

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

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Admiral Togo ought to make a good mayor of Tokio. The coal men have combined to give true weight. Now, ice men.

Why the Secret Caucus? asks Mr. Bryan's Commoner. What's the answer? Senator Bailey is as tart as a man who has had lemon juice squirted in his eye.

Desires of taking in the big noises of America, Togo visited congress and Niagara. Just let them dare to put some of that benzoate in Dr. Wiley's beer and see the foam rise.

This tariff question might have been settled long ago if they had not dragged politics in. Uppie Sinclair's prison poem was doubtless on the short meter, for he was only in for three days.

Senator O'Gorman's exclamation that he is already tired of his job rather commends the man. Funny none of these brewery ad men have seized on the belated report that Julius Caesar drank beer.

Perhaps some of those lords happened to remember what it cost to stand pat on the Boston tea bill. Somebody wants to know whether inebriety is a disease or a sin. It always struck us that it was a condition.

Some base enemy of the state of Georgia has dug up the fact that Ty Cobb was born in South Carolina. Cur-see. Those British lords might have said, in explaining their votes, "Not that we hate the veto bill less, but love our jobs more."

The mayor of Philadelphia is cartooned as throwing the law in the waste basket. That may be a new idea—for a cartoon. Kansas City has a policeman named A. B. Cummings. But he can never be as great as Iowa's senator, so long as the "g" is there.

Now that San Francisco has agreed on and designated the site for the big Panama exposition, let the work of completing the canal go on. With Owner Hitchcock in Washington and Editor Newbranch in California, the World-Herald might ask Mr. Bryan which one he is shooting at.

In the off-year primary election in Nebraska two years ago the total vote cast was 93,347. The political prophets say it will fall short of that this time. Congressman Thayer says, "Governor Foss is an executive, pure and simple." The pure is all right, but will the Massachusetts governor stand for being called simple?

Still, compared with what we have often gone through in previous years, the preliminary campaign, which is to close with the primary election Tuesday, might be called tame. Postal savings banks are springing up all over the country, and were it not for the cloud under which our Omaha postmaster is resting one of them would doubtless have struck in this vicinity before now.

It is presumably by this time noted that the harmony medicine mixed by the democrats at Fremont, which Edgar Howard pronounced to be a matchless concoction, did not take when tried on the patient. A municipal bath house opened at Coney Island will accommodate 7,000 persons, charging 10 cents for the use of a room. The man, woman or child in Coney Island who does not keep clean will know where to place the blame.

Judicial Settlement of Strikes.

Every industrial dispute that eventuates in a strike involves the public as an innocent third party in addition to the employers and the employees. The settlement of the street car strike at Des Moines by the intervention of the courts has not given complete satisfaction to those representing either capital or labor, but the much more numerous public, we believe, finds merit in this method.

Whether we are yet prepared to justify judicial interference in all labor outbreaks, or only in such strikes as threaten a public service like that rendered by a street railway, the quick relief brought to the public by the court order commanding resumption of business and subsequent judicial arbitration of the subjects in dispute presents an attractive solution because of its effectiveness. In the Des Moines case the strike had already been precipitated. The motormen and conductors had quit work; the street railway company had been unable to continue operation with strikebreakers and the cars had stopped, to the great inconvenience and damage to the community as a whole and to its individual members.

But if it is right and proper for the courts to intervene to restore interrupted street railway service, it would, of course, be equally right and proper for them to act when a strike is threatened without waiting for the blow to be delivered or actual damage incurred. In a word, if we are to have judicial settlements of strikes, even though limited to semi-public undertakings, the court must assume to decide all serious differences which the employers and employees are unable to adjust between themselves, or with their own machinery of conciliation and arbitration. Every labor dispute must be settled or compromised one way or another, and it is certainly better for the public to secure a peaceful settlement than to let the combatants fight it out to a conclusion.

