taft's Cherry Trees.

The fellowship of every woman will go out to the First Lady of the Land with a sense of the joyous opportunity attending the gift to Mrs. Taft of 2,000 cherry trees from the emperor of Japan. To the feminine heart it is given to understand the happiness of fussing out of doors with flowers and bulbs and shrubs, and the idea of having at one's disposal such a glorious array of saplings should inspire the gardening instinct the country over.

Among the gentler sex the clever Japanese have steadfastly cultivated the aesthetic side so that the average woman has come to think of the Land of the Rising Sun as a bower of wisteria and cherry blossoms. Wisteria is our own already in abundance, it is a familiar decoration even in cities of limited yard-space; but the cultivation of the cherry at large has languished. This should not be, for as the root of the cherry tree is the foundation of one of our best national traditions, and the mikado's gift may serve to illuminate anew the statue of truth arising from that foundation, and also to revive pride in the restoration of this particular branch of horticulture.

Deep and significant are the workings of the oriental mind, and it may be that the mikado underneath his gracious gift is spurring our national pride in the direct truthfulness of the original cherry tree hero. Public sentiment, as voiced in pulpit, press and even in diplomacy, has been more biased and suspicious than it has been veracious, concerning affairs between the United States and Japan, and it is possible that the Tokio philosopher is delicately alluding that we return to first principles.

But there is another phase. All fathers know, and some mothers, that the brittlest branch that grows from trunk is the branch of the cherry tree. Broken limbs, and sometimes broken necks, are the first fruits of this tree after its alluring bloom appears. Can the sinister design be to spread cherry trees all over this broad land for the crippling of a generation, so that the flower of our youth falls before the flower of the Island empire, whose cunning would seize the opportunity for invasion and conquest? In the contemplation of this thought, it behooves every mother's son to adopt for his motto, "Take the fruit from the lower limbs, but don't go climbing higher."

It is pleasant to reflect concerning the prospect of those 2,000 trees in full fruition, with the song of "Cheer up, Cherries are Ripe, Cherries Ripe," adding a touch of music to the romance of the American summer night. The peaceful picture of the White House porch parties with deft and dainty fingers stemming and pitting the luscious fruit for the pastry of baking day, is augmented by the mellow serenade of the Jeemses River Glee club gathered on the lawn in the moonlight voicing the immortal words:

Can she make a cherry pie, Billy boy, Billy boy,
Can she make a cherry pie, charming Billy?

And since she can make a cherry pie, and since there is at the head of the personal as well as the official household one who can appreciate a cherry pie to the full, the ultimate joy of the mikado's gift may be fully realized.

Infinite are the possibilities of the cherry tree episode. American bards have rung all the changes of glory for him who plants a tree, and the planter of 2,000 cherry trees where none grew before is entitled to appropriate all of these poetic tributes.

## Resting by the Way.

No one will begrudge the temporary retirement of the president into the secluded peace of his brother's Texas ranch. Multifarious have been the interests which have received the kindly and fostering approval of the chief executive in his journey of progressive activity. He has earned his few days of rest. And now in the whirl of life's occupations comes a pause which must appeal to both Mr. Taft, the man and Mr. Taft, the president. For him, as for any strong man in a whirl of affairs, this is a welcome respite. No one is more ready to pursue activities, no one more efficient in swinging his volume of work, no one more tireless in the establishment of close personal relations with the people, no one more vigorous in expounding national policies or more determined in fulfilling them. But to the most prodigious workman in the public cause comes a moment when relaxation and quiet are both welcome and in his pause by the wayside Mr. Taft has the best wishes of the people for an enjoyable, beneficial rest.

What reflections may not come to a man of Mr. Taft's mental vision in the vast open spaces of a Texan ranch? Within that great state the seethings of the Bryan-Bailey imbroglio have not yet subsided, but such an upheaval in the centers of population leaves the great ranches quite cool. Far removed from the strifes of men and affairs, the president may relax and drink in the beauty of the glorious autumnal nights and the golden glory of the wonderful harvest days, meditate on the bounteousness of nature and the boundless opportunities of the nation. It is his season of repose and recuperation, which, when ended, will have stimulated his vigor for the remainder of his journey among a welcoming people.

## Time for Sanity.

It is announced that the president of the national organization, in whose name the street car strike in Omaha was declared, is about to visit the city to look into present strike conditions with a view to taking such action as they may warrant.

