THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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AUGUST CIRCULATION.

47,543

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.:
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation, less spoiled, unused and returned copies, for the month of August, 1911, was 47,543.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS,
Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 4th day of September, 1911.
(Seal.) ROBERT HUNTER,

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

Anything with honor to avoid a strike.

Now, watch who bids for Bailey's services as a lawyer.

If the price of sugar acts like that, what will sugar-cured hams do?

Young Beattie says he "hopes to eat dinner at home Sunday." Well, even he may hope.

Even if the Standard is dissolved, Mr. Rockefeller's financial standing remains oil right.

In the matter of rain, Omaha seems to be playing the part of Lazarus at the rich man's table.

A woman now relates her attempt to scale Mount Blackburn. Hush, she may wake Doc. Cook.

Now that the English channel has been once more swum, everything else ought to go along swimmingly.

Germany and France have decided not to fight over Morocco. Does seem like a small thing to fight about.

Attendance at the Nebraska State fair at Lincoln this year proves to be a record-breaker. Congratulations.

It is hard to kick against the pricks, but it is getting pretty hard not to when the weather man mistreats us.

Wonder what the editor of the Congressional Record does during vacation.—Milwaukee News.
Probably reads up on the record.

Even if Colonel Astor never finds a minister to marry him, look at the dandy, good free advertising he is getting.

If the ice man's season closes prematurely on the holdup game he has been playing with consumers in Omaha it will serve him right.

Smuggling valuable gems into this country seems to be especially dangerous when a woman with a grudge happens to know about it.

Bailey's retirement, it is said, will remove an old issue from Texas politics. Then Texas should begin to put its politics on bigger issues.

The man who lost $68,000 on John L. Sullivan when Corbett whipped him, has just died. He survived the blow a long time, though, at that.

The headquarters of the democratic state committee will again be in Columbus. The inference is that that is far enough from Fairview to be safe.

Governor Foss of Massachusetts has had his picture taken showing him at work, preparing argument, no doubt, to refute campaign gossip that he spends his time loafing.

The crowning argument of the defense in the Beattie case was for the jury to acquit the young man to save his venerable father from deeper grief. That would be mercy, but not necessarily justice.

"Principles are eternal." Yes, and many a man with a note at the bank has felt that it does not make a bit of difference whether you spell it "pies" or "pals," they run along eternally, just the same.

Back of these attacks on Taft by Cummins, Crawford, La Follette, et al, is the original draft of the National Progressive league, which declared that advocacy of principles and not personalities was the modus operandi.

Mr. Bryan's Commoner urges the "unprejudiced, unintimidated, democratic democrats" of each community "to get together" and agree upon a candidate who best represents the sentiments of the rank and file and support him. This must be intended for you Harmon-Dahlmanites and you Woodrow-Wilson-Jacksonians. Get together! But reserve for us a seat in the grandstand.

Men and Measures.

Principles are eternal and men merely transitory. The promotion of measures must be paramount to the advancement of personal ambition. These and similarly laudable declarations are usually made whenever any public movement is projected, but before long it is invariably discovered that men and measures are indissolubly linked together, and that the only way principles can be vindicated is through the men who apply them.

These remarks are suggested by the experience through which our insurgents in Nebraska are passing, having started out with a league promulgating a platform of measures to which few would take exception, only to disclose that the real purpose of the organization, or rather of the active members, is to center upon a particular candidate for president in order to head off some other candidate. Of course, a league devoted exclusively to principle cannot properly be converted into a political club, but the same elements may be organized under another name, with a leader for inspiration and measures in the background.

No one has any right to find fault with this turn of affairs, for it is the customary and expected development. The high-sounding proclamation of unselfish fealty to principle, however, must be amended to admit that those principles can be enacted into measures only through the agency of men, and that there is no longer any pretense of an organization with no enemies to punish, no ambitions to be subserved, and no candidates to boost.

Worth an Encore.

The remonstrance of prominent women on and off the stage against the dragging before the footlights for commercial gain of the unfortunate girl involved in the Beattie murder case may well be applauded by good people everywhere, and it will be worth a hearty encore if it results in preventing the exhibition. It is quite time that decent people were protesting against the tendency of exploiting shamelessness on the stage, a tendency into which greedy theatrical managers of a low type have fallen. And the protest should come first from the reputable element of stagecraft, whose silence might be mistaken for acquiescence. Stage folks cannot expect much to be said in behalf of the stage if they submit without protest to its being made the asylum for derelicts with no claim upon public interest save their own misfortune.