Judicial settlement of strikes also negates the idea which frequently produces the deadlock between capital and labor, namely, that there is nothing to arbitrate. The courts settle all other controversies, whether the stake be great or small, and whether on the cast of the die hangs liberty or even life. No good reason exists why a court cannot bring the same principles of justice to bear upon a dispute over wages or hours of labor or the forfeiture by misbehavior of right to employment. We are proposing courts of arbitration to settle disputes between nations with a view to ending war and the horrors of conflict at arms. A peaceful solution of the labor problem, stopping the enforced idleness, waste, loss of property and human suffering that have marked the stubborn strikes of the past, would be almost as notable an achievement. Of course, the solution will not come all at once, nor from one source, but every step in advance must be hailed with delight by all who love justice and fair play and detest the rule of force, by which the strong win at the expense of the weak.

Population Center in Straight Line.

Growth and movement of population continues to claim a share of public attention, which is natural in a country so deeply engrossed in the task of its own development. When the census bureau last month issued its report showing that the center of population had in the decade from 1900 to 1910 moved westward thirty-one miles, or twice as far as it had in the ten years immediately preceding, attention was instantly turned to the relative locations of the population and geographical centers of the United States. They were found to be 550 miles apart. The new center of population is in Monroe county, Indiana, not far south of Indianapolis, while the geographical center lies at a point in northern Kansas.

But it will be a long time yet before the two centers are nearly common, if they ever are. It might be recalled that the progress of the population center from 1890 to 1900 was the smallest of any ten years since 1790. It is likewise a matter of interest that it has taken these 120 years for the population center to travel about as far as it is now from the geographical center. It is worth while to note the course of the center of population. It has kept very close to the parallel that runs approximately due west from Annapolis to Cincinnati and is just about as far north of that line now as it was at the outset.

In 1790 the population center lay across Chesapeake bay, east and slightly south of Baltimore. For forty years thereafter its tendency was a little south, while, of course, west, and in 1800 it was about as far west of Baltimore and the same distance south as it was ten years before. It made the same progress westward and a little more southward by 1810, and by 1820 was but a few miles north of the parallel 39, increasing its westward and southward progress. In 1830 it had dropped below this line south of Moorefield, W. Va., and in 1840 had started north again, hitting the line almost center, due south of Clarksburg, W. Va. It veered only a mile or two to the south, still touching the line by 1850, and was exactly center on the line in 1860, almost due south of Chillicothe, O. In 1870 it had shot further north than it had been since 1810 and was on a diagonal line almost midway between Chillicothe and Cincinnati, and by 1880 had dropped considerably to the south and a few miles west of Cincinnati. The year 1890 found it over in Indiana, perhaps sixteen miles east and

a bit south of Columbus. In 1900 it was almost at Columbus. Its course since then has been practically due west to Monroe county, near Bloomington, Ind.

Whether with the rival growth of the great north and south and north-west and southwest the population center will be able to keep so closely in the succeeding ten or twenty years as it has since 1790 to this line will be the interesting point to watch. There has been little disparity as a rule in its progress by decades.

Re-Election and Recall.

At the very time that we in Nebraska are engaged in the process of choosing by popular vote judges to sit on the bench of our supreme court, district courts and subordinate tribunals, a general discussion is on over the merits of the recall for judges. While there is both a distinction and a difference between recall and re-election, they also have elements in common in the appeal for popular favor and endorsement. The arguments invoked with reference to the pending election of judges are fraught with significance for the recall of judges.

Down in Lincoln great ado is being made over certain anonymous attacks on the sitting judges, calling them to account for decisions in particular cases likely to prejudice them with the voters. The friends of these judges insist that unless it is charged and proved that the objectionable decisions were due to corruption or bad motives the conclusions conscientiously reached by the judges, even though unwarranted or unfair, should not subject them to discipline at the hands of laymen unversed in the intricacies of the law.

On the other hand, we have, both in Lincoln and elsewhere, a public proclamation issued by the officials of the Anti-Saloon league listing certain candidates for judgeships as friendly and deserving, and advising people who had voted for anyone for judge who had been left off the list. In selecting the favored ones, of course, the eligibility of the candidate has been here determined, not according to legal training or judicial qualifications, but according to presumed tendencies for or against a prohibition program manifested by a disposition to tighten up the liquor laws whenever up for adjudication. In other words, the Anti-Saloon league idea is to reward judges for deciding cases against saloon keepers, while it would exorcise and denounce a saloon keeper who should oppose the re-election of a judge for a reverse reason.

