THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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3	43,720	18	44,520
4	44,190	19	41,500
5	41,650	20	44,600
6	43,960	21	44,660
7	43,700	22	44,730
8	43,830	23	44,770
9	44,000	24	45,030
10	43,990	25	45,120
11	44,420	26	41,600
12	41,400	27	45,410
13	44,400	28	45,000
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GEORGE B. TZSCHUCK,
Treasurer.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 30th day of June, 1910.
M. P. WALKER,
Notary Public.

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

Jim came back to his alfalfa farm, anyway.

The "white man's burden" is still on his back, we observe. Next?

Who can tell offhand what it was that made Jack London famous?

It's just barely possible that Would-be-Senator Sorenson will surprise even himself.

News reports speak of excessive heat at El Paso. But why think to mention that?

September 2 will be another red-letter day in Omaha. Mark it down on the calendar.

The Ohio capitalist planning a home for newspaper men ought just to make it sleeping quarters.

It really does not seem worth while to rule out the fight pictures so long as we stand for some of the others.

It may happily develop that Johnson not only knocked out Jeffries, but the whole institution of prize fighting.

The admission of Arizona and New Mexico into the union ought to bring some pure Rough Rider stock into congress.

Is President Ripley of the Santa Fe trying to crowd Uncle "Jim" Hill out of his position as the leading railroad pessimist?

The local street car strike, which passed into history last year, has only now been formally declared off. Better late than never.

Kermit says he is going to Europe for recreation. What in the world was he doing those sixteen months spent in Africa and Europe?

If Chicago does elect Mr. J. Arthur Johnson to the city council we want to get in now with the prediction that he will be able to command a hearing.

When D. E. Thompson comes home perhaps he will find time to straighten out his Lincoln Star and make it either flesh, fish or fowl—one, but not all.

J. Ogden Armour says the people will not see $10 hogs again. Some people have not seen as much of them of late as they really would have enjoyed.

In Michigan there is a good deal of discussion over the "short ballot." If it were the short end of the ballot, expert advice might be obtained at Fairview, Neb.

Whenever he has been here in Omaha before Colonel Roosevelt has always had a "bully time," and he will not be disappointed when he makes his next visit.

In spite of being read out of the party as one of the recalcitrant state senators, "Doc" Tanner comes back for a vindication by renomination and re-election. Watch the people rule.

By a typographical error, the date of the storm that carried away a part of the Union Pacific bridge, a photograph of which was reproduced in The Sunday Bee, was given as 1887, when it should be 1877. Unfortunately the misprint was not discovered until too late to make the correction.

Proceeding to Business.

Arizona and New Mexico have gone about their work of becoming states with the true American spirit and may have their stars in the old flag by the next anniversary of the nation's independence, with their representatives ready to sit in the congress that convenes on the first Monday of December, 1911.

Both states have appointed days for the election of delegates to the constitutional convention, Arizona naming September 6 and New Mexico September 12. These conventions will lose no time in getting together, drafting their constitutions and submitting them to the people for ratification. Congress and the president, who urged the lawmakers into action, will have no ground for complaint at lack of promptness on the part of the new states. If the people accept the constitutions drafted for them by their representatives, then these charters will go to congress and the president for final ratification and if adjudged true to the republican form of government guaranteed by the federal constitution, then all that will remain to consummate statehood will be for the chief executive to issue a proclamation for the two new states to come into the union.

The fathers of the republic could scarcely have dreamed, in their most roseate imaginations, that the nation they founded would reach such territorial and political proportions in so short a time. This rounding out of the greatest free government in history in the comparatively brief period of 134 years is the most astounding achievement in the annals of nation-building.

An Object Lesson.

The lynching of the Anti-Saloon league detective at Newark, O., while, of course, disgraceful and lamentable as a violation of law, is yet a solemn object lesson, or ought to be, to these over-zealous uplifters who employ disreputable characters as agents in their crusades. Here is a man willing to take human life and who admits he has never engaged in a laudable means of earning a living, urging other young men to avoid the error that cost him his life.

