

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 15th day of November, 1909.

Notary Public.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have the Bee mailed to them.

Judge Hook also had a line out for the Standard whale.

For Council Bluffs the Horticultural show in the apple of the eye.

The best thing about the foot ball season is that the early closing law applies.

Looks as though Uncle Sam might have to put a few more nicks in Nicaragua.

But it will take more than all this flood of agricultural oratory to irrigate the crops.

This is the week when the man who turned his back on the farm is glad to turn back.

If Ig Dunn was tired when he wrote that abusive brief, at any rate he now has time to rest up.

You may break, you may shatter, the trust as you will, the scent of petroleum clings round it still.

Reversing the familiar record of disorders, Nicaragua's case seems to have evolved from chronic to acute.

For some inscrutable reason the supreme court seems disposed to ignore Ig until the apology is forthcoming.

The death of a child is chronicled as a result of using too much soap on its skin. Safe to say it wasn't a boy.

What seems to be most needed at Panama is a line of men with umbrellas to keep the canal from getting wet.

Last year Nebraska polled in round figures 270,000 votes and this year 307,000. Just a transposition of a cipher.

It must be evident to all stars by this time that in the New theater galaxy they may shine only as part of a constellation.

Those London suffragettes who refuse to be either fed or clothed in prison, are carrying the self-denial policy altogether too far.

If those mikes want to get their money back all they will have to do is to put the show on the vaudeville circuit as soon as the trial is ended.

The Indiana mayor who celebrated his victory by giving three tons of candy to the school children must have sweetened the way for re-election.

Mr. Carnegie's prediction that the lines between white and black will be obliterated, does not appear to have been accompanied by personal example.

Notwithstanding the fact that our burry-up wagons have been burned up, it is hardly safe to pull off anything in Omaha counting on the delay of the polls reaching the spot.

Now that Cornell's race suicide statistician has figured it out that by the year 2059 there will be no more babies, fathers in go-carts will have to begin to make hay while the stork flies.

Central Labor union people complain that Governor Schallenberger told them one thing and did another. That's nothing. For commiseration see the brewers, who will repeat the tale with slight variations.

It all depends on whose ox is gored. The despotic tyranny of the courts did not exercise the World-Herald very deeply when W. J. Conell was on the grill for alleged contempt, but now that it is its old friend Ig Dunn who is up against it, the World-Herald boils over in indignation.

Lessons from Disaster.

One of the lessons of the belated rescue from the death pit following the disaster at Cherry is the astounding physical endurance of man. Most of those saved from the tomb had for nearly a week lived solely on the water to be obtained from the seepage accumulating in the holes scraped in the coal floor of the mine. They breathed in much poison from the gases that filled the galleries. Yet they were able after seven days of incarceration to stagger forth, and their recovery when above ground was speedy and in most cases thorough.

Of all the animal life of earth man alone is able to endure such exhaustive experiences. Mark Twain recorded in his newspaper days a marvelous and veracious report of how a party of shipwrecked men in an open boat had literally starved themselves into a condition of perfect health, in spite of their emaciation. That narrative is one of the most striking authentic cases in print of man's ability to rise superior to physical deprivation and suffering.

The power to endure has been the basis of calculation in many fields of human endeavor. In the realm of sport it was at the foundation of the ancient Marathon contests and the more modern form of the six-day foot race, which has beheld man lashing himself into requirements which would have killed a horse in the early stages. In the field of labor the test of physical strength has been exacted from distant ages by taskmasters, and even self-imposed duties have been made more exacting because of one's capacity for strain.

Two other notable lessons are taught by the episode at Cherry, the contrast between melodrama and real life, and the personal value of religious training. Such a rescue on the stage would be enacted full of color and shouts. But what could be more dramatic than the survivor's quiet statement, "There was no cheering, nobody had voice enough; we just sat down and let them take care of us." Such a gray monotone of repression on the stage would be characterized as overdrawn: The men had simply and naturally relaxed, the tension was ended. In that long siege they had been well inspired by the unwavering faith of the rugged Scotchman whose religion was a lamp unto the feet of his companions in calamity. His hearty palm-singing in the depths of that utter darkness endowed the flagging with new spirit, and his practical and efficient application of the boyhood lessons of a pious mother had in them all the qualities of the sublime.

