THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION.

State of Nebraska, Douglas County, ss.:
George B. Tzschuck, treasurer of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of The Daily, Morning, Evening and Sunday Bee printed during the month of March, 1910, was as follows:

1	45,770	16	42,970
2	42,810	17	43,110
3	42,760	18	43,030
4	42,690	19	42,090
5	42,800	20	41,830
6	41,500	21	43,140
7	42,940	22	42,920
8	42,760	23	42,480
9	42,710	24	42,660
10	42,160	25	42,890
11	42,810	26	42,830
12	42,980	27	41,400
13	41,700	28	42,610
14	42,130	29	42,770
15	42,620	30	42,410
		31	42,750

Total 1,326,400
Returned copies.....10,720
Net total.....1,315,680
Daily average.....42,441

GEO. B. TZSCHUCK,
Treasurer.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this first day of March, 1910.
M. P. WALKER,
Notary Public.

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

Congratulations to the Omaha Elks on their magnificent new home.

It is, of course, more dignified for elder statesmen to retire than to resign.

The prisoner pardoned on his poetry is the first man to escape through the lines.

Chances are that the colonel did not find Paris very gay at the hour of his arrival—7:30 a. m.

Now, do not let April fool you with this return of spring into taking off anything you should keep on.

Just remember that The Bee is boosting for Omaha every day in the year, and in about eight editions daily.

A fire that has just burned up $100,000 worth of property at Lincoln is further testimony that the town is dry.

Still, nothing in the law is intended to operate to prevent people from planting trees after Arbor Day has come and gone.

Yes, the democratic World-Herald is the only paper in the country that puts Roosevelt inside in order to make first page space for Bryan.

Five train robbers escape and three Mabray mikers get out on bail at Leavenworth. Not such a hard place to get away from, after all.

Congressman Fowler has revealed the hand of the insurgents' further intentions with regard to Uncle Joe, which looks like the mailed fist.

Omaha will soon have a metropolitan electric service for collection and delivery of mail between the postoffice, depots and substations, if the knockers do not spoil it.

Is not this thing of calling them "the senior Morgan" and "the junior Morgan" a disrespectful way to refer to two of our most prominent multi-billionaires?

Could Mr. Bryan's request for no reception on his return have been based on the memory of that "Home Folks" demonstration? If so, no one could blame him.

The Baltimore American observes that the suggestion of Governor Crothers of Maryland for president comes a little too late for an April fool joke, but is nonetheless funny.

Perhaps the South Omaha school children who earned a reward by uncovering the train robbers last fall may earn another reward by helping to recapture the escaped convict.

Those democrats who had an idea that Mr. Bryan would merely declare for county prohibition and let it go at that, without doing anything to put it in the democratic platform in his home state, have another guess.

Not to be outdone by the insurgents in congress, nor the woman's suffrage convention, the Daughters of the American Revolution have pulled off a little pow-wow stunt of their own at Washington.

Uncle Sam has just discovered in looking over his list of laws that he is short one punishing an official who might rob his strong box. It would be a good idea to fix up a little legislation on that, for the strong box is getting more and more hefty right now.

Mark Twain.

The morning and evening of this man's life were not as one day. The sun that rose in ruddy glow in the Missouri village and shone brightly past the noontide, set behind dark clouds in the Connecticut hills. Nature by one of her strange paradoxes decreed that the life devoted to others' joy should go out in the gloom of private grief.