It is a mistake for an organization which vests itself with social reform to proceed on the theory that the end always justifies the means and that it is all right to hire ex-convicts, professional strike breakers or other disreputables to do the spy work on which the league depends for information. And if this experience in Ohio does not serve to impress this fact on the minds of good men and women engaged in this and similar work, then it will fail to accomplish its best result. The Anti-Saloon league and allied organizations, their cause and their crusaders have suffered in public esteem because they employ men whose personal records would not bear scrutiny. It is simply impossible to get people to believe strongly in any cause that must depend upon such questionable methods for success. Here in Omaha and in other towns and cities of Nebraska this has been demonstrated where men have been employed by these organizations with penitentiary records and courts asked to send men to prison on the word of hireling jailbirds.

Temperance causes are not promoted by intemperate people or intemperate methods. In this state at present the Anti-Saloon league is embroiled in a bitter internal factional fight; several members have publicly resigned to avoid being ousted and recriminations of the ins and the outs are putting both under suspicion and their association with crooked detectives does not strengthen them in public esteem.

Work of the Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian association is being credited with doing a great service by the watchcare it keeps over boys and young men. It often follows a youth across the continent in order to surround him with proper associations. Recently a young man went from his home in a small Nebraska town to work in a large office in Chicago. One day he was surprised when a stranger approached him at his work, called him by name, told him where he was from and invited him out to lunch. It was a Young Men's Christian association representative come to accompany him in a strange city. The home association had notified the Omaha association and the Omaha had notified the Chicago association of the young man's movements, and in Chicago a worker was assigned to look after him.

As one of thousands of cases this illustrates a system that is working with excellent results, and the best part of it is that it is not confined to young men of this country, but extended to the youth coming here from abroad. Many of our newcomers are greeted at eastern ports of entry by these Young Men's Christian association workers and given assistance, which not only helps them for the time being to overcome the pall of homesickness and get started in a strange land, but aids them permanently and tends to make them better American citizens. They see a great organization in the new country interested in their welfare; interested in it enough to look out for them and appealing to the best there is in them. At the outset it gives them a high idea of Americans and Americanism and inspires them with the belief that they have a mark to strive for and a determination to reach the mark.

Not long ago a tall, angular youth walked into the local Young Men's Christian association headquarters and asked if a letter from Holland and one from Liverpool had been received with reference to a young man coming to Omaha. The fame of the Young Men's Christian association had spread to Holland, and this young man, venturing to cast his fortune in a new land, wrote to the Omaha association for the privilege of its fellowship and found it most cordially given him on his arrival.

Helped to secure employment, directed in obtaining good living quarters, influenced in the matter of proper associates—this work is invaluable to the youth away from home, and it must have a place in the sum total of the making of useful citizens out of sojourners in a strange land or in a strange city.

Adequate and Inadequate Penalty.

The other day a girl was fined $25 by a San Francisco judge for racing her automobile against a locomotive and laughingly told the court that the fun was worth the price.

This thoughtless miss unconsciously set forth the essence of this whole auto-speeding mania which the law must combat. The average automobile owner or driver, we may admit, is not thus reckless, but so long as there are so many exactly like this girl we are going to pay a dear tribute for the indulgence. Courts all but make a travesty when they assess nominal fines for law-defiant speeding. If the speeder does not care for the fine then it may become necessary to impose a penalty that will not strike so lightly.

It is not only unsafe for people like this girl to run automobiles, but unsafe for them to be permitted to indulge the idea that "the fun is worth the price," to laugh at law and sneer at courts. Such people must be punished in such a way that they will not think the penalty smaller than the offense, that they will not chuckle at the impotency of law and go out and repeat their performance. They must be impressed with the fact that a fine is not a license to indulge in a pastime that imperils life. It is the business of the authorities to see that the limitations are seriously observed when so serious a thing as human life is at stake.

When the Colonel Comes to Omaha.

When Colonel Roosevelt comes to Omaha in September he will have a rousing big reception, in which everybody irrespective of class, creed or politics will extend to him the glad hand.

That much may be considered settled in advance without waiting to know more about the hour of his arrival or the length of time he will spend here, or the detailed program that may be laid out for his entertainment.

Colonel Roosevelt has been Omaha's guest before, and on each occasion has had the kind of welcome that would be prompted by the true spirit of western hospitality and the popular admiration of the man.

It goes without saying that Colonel Roosevelt has not lost anything in public estimation in this section since becoming a private citizen, and that interest in him and in what he may say to us will be manifested just as strongly, if not stronger, than heretofore.