Nothing is to be gained by the striking car men trying to fool themselves, or to involve other labor organizations, in a battle already lost. When we say that, according to all external evidence, the battle has been lost to the strikers we do not mean that there have been no compensating benefits. But these benefits, which consist of the redress of certain grievances and a promise of higher pay, and an aroused public sentiment in favor of some sort of arbitration legislation to prevent recurrence, are already achieved and will hardly be materially changed by the continuation of a nominal strike.

If the head of the street car men's organization declines to be misled by over-zealous associates and ascertains the real situation he will advise formal declaration that the strike is off, expressing thanks to those who helped the cause with sympathy or money, and urge strikers and strike sympathizers to discourage further violence to street railway property or interference with street railway employes, and lay down the rule to build up without tearing down.

## Fate of Historic Relics.

Man's proneness to seize upon the skeletons of departed glory in an effort to utilize the structure from which the high lights have faded is illustrated by the breaking up of the old British man-of-war Wellington to the purposes of an American millionaire. The huge teak timbers, reconstructed into a spacious dining hall, will emphasize the irony of fate. Once resisting alike the fury of Neptune and the onslaught of battle, now they will serve as rafters, ringing with a cheer on land such as they never knew on sea. "Rule, Britannia" echoes will be disturbed by "The Star-Spangled Banner," and toasts will resound to democracy's cause amid the bones of a gallant warship once dedicated in the name of the fighting duke who was first of all for the crown and to the last opposed to popular government.

The conflict of sentiment with the actualities of life is never ending, but such an incident as this serves as a reminder of the once-threatened dismembering of our own "Old Ironsides," when sentiment for once prevailed over the assaults of cold practicality.

Henry George's body lies a-moldering in the grave, but his spirit is marching on in the strange campaign in New York. The way in which musty issues and forgotten leaders are being brought forth in the conflict makes it look as though Tammany were being forced to fight all its old battles over again. Resurrection of Croker deals, combinations of former enemies and a concert of applause for Hearst from old-time conservatives mark the three-cornered race for mayor as one of the most kaleidoscopic contests in modern politics.

Dr. Wiley seems derelict in not getting after the New York theater that is feeding its patrons on what the critics style badly "adulterated Dickens." Shakespeare has been butchered and put in cold storage, and we have stood for it; but when they mix bran mash and benzoate hash with our Pickwickian pabulum it is time for the pure food executioner to swing the acts.

Will a supreme court frighten Ig Dunn into making an apology for charges which he believes to be true? Will they make him "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee" in the presence of a tribunal upon which sits one judge whom he believes to be as ignorant of the law as a one-eared donkey? Not much!—Edgar Howard's Columbus Telegram.

It is so easy to ask questions, but it is up to Ig Dunn to answer. We shall see what we shall see.

Now that its mountain reserves have been pretty well scorched, New York state is seriously policing its remaining forests to save them from future fires. This genuine effort will also serve to prevent further newspaper roasts of the state forestry superintendents.

Judging from the New England newspapers, old General Apathy is the most conspicuous figure in the Massachusetts campaign. He is a poor vote-getter, but when he prevails the old-timers generally turn out and roll up the habitual majority.

The democratic state platform still calls for an extra session of the legislature in order that Nebraska may be first to go on record in favor of the income tax amendment to the federal constitution. Is a platform binding?

Professor Fay of Tufts, who now reports having scaled Mt. McKinley and found Cook's records there, is a courageous man to offer up a hitherto unblemished reputation for veracity to the mercy of the conoclasts.

### A Useful Precaution.

New York Post.

Future ministers to China will be prudent and take out a policy with a title guarantee company.

### Boarding the Lion.

St. Paul Dispatch.

An Omaha flour mill has been shipping flour to Minneapolis, but there is no record yet of Milwaukee buying beer from rival cities.

### A Poor Assistant.

Washington Star.

It is feared that the king of Spain, like other monarchs, will find the executioner a poor assistant in the attainment of popular affection.

### Is the Motion Seconded?

St. Louis Republic.

We have read in the collected works of a certain Mr. Aesop of a mountain which travailed and brought forth a mouse. If that mountain remains unnamed, we move to christen it Mount Peary.

### The Last Rakeoff.

Boston Herald.

The casket makers arise and clamor for their share of the increased cost of living—and dying. Their product can hardly be called a necessity of life, and yet it's among the indispensables.

### Shadows of Coming Events.

Chicago Record-Herald.

Edison thinks that within ten years flying machines will be used to carry the mails. People who wish to continue to receive the benefits of rural free delivery should lose no time in preparing landing places beside their mail boxes.

### Marvelous Self-Restraint.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"The bravest are the tenderest," according to Bayard Taylor and many other authorities, but when was a man brave enough to go through what Dr. Cook has endured ever so tender of those who denounce him as a monstrous fraud?