Samuel L. Clemens was one of those sturdy Americans who lived not in vain because he lived not to himself. Always, even as he descended into the valley of personal sorrow, he felt for his fellowman and tried for the word that might give cheer and comfort, possibly dispelling some shadow within. The world owes something more than it realizes to the man who makes it laugh, and if our obligation to Mark Twain ended there it would be great, but it goes far beyond that point. His was a wholesome, healthy humor because it went down into the realities of life and brought up some kernel of truth or philosophy that was of tangible value. He hated sham and hypocrisy with such consistent passion that he was able to picture its absurdities so as to make them odious and repellant. He was essentially a "plain, blunt man," so much so that even in his writing he steadfastly refused to give up the colloquial tongue for the purist. His faithful adherence to the vernacular finally brought to him a mastery of style all his own, which others have been eager to essay. This is all the more strange, too, in view of his lack of early training, his rugged young manhood being spent on steamboats along the Mississippi. But to compensate for this lack he possessed a prolific fund of hard, common sense, became an inveterate reader and student, had a prodigious memory and capped all with a natural power of expressing the very thought in the very way that gave the best effect. His satirical fiction is full of these instances.

The afternoon of Mark Twain's life was marked by a sedateness that showed plainly he had realized the tragedy as well as the comedy of human existence, and the evening passed with few rays of light save those that burst irresistibly from the sun of his own cheery heart which even the pangs of domestic grief scarce could hold in eclipse. The friendships of his later years were with the big men of his day and he took his place with them as easily as he had taken it with the happy-go-lucky fellows on the river boats. He had a versatility of character that never suffered in any company. The refreshing simplicity and boyish heart that lived out through the rollicking pranks of Huckleberry Finn never lost its youthful vigor or its power to arouse another's love.

Railroad and Mine Disasters.

It is lamentable that our activities looking to the protection of life have not been as skillfully directed as those that conserve the financial resources of great industries like mines and railroads. Perhaps the reason is that the problem of conserving life is greater than that of making money. At any rate, the fact is forced upon us that railroads and mines operated by men whose services come at high cost still have much to learn in the art of preventing accidents that cause death by the wholesale.

Prior to the quarter ending December 31, 1909, railroads had made encouraging progress in reducing the number of accidents, but reports for those three months disclose a discouraging increase in the number of casualties. One thousand persons were killed in those ninety days by our American railways and 22,491 were injured, an increase in injured of more than 5,000.

On the same day that this report is issued we read of forty miners being entombed in a southern shaft. This is only one of a number of similar mine disasters coming in quick succession in the last year, the most appalling of which was the Cherry havoc.

It must be that culpable negligence is somewhere involved in the train of these slaughters. At least the conclusion is unavoidable that the same amount of trained and scientific effort is not put into minimizing the possibilities of accident in the mine and on the railroad as is put into the management and development for the purpose of giving efficient service and producing maximum earnings. This is a subject that must receive saner consideration in this country.

Democrats and Postal Savings.

What will the democrats in the house do when the postal savings bank bill comes up for final passage? The Denver platform, which the apostle of democracy insists is binding on every democrat in congress, declares outright for postal savings if the guaranteed bank cannot be secured, and it has been pretty well demonstrated that the guaranteed bank will not be secured this session. But when the postal savings bill was up in the senate, although quite a number of democratic senators said they favored the plan, only one recorded himself in the affirmative on final roll call, and every other democratic senator who voted voted "No."

Here comes Mr. Bryan in his Commoner with explicit directions as to what the house democrats should do. "It is to be hoped," says he, "that the democrats of the house will try to improve it (the bill) by amendment, but having exhausted every effort to perfect it, they should support it and establish the principle, leaving further improvement to the future." The question is, Will this advice be followed any better by the democrats in the house than it was by the democrats in the senate. Or will they line up as a party against postal savings simply because the bill is put forward as a republican administration measure?

No Need to Worry Yet.

Imperative as is the need for caution and wisdom in shaping the railroad bill now before congress into an effective law, it really does not seem necessary to grow pessimistic at this stage of the proceedings. There is every reason to encourage the belief that congress means to give the country a broad, safe measure framed to meet the exigencies of the case out of the lessons of our experience to date.

The country has the record of the republican party as the author of all the best in railroad and trust legislation as an earnest of good faith in the present. The Sherman anti-trust act, the Elkins law and the Hepburn act are all of republican origin and, while they are not perfect in their operations, have accomplished real reform and real good in dealing with the large corporations. But before we come to the measures widening and facilitating the scope of power of the Interstate Commerce commission, we should stop to acknowledge that that body came into being through the efforts of the republicans.