In making Omaha a stopping place on his itinerary Colonel Roosevelt honors our city and our people, who will gladly show their appreciation by honoring him.

The man who circulated those Bryan senatorial petitions is between two fires. To file the petitions with the secretary of state will cost him $50 and may offend Mr. Bryan, while to fail to file them will expose him to a penalty under the law of a fine of $500 or imprisonment. The question is, Is it cheaper to obey the law or to defy it?

Why should Mr. Bryan be so severe with the distinguished democrats whom he has bawled out, and at the same time so gentle with Associate Editor Metcalfe? Why not the same punishment for the same offense by whomsoever committed?

Reading the account of what happened to the anti-Saloon league sleuth in Newark, O., suggests what a lucky stroke it was that that suit case full of dynamite did not explode and kill a lot of innocent men, women and children in Omaha.

That Los Angeles man who is opposing Colonel Roosevelt for commander-in-chief of the Spanish-American war veterans is probably just seeking the distinction of being "the man who ran against Theodore Roosevelt."

The woman candidate for governor in New Hampshire says that within ten years women will be candidates for governor in twenty states. She is careful not to predict that they will than be governor of that many states.

England professes through its press to be shocked that America should desecrate with a prize fight the day that marks the anniversary of freedom from British tyranny, but is that really the source of grief?

Our old friend, "Mike" Harrington, seems to have forgotten that only two years ago he, himself, ran for presidential elector as a demo-pop on a platform pledging him to county option.

The Commoner is running a symposium on the question, "If the people rule, why don't they get what they want?" Here's the answer: "They do, except when Mr. Bryan won't let them."

Accounts Balanced.

Kansas City Times.

Mr. James Jeffries is inclined to blame the public for calling him back to the prize ring. But inasmuch as Mr. Jeffries didn't come back, the account should be balanced.

Living Up to His Name.

Washington Herald.

Senator Gore's idea that it is all wrong to rob Poor Lo is generally indorsed. Poor Lo probably does not suspect that his name ever will be anything other than Poor Lo, nevertheless.

Hard Test of Patience.

Washington Herald.

Doesn't it make you mad, after all these months of economical endeavor, to pick up a newspaper and read that some medical highbrow had promulgated the opinion that "we eat too much?"

One Reason Why.

Boston Transcript.

One reason that Mr. Taft is having so many judges to appoint is because his predecessor was permitted to name so few. Mr. Roosevelt in two terms in the presidential office named only Day, Holmes and Moody, while Harrison in half that length of time named Brewer, Brown, Shiras and Jackson.

Suggestive Philippine Figures.

Philadelphia Ledger.

The anti-imperialists, who hold that the Philippines are "no place for a white man," from the point of view of sanitary conditions, apart from political considerations, should have their attention called to the figures compiled by the Bureau of Insular affairs, which go to show that the death rate among 8,000 government employes in the islands during the first quarter of 1910 was 8.9 per thousand. The death rate of Boston is 19.1, of New Orleans 22.7 and of Philadelphia 17.4.

Senators of the Old School.

New York Tribune.

Like William B. Allison of Iowa, John W. Daniel died with more than a full six years' term of service in the senate ahead of him. Each was serving out the last year of an expiring term and had been re-elected. Mr. Allison sat in the senate for more than thirty-five years. Mr. Daniel was in his twenty-fourth year of service. Each had been nominated first under the primary system, when the latter method supplanted the former. Their tenure was unaffected by the change, because both enjoyed to an exceptional degree the confidence and affection of the commonwealths which they represented.

Master Builders of the Nation.

Boston Herald.

Hannis Taylor in his Fourth of July address at Washington names as the "five master builders of the American commonwealth," Jefferson, the dreamer; Washington, the actor; Pelatiah Webster, the architect; Marshall, the founder, and Lincoln, the savior. There will be little dispute with Dr. Taylor over his nominations for this patriotic gallery in the Hall of Fame, not even as to Pelatiah Webster, whose part in the building of the national government now is generally, though very tardily, recognized. But why stop with Lincoln? Must we wait until men are dead before we recognize the importance of their work?

PRESIDENT TAFT'S ACHIEVEMENT

Passage of Nearly All Measures Recommended to Congress.

Washington Post.