All this may be somewhat beside the mark except that the recall of judges would be based on this very proposition of appealing to the electorate to unseat a judge whose decisions were displeasing to any considerable element of the community. When a judge has to submit himself to re-election he likewise appeals for support to those whom he has favored (assuming that they have been favored in the conscientious discharge of duty), and expects the opposition of those litigants and lawyers who think they have had the worst of it. Whether this system gives us the best judges, and keeps them at once responsive to public sentiment and faithful to the letter and spirit of the law, is perhaps debatable. But so long as re-election every four or six years gives us practically all the privileges of a recall, the demand for the recall will not be very urgent.

The Caldwell-Cleveland Incident.

Merely as a matter of record to satisfy the critical demands of history, it is well to give as wide publicity as possible to the oft-told story how Grover Cleveland hated his native town, where a movement has been started to buy the house in which he was born and preserve it as a national landmark. The story is to the effect that because his father was dismissed as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Caldwell, N. J., the son took on a dislike for his birthplace which kept him from ever visiting the town after the family left it. Opponents of the Cleveland memorial plan contend that on that account no tribute to the former president should stand in Caldwell.

That this spirit has no foundation, in fact, on which to rest is shown by a letter written by Mr. Cleveland in 1854 to Rev. C. T. Berry, pastor of the church his father formerly served, in which he says: "I have your letter informing me that on the 7th of the present month the centennial of the church at Caldwell, in which my father once preached, will be celebrated. Though I remember almost nothing of the village where I spent a few early days, I can sincerely say that the spot is dear to me—as the place of his birth should be dear to every man. The same brings to mind scenes in the family circle, when the incidents of Caldwell life were recalled and dwelt upon with pleasure and gratitude. And when I remember that there my sainted parents had their home and there my godly father wrought and struggled in his Heavenly Father's mission the place seems to me hallowed and sacred."

The Caldwell church, built up and prospered by the labors of such pious and devoted men as have been its pastors, has much in its centennial year to chasten and consecrate its history. In the days to come may it always remain true and steadfast in the work committed to its charge, faithfully teaching the pure doctrine of the gospel and avoiding all malice and uncharitableness. This letter will probably satisfy the people outside of Caldwell, and therefore should appease those there who oppose the project. Whether it does or not, the Cleveland memorial plan will doubtless go forward, since it has been taken up in other cities and states, on the theory that Mr. Cleve-

land was president of the United States and that the duty to cherish his memory is not local.

Our Expressive Vernacular.

Quan Kai, special representative of the viceroy of China, and Moy Bash Hin, Chinese consul at Portland, Ore., are impressed with our expressive American vernacular, and Ah Quan is equally taken with our newspapers. This street tongue and the press reflect a restless energy, a facility of thought and action that strike the slow-going orientals as quite ideal, and the consul shall have his sons educated over here that they "may become—how you call it?—live wires." "I like that expression," he adds.

Perhaps there is no better index to the spirit of the times and the habits of the people in the United States than their newspapers and their slang—their vernacular. Sometimes both are carried to extremes, but as a whole they are what the people make them, and reflect the people's temperament. The meaning of the term, vernacular, Mr. Webster tells us, carries with it the idea of the "slave born in his master's house," coming from the French root, "verna." This definition is a pat one, for certainly this slave which we make of our vernacular—and to very good uses, too—was born in its master's house.

To the phlegmatic easterner, with his ponderous ways, this speech must, indeed, seem attractive, though strange. Being the product of quickened life, it naturally has a vividness and jauntiness to it which the pure diction cannot claim. Every age has its own colloquialisms, but ours seem to surpass all others as much as our age surpasses ages gone by. So expressive is our vernacular that it has forced itself into legal and accepted use, and it is doubtful if it will ever be less popular. How better, for instance, could one describe what is meant by a "live wire" in this case than with that term, itself?

Use and Abuse of Wealth.

A recent book on religious and economic problems quotes a lengthy dissertation by a socialist writer, who answers the question, "What is the meaning of enormous wealth to the rich?" by saying, "It means a life in which real values are lost and where money is God."