Following the enactment of all these laws came predictions of dire disaster that would befall the railroads and other moneyed interets of the land, but these calamities have not come true. On the contrary, the great commercial institutions have gone on accumulating strength; railroad construction has proceeded as never before in any period of history and corporate management has become wiser and more efficient.

If we care to look at this situation from the standpoint of political expediency we still find room for hope, for the majority in congress today invites its own peril if it fails or neglects to give to the country a good law providing for an interstate commerce court for the proper regulation of traffic, rates and agreements by railroads. The mst rigid analysis of every section entering into the bill and its most careful consideration are highly desirable, and after going through this legislative crucible the measure ought to emerge in a reasonably satisfactory condition.

Broad-Gauged or Narrow-Gauged?

Down in Lincoln a veritable hornets' nest has been stirred up by the refusal of the city council to permit the display of an across-the-sidewalk sign temporarily in front of a bank during the construction of a handsome new building, with the usual charges and countercharges that the municipal authorities are discouraging private enterprise when they ought to encourage it.

This is the same old contention between broad-gauged and narrow-gauged policies in the upbuilding of a city, and it is the same question that confronts every business enterprise from time to time. In this particular instance the narrow-gauged policy is sought to be justified by the declaration that there must be no special privileges to anyone that everyone cannot enjoy, to which the answer is made that the city can well afford to let down the bars for a temporary street sign if by doing so it can get a fine permanent improvement in the shape of a modern, up-to-date building.

Here in Omaha we have the habit of putting up with a lot of inconveniences and nuisances while new buildings are in progress, and while new enterprises are being established. Omaha has preferred the broad-gauged policy to the narrow-gauged policy, and we think has results to show for it. While some few may have enjoyed special privileges for a little while, the whole community has been the gainer in the long run. A city may in its infancy do some things and draw the lines less strictly than they ought to when it gets bigger, but the city, like the individual who does business on a broad-gauged, liberal plan, is apt to get further than a narrow-gauged neighbor.

The insane ward of the Douglas county hospital is again reported overcrowded. The care of the insane, however, strictly speaking, belongs to the state and not to the county, and these patients should be in the state insane asylums. If the latter institutions have no room for them these asylums should be enlarged. If Douglas county once accepts it as its duty to provide for the insane it will be hard to get the state to give relief.

Outside of Omaha The Bee is practically the only Omaha newspaper that is known and quoted. The reason is clear—it is because The Bee has always not only maintained its own high character, but kept ahead of what the size of the city really warranted from a newspaper standpoint. The best way to boost Omaha is to send The Bee to out-of-town friends.

All the railroads entering Omaha are discovering that their freight terminal facilities here are inadequate to the growing traffic, if not already inadequate. The railroad that wants to look ahead in Omaha for twenty years should take a look backward twenty years, and figure that past growth is not a marker to what is in store.

The escape of Frank Grigware, with other convicts at Leavenworth, justifies the extraordinary precautions Omaha officers took in handling him and his confederates in the Union Pacific train robbery, going on the theory they would make a dash at the first opportunity.

The controversy over who shall celebrate the Panama canal project has narrowed down to Washington, New Orleans and San Francisco. San Diego tried to butt in, but was promptly read out of the race by the San Francisco Chronicle.

Those dogs and frogs that have to sacrifice their lives in the Hyde murder trial to prove just how dead strychnine can kill will derive little consolation from the fact that they are martyrs to the great cause of science.

Reforms Trimmed with Joy.

Baltimore American.

If, when the Pullman company reduces its rates, it will also inaugurate a system whereby the public is relieved of paying the porters' wages, there will be cause for genuine joy.

Which Will Move First?

Washington Herald.

The getting together of the Independence league and the democratic party seems to depend upon whether the mountain shall go to Mahomet or Mahomet to the mountain.

Something of a Clincher.

Kansas City Star.