The wisdom of President Taft's policy of conciliation is being exemplified very clearly in the last days of the Sixty-first congress. Without the blare of trumpets, the president has accomplished the bulk of his legislative program, and regulars and insurgents are now joining together in praising his achievement.

There were many persons who thought that President Taft had made a great mistake in outlining so definitely what he hoped to accomplish in the course of the Sixty-first congress. Had he not expressed such great hopes, it was pointed out, he would have been in a position to claim a victory, even though only a few good laws were enacted.

Periodically, it was declared that the legislative program was hopelessly blocked; that this bill or that bill had been dropped overboard, and that congress would pass the railroad bill and adjourn with half the program lost in the shuffle. All kinds of criticism were leveled against the president for having bitten off more than he could chew.

It is now very evident to friends and critics alike that President Taft knew what he was doing. The administration took no chances. The bills to which the republican national convention pledged itself were drawn up under the supervision of the president himself.

With the exception of the anti-injunction law, every single measure to which Mr. Taft pledged himself will be passed before the close of the present congress. The railroad bill—admitted by insurgents, democrats and regular republicans alike to be one of the best measures ever given the country—has already been signed by the president. So has the statehood bill, which brings the number of states in the union to forty-eight. The conservation measure has been passed by the senate, and will be approved by the house, going to the president for his signature in a few days.

All the bills, so frequently said to have been dropped overboard, have, on the contrary, been piloted safely into port, and it would seem that the president could take his vacation with the consciousness of duty well done. He can feel that he has given the republican party a platform of achievement on which it can well afford to stand in the coming campaign.

Our Birthday Book

July 11, 1910.

John Wanamaker, of the big Wanamaker stores and once postmaster general, was born July 11, 1838, in Philadelphia. Outside of business he takes delight in superintending Sunday schools.

George W. Norris, the fighting congressman from the Fifth Nebraska district, is celebrating his forty-ninth birthday today. He was born in Sandusky, O., and started out as a school teacher studying law in the interim, and after being admitted to the bar moved to Nebraska in 1885, becoming district judge and then member of congress.

Charles F. Breckenridge, attorney-at-law, was born July 11, 1836, at Charlotte, Vt. He was educated at Baldwin university and Bera university, and began practicing law in 1865 at Norwalk, O., removing later to Omaha, and in recent years has been practically retired.

Rev. M. V. Higbee, pastor of the North Presbyterian church, is just 41 year old today. He was born in Wapella, Ia., and educated for the ministry at McCormick seminary in Chicago. He was pastor of Knox Presbyterian church for three and a half years, taking charge of the consolidated church when the Knox and Second were merged two years ago.

Around New York

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

Kneading dough with the feet still prevails in some Italian shops in New York, according to an official report of the state department of labor. The report adds that "our inspectors have essayed to stop it, but have not been sustained by the department for the reason that there is nothing positively illegal or necessarily unsanitary in the practice." A writer in the Survey, commenting on the "appetitizing practice," expresses the hope that the German and Jewish bakers, now on a strike, may win the recognition of their union because it will lead to a further step—"to demand in New York as in other cities, shops which are not in cellars, which is characteristic of the factories as well as the small shops; to refuse to bake with adulterated food materials such as eggs and milk substitutes; to force on their own members cleanliness in their person and their work, as they have done in Germany; and finally to form some kind of an amalgamation with the Italian union that will put at the disposal of these helpless workers the resources of the International Union of Bakery and Confectionery Workers."

In the group surrounding the mayor on the reviewing stand in City Hall park while the Fourth of July parade was passing was a man who said when the head of the procession appeared: "Now watch for inappropriate music," and as he said it the first band started "Garryowen." Then came "There'll Be a Hot Time," several musical inquiries as to the whereabouts one "Kelly," "Dixie," "Maryland" and popular quicksteps, but until the Sixty-ninth regiment entered the park not a strain of patriotic music was heard except "Yankee Doodle" by the band opposite the mayor, and this was keenly appreciated. The band of the Sixty-ninth played "The Red, White and Blue" and secured a rousing cheer for the regiment. There was no lack of appropriate music, however, at the exercises which followed on the city hall steps.

If Mayor Gaynor always gets as fine a point of view with reference to the great questions that confront him as he seems invariably to get with reference to those of minor import, he will go down in history as one of the greatest mayors New York ever knew.