The attorney for the late John W. Gates remarked that "the public know little of the real Mr. Gates. More than thirty families were dependent on checks mailed monthly by him." The case of Mr. Gates seems fitting for use as an illustration of the gross unfairness of the rich man's attitude toward the poor, because Mr. Gates made no secret of his personal enjoyment of life. But, like scores of other men of large means, he did a great many things for others which he did not flaunt. It is impossible to know how much philanthropy of this kind rich men are carrying on every day.

Of course, the rich man is enjoying his wealth, but not always to the debasement of self, or to the exclusion of the poor. Only a comparative few do that. But these few should not become the standard by which all are to be judged. Probably never before was there as much of democratic fellowship and sympathy between rich and poor. The tendency of the times in business and social intercourse make it so. The Balaamites are woefully in the minority. True values are commonly taken as the test of manhood. It could not be otherwise in so pragmatic an age.

There is no call for those who assume superior learning to indulge in the pernicious practice of arraying class against class, especially in a country where equal opportunity is the slogan of all. Wealth is bad only as it is misused. To berate the wealthy irrespective of the use they make of their wealth can only perplex and confuse the unthinking. The man who is really looking for a chance to get along in this country will generally find the rich man not only an example of self-made success, but also ready to take him at his true valuation and give him a chance to make good.

Booms, West and South.

In comparing the present era of expansion in the south to former periods of boom in the west, an eastern observer makes the point that they differ only in manner; "that booms in various parts of the west were always spectacular and sometimes unhealthily feverish; the south's development in every material aspect is steady, substantial and permanent."

This is all doubtless true, but it leaves a wrong inference of present-day development in the west. It, too, is steady, substantial and permanent. Long years ago the west, when it was young, learned the lesson booms had to teach; learned they were potential of harmful reactions, and so when the west, in its maturer years, set out upon its new plans of expansion it cut away from the boom method. There are no booms today in the west, and have not been for some years, unless the whole systematic growth and progress that is going on from the Missouri river to the Pacific coast might be regarded as a boom. Nor is there any spectacular show about the west's growth, except in the opening up of millions of acres of land to cultivation, the influx of millions of new home-builders, the exploitation of natural resources of every kind, the raising of prodigious crops, establishment of new industries, new railroads and the conquest of new empires. In

short, modern methods and sane action are nowhere more in evidence.

The south's growth is remarkable and the west, as well as the east, rejoices, because the south's development was greatly needed by the country as a whole. Its resources and energies lay dormant too long as it was. The fertility of its soil, its mineral products, its mills and factories, all were needed, and their development is a national boon. The south's attention to intensive farming, which has been spoken of, is one matter in which the west feels especial concern, for the west rather prides itself on pioneering somewhat in this great movement, and if its example has caught other sections, so much the better. There can be no unfriendly rivalry in these two sections. One profits by the other's progress, or would lose by its loss.

Before leaving for the week's end at Beverly President Taft announced his intention of vetoing the Arizona-New Mexico statehood bill, the wool and free list bills and appealing to the country to force the senate's approval of the proposed international arbitration treaties. Which shows that he is still determined to be president for at least four years.

Mr. Bryan's Commoner prints a letter from a correspondent living in Jackson, Miss., addressed to Congressman Underwood, giving him this admonition in black-faced capital-letter type, "Don't mistake the cheers of the politicians for the votes of the people." Mr. Bryan himself could give that advice with much more added force.

Pretty soon people will be asking if Cupid can "come back." A New York woman wants a divorce because her husband is too affectionate; a Kansas City woman gets a decree because her husband kisses her too much; a St. Louis man commits suicide because his wife insisted on loving him. Poor Dan Cupid.

Chicago's juvenile court system is declared by a representative of the Russell Sage foundation, who has been making a special study of the subject, to be the best in the world. Yes, but the Russell Sage people have not yet reported on the juvenile court system as conducted here in Omaha.

According to George W. Perkins, our laws have hurt business. That probably accounts for the lapse in this country's trade for the last fifteen years, during which Mr. Perkins and a few others have accumulated enough to keep the wolf from the door.

Amen! Baltimore American. Ice trust business may be bad, but it cannot be half as bad as ice trust methods.

Sowing of Youth. Wall Street Journal. Reported wheat in some parts of north-west is infested with wild oats. That section of the country is still young.