Another argument in favor of the postal savings bank is found in the fact that the "bankers' colony" at the Fort Leavenworth penitentiary now numbers thirty-eight.

Why Worry So?

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Why should democratic leaders be flurried because Mr. Bryan resurrected some of the old clatter about the quantitative theory of money? What reason was there for expecting anything else from him?

Political Rainbow Chasing.

Baltimore American.

The program of the social democratic administration of Milwaukee sounds like an advance notice of the millennium. If its practical carrying out realizes all its promises, then there will be a revolution in municipal government. But after all, the great bar to the millennium still stands even in altruistic socialism—human nature, which probably is prevalent even in advanced Milwaukee.

Moving the Panama Earth.

Springfield Republican.

When the United States took over the work of building the Panama canal it was estimated by the engineers that 103,795,000 cubic yards would have to be excavted. The excavation record shows that this figure was passed about a week ago, there being some 71,000,000 cubic yards still to be removed. The additional digging is due to the enlargement of the dimensions of the canal prism, made by the American engineers after the work was begun, to accommodate ships of increased tonnage.

Protection in Great Britain.

New York Tribune.

Mr. Balfour's declaration in favor of admitting wheat from the British colonies into the United Kingdom free of duty, while imposing a duty upon wheat from other countries, is quite in accord with protectionist principles when applied on an imperial scale. The importance of such an arrangement to the British food supply may be estimated from the fact of record that the grain crop of Saskatchewan was 9,000,000 bushels in 1899, 37,000,000 in 1904 and 208,000,000 in 1909. What it will be in 1914 may almost stagger the imagination, while without any flight of the imagination it may well be reckoned that in a few years the colonies of the empire will be able to supply the demands of the United Kingdom.

Imports and Extravagance.

New York World.

The foreign trade of the country for March, 1910, shows a balance against us of $19,254,000. This is the first unfavorable March balance in fifteen years. It is the heaviest unfavorable balance in that month since 1893, just before a bad financial break, and 1869, when reassured foreign capital was still rushing in to finance industries after the war. Only once in forty-seven years has an entire calendar year shown an excess of imports. Never before now has a flood of imports overbearing the natural export balance consisted so largely of imported luxuries. If after a very bad record in the last half of 1909 the present year continues as it has begun, it will be a puzzle or a portent. The national sin of extravagance, private and public, unless attended to, may force itself upon attention.

Our Birthday Book

April 23, 1910.

William Shakespeare, bard of Avon, would be celebrating his birthday today if he were still among us. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon April 23, 1564. The strangest part of it all is that the world waited for a Nebraska university professor to dig up the records of a lawsuit in which Shakespeare's deposition was taken.

Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale university, was born April 23, 1856, at New Haven, Conn. He was professor of political economy in that institution before being promoted to succeed President Dwight.

Chauncey M. Depew, United States senator from New York, is 78 today and still telling stories and cracking jokes. He was born at Peekskill, N. Y. Mr. Depew is a lawyer by profession and was once resident of the New York railroad, and was mentioned as candidate for president of the United States.

Thomas T. Eckert, former president of the Western Union, was born April 23, 1825, at Chairsville, O., and although retired from active business, is still hale and hearty. General Eckert had charge of the military telegraph for the union army during the war.

Winthrop Murray Crane, United States senator from Massachusetts, is 67. He was born at Dalton, Mass., and built his fortune as a manufacturer of writing paper.

Carter H. Harrison, former mayor of Chicago, is celebrating his 50th birthday. He is a native son of Chicago, and his father was mayor of Chicago before him.

Carl Snyder, author and magazine writer, was born April 23, 1869, at Cedar Falls, Ia. He was once editor of the Council Bluffs Nonpareil and is well known in Omaha.

Edwin Markham, poet and literary critic, was born April 23, 1852, in Oregon City, Ore. One of his principal claims to literary fame is "The Man With the Hoe." He is now living in Brooklyn.