The Concrete Battleship.

In this day of singular developments in architecture and engineering, one of the most novel evolutions is the so-called concrete battleship now nearly completed as a part of the nation's permanent defenses of the Philippines. This piece of construction has been planted on one of the small islands commanding the entrance to Manila harbor, and from its hull of masonry rise turrets of steel armor plate shielding 14-inch guns which can be trained in every direction.

The concrete structure takes the place of a fort, and is as unusual a contribution to the naval architecture of today as was the monitor in its time. It is only one of several innovations included in the thorough fortification of the bay, which will be made well nigh impregnable with big guns, mortars and mines, but if Manila ever has occasion to repulse an enemy, the concrete battleship may be called upon to give an account of itself. If it prove worthy of the confidence reposed in it by its designers, it may be the forerunner of an entirely new type of fortification along all our coasts.

Down in Tennessee.

Old-fashioned school boys who have grown down into sedate fathers or retrospective grandfathers cannot but reflect how times have changed when they read that the Tennessee State Board of Health has issued a general order against kissing, the order to be posted in the public schools.

There was a time when kissing went by favor, but, alas for these modern days, when it goes by general order number 0-4-2, just as the "jingle bells" season is about to get under way. All the joy has gone out of the sleighbells' laugh, since the boys of the old days were "seeing Nellie home," and the Board of Health is not letting the lads learn whether the nut-brown maiden has any features worth proclaiming in loud and luxuriant song.

What is to become of old Tennessee, to be sure! No kissing in the public schools? A great order, and every pretty school marm in the state in duty bound to see that it is properly enforced.

Safeguarding Railroad Travel.

The necessity for limiting the human factor, or personal equation, in the operation of railroads, if the most dreadful and fatal of wrecks are to be avoided, has compelled the heads of leading lines to make definite and personal investigation into the merits of inventions designed to make collisions impossible.

The traveling public will be grateful for the information that so confident are the railroading interests of the reliability of a device on which they finally had placed faith, that the presidents of several important roads actually imperiled their own lives by riding in two locomotives driven at full speed head-on toward each other. The fact that the automatic electrical contrivance brought both locomotives to a dead stop without any influence from an engineer in either cab, seems to have been convincing that the invention is a sure in operation as well as simple of construction and inexpensive of installation.

Normal Schools.

The settlement of the dispute between the two contesting normal boards has cleared the decks for an increase in the number of normal schools to be maintained by the state under authority conferred by the recent Nebraska legislature. For a third of a century Nebraska got along with only one school for the training of teachers, but for several years has maintained two such schools. The acquisition of two more normal schools will, therefore, double the present equipment and facilities and presumably double again the expense of maintenance.

The law for the acquisition of an additional normal school in the western part of the state provides an appropriation of \$35,000 to construct buildings on a site containing not less than eighty acres to be donated by the city or town in which it is located. It goes without saying that \$35,000 will not erect much of a building and at best will leave nothing with which to run the school when ready for business.

The second normal school law appropriates \$90,000 for the purchase of buildings, grounds and equipment of the Wayne Normal college, the presumption being that there will be little, if anything, left when the purchase price is paid, so that even after acquiring this school no maintenance fund will be available.

The appropriations for the two normal schools now in operation, exclusive of permanent improvements, to carry them through the current biennium were as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Salaries \$105,000; Expense 39,400; Deficiency 3,500.

Total \$147,900 \$108,700

It is costing the state, therefore, \$125,000 a year to run its two existing normal schools, and it will not be long before four schools will require twice this sum, or approximately \$250,000 a year, without counting the necessary appropriations for building construction and replacement, and without counting the additional money devoted to the junior normals and the teachers' training work in the State university.

We simply submit that for a state of 1,500,000 population Nebraska has been traveling pretty fast on the normal school race track.

A World-wide Condition.