In disapproving a recent resolution from the board of aldermen providing for a certain "tag day" for the benefit of the Day Nursery in the borough of Richmond, the mayor said:

"This resolution would authorize the ladies of the Day Nursery in the borough of Richmond to accost people in that borough 'for the purpose of extracting coin and other moneys from every possible citizen on the occasion of a tag day.' Such an authorization is of doubtful legality and of more than doubtful propriety. The collection of money on tag day is usually made a success by the aid of small children—a practice which should not be permitted."

Brakes suddenly shot against wheels jarring passengers traveling by a Brighton Beach train to the ocean breezes, caused the question, "What's up?" to buzz through the cars. Guards pushed forward. The train's whistle was thrilled alarmingly, but before the women had been allowed time in which to faint gracefully it was announced that a dog was running ahead between the rails, and that the motorman didn't have the heart to ruthlessly run down the beast.

The dog was a brindle bull. It was thought that the screech of the whistle and the shouts of the trainmen would drive the bow-wow out of danger, but the screech and the shouts operated differently. The noise put panic into paws and no dog ever put more heart into his running. Although he knew he was taking liberties with the schedule the motorman persistently refused to be the bewildered creature's executioner.

Every time the train drew close to the brindle bull there would come a crunching of coupling bars as speed would be slackened, and more shouts and whistle toots.

This was the order until after a run of more than two miles King's Highway was reached. Here the exhausted animal stumbled and touched his nose against the current rail. The shock revived him and he dashed under the forward car for safety. After five minutes of fiddling around with a pole an Italian laborer rescued the beast and the train proceeded. A veterinary surgeon was called and shelter provided for the dog.

If the city authorities ever make the New York Central remove its freight tracks from the West Side, there is one boy who will lose a novel job. His duty is to ride ahead of the freight trains from the uptown to the downtown terminal. He is mounted on an old gray horse which knows the route as well as the boy and keeps about one block ahead of the locomotive hauling the long string of cars. The boy waves a red flag to warn people of the train's approach and signals the engineer of the train, when the traffic is clear. Along Canal street the boy has been nicknamed Paul Revere.

Certain visitors to New York are likely to be puzzled by a sight not far from the Madison Square Garden. For years a hotel known to sporting men, stood on a Fourth avenue corner. A few weeks ago it was destroyed to make room for a new building. The old name was too valuable to disappear with the hotel, so it still survives in a new house on the opposite corner. In every detail, from the curtains on the windows to the style of its gold lettering, the new house is a replica of its predecessor. It would be difficult to convince anybody not aware of the facts that this new hotel had been a meat market until a few weeks ago, when the proprietor of the old establishment got hold of it.

"SOAKING" THE AUTO.

Hitting the Motorist's Purse the General Rule.

Springfield Republican.

It is probably quite safe for the Interstate Commerce commission to decline to intervene in behalf of automobiles, on which the railroads have increased the transportation rates. To "soak" the automobilist is the general rule. Traveling in this country he has something of the unenviable pre-eminence of the American tourist abroad. The theory is that he would not be motoring unless he had more money than he knows how to spend, and to help him get rid of it is felt to be a neighborly act. It is said that at many hotels it is an ironclad rule to charge motorists 25 per cent extra, and garage bills are staggering even if one has the luck not to be on a route where the small towns pay their bills with the proceeds of speed traps. Thus while keeping up an automobile is expensive, the cost by no means stops there. To be classed with rich people may be flattering to the traveler's self esteem, but it has its drawbacks.

A NEW POLITICAL GENERATION

Thinned Ranks of the Leaders of Twenty Years Ago.

New York Sun.

Of the associate justices of the supreme court when Melville Weston Fuller took his seat as chief justice only Mr. Justice Harlan survives. Mr. Cleveland and all but two members of his then cabinet are gone. Of the senate of the Fiftieth congress, which met for its second session in the December after Mr. Fuller's appointment, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Cullom, Mr. Frye, Mr. Hale still hold their seats, though two of them are to retire at the end of their present terms. Allison, J. S. Morrill, Dawes, Hoar, John Sherman, Ingalls, Evarts, Morgan, Vest, Walthall, Quay, Hampton and Butler of South Carolina, Voorhees, Turpie, Isham G. Harris, Zeb Vance, Joe Brown, the elder; Colquitt, Beck, Cushman K. Davis, Gorman, Philetus Sawyer, Stewart, Matt Ransom, Henry B. Payne, John H. Reagan, Leland Stanford, Joseph R. Hawley, Orville H. Platt, John W. Daniel, dead but yesterday—how many once familiar and some still illustrious have gone to the majority!