Francis Lynde Stetson, the big New York lawyer, was born April 23, 1846, at Keeseville, N. Y. He used to be associated in a law firm with Grover Cleveland and has represented J. Pierpont Morgan in many big deals.

Thomas Nelson Page, author and novelist, is 57. He is a Virginian by birth and has laid most of his successful fiction scenes in the south.

In Other Lands

Side Lights on What is Transpiring Among the Near and Far Nations of the Earth.

King Menelik of Abyssinia has fully recovered from the recent attack of obituary notices. The tearless laments drawn from newspaper morgues and reference books, gathered by enterprising clipping bureaus, are pouring in upon the royal castle, filling the negus with the spirit of gayety. But the royal household furnishes additional proof of health and hilarity. The royal treasury is in need of funds and the tax collector is abroad in the land. Some offensive patriots who are striving to dodge their dues by "hollering" against increased taxes, have been corralled by the squad of soldiers and the noise effectively squelched with curved sabers. By chopping off the heads of the principal kickers and dodgers, and confiscating their property, King Menelik impresses minor tax insurgents that prompt payment conduces to longevity. The moral effect of the proceeding insures accurate and honest schedules of property and checks the tendency to hide movable assets over the border before the assessor arrives.

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What promises to be the greatest labor battle ever fought in Germany was inaugurated early in the month by a lockout of employes in the building trades. It is said 200,000 workmen are involved at present, with every likelihood of the number being increased as the heat of the contest rises. Primarily the fight was forced by organized employers. Some weeks ago the employers demanded that the employes should enter, at the beginning of this month, upon an entirely new form of contract, the chief features of which were that the men should no longer object to piece-work, that uniform conditions of labor should prevail throughout the empire and that there should be a general system of labor exchanges organized and controlled by the employers alone. The employers presented this proposal to the men as an ultimatum, which must be accepted by the men under penalty of a lockout. The men, in their trade unions, very promptly and almost unanimously rejected the proposal, and a lockout was in consequence ordered by the employers.

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Taxing the unearned increment in land, a proposition embodied in the British budget which the landlords denounced as confiscation, is becoming a popular form of public revenue in Germany. It has been the vogue in cities for several years, and under it they have thrived wonderfully. The general government wants a slice of the usufruct and proposes, as a starter, to dip into the unearned increment pot in Berlin. It is expected the cities will resent this action as another step in the encroachment of the federal upon the municipal authorities, but likely the kaiser's ministers will have their way.

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The divorce evil is growing in England at a disquieting rate. Civil judicial statistics for 1908, recently issued, show an increase of 15.26 over the preceding year. The distinctive feature of the showing is the preponderance of petitions for divorce by husbands and of separations, a proceeding different from divorce. Separation orders granted by magistrates numbered 7,265 in 1908, making, with divorces, 672, and judicial separations, 28, a total of 7,965. This gives a percentage of 22.53 per 100,000 of population. In Italy, where divorce as distinguished from separation is unknown, separations on an average for eight years amounted to only 852, or two per 100,000 of the population.

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Americans who decorate their bosoms with home decoration badges for the purpose of impressing the proletariat while traveling abroad, should cut Servia out of their itinerary in the future or chuck the decoration in the bottom of the grip. Servians are tired of decorations. They have become as much of a human burlesque as the beribboned chest of a delegate whose vote is eagerly sought by rivals. A much decorated ex-minister has organized the Servian Anti-Decoration league, which is growing rapidly, and promises to rid the chesty landscape of medals and posters. The furore is such that the government, pledged to economy and reduced taxation, fears that its working subordinates will demand more real money and fewer pewter medals in their pay envelopes.

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Cecil Rhodes' dream of a railroad from the Cape to Cairo is steadily approaching realization. By the end of this year the entire line will have been surveyed, and construction will follow fast on the heels of the surveying corps. The railroad will be 5,600 miles long, and construction has been pushed with a vigor that would do credit to an American railroad contractor. Locomotives are now running to a point forty miles beyond the Congo frontier, or 2,187 miles from Capetown. The roadbed is completed for six miles further northward, and by the end of April it is expected that the rail head will be a hundred miles within the Congo territory. Through trains are now running twice a week between Capetown and the Victoria Falls and between Victoria Falls and Broken Hill.