The case of the Binford girl is perhaps little or not at all different from many others paraded in public in late years. The cheaper grade theaters, which depend on their power of appeal to sordid curiosity and passion, have gone beyond the utmost bounds in this direction. If the better grade theaters and players will not call a halt, then the public should. Many noble men and women have spent their days before the American footlights, devoting great talents to their art and through them the stage came to have a serious meaning in the life of the country, but in this later degenerating tendency their honor and that of younger actors like them, is suffering and will suffer more unless a change is effected.

But aside from personal considerations, it is a shame to debase the stage—potential in its way of some edifying influence—to purely mercenary ends of the meanest type. Whatever potentiality for good the stage possesses, is multiplied a thousand times by its potentiality for evil under such inclinations.

A Misunderstood Man.

A war correspondent of wide experience who "covered" the late unpleasantness in Mexico for a New York paper, writing in the current North American Review of the revolution and its leaders, gives the impression that Don Francisco I. Madero was and is a much misunderstood man, both at home and abroad. His own estimate of Madero is quite pointedly set forth in this excerpt:

This little Mexican gentleman is an interesting and profitable study even from this side of the border. He neither smokes nor attends bull fights. He abhors the barbaric pomp with which Diaz loved to surround himself. He is not a friend of lotteries and he plans the end of the pulque traffic. He has never mixed with men, yet he has been able to placate more conflicting interests and clashing groups than Diaz did in his thirty years of power. He risked friends, family and fortune at the call of duty in the revolutionary game at which he was a mere tyro, a somewhat ludicrous one, as Diaz thought.

If this estimate be correct, one can more easily reconcile Madero's alleged unpopularity, both with the knowing ones in the old government regime and with the unknowing and unthinking crowds of followers they have had. Nor even yet is it strange that such a man should fail to satisfy the exacting demands of those honestly, as they believe, bent on better things for Mexico's populace, for it must be that his ideals are beyond their conception.

No doubt it is true, as we are now told, that "Madero paid his people the high compliment of expecting from them a keener political sense and a greater measure of self-control than they have been able to compass." But that is a good side on which to err if one must err. It is easy to see from this explanation just how confusing and difficult is the situation in Mexico, with the old regime of shrewd, but unscrupulous leaders still insisting on their discredited system, and an equally able and superior leader of a new element urging a measure of popular rights which the large, ignorant majority seems scarcely able to appreciate, much less exercise intelligently. Out of such a condition, no wonder it is difficult to trace the immediate course of Mexico.

Canada to Gulf Line.

Reports that the Hawley-Erb interests have planned the establishment of a through railroad line from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico serves to emphasize the wonder that the large transportation powers have not done that long ago. The advantages of such a line are as apparent as are the possibilities of the country traversed. It would afford a new outlet to the sea, not only to Canadian gain, but to products of the farm throughout the great central west and with the Panama canal construction, bring to these superb valleys a new touch of industrial potency beyond present estimate. We do not know but a north and south road is to be one of the many indirect results this country is to reap from the canal. At least the building of such a line, or the formation of it by connecting up links of established lines, seems to have awaited the actual construction of the Panama waterway.

For year such a Canada to the Gulf route has been in contemplation, but this is the nearest to actuality anyone has yet come. The demand for and the opportunities of the traffic were duly exploited during the days of early oil development in Texas, when it was proposed to run a line of steamers down the Mississippi to New Orleans and from there to Port Arthur on the Gulf. If a system of water transportation would be feasible, certainly the more direct and uninterrupted railroad system would be incomparably more profitable.

If Mr. Hawley succeeds in perfecting his plans, he will thereby secure a hold on the railroad situation in the middle country equal to, if not stronger than, any other man or group of men.

The Reason Why.

The World-Herald tries to make out that the reason the commission plan of city government carried by such decisive majorities in Omaha is to be found in disgust of republicans at the outcome of the late primaries. The World-Herald opposed the commission plan as vigorously as it dared and evidently imagines this explanation will let it down easier, but it is altogether too flimsy. As a matter of fact there is less dissatisfaction among republicans at the outcome of their primary than there is among democrats over the result of their primary, which loaded the democratic ticket down so heavily with political deadweights. The commission plan carried, if anyone wants to know, because the people of Omaha are tired of democratic misrule and extravagance in the city hall and have become convinced that any change will be a change for the better.