Price Too High. Washington Star. An evangelist estimates that it costs \$200 to save a soul in Indianapolis. This looks like one case where a little rebating would be proper.

Awakening in Kansas. Chicago News. Sixteen humorous young men of a Kansas town kidnaped a bridegroom after the wedding ceremony, whereupon the bride had them arrested. Those Kansas women have the right idea.

Backing Up Borah. Philadelphia Bulletin. Even a progressive may hold fast to some things which are good. Many progressive republicans throughout the country will stand pat with Senator Borah on the protection of the judiciary.

Domestic Economy. Houston Post. Every girl ought to learn the piano, but she ought to know at the same time that in the third year of marriage the ability to teach a first-class hoeback from the oven loams greater in her husband's eyes than a Beethoven symphony does in his ears.

Competition and Comfort. Indianapolis News. Sometimes competition may, as George W. Perkins admits, have given us sweatshops and child labor, thrown labor out of employment, caused low wages and brought panic and failure, but let us not forget that the trusts have likewise done all these things—and then some.

People Talked About

Cincinnati's Le Conte of Haiti ought to control the solid farmer vote of the island. Ex-President Simon of Haiti seems to have been as little in accord with his time as Lillibulbin was with hers. Much is being made in ribald newspapers of the fact that the expert who was called in to determine what is beer is named Dr. Boos.

Owen Winter's monkey appears to have been reading some of the author's short tales of western life. Bad men should keep to the Rockies. The duke and duchess of Marlborough are about to be reconciled, peace overtures coming from the duke. One gathers that his lordship's funds are running a bit low.

General Miles at 72 still maintains the clear eye, ruddy color and erect carriage that marks him as a man who through a diversity of experiences has always cared for himself. When E. A. D. Luck of Pine Bluff, Ark., registered at a Chicago hotel the other day the clerk did not assign him to room No. 13. We assume that the clerk does not pretend to be a humorist.

James Hazen Hyde offers a \$200 prize for the best manuscript tending to promote better understanding between the French and American peoples. Mr. Hyde, it will be observed, is not nearly as lavish as he once was. Hiram Springs of Mattoon, Ill., 78 years old, is the only man now living who took part in the famous raids of John Brown, the noted anti-slavery leader of Kansas. He had seen but twenty-four summers, was athletic and a giant physically when he enlisted in the famous company at Oesawatimie.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES. AUGUST 13.

Thirty Years Ago—

"Omaha needs a market house," says The Bee. The Union Pacific brass band excursion and basket picnic was held at Wahoo today. In the announcement people are told that street cars will run down Ninth street to accommodate those living in the north part of the city, and will be on hand in the evening on the return of the special train. In the contests, George Fleming won the 60 yard race, James Hart was winner of the prize ball throw, showing a score of 110 yards; J. Dawson won the boys' race of 30 yards, and A. Heintz made the longest standing high leap.

Morris Elguter left for the east to visit the principal cities of interest. The E. & M. mine went to the freight auditor of the Union Pacific, started on a trip to Salt Lake City.

While King, the lion tamer, was in the cage with his animals this Saturday night at the Tiroll, one of the brutes sprang upon him and lacerated him considerably before he could escape. The E. & M. mine went to Columbus for a ball game with the Keystone of that city, and must have run a foot race for the score was 16 to 1. The game was umpired by Frank Kenniston of the railway mail service.

N. J. Burnham, the district attorney, and family left for Laramie on a vacation. E. A. O'Brien returned from his trip to Denver and the mountains.

Twenty Years Ago—

Chief of Police Seavey receives message from General Superintendent R. W. McClaughry of the Chicago police to arrest James, alias William Webb, and he does so.

The advisory board of the State Business Men's association met at the Millard and decided to send a carload of Nebraska products through the east to advertise the state's resources. These members of the board attended the meeting: R. F. Hodgkin, Omaha; F. J. Benedict, Hastings; H. J. Lee, Fremont; O. J. King, Lincoln; S. M. Crosby, Omaha; G. G. Hazlett, O'Neill.