Least the American who marvels at the high prices of his household necessities become obsessed of the idea that he is alone in his trouble, let him turn to the records as just compiled by the Department of Commerce and Labor, where he will find the consular reports of other countries indicating that the complaint is an international one. England, France and Germany are having their own troubles with prodigious budgets which are bringing protests from people already burdened with taxes which the increased cost of living makes it a hardship to meet. Austria is shown to be experimenting with new trade treaties with the Balkan states, avowedly designed to secure a larger supply of food products in the hope of cutting the prices exacted by the large land owners. Even Switzerland, held up to the world as a model of thrift and prosperity, is well to the fore among nations whose people find it difficult to live a comfortable, satisfactory existence within their means.

Heroes in the Making.

We said yesterday that if ex-Senator Hemenway, the expert of the new senate committee to supervise appropriations, succeeded, as he hopes to do, in cutting the 1909-10 total of \$100,000,000 to less than \$100,000,000 for 1910-11 he would have made a statue in the capitol's hall of fame. Now comes Senator Jonathan Bourne, a member of the committee, with the announcement that he expects to reduce the government's expenditures for 1910-11 by \$50,000,000 to \$150,000,000. If he splits the difference and makes a saving of \$100,000,000 Mr. Bourne will be entitled to a whole hall of fame to himself.

Thankfulness and Rejoicing.

"I have been on this trip of mine from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, down the Pacific coast to the southwest corner of the country, across through the territories and the great domain of Texas to St. Louis, and the Mississippi into the plains and now here. I have had much to eat and much to drink. Lord forgive me and the Lord help those who heard me—300 and odd speeches, and I have been able to sustain the hearing of 300 more; and I am able to say that we are a homogeneous people, a closely allied in all our hopes and ambitions and in all our pride of country and patriotism, as we are today. It is possible that there are corners in this country that have escaped me where there is discontent, but if so, I have not found them. In every town I had most said in every hamlet in every city and country and in every state I found the individual saying to himself, 'I am content here, because I know what will make this city or this town or this county the best one in the state, and I am going to do that very thing.' And so, with respect to the state, the ambition is the same—all proud of the opportunity to be the citizens of the town or the county or the state where he is, and all proud to be an American citizen, closely allied in all our hopes and ambitions with whom we have amalgamated to be Americans, and to rejoice and thank God that the starry flag waves over us, a united country and a united people."

Watch for a Square.

The telegraph and the telephone are to be consolidated. Doubtless there is money in this for the shareholders, and there is the public will have to look sharp if it is to get anything out of the deal. The promoters of the big trusts always explain in advance that they are eager to render a better service, but of course they are not philanthropic concerns; they are only after larger profits.

Around New York

"Mipples on the Current of Life as Seen in the Great American Metropolis from Day to Day."

The chase for a possible chunk of news in New York, where it revolves around an individual of prominence, puts the overworked strenuous pace to the supreme test. On such occasions the reporters for rival papers are either armed with cameras or accompanied by a snaphotter and were beside the person who attempts to dodge. The other day Mrs. John Jacob Astor returned to New York without an advance announcement. An army of reporters and camera men greeted her at the station. This is what happened as told by one of the papers as news:

Quick as a flash Mrs. Astor took advantage of the first jangling around behind her, she hurried over to the cabstand, calling "Cab! cab! please, a cab!" when she was fifty feet away from the nearest vehicle.

The door of this was open and she quickly stepped in. Her maid followed, as usual, but in order to drive to Washington square, North, and they were off.

The cab Mrs. Astor had taken went down Fifth avenue, across Union square and down University place to Washington square. There, in front of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin B. Guinness, she was met by a photographer who proceeded her in taxis and the subway.

Instead of alighting, Mrs. Astor had her maid tell the cabman to drive around to the back of the house. The photographers ran around and took up positions in the alley. Frustrated again, Mrs. Astor gave instruction to be driven uptown.

The cab continued on to the end of the alley to University place, turned north, went as far as Fourteenth street and then went to Fifth avenue. Here the driver was ordered to go to the Waldorf.

Upon reaching the hotel Mrs. Astor and her maid got out at the Thirty-third street entrance and the maid paid for the cab. While she was doing so Mrs. Astor stepped into an automobile brought and started back for Washington square again. When she arrived at the Guinness house she remained in the cab several minutes, sitting well in a corner where a camera could not be leveled at her. Several were still poised for action. Finally the door of the house opened and the butler came out, opened the cab door and Mrs. Astor almost ran up the high stone steps. Her dress had caught in the cab door, but she pulled it loose. She had a book in her hand and shielded her face with it. The door was slammed behind her.