### Safeguards for Civic Pensions.

New York Tribune.

Undoubtedly the greatest obstacle to popular approval of a system of pensioning superannuated federal employes is the fear that it will be abused, the pension list unwarrantably extended and admission to the list made easy. The one method of avoiding such abuses will be for congress to put beyond its power the authority to make employes eligible for pensions, precisely as it has put beyond its power the right to name the large majority of federal employes. The pension fund should be raised by assessments levied on the salaries of employes, and after the law is adopted authority to make regulations affecting eligibility should be vested solely in the Civil Service commission.

### A WILD GOOSE CHASE.

Striving to Harmonize Democratic Congressmen.

Brooklyn Eagle.

In the speech he recently delivered at El Paso, Mr. Bryan remarked:

"If we are going to do anything in the next congress, we must get together; we must elect congressmen who can agree as to what ought to be done."

This is Solononic in its wisdom. And there are situations in which such a program is sure of interpretation. In the case of a sinking ship, for instance, there is always a response to what is called the first instinct, and no difference of opinion as to the advisability of securing a place in the first boat lowered.

It is different with congressmen. Naturally, each one wants to preserve himself, but what would keep one afloat would sink the other. If Mr. Bryan does not know it to be impossible to "elect congressmen who will agree as to what ought to be done," his course of study should be changed. He asks:

"If we cannot agree upon a policy before election, how can we expect our representatives to agree upon it afterward?"

Another self-evident proposition, but equally unserviceable. Mr. Bryan's mission must necessarily miscarry. He can neither get nor keep together the democrats who will be elected to congress next year. There will be about as many differences of opinion among them as there are representatives, and the principal proclivity will be to agree to disagree.

Only those who chase wild geese can make up their minds to the contrary.

## Around New York

**Ripples on the Current of Life as Seen in the Great American Metropolis from Day to Day.**

In an address delivered in Philadelphia recently, Dr. Thomas B. Darlington, commissioner of health in New York City, spoke of the wonderful results accomplished in the metropolis by scientific sanitation. "I remember well," he said, "when in the tenement districts a street was cleaned but once a year, and then with a shovel and a hoe. Thirty years ago the death rate in New York was thirty-six persons out of every 1,000. Just before coming to Philadelphia I received the week's report, which showed that the average for that period was but 13.60 out of 1,000. This is due to scientific research reduced to a practical basis."

"Please do not put any more flowers on my grave," was the request written on a piece of cardboard which Mrs. McDonald of Brooklyn found on the grave in Mount Olivet cemetery in Middle Village, Queens borough, on which for fifteen years she had been placing flowers weekly. She supposed it to be the grave of a relative, but when she carried the card to the superintendent of the cemetery a consultation of the records showed that she was in error.

The grave of her relative is some distance away and the one that has been receiving her tributes belonged to a person who had it prepared years ago against the day it would be needed.

New York's champion long distance commuter is president of a big corporation in the city. He lives in an up-state town, which is almost four hours distant from New York. Every morning he gets the 7 o'clock express for New York. He takes his breakfast on board and reads the morning papers. At 9 o'clock his stenographer gets on the train, and comes to his seat in the Pullman, which he reserves by the year. She lives at a town only two hours away from New York. He dictates to her from 9 to 11 o'clock, and then they reach the office. There he goes through the usual routine while the stenographer transcribes her notes. At 3 o'clock they leave the office again, and from 3 o'clock to 5 he dictates to her. She gets off at her village and writes and mails the dictated letters that night unless they are of such character that her employer wishes to look them over and sign them himself.

At 6 o'clock he sits down to a good dinner in the dining car, which has been ordered for him by his wife the day before. The car superintendent has purchased any articles he may not have in the larder during the day in New York. At 7 o'clock he steps down from the train, having dined well, and has the entire evening to dispose of at home as he wishes.

And you couldn't coax him to live in New York and save that eight hours a day of travel. He declares he actually saves time, because he isn't bothered by fool friends.

Said the teacher of a public school in the Bronx: "My children have discovered, or invented, a new game, which is at times more exciting than entertaining.

"A stake is set up in the center of the playground, and becomes the north pole. One boy personates Peary, and another Cook. The other little fellows are Eskimos and dogs.

"At a given signal the two boys race for the pole. The one who reaches it first yells 'I've found it!' Then the other one jumps upon him, and there is a free fight; the Eskimos and dogs usually taking part before it is concluded.

"I feel responsible for the disorder that ensues, as I have told them the story several times, but have been very careful not to take sides. I hardly expected, however, that their application of it to the playgrounds would be so realistic."