At the instance of President Guy C. Barton of the smelter, John L. Webster prepared an opinion of the eight-hour law and held it to be unconstitutional. Judge Lee Helsley hears evidence in the case against the "Rev. Dr." Sherwood, Mrs. Walker, colored, being the chief witness of the day.

Samuel Burns said he and Mrs. Burns made the trip across the Atlantic in just five days, which beats the world's record. Major T. S. Clarkson was chairman and George W. Holbrook secretary of a meeting of Omaha people, called to boost Omaha's chances of getting the national republican convention. These men were named to formulate a plan of action. Dr. S. D. Mercer, John L. Webster, Cunningham R. Scott, C. H. Boggs, C. H. Brown, Andrew Rosewater, David Anderson, Cadet Taylor and Charles Elguter made strong speeches.

Ten Years Ago—

Councilman Isaac S. Hascall introduced an ordinance designed to compel members of the Board of Education to testify before the city council as to diversion of funds from fines. F. Sonnenschein of West Point, was shining on the street of Omaha. General John C. Bates arrived in Omaha and for the first time since the outbreak of the war with Spain gave this city a resident commander for the Department of the Missouri.

A good deal of official fuss was made at the city hall over the 60th birthday anniversary of Mayor Frank E. Moores, who claimed he had it on old Ponce de Leon by a mile. Mrs. F. A. Brogan went to Buffalo and Toronto. Miss Helen Peck was the guest of Mrs. Joseph Barker. A pleasant surprise was given Mr. and Mrs. Tom Adams in the evening.

Contentment in Canada.

Boston Herald. It is significant that former citizens of the United States who have gone to live in Canada usually show no sign of homesickness and are highly content with a land where law is enforced and there are no lynchings.

Crooked and Elusive.

Troy Times. The congressional investigations seem to be resolved into an interrogation point. It may be noticed that the peculiar features of the interrogation point are that it is not straight and is not decisive.

Prudence of the Elders

Chicago News. Recently the sisterhood of states has become cautious about adopting any more little sisters.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

San Francisco Chronicle: A pastor in South Carolina is reported to have prayed for rain so successfully the cotton growers met for the purpose of considering whether they should get out an injunction. New York World: If that anti-Aster preacher in Philadelphia was right in saying "Our girls and women are money-mad," the women folk must be well matched with the men.

Des Moines Register and Leader: In a Chicago church they are now issuing invitation street car transfers punched for "Heaven." But so far not many of the recipients have appeared in a hurry to get to the end of the line. San Francisco Chronicle: A Chicago pastor says the devil is as subtle as a twentieth century politician. His satanic majesty does not usually receive such compliments, but will doubtless feel flattered. It recalls the comparison of the poet who said, "Hell is a city very much like London."

Baltimore American: A minister in Colorado in a sermon advised the young people of his congregation to marry soon, and on its conclusion called the pretty organist and a brother clergyman up and was married himself forthwith. But it is not every man who has the courage so boldly to practice what he preaches. Kansas City Times: If the Episcopal clergyman in New York were forbidden to perform the marriage ceremony for John Jacob Astor and Miss Force, there are plenty of other clergymen. A great many satisfactory marriages have been performed by pastors who were mere Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians or Lutherans.

Houston Post: Dr. Jacobs told his Chicago congregation Sunday: "Brotherhood is the inevitable result and crowning evidence of true and undefiled Christianity." We could say nothing finer than this in one of our addresses to a Bible class. And isn't it significant that brotherhood is not the inevitable result and crowning evidence of true and undefiled state-wide prohibition? New York Mail: A Philadelphia clergyman protests violently against what he calls the sacrifice of youth to the pomp of fashion and the power of money. It may be true, but it is not the world's privilege to decide for this young girl. She is mistress of her own fortunes. The life she has chosen to lead will be her life—not the world's. It is her own fate that she willingly accepts, and for that, and for all time, come good, come ill, must abide by.

MOMENTS OF MIRTH.

Jack—So you broke your engagement with Miss Xpensive? John—Neither she nor I broke it. Jack—Well, why aren't the cards out? John—Why, she told me what her clothing was, and I took a trip on the boat. Then our engagement gently dissolved.—Toledo Blade.

"Do you know Miss Garreloust?" "Not to speak to." "But I thought you had called on her." "I did, but she had all of the talking."—Toledo Blade.