Poor Mr. Shotwell! When his fame was first thrust upon him the executive committee of the Nebraska Progressive Republican league hesitated to dispossess him from the honorable and responsible position of secretary of that organization in his absence and therefore deferred action until he might have a chance to stand up and explain. But now the peremptory demand for the resignation of the offending secretary has been formulated and his successor named at a secret meeting of the committee without even inviting poor Mr. Shotwell to be present. The Progressive league is plainly progressing.

The medics in session here have duly admonished one another to drop the commercial spirit from their profession and go back to the customs of the physicians of fifty years ago. That is excellent advice, which they are certain not to follow any more than the surgeons will go back to cupping and bleeding. The modern medic uses a high speed automobile to reach the patient first for fear some other doctor, similarly summoned by telephone, may get ahead of him and crowd him out.

The official count of the vote on the adoption of the commission plan of city government for Omaha shows 5,577 votes "yes" and 2,291 votes "no," notwithstanding the fight put up against it by the Hitchcock-Dennison-World-Herald combine, which succeeded in polling the only adverse majority in the Third ward.

If the "progressive republican" who breaks into the local democratic organ for a column and a half attack on everybody and everything republican were bold enough to disclose his identity the chances are his disguise would be found to cover someone who has been voting the democratic ticket pretty regularly.

The railroad lawyers complain that the state's physical valuation of their property is not high enough, also that the state's assessment valuation on their property is not low enough. You pay your money and you take your choice.

Does it Carry the Label?
Cleveland Leader.

Mr. Bryan says he is trying to preserve the sweetness of his disposition. But it will be hard to convince Mr. Underwood that he is not using benzoate of soda for the purpose.

Restricted Publicity.
Indianapolis Journal.

It seems that the campaign fund publicity law does not require so much publicity as was at first supposed by the mere public, which may account for the ease with which it was passed.

"Joker" Cruelly Fashioned.
Sioux City Journal.

If the use of the word "joker" is justifiable in reference to any law, it can be regarded as appropriate in referring to the law requiring publicity for the campaign expenses of representatives, while leaving senatorial expense accounts outside the range of the searchlight.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

SEPT. 9.

Thirty Years Ago—

A pleasant entertainment was given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Peycke by Miss Van Boris. There were present the Misses Jennie Kennard, Jessie Millard, Rachel Goldsmith and Anna Downs, and the Messrs. Deuel, Jay Foster, Will Millard and Will Wilbur.

The Omaha Turners gave a reception at Turner hall to their new instructor, Prof. Paul Witte, who has just arrived from Germany. The professor will take charge of the Turner society and will devote himself to the training of the members. He is a fine athlete and the society is to be congratulated on having his service.

The account of a sensational police court case declared that W. J. Connell, who represented the defense, was given a chance to "massacre metaphors." Pat O. Hawes was the prosecuting attorney, but Judge Benecke turned the prisoner loose.

This was opening day for the Holy Family parish fair and indications are for a continued large attendance. Great credit is due to the ladies for the way which they decorated the unfurnished room.

N. I. D. Solomon has on exhibition in his show window an elegant gold watch valued at $60, which he will offer as a premium at the state fair for the best bicycle rider under 15 years of age.

Charles J. Emory left for Montana to be absent four months, and upon his return will accept a lucrative position.

Harry Haskell, foreman of The Bee's composing room, arrived home from an extended visit in the east.

State fair prospects are fine with assurance that everything at the grounds will be in readiness by Monday.

Several fire alarms were sent in to headquarters today. At the first of them the fire department started out, but had scarcely gone ten feet until the discovered something wrong with the alarm. Chief Galligan at once began an investigation and found the circuit was broken in South Omaha. Some boys had caught hold of the wire and amused themselves by sending in alarms.