WATTERSON TO TAFT.

A Message of Cheer and Good Will and an Invitation.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

There have been presidents before you, Mr. President, who were glad to get out of the White House. The job is by no means what it is cracked up to be. To a sensitive man it must be at times almost unendurable. It takes a tough hide, a tough hide, to stand the meannesses and treacheries, the half-lying and the lying outright, the misconception, misconstruction and double-dealing to which every hour of the day and every day in the year the president of the United States is subjected. Mr. Taft has shown himself too thin of skin. God made him for chief justice of the supreme court—and an ideal chief justice he would have made—instead of chief magistrate.

There's one comfort. He is a gentleman and an honest man. He was born and bred a gentleman. Whenever the qualities that go to the making of a gentleman have had occasion to put in an appearance Taft has shown large, indeed. His letter to Gifford Pinchot was almost a nonsequitur. Except that he had been grossly misled and deceived in Ballinger it would have put Pinchot in a hole. But he shone out resplendent the other evening when he was so suddenly and so sorely tried by the audience of rude, unfeeling and unthinking women who, when they hissed the modest expression of a difference of opinion, gave their cause away.

The Courier-Journal touches its hat to you, Mr. President. We look toward you, Mr. President. There is still good fishing in Kentucky river—yes, in Eagle creek and Elkhorn—Mr. President, and, when that four years' term is up, and you are sick and tired of honor and glory, come to God's country, Mr. President, and we'll have a burgoo and a thimbleful of the best ever to wash it down.

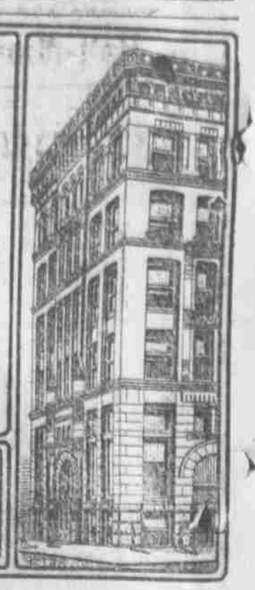
The report made to the comptroller under date of March 29, 1910, shows that this bank has

Time Certificates of Deposit $2,034,278.61

3½% Interest

paid on certificates running for twelve months.

First National Bank of Omaha



PERSONAL NOTES.

A Cincinnati man has failed for more than $1,000,000 with assets of less than $400. That might be termed a successful failure.

The parting remarks of Mr. Clarkson of New York as he loses his grip on a federal job seem to be made more in anger than in sorrow.

Philadelphia politicians deny that they are as bad as those in Pittsburg. The denial may be ascribed to modesty rather than to resentment.

Hetty Green's son explains that he is a bachelor because of his wealth. Yet there are women who would not regard wealth as an insuperable obstacle.

A New York judge has ruled that a woman has no inalienable right to change her mind. On that point, however, his honor may yet change his mind.

Dr. Pritchett of the Carnegie foundation announces after his tour of the west, inspecting state universities, that only two out of twelve come up to the Carnegie standard.

Colonel L. P. Ross of Lawton has entered the race for the democratic nomination for governor of Oklahoma. He is understood to favor local option and a resubmission of the prohibition question.

Comet watchers entertaining doubt as to the location of the appendix will be comforted by the assurance of a writer that "the tail glows for miles and miles behind it." Rise early and watch it wag.

Edward S. Ellis, a resident of Montclair, N. J., was 70 years old recently. Just fifty years ago this spring young Ellis assisted at the birth of Beadle's dime novels, by producing one of the classics of that amusing series, "Seth Jones, or the Captive of the Frontier," a tale that won a circulation of more than 500,000 copies and was translated into eleven languages.