John McCormack, the Irish tenor, who made his debut at the Manhattan Opera house recently, has already become a great favorite with his fellow countrymen in New York, reports the Tribune. Arthur Hammerstein says that he was being shaved the other day by an Italian whom he often patronizes and who is a great partisan of Enrico Caruso. "I asked the barber," said Mr. Hammerstein, "what he thought of McCormack. 'He's a fine singer, but he's not in Caruso's class,' replied the tonsorial artist, whereupon a man who had been waiting to be shaved jumped up and in a brogue as broad as the East river retorted that the Italian didn't know what he was talking about. 'Though Mr. McCormack is one of my favorite chief artists, I didn't want a fight, as I like the barber and the Irishman looked as if he could whip the whole shop, so I suggested that the two tenors were of different type, McCormack being a lyric and Caruso a dramatic tenor. At this the son of the Emerald Isle roared out, 'I don't care what kind of a tenor Johnny McCormack is. I know he can sing like hell!'"

Merely an Assistant Giant.

The purchase of a telephone stock by telephone interests is an evidence of the strides made by modern invention. For many years the telephone seemed to hold an unassailable position as the leader in long distance communication. Now it seems in danger of becoming merely an assistant.

Europe Weak in Epithets.

After writhing for centuries under the iron foot of the oppressor they are slow in Europe in learning the ways of the people truly free. It is only occasionally, as the recent social congress at Leipzig, when actors address one another on the floor as "liar," "monkey," "ass" and "fool" that the bright light of reason breaks through the slumbering intelligence of the masses.

An Admirable Tribute.

President Taft never displayed his human side more clearly and tenderly than when he requested the privilege of acting as honorary pallbearer at the funeral of his old classmate, Raymond Patterson, a Washington correspondent. He threw off the dignity of the winds and the earth in line with newspaper men and other friends to pay his tribute of love and respect to the memory of a fellow alum and that simple act will touch the heart of everyone who believes in human friendships.

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Breaking Away from Bryan.

A Southern Column Monthly Says, "What's the Use?"

Christians News and Courier (den.). "We agree with Harper's Weekly that if 'a fight for true and sound democracy is to be made between now and 1912 let it begin at once,' and that 'if democrats who are democrats from principle wish to save their party from a repetition of that folly and blunder (the folly and blunder of 1908) and to keep out of the predicament in which they then found themselves, they cannot afford to waste any time.'"

That is all true, every word of it, but we wish our hebdomadary friend would tell us who are the "democrats from principle" of which it speaks, where are they to be found and what have they done to impress themselves upon the party or the country? Can our contemporary name a single man in the democratic party who has not in these years trimmed his principle to suit conditions? Has there not been a disposition on the part of the majority to trade the democracy to gain a footing in the party by consenting to almost every doctrine of expediency that has been preached upon them? How was it during the last session of the congress? How many of the democratic members stood fast by the party when the tariff question was under discussion, and have we not all boasted overmuch that the republicans have simply stolen our policies? Does Harper's Weekly show any political bad whatever that the democratic party has not utterly inverted? Bryan became its chief apostle? The great Nebraska, we believe, is now at work steadily for another nomination. He has not said that he will not be a candidate for a renomination, which is equivalent to saying that he will be a candidate, and we know him so well that we have nominated him, not because we believe in him, or believe that the party under his leadership could possibly gain a victory, but because we are satisfied that he will be the candidate of the democracy in 1912, and that the party will follow him, so utterly incompetent is the democracy and so wholly incompetent is its leadership.

Reform the Parent.

Need of Revival of Famous Session in the Woodchuck. New York Tribune. Precisely seems to be inherent in the modern story, but to judge from the number of stories of crimes committed during the last few days by boys who ought to be in the grammar or high schools, it would appear that the time has arrived to restore the rising generation to its old status. Kansas a youth of 17, with a companion of 15, robs a bank, kills a policeman and injures another man. At Syracuse two young men with wild west aspirations, one of them 17 and the other 15 years of age, climb aboard a train while at the station and enter the express car to rob it after the train is well under way. At New Albany, Ind., a 17-year-old reader of cheap blood and thunder novels, in an effort to rob the Merchants National bank, shoots and kills the cashier and seriously wounds the president of the institution.