Twenty Years Ago—

John Ryan, city clerk of South Omaha, and Miss Mary Corrigan were married at St. Agnes' church by Father D. W. Moriarty. James H. Fleming was best man and Miss Anna Corrigan bridesmaid. The same morning Lany O'Keefe and Mrs. Teresa Dwyer were also married by Father Moriarty. James Parks and Miss Nellie Hughes did the honors. An elegant breakfast followed for all at the home of Mrs. Ryan's parents, 219 Twenty-sixth street, South Omaha.

Mrs. George Deverall gave a party at her home, 4305 Cuming street, in honor of her husband's birthday. High five was the leading feature, and Mrs. Howard Cook, wife of Dr. Cook, was the ladies' prize winner. Mrs. Frank Gould won the booby and Mr. Gould the gentlemen's prize, while Dr. Cook drew the gentlemen's booby prize. Other than those mentioned, these were present: Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Havens, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Carney, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Fagan, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Jobst, Mr. and Mrs. R. Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Felker, Mr. and Mrs. Hemming, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Delone, Mr. and Mrs. Roachfield, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Hodgin, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Walter Parish and Mr. Richard Smith.

Frank P. Thornton and Miss Maymie A. Todhunter were married by the Rev. T. E. Cramblett, pastor of First Christian church, at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Thomas H. Todhunter, 2024 St. Mary's avenue. Miss Carrie Smith played the Ivanhoe wedding march.

James Carroll, an employe of the Union Pacific, was killed at the Iowa transfer while trying to board the Rock Island flyer in motion.

Ten Years Ago—

Bernhard Sachsse, employed in the office of Tax Commissioner Fleming, lost his job for saying "he ought to be shot," when the news came of President McKinley's assassination.

Max J. Baehr, formerly of Omaha, consul to Madgeburg Germany, was a visitor in the city.

Hon. Charles Mann of Chadron, a member of the State Board of Agriculture, was in Omaha.

G. Fred Eisasser, treasurer of Douglas county, became the first custodian of public funds in Nebraska to comply with the demand of the republican party that the people be given information as to the whereabout of public money, publishing a complete report of all money under his charge.

John Latenser was called as the supervising architect of the Auditorium.

D. K. Gillespie, 2542 Davenport street, was slugged by two footpads at Sixteenth and Dodge streets, at night and robbed of $3. He was left unconscious, but recovered.

People Talked About

In the hands of men entirely great the mat beats the farm as an easy money-maker.

It is calculated that four out of five would go to the mat cheerily for less than Hack's share of the boodle.

A Missouri woman stood ten years of ill treatment from her husband, but when he cremated her "rat" she promptly sued for divorce. Women must draw the line somewhere.

Crooked Deer, a full-blooded Slietz Indian, broke up a white man's family in Oregon. The former head of the family is open for engagements as a cigar store sign.

A loud call for Sherlock Holmes to show himself on the trail of Mona Lisa remains unanswered. The gentleman is too busy cashing drafts from the second line of literary entrenchments.

Mrs. Ralph Johnstone, widow of the aviator who lost his life in an aeroplane accident at Denver, Colo., last year, is expected at Mineola, L. I., within the next few days to take lessons in flying. She will be a pupil of Captain Thomas S. Baldwin.

A monument to Edwin M. Stanton, the forceful secretary of war under President Lincoln, was unveiled at Steubenville, O., Monday. Mr. Stanton was born there December 19, 1814, and the house still stands. He died December 24, 1869, and was buried in Oak Hill cemetery, Washington.

A bunch of accredited delegates to the hobo convention at Washington objected to limiting the debate and attempted to muss up the physique of James Eads How, the hobo philanthropist and father of the convention movement. Quick response of the police to a hurry call prevented Jimmy going to the mat with the crowd on top.

Miss Ghodsea Khanoum is said to be the first Persian woman to come to this country to be educated. Until she left her native home a few weeks ago to attend the annual meeting of the Persian-American Educational society no man had ever seen her face. Miss Khanoum will enter the University of Chicago.

In Other Lands

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

Breaking Up British Estates.