George Gray has been transferred to the bench. George F. Edmunds, Henry M. Teller of the older and great race of senators, John C. Spooner, as great if younger, happily, are left us, and a number of others, of whom we mention Don Cameron, Joe Buackburn, William E. Chandler, Henry W. Blair—if we mistake not—Samuel Pasco of Florida. In a little more than twenty years a political generation has passed.

Mr. Carlisle, the speaker of the house in 1888, is, like Mr. Spooner, a New Yorker now. Read now the roll of that house, and it shows, of course, many deaths and some promotions. Henry Cabot Lodge, John H. Bankhead, Benjamin F. Shively, Julius C. Burrows, Knute Nelson, William Warner, William J. Stone, Jacob H. Gallinger, John Kean, F. M. Simmons, J. B. McCreary, Benton McMillin, Albert J. Hopkins, David B. Culberson, Roger Q. Mills, Robert M. La Follette, Isaac Stephenson, Isidor Rayner are or have been senators. James S. Sherman has come to the senate in another way. Doubtless some we have missed in a hasty glance. But even a partial list of the vanished figures is more impressive: William McKinley, Thomas B. Reed, Samuel J. Randall, C. F. Crisp, R. R. Hitt, W. M. Springer, David B. Henderson, P. A. Collins, William S. Holman, Dingley, Boutelle, William Walter Phelps, S. S. Cox, Tim Campbell, Amos J. Cummings, James J. Belden, William D. Kelley, F. B. Spinola, W. C. P. Breckinridge, Ira Davenport—here again a generation of names, all famous or well known, has departed. Joe Cannon and John Dalzell are still more or less alive.

PROSPERITY IN DRY STATES.

A Nearby Analysis of the Prohibition Uplift.

Baltimore Sun.

When the great wave of prohibition rolled over the south there were cries from the wets that it was undermining and washing out the foundations of civilization. Dark pictures were drawn of tottering commonwealths—of Georgia given over to the wolf and the bobcat, of Mississippi reduced to the bleak vacuity of Mesopotamia. It was announced that millions, perhaps even billions of citizens would move away, that mills and foundries by the hundred thousand would close, that all commerce and industry would cease, that the whole territory south of the Potomac would have no inhabitants in a few years, save barbarous, plundering hordes of fanatical spinsters and Sunday school superintendents. There was, in brief, a great deal of bitter weeping and a great deal of viewing with alarm.

The event has given the lie to all of these pessimistic prognostications. The south still lives and the people are still happy. Their consumption of groceries is just as large as it ever was; they are eating just as many hams, jowls, beefsteaks and legs of mutton and just as much sugar, coffee and saleratus; they are wearing just as many yellow shoes, Pink shirts, diamond stickpins, fancy vests, plug hats and suits of store clothes; and—most significant of all—they are drinking just as many pints, quarts, gallons, barrels, hogsheads and tons of spirituous fermented beverages. The brewers and distillers of the north notice little decline in their trade. The internal revenue receipts of the government from malt liquor have fallen less than 4 per cent.

And, meanwhile, the moonshiners of the sub-Potomac mountains are multiplying enormously and waxing fat. Saving only political treachery, moonshining now seems to be the principal occupation of the Georgians. The industry is already producing its Morgans and Rockefellers, and they tour the country in their automobiles, smoking 50-cent cigars. Commissioner Cabell of the Internal Revenue bureau reports that his force of deputies is entirely unable to cope with them. They have shot five deputies in sixty days and enjoyed many hearty chuckles at the expense of the rest. The president, of course, has authority to send the army against them, but the army's present strength is but 78,782 men. What is needed is a force of 2,000,000 Rough Riders, with artillery and balloons. No doubt Mr. Cabell will ask the next congress to appropriate $250,000,000 to pay for it.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

Tex Rickard admits that he and his pards scooped in $125,000, net, from the easy marks.

That gallantry has not vanished is proved by the fact that a baseball nine of women defeated a masculine nine at Moorestown.