There is some reason to believe that the boys themselves are not entirely at fault. Parental responsibility rests more lightly upon heads of households today, apparently, than it was a generation ago. However we may deplore the use of those persuasive means so much in vogue in the boyhood of the grandfathers of the present generation, and however much we may approve of the modern methods of moral suasion, when it works—there still lingers the suspicion that a session in the woodchuck with the stern father and a good strap might have a most salutary effect on some of the present day juvenile criminals. Probably many persons might say, if they were fathers, in the words of the New Albany father, "To tell the truth, I don't know how I had proper care. He has read himself and was an inveterate reader of cheap novels." It is to be feared that many parents are too busy to devote the proper amount of time to the training of their children, and where this is the case they have only themselves to blame when shame and disgrace are brought upon their heads by their offspring.

ARMY DESERTIONS.

Causes for Taking "French Leave" of Army Life. New York Sun. Adjutant-General Alsworth reports that 4,932 enlisted men, or 4.97 per cent deserted from the army during the last fiscal year, as compared with 4.59 per cent the year before. As the country has become more prosperous, the number of desertions of itself is not surprising, but that there should be several thousand desertions from an army with an authorized strength of about 70,000 men (excluding the Philippine scouts), particularly when there has been an addition to army pay, is deplorable. The market has been some improvement in attachment to the army during the fiscal year 1908-9 there were 4,538 desertions, or 7.4 per cent of the complement.

In a dispatch from Washington General Alsworth is quoted as saying that the abolition of the monotony of the life of a garrison life, the increasing amount of work and study demanded of a soldier, and the ease with which remunerative employment can be obtained in civil life, account for the large number of desertions. Major-General A. W. Greely two years ago reported his annual report as commander of the Northern division that many of the reasons why so many enlisted men took "French leave." The most potent of all, in our opinion, was excessive non-military work about the posts, such work as a day laborer ought to do in place of a soldier. The market wage for such work, which is often distasteful and unwholesome, is a dollar and a half to two dollars a day. The soldier receives not much more than fifty cents for this work and for being a soldier too. He has his rations free, it may be urged, but General Greely has told the soldier's ration is as good as the fare the day laborer can command with his wage.

POINTS TO YOUNGER MEN.

Presidents Subjected to Rigid Physical Tests. St. Louis Globe Democrat. The new conception of the duties of a president will compel the country to select younger men than it sometimes did formerly. Jackson was 65 years of age at the time that illness seized him while on his New England trip, and physically he was younger than his years. Taft is only 53 years of age. In connection with Jackson, Taft, of course, is ready to talk intelligently to talk on the big issues, social and political, of the hour than he is physically to traverse the country's magnificent distances. The country is larger in 1909 than it was in 1833—larger in area, in inhabitants, and in the number and the variety of its interests, and the demands of many kinds on its presidents have increased proportionately. Hereafter the man who aspires to the post of head of the government will need to stand as rigid a physical examination as do the candidates for the office of mayor of New Orleans, and he must be ready to talk intelligently to all sorts and conditions of men on all themes and at all times. In much more than a metaphorical sense a president of the United States hereafter will be the First Citizen of the republic.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Herman Baehr, the republican who defeated Tom Johnson for re-election as mayor of Cleveland, O., is a brewer. The "ultimate consumer" of gas in Minneapolis is about to have his lining. The gas company offers to come down from \$1 to 25 cents if the city will renew its franchise.

The London correspondent is fatter than he knows. Says he: "Mrs. Astor may prove as exacting in the selection of a new husband as she has been in the choice of a London house. She has taken no less than three of these within recent years."

New York has had a condemnation commission engaged for fourteen years upon a matter that might have been settled in a leisurely way in six months. That the commissioners were paid at the rate of \$8,000 annually appears is now being considered as a coincident episode not devoid of interest.

A girl at Camden, N. J., fell down the stairs of a factory and recovered \$2,000 damages in spite of the charge that her French high-heeled shoes and not the defective steps led to her trouble. The jury seemed to think the stairs should accommodate themselves to the high art of the heels.