In the light of early results it is much easier to see why the noble landlords of Great Britain fought so fiercely against the scheme of land taxation embodied in the original Lloyd George budget. Vast areas of land capable of producing a great variety of crops have not been under cultivation for years, being given up to hunting parks. Mile afer mile of idle land stretch away on both sides of the highways, the pheasant walk or game preserve of lord or duke, to which hunting parties are invited once or twice a year. Formerly these lands were an insignificant source of taxation. Now with taxation based on a government valuation and a progressive tax on the increment, the noble holders of vast estates are already disposing of the land. The duke of Bedford recently disposed of 4,800 acres in tracts ranging from 150 to 400 acres. The lowest price was $70 and the highest $90 per acre, a price regarded as eminently satisfactory for a country where agriculture is said to be "suffering from chronic depression." Equality in taxation has not only disposed of a national deficit; it is acting as a wedge to split up idle estates, to increase the number of farms and farmers, and contribute to the economic well-being of the people. A measure so fiercely denounced by the land owners two years ago is likely to prove an epoch in the agricultural progress of the kingdom.

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The Coronation Durbar.

If no serious rupture of the peace of European nations occurs within the next two months, King George and Queen Mary will carry out the scheduled program of being crowned emperor and empress of India at Delhi in December. The original plan for the coronation durbar has been modified to some extent, but it will be sufficiently gorgeous to satisfy the potentates of India and impress the natives with the pulchritude of the alien power they are up against. The king and queen are scheduled to leave England November 9, on the steamer Medina, convoyed by four first-class cruisers under command of Rear Admiral Sir Colin Kepple. December 7, the date of the state entrance of the king and queen into Delhi, and December 12, the actual day of the durbar, are to be general holidays, and on the 12th a royal proclamation will be read in every town and village of India, a portrait of the king will be exhibited on all public buildings, royal salutes will be fired everywhere that there is a gun, and there will be illuminations in the evening. The 13th is to be devoted to a people's fete all over the empire. All the ruling princes and great chiefs of the country will be commanded to the durbar, but no chiefs outside of India will be invited. Envoys from Nepal and Afghanistan, however, will attend, and the maharajah of Bhutan will be present. It is calculated that during the durbar the number of visitors in Delhi and the camps about it will more than double the normal population of the city, which is at present about 225,000.

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Kaid Gillull in the Limelight.

No matter what may be the outcome of the conversations between Ambassador Cambon and Foreign Secretary Kiderlen-Waechter regarding French and German spheres of influence in Morocco, with respect to Agadir and vicinity, both governments will have to see Kaid Gillull, the illustrious potentate of Sus. Mr. Gillull (or Gilhooly as it was originally) is a chip of the old block and a scrapper of local renown. His father was an Irishman who blew into the country no one knows how or when, but he managed to get busy as a ruler as if born to it, soon after landing. What happened to him is not material just now. It is enough to know that the son, Kaid Gillull, at the age of 25 years, holds down his father's job, occupies a little fort between Magador and Agadir, and levies toll on every trade caravan that comes his way. As a tribute to the "ould sod" Kaid sports a green turban and displays a scrappy disposition when occasion demands. The fact that he chased a British correspondent out of the country and showed great friendliness for the Germans is taken to mean that Gillull, the corsair of Sus, will take the clan-na-gael end of the argument should the row begin.

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Women's Rights in Persia.

The fighting suffragettes of London who are wasting muscle and losing power on trifles should betake themselves to Persia where conditions challenge their sturdiest knocks. During a session of the Persian Parliament at Teheran a clause in the election bill under discussion provided that no woman should vote. To the surprise of the solons not only was there objection, but the deputy from Hamadan delivered a long speech in which he declared that women have souls, that they should have their rights and therefore votes. He called on the clergy to support him, and on the Mujtanid, the head of the Persian religion, by name. That gentleman got up and stated that "never in his life had his ears heard such an impious utterance." He declared emphatically that women have neither souls nor rights, that such a doctrine meant the downfall of Islam, and that it made his hair stand on end to hear it spoken in Parliament. The remarks of the impious deputy were stricken from the journal and the clause passed.

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Education in Belgium.