Daniel Waldo Field of Brockton, Mass., millionaire and president of numerous corporations, has enrolled as a special student in the Harvard School of Business. He is 45 years old and is studying as hard as the hardest working "grind" in the university. Mr. Field is an employer of labor on a large scale. He is a shoe manufacturer and employs about 5,000 people. He is married.

THE FAREWELL KNOCK.

Doleful Effect of Separation from the Pie Counter.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The poor Grand Old! It is now in a position where most everybody enjoys giving it a kick, and absolutely nobody is afraid to. Here is that sonorous old fighter in the party trenches, Geperal James S. Clarkson, shooting arrows into the hide of the old pachyderm, as he retires from the surveyorship of the port of New York. "The first right of man is to earn his living," says Clarkson, "and in that the republican party is not protecting the citizens." It is certainly just now not protecting Clarkson in the right to take his living from the public crib. Another arrow: "Any debt the negro owed the republican party has been paid. The party has betrayed him. He should divide his vote." And he adds by way of another shot: "The republican party was swept into power by sentiment. For twelve years it has lived through commercialism." Most people saw commercialism in control of the party many years prior to twelve years ago, or when Clarkson was nearing the zenith of his political career.

LAUGH IT OFF.

"The prospects for speeding on this road seem fine," ejaculated the amateur chauffeur, as he prepared to let the machine out.

"Right, you are," chuckled the rural constable darting from behind a tree. "Fine, all right. Fifty dollars."—Baltimore American.

"I ain't no saint, boss," said the hobo. "I wunst voted a couple o' hundred repeaters in my precinct, an' they sent me to the penitentiary for it."

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed the man who had just befriended him. "I did the same thing once, and they sent me to congress for it!"—Chicago Tribune.

"What do you think of a man with a rip in his coat and only three buttons on his vest?"

"He should either get married or divorced."—Boston Transcript.

"Why do they call this wine champagne?"

"Because that's its name."

"It's a bad one. No sham about it. The headache you get from it is the real thing."—Washington Herald.

"What good does a classical education do a man?"

"A great deal," replied the statesman. "If he becomes eminent in affairs he can select an ancient author as his press agent instead of employing some modern person who will be more expensive and less efficient."—Washington Star.

"You were very cold last evening," phoned the young man to the girl he had called on. Then he added anxiously, "What is the outlook for tonight?"

"Fair and warmer tonight," came the answer promptly.—Denver News.

In the hereafter the man encountered a singular group of animals—two or three beavers, an otter and some seals, all shivering, though the climate, to say the least, was mild.

"We were skinned for your wife's furs," they explained, civilly, seeing his perplexity.

"So was I," quoth he.

Thereafter they wandered on together.—Circle Magazine.

The Judge—I'll fine you $25 for vagrancy.
The Prisoner—Wot's dat?
The Judge—You are without visible means of support. Can you pay the fine?
The Prisoner—Judge, dat's de biggest fool question, under de circumstances, dat was ever asked me.—Cleveland Leader.

A MAN, A GIRL AND A CURL.

Celia M. Robinson in Smart Set.

On the rack it hung all day,
Near the ribbons bright and gay
And the ties,
But at night among her tresses,
When she wore her pretty dresses
In the guise
Of a bud of fashion's choosing,
It was really quite amusing,
Such sad sighs
The little curl would hear
Whispered in a pretty ear,
And the lies
(To make a ringlet tremble in surprise)
Of the crimson of her lips
And the crimson of her cheeks,
That lay all day
In an alabaster box
On the dresser with the locks
Not far away,
And near it, on the side,
Peroxide!
When the ringlet heard him whisper
That he never could resist her,
All the beauty of her bloom
And her charm,
The ringlet lost its grip
And suddenly let slip
To his arm,
Where it fell, a golden wave,
And, trying quick to save
It from harm,
The maiden lost her head,
And bitter tears she shed
In her alarm.
The sudden heavy shower
Washed the color, like a flower,
From her cheeks.
And that's the reason why
Now he's very, very shy
When he calls
Upon the pretty lasses,
And always wears his glasses
To the balls.

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