Whirling a lasso in genuine cowboy fashion over his head to get momentum for the distance to be covered and by the aid of the illumination of the river, G. L. Leray, a driver of one of the ambulances of Bellevue hospital, early today cast the line over the head of a drowning man far out in the East river at the foot of East Twenty-eighth street, and, drawing him ashore, saved his life. John Robertson, 52 years old, of Kansas City, Mo., the rescued man, was carried to Bellevue hospital.

Robertson walked into the river while in a daze from the noise of the city and the glare of the lights. A stranger in the city, he declared he did not know where he was going and that the many lights had blurred his sight. His cries for help attracted Charles Duffey, a watchman on the old States island ferryboat Southfield, now used by Bellevue as a tuberculosis ward. Duffey, who weights 300 pounds, called Leray and Charles McCullough, both ambulance drivers. He pointed out the struggling man fighting for his life in the river with the tide carrying him further away every minute. From the stable Leray procured a long rope, which he formed into a lasso. He took good aim and threw the rope. It landed over Robertson's head. He pulled and it tightened around the drowning man's shoulders. Robertson was then pulled ashore by Leray and McCullough.

Charles W. Morse, the New York exponent of high finance whose conviction and sentence was affirmed by the federal court of appeals the other day, is said to have paid off all his debts with the exception of $500,000. When Morse got out of the Tombs, June 17 last, his affairs were in what his own lawyers admitted to be a hopeless tangle. They confessed they saw no chance of saving anything from the wreck and frankly told Morse so. At that time Morse was confronted with a clamorous army of creditors to whom he owed $4,500,000. At the beginning of the panic, in October, 1907, he was worth $22,000,000. The depreciation in security values that followed cut this fortune into less than half, for the Morse securities were about the hardest hit of all. Mr. Morse didn't say so, but he is determined to recover the ownership of his home at 778 Fifth avenue. He is still living there under an agreement with E. J. Berwind, who had the mortgages foreclosed. After Mrs. Morse sold her jewels and other prized possessions she discharged the expensive staff of servants and got along with one maid. "There is one thing," said Mr. Morse, "that has almost compensated me for all I have gone through. For a time I thought my friends had deserted me, but they have helped me in every possible way. When a man really needs a friend and scores of friends appear it makes him feel good. People I never heard of before have written me the kindliest of letters, and I believe today I have more friends than I ever had in my life."

### Fame Thrust Upon Them.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Some men are born famous, others achieve fame and others have fame thrust upon them. Look, for instance, at I-Took-a-Shoo and A-Pe-Lah, (Peary's spell), now hibernating in the far north unconscious of the world-wide fame which has come to them.



## FAKE NONPARTISANSHIP.

Schuyler Free Lance: The "nonpartisan" talk put up by the democrats in this campaign is very flat. They are "nonpartisan" when they want to get republican votes, but otherwise the term is forgotten.

Howells Journal (dem.): We are much pleased to see the Commoner come out square-toed for the three democratic nominees for the supreme bench. It is a good example to the democratic press of the state. Judge Dean is as much entitled to the support of his party associates as is either Sullivan or Good. We hope every Colfax county democrat will remain true to Judge Dean.

Plattsmouth News-Herald: The "nonpartisan" cry which is being sent up by the democratic editors of the state looks pretty good to a fellow if he didn't have a vivid picture in his mind of that last democratic legislature where dozens of bills were introduced for no other reason than to change the laws so that a democratic governor could appoint democrats to the offices which would be made vacant if such bills were made into laws.

Kearney Democrat: For the edification of the esteemed Omaha Bee, the Democrat desires to inform it that the Commoner does not have a thing in the world to do with what the Democrat thinks and believes. Mr. Bryan may, and probably does, do just as he pleases about making platforms and standing upon them, and the Democrat does those things which it believes to be right and for the best interests of our supreme court and the public, whether it suits the Commoner or The Bee, both of which would be nearer right if they would follow the Democrat a little closer and cease to play politics into every walk of life.

Seward Blade: When the constitutionality of the fake "nonpartisan" judiciary act was attacked in the courts the democratic politicians threw a fit and prated about the sacred character of all the acts of the democratic legislature as if they were holy and beyond the review of any earthly tribunal. The tune changed when Judge J. J. Sullivan, their own democratic nominee for the supreme bench, tackled the corporation tax law by the same immaculate bunch of democratic legislators and proceeded to show that it was of no force and effect. The howl about the unimpeachable character of democratic legislation suddenly ceased. A "mighty sight" depends on whose ox is gored.