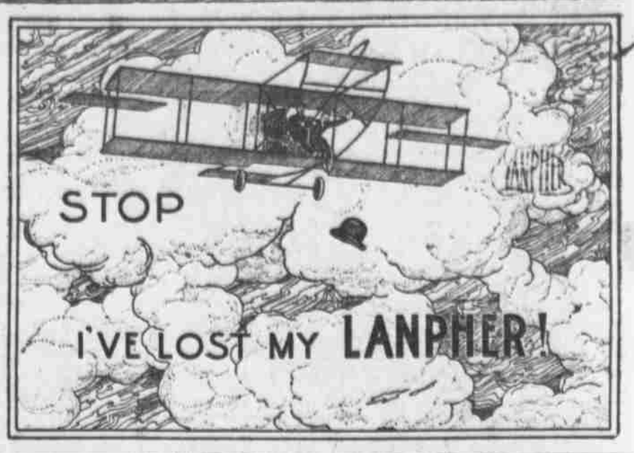
A remarkable protest against extending the influence of church schools at the expense of non-religious public schools were expressed in Brussels, August 15. A procession and public meeting attended by 150,000 persons was held, at which the multitude pledged itself "to struggle ceaselessly until the Scholiaert bill is finally withdrawn and until universal suffrage and compulsory education are realized." The measure which provoked the protest takes its name from the former premier, Scholiaert, and was designed to give considerable advantages to church schools and minimize the public schools. In consequence of the demonstration Premier de Broqueville has announced that the bill will be withdrawn from Parliament and later on a measure granting educational local option to each commune will be substituted.

Development of Alaska.
New York Tribune.

President Schurman of Cornell university has come back from Alaska with the conclusion that it is not right for the government to go on throttling Alaskan development. That is the general verdict. It ought to be possible for congress to find some way to facilitate development on a basis fair both to the developers and to the nation.

The Swat that Fails.
Indianapolis News.

Another difficulty in the way of killing a flea, as the United States public health and marine service may have noted in its extended investigations, is that when you arrive prepared to do the deadly deed, he is seldom there



The Bee's Letter Box

Bet is Declared Off.

OMAHA, Neb., Sept. 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: To settle a bet, who was the person who first suggested commission form of government for Omaha? An answer in The Bee will oblige.

JAMES K. SAVAGE.

Answer—Can't tell you. The Ad club boosters made the first noise. They employed J. P. Breen to draw the bill. The Bee set the wheels in motion by getting the necessary petition and filing it.

"Bill" Kennedy's Mistake.

ARLINGTON, Neb., Sept. 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: In your paper you say that "M. C. Grover of Blair, county surveyor of Washington county, who headed a delegation of 100 from his home city, told some good stories," etc. Now Mr. Grover is not from Blair, he did not head a delegation from his home city, although he was so introduced by Chairman Kennedy out at the Den Monday night. Mr. Grover, as an old resident of Arlington, although now living at Kennard, accompanied a delegation of 100 from Arlington to the Den on that night, and with the delegation enjoyed the fun and hospitality of Samson. It was Arlington night at the Den, and the enterprising citizens of this town rode to and from Omaha on a special train, and every one who was there declared that they had never had so much fun in their lives, especially those who assisted in amusing the big crowd present. Washington county contributed a large delegation to the Den, the special stopping at that place to accommodate them. Please give this space in the columns of The Bee, so that our beautiful capital city will not get credit for the enterprising spirit shown by the best town in Washington county—Arlington.

E. F. FASSETT.

Tribute to a Faithful Pastor.

CREIGHTON, Neb., Sept. 6.—To the Editor of The Bee: Last Sunday, September 3, was a great day for St. Ludger's church of Creighton. It was especially so for Rev. William Windolph, who for ten years has faithfully performed all the duties that could be heaped upon the pastor of a young and flourishing church. After a month's absence Father Windolph reached home to officiate there last Sunday and to arrange for beginning next day a year's campaign for the legions of St. Ludger's academy. Around the church after the later mass spectators could readily see that something unusual had awakened the swarming hive and swayed the expectant people. Angry bees inflict a painful sting, while otherwise we get from them honey stores, the product of peaceful industry. I see among the conspirators Messrs. Donahue, Mullen, Kane, Metthorn, Greene, Wagner, Kennedy, Ryan, Schneider and divers other "captains of the hosts of Israel." Why, these are the very men who in recent years enabled Father Windolph to traverse the path of progress. With their aid church, rectory and academy climbed to the level of independence and respectability, and by an extension of boundaries additional importance was simultaneously brought to St. Ludger's tiny kingdom. With the same assistance all church debts have recently been wiped away, although this conquest cost Father Windolph nearly $4,000. Over all the glorious field during the reign of prosperity Father Windolph always has been the sole acknowledged chief. To him was assigned all the work of both Moses and Aaron during the long journey from Egypt to the Promised Land.