Chinese insurgents, in settling down to a nine years' wait for constitutional government, exhibit a patient hopefulness surpassed by few democrats in off years.

Lot sales are being boomed on Long Island by a brass band, an auctioneer and an old-fashioned hot-air balloon. Ancient forms of excitement still have their hold.

If Mr. Jeffries entertains a desire for a return engagement, impressive information on the futility of such enterprises might be had by communicating with Fairview, Neb.

A well known New York woman was fined only $5 for getting drunk in public and swearing at a policeman. In some respects the cost of living in the metropolis is still reasonable.

Dr. Philip Stephens of Caliente, Nev., uses a motor-driven section car in visiting his patients. He is district surgeon for a railroad company in a valley 100 miles long and can reach practically all the towns and ranches in his vicinity with his railroad automobile.

Florence Shepard, gown manufacturer, and now rated among the leading business women of the Hub, is a rare type of business woman, who ventured into Boston at an early age, and with no other assets but good health and a pair of willing hands started out by making hats for $3 per week in a Boston millinery store.

LAUGHING LINES.

"Are your new neighbors people of any means?"

"Not to speak of. I should think they would be ashamed to be seen going out every day in an automobile when all the other neighbors have their aeroplanes."—Baltimore American.

"Mr. Speaker," said the member of the Hobo Congress, "there are enemies in our midst. (Great excitement.) I observe several persons present upon whose hands are the marks of honest toil."

"The sergeant-at-arms will get busy," ordered the speaker.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Howard: "When Dr. Incision operated on me he left a pair of surgical scissors in my anatomy. Can I sue him for damages?"

Lawyer: "Better just send him a large bill for storage."—Life.

"Why do you carry a lantern in your quest of that rare specimen, an honest man?"

"Merely to be original," replied Diogenes. "Ordinarily a man engaged in such a search thinks all he needs is a looking glass."—Washington Life.

Abou Ben Adhem had discovered that his name led all the rest.

"Well," he said, "alphabetically, that's where it belongs."

Dropping a tear of sympathy for poor Xenophon, whose name was near the foot of the list, he kept right on loving his fellow man.—Chicago Tribune.

"Why do girls wear engagement rings?"

"On the same principle that a person ties a string around his finger—so they won't forget they're engaged."—Boston Transcript.

"How did you happen to nominate such a man?"

"Accidental. You see, he was last on the list, and as we went along eliminating the unfit there was nobody else left when we reached him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Bing: "Well, that big fight out there established one fact very clearly."

Wing: "What's that?"

Bing: "There's no chance for the man who tries to come back."

Wing: "How about Roosevelt?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A MAN WHO'S SATISFIED.

Chicago News.

Ol' man Smiley, sez, sez he:
"Life is curious—but that shows
'Twasn't figgered man sh'd be
Too durn proud o' what he knows!
S'pose one feller had acquired
All they is to know about—
Wouldn't you git doggone tired
List'nin' to that feller spout?

"Some folks figger mighty queer!
Now, there's ol' Pete Smithers' Jim—
Home from college just last year—
Thinks there ain't no spots on him.
Sharp as tacks, that feller is—
Loafed 'round here last winter some,
An' the crowd an' him—gee whiz!—
Made the argyments jest hum!

"Jim, he'd quote 'em, one by one,
Spencer, Darwin, Kant. By Jo!
Seems like all them books had done
Wuz to teach him 'I dunno!'
Tell you what! It ain't no use
Fer a man to fly too high;
Human folks can't jest cut loose
An' reach up an' grab the sky!

"Now, that Spencer seems as bright's
Any Jim'll quote to you;
Equilibr'um what he writes
This ol' world's a-comin' to!
Mebbe 'tis an' mebbe not,
I ain't jest prepared to say;
But 'bout what we know—I got
That thing figgered this way:

"Man ain't built to fly around
Much above his feller men—
When his feet git off the ground,
Where's his equilibr'um then?
Tell you, some folks think so much
'Bout a future state of bliss—
Shiny glory worlds an' such—
They don't have no fun in this!

"Folks that wants can worry 'bout
What's a-comin' after bit;
As for me, I say right out,
This ol' world got joy in it!
So, if I don't git my share,
T' isn't be 'cause I haven't tried;
Folks can point an' say, 'Look there!
That's a man who's satisfied!' "