FREELESS ON THE TROT.

Colonel Bryan's Down-the-World Trip Provokes Reflections. Washington Post. It is announced that Mr. Bryan will spend the winter in Texas, not far from Corpus Christi, and that he will then sail for Havana in the spring to see what is worth looking at in that all too little land and parake of an island. Then Mr. Bryan is to make a tour of Europe and deliver a stump speech in Scotland and participate of the hospitalities of that famous club that Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, Ferguson, Walter Scott, Lockhart, Black, Clerk, Jeffreys and 100 others of the grandest of the races made so illustrious.

Will history repeat itself? In 1906 the G. O. P. was walking the floor. The odds in July were that the next house of representatives would have a democratic majority, and they were saying that if John Sharp could not look the speaker he could act it. And so it appeared until a certain night in August, when the Peeries One, after trotting round the globe, landed in New York City and made a stump speech in Madison Square Garden. He shifted the issue, he challenged to a new field, and then the G. O. P. saw the opening and took advantage of it, a habit it has since. Congress that autumn elected was republican and Joseph G. Cannon its speaker.

Mr. Bryan will return to this country the late summer of 1910. Will he again open the box of Pandora? We see what his homelands are doing in Ohio. They are after Governor Harmon and that gentleman has as much to fear from Bryan's friends as he has from the republicans. Since the death of Johnson of Minnesota, and with Harmon out of the way, who could dispute the nomination with the Matchless in the democratic national convention of 1912?

A southern man? Whom? We all love to talk about a southern man all year; but even if we could find one, it would be to challenge the supremacy of Mr. Bryan, he would be disastrously beaten in the convention. If Gaylor should turn out a Sam Tilden, the thing would be mightily simplified.

BREEZY TRIFLES.

"Did your police" researches enable you to discover anything about the practice of the gilded lecture contracts.—Washington Star. Patent Medicine Man—Did you get one photograph of that fellow who used one of your bottles?—Cleveland Plain Dealer. "I suppose a southern" cracker who wears shoes is safe from the backwoods of the South, but he's liable to arrest as a safe cracker.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Foot Ball Coach (after the game)—Boys, are you all right?—You're all right, but I left an ear and part of a finger somewhere near the twenty-five-yard line.—Chicago Record-Herald. Inquiring Henderson—Paw, what is single blessedness?—Father—It's when the doctor says it isn't twin.—Harvard Lampoon.

Guide—Now, ex sum, if I kin berry a dore will be ready for your huntin' trip. Amateur Sport—Why, what's the matter with your dore?—Guide—Oh, he's do valuable.—Chicago News. "Your children are pretty well trained, aren't they?"—Yes, I flatter myself that they are. I've got 'em so they don't even correct my grammar before company.—Cleveland Leader.

"What started this fuss?" demanded the policeman. "Father" explained the man, "that fellow raised 'is glass, turned to me, and said, 'Here's looking at ye!'" "Well, when he said it 'is eyes was crossed!"—Chicago Tribune. First Baby—Milk is 9 cents a quart. Second Baby—Great Scott! We start in here with a price that consumers mighty early.—New York Sun.

She (sternly)—I heard a noise very late. He (facetiously)—Was it the night falling.—Ballmore American. She—No, it wasn't. It was the day breaking.—Ballmore American.

JUST SIXTEEN.

Is there ever a time when the skies are so bright? Or the grass so delightfully green. Is there ever a time when the heart is so glad? As when one has just reached sixteen? Ah, then is the time when the pleasure of life is so full? Are you not touched by the world's toil and strife? And our wills to its will are bent? When the touch of a hand or a greeting is so gay? Will bring to the heart a thrill? And there's never a care to obstruct our way? And the world seems full of good-will. Before we have quite put away childish things. And have just tasted grown-up fun. The hours pass so swiftly they must have wings. And our work is so quickly done. We know there'll be times when sorrow will knock at our door. And wrinkles will crease our brow; We know because grown-ups have told us so. But what do we care for that now? Just sixteen years. 'Tis the middle of spring. With April-like sunbeams and showers. When the song of the south sea are leaping to sing. And golden rays of all life's hours.—L. J. MAY.