The Landlady—At our table, Mr. Hink it is customary to return thanks at each meal. The New Boarder—That's fine! I like it lots better than paying cash.—Toledo Blade.

Blubb—There's a queer fellow. He will give you a lift one minute and run you down the next. John—Neither she nor I broke it. Jack—Well, why aren't the cards out? John—Why, she told me what her clothing was, and I took a trip on the boat. Then our engagement gently dissolved.—Toledo Blade.

"That fellow is a positive joke." "Relative of your wife's or holding a better job than you?"—Detroit Free Press.

Belshazzar saw the writing on the wall. "It means your wife will be home on the 22nd and you had better begin to wash up all the dishes."—Chicago Tribune.

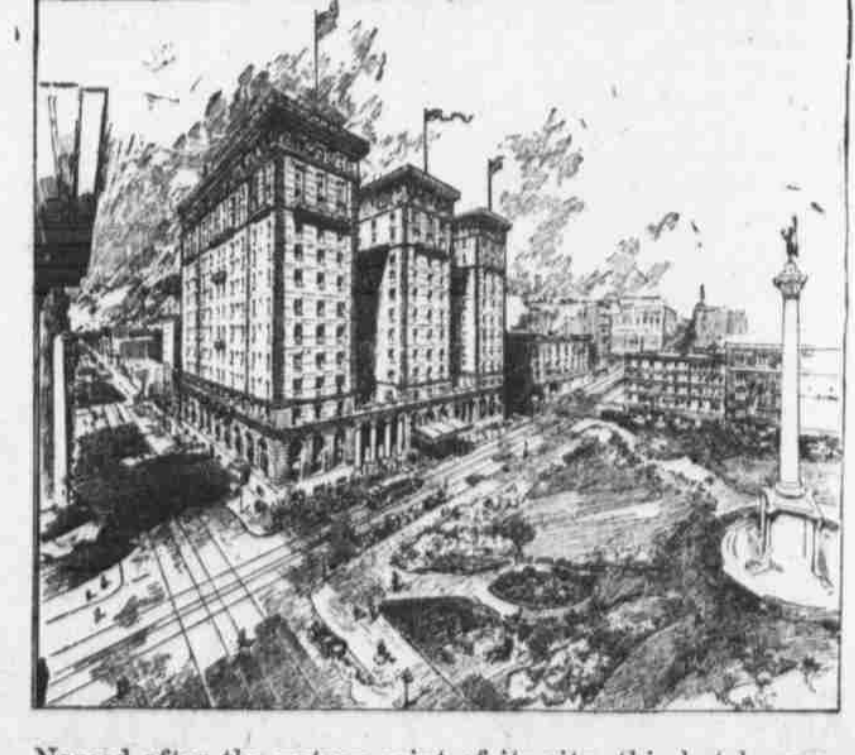
Herewith a distinct guess was cast over the banquet.—Chicago Tribune.

"Is you all lookin' for trouble?" "S'posin' I do, or s'posin' I ain't. What about it?" "Well, if you is, you's wastin' yoh time. You kin assist yoh eyes an' listen to a talkin' to you right here."—Washington Star.

BALLADE OF SUMMER SHRINKAGE

Like flagons full of choicest wine In eager gulps the days are tossed; Too soon the wintry winds shall whine, Too soon the furnace must be hoisted; And there, where gold balls oft are lost, On field where beckons quiet rest, Down with the goner, with the frost— The summer always seems too short. Full many sighs are still to see— The tourist's hardly got his stride; Still beckons many a hostelry— New camping spots all charming, hide. And there are streams we haven't tried Where giant trout still hold the fort; Down with the goner, with the frost— The summer always seems too short. The plans we made, long months ahead— The trips we mapped-out, where are they? All profitless the life we've led— We haven't seen the home we'd play. Nor caught a whiff of new-mown hay; King Leisure soon breaks up his court; Down with the goner, with the frost— The summer always seems too short! —Denver Republican.

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS SAN FRANCISCO



Named after the patron saint of its city, this hotel expresses the comfortable spirit of old California hospitality.

European Plan -- From \$2.00 Up Under the Management of James Woods.