## PERSONAL NOTES.

The Ananias club's front door is surely yawning wide for somebody in this North pole controversy.

The principal hotel at Roosevelt, L. I., is up to date. On a swinging sign in large gold letters appear the words "Bwano Tumbo."

A farmer has found the seventy-five-pound remains of a falling star on his meadow at Sussex, N. J. This is rather too small to hitch a wagon to.

Goldwin Smith has intimated that after his death the fine property known as the Grange, which is his home, will be given to Toronto, and the suggestion has been made that the citizens of Toronto should erect a statue in his honor.

The valuable library of Colin Armstrong of Mamaroneck, N. Y., consisting of rare books and sets of the latest editions of standard works of history, exploration and fiction, is to be sold by the Anderson Auction company, New York, on October 19.

High aristocracy is perturbed over the act of Countess Szechenyi, formerly Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, who recently purchased a large sawmill at Remete Vasgyar. Connected with the mill there is an extensive manufacturing plant which turns out all kinds of cabinet work.

An attempt to weed useless material out of the Treasury department revealed the fact that the venerable clerks were the best in the service. Age had impressed upon them the value of holding a position and dispelled from the mind of each the delusion that he ran the department.

Miss Schweichler of Berlin, told the young women at the Chicago meeting of the Trades Union league that at present 25,000 women clerks are in the German union, which extends over the whole of the empire. There are 1,500 members in the Hamburg branch, which she organized.

Ex-Mayor Mark M. Fagan, republican candidate for mayor of Jersey City, announces that he will conduct his campaign independently of the organization. He says that "the boss system, by which a few men have made great fortunes out of the gamblers and the corporations, is on its last legs."

A row among the thieves over the division of the loot revealed a pot of $28,000 stolen by a syndicate of gatemen at the Seattle exposition. The rakeoff of the syndicate ran from $300 to $500 a day. The money is supposed to be locked up in a safety deposit vault, and the managers of the show are chasing it hot foot.

## PASSING PLEASANTRIES.

"I suppose your remarks in congress will be listened to with great interest?"

"My friend," said the statesman, "in congress a man is lucky to get a chance to make a speech without expecting people to listen to it."—Washington Star.

It is too bad that Peary did not know before his last dash for the pole that Cook has been there ahead of him."

"Why?"

"Because he would have been hot all the way there and back again."—Houston Post.

Mistress—(hiring servant.) I hope you know your place.

Servant—Oh, yes, mum. The last three girls you had told me all about it.—Boston Transcript.

"Darling," he said, "you are the only woman I ever loved. I swear it!"

"George," she rejoined, "you talk like an Artic explorer."—Chicago News.

"Scientists have decided that Methuselah was only 79 years old."

"That is more like it. It is absurd to suppose that any man could have lived to the age of 969 years."

"Oh, I don't know—there were no automobiles in those days."—Houston Post.

"George Washington, hatchet in hand, had just concluded the famous interview with his father.

"It's lucky," he remarked to the hired man, "that I went after a cherry tree instead of the North pole. Otherwise my motives and veracity would have been subjects of controversy for generations."—Washington Star.

"It is a great pity," said the irate spinster aunt, fixing her eye upon the youthful scions of the house, "that human mothers do not treat their little boys as cats treat their kittens."

"How's that, auntie?" asked one of the boys.

"Kittens," rejoined the spinster aunt, in an awful voice, "are always getting licked."—Baltimore American.

## PROPER PROPOSALS.

New York Times.

'Tis strange—though many suitors have proposed,
And I've been loved quite often in my day—
That I have never yet felt quite disposed
To give myself away.
For each and all of them invariably vow,
"You are the only girl I've ever loved till now!"

It's odd this incapacity for love
They say they had before I loomed in view.
But as they swear it by the stars above,
I have no doubt it's true.
Still, though it has been said, I know,
since days of yore,
I'd really rather wed a man who's loved before!

A widower once offered me his heart;
I would have taken him, I must confess,
Had he not slightly over done his part,
As I was whispering "Yes!"
While saying that he held me dearer than his life,
He added that he'd never loved his wife!

And further still—some men, that I refuse
Declare they'll kill themselves, on taking leave;
This statement, bound at all times to amuse,
Has never made me grieve.
For on two suitors meeting—both declined by me—
One asked the other, "What the poison was to be?"

My disappointment ended in a youth,
Who was a little, though not very, bad;
If I would wed him, he'd give up, forsooth,
The vices that he had!
The prospect was too virtuous, though I loved his past;
Besides—his resolutions possibly might last!