Well, to such a shepherd of such a flock what harm can be done now? Reader, the harm was only this: Father Windolph was brought into a sort of ambuscade and there a purse "as large as a sack of flour" was given him by Mr. G. M. Mullen. An address also of proper length and flavor went with the purse and, for the Rev. pastor, many were the expressions of good will from surrounding friends. The purse was to Father Windolph a real home-made surprise and evoked words of gratitude from his heart.

To the casual visitor who happens to know a good deal about affairs at Creighton, the honors occasionally conferred on Father Windolph seem but a dictate of justice. For ten years St. Ludger's pastor and all his works have been there for the public good. As a result, a desert place becomes a fruitful vineyard, and raw material is changed into manufactured goods. Necessarily, a whole-souled people, neither deaf nor dumb nor blind, have known the excellence of the visible fruit and, therefore, that of the tree producing it.

A SUBSCRIBER.

POLITICAL SNAPSHOTS.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Senator Cummins cannot carry the state of Iowa on an anti-Taft platform unless the republicans of Iowa are different from those in the rest of the country.

Des Moines Register and Leader: While Senator Cummins very positively and definitely aligns himself with the Taft opposition, the disposition among the senator's friends in Iowa seems to be to await further developments.

Minneapolis Journal: When Speaker Clark asserts that it was he, not Taft, who put reciprocity through, we are reminded that it was Clark, not Taft, who furnished the Canadian conservatives with their only argument against ratification, namely, the fear that it meant annexation. It was when leader of the minority that Clark proclaimed annexation on the floor of the house, and it is Speaker Clark whose speech is now being placarded on the dead walls of Canadian cities.

Springfield Republican: Baltimore has made a dead set for the next democratic national convention, and it is claimed that enough members of the national committee have been pledged to carry it there. The city has raised a fund of $100,000, and a convention hall large enough to hold 15,000 people is to be built. Before the war Baltimore was a favorite democratic convention place. There Andrew Jackson was nominated, as well as Martin Van Buren and James K. Polk. The Birmingahm (Ala.) Age-Herald comments: "In the coming campaign democratic hopes will be high—higher indeed than they have been since the war, and Baltimore is therefore an appropriate place at which to hold the national convention."

GRINS AND GROANS.

"No man is bigger than his party," said the ready-made philosopher.

"Not now," said Senator Sorghum. "But if the parties keep on subdividing it may yet be managed."—Washington Star.

Samson, having overcome the lion, was disposed to do a little pardonable boasting.

"I did it by main strength," he said. "I didn't have to use the toe hold on him."—Chicago Tribune.

"Did you see Jobbs just now raise his hat when he met the lady he's walking with, and take her bundles from her?"

"I don't see anything to remark about that in a man."

"I do. She's his wife."—Baltimore American.

"I hear your son is making money as a sculptor?"

"That's what. I set up a sample of his statuary in our cornfield and we ain't had a crow around since. Now he has more orders that he kin fill."—Boston Transcript.

"Is that a robber castle?" inquired the tourist.

"No, sir," replied the guide; "that place is kept by my father. It's a respectable garage."—Washington Herald.

AN UPPER'S LOWER NOW.

San Francisco Call.

The wondering conductor stood within the Pullman aisle;
There was trouble in his visage and his face had lost its smile.
For a passenger was asking him to fix him with a berth,
And he pondered o'er the price list while he figured up its worth.

"All the uppers now are lower," the conductor softly said,
While with nervous, trembling fingers through the book of cost he sped.
"Though this makes the higher lower, still the lower is no higher."
"How is that? An upper lower?" queried the prospective buyer.

"This is it," the wan conductor then attempted to explain,
"We have lowered all the uppers that we have upon the train.
Thus we have the lower higher than we used to have the upper"—
"Hum," the passenger then asked him, "What did you drink with your supper?"

"Can't you understand," then answered the conductor, with a sigh,
"Though the higher ones are lower, still the lowers are as high.
With the highers lower than they were, the lowers but seem higher."
"You're off the water wagon," vowed the man, "or I'm a liar."

And the passenger then left him and went to another car,
While the poor conductor mumbled "Don't you see, sir, where you are?
With the lower higher higher than the higher lower lower"—
Then he plunged into the diner for a glass of joy bestower.