THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH.

Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Sunday Bee, one year.....$2.50
Saturday Bee, one year.....$1.50
Daily Bee (without Sunday), one year.$4.00
Daily Bee and Sunday, one year.....$6.00

DELIVERED BY CARRIER.

Evening Bee (with Sunday), per mo....25c
Daily Bee (including Sunday), per mo..45c
Daily Bee (without Sunday), per mo....40c

Address all complaints of irregularities in delivery to City Circulation Dept.

REMITTANCES.

Remit by draft, express or postal order, payable to The Bee Publishing company. Only 2-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts. Personal checks, except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted.

OFFICES.

Omaha—The Bee Building.
South Omaha—2415 N St.
Council Bluffs—15 Scott St.
Lincoln—26 Little Building.
Chicago—1548 Marquette Building.
Kansas City—Reliance Building.
New York—34 West Thirty-third.
Washington—725 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications relating to news and editorial matter should be addressed Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

MARCH CIRCULATION.

49,508

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 March, 1912, was 49,508.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS,
Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 5th day of April, 1912.
(Seal.) ROBERT HUNTER,
Notary Public.

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

Got your back yard cleaned up?

Do not expect an imperfect people to choose perfect rulers.

Spot your seven good men and then go in and vote for them.

April seems to be jockeying for a start with fairly good success.

The wild waves are saying a good many things that would not look well in print.

To the weather man: Many thanks. Signed by all the Easter bonnet purchasers.

Boast as they may of their ballot in Chicago, it was not short enough to keep Bath House John off.

Len Small is the name of a leading candidate for governor in—guess where? No, not Texas, but Illinois.

Our Douglas county hospital has brought grief to a lot of public officials. And the end evidently is not yet.

At last a European visitor has said a kind word of the American newspaper and the Sunday paper at that! You can never tell.

That must have been a common, ordinary pigeon instead of a dove that Mr. Bryan saw perched on the banner of democracy.

As bad as preachers hate the Sunday theater, Elgin ministers have favored it to keep their young people from going to Chicago.

If there is a moral fester out at our county hospital, the only thing to do is to use the knife and cut it out before it spreads further.

It really does not make much difference whether self-constituted dictators call themselves Citizens' union, or Label league, or socialist committee.

It begins to look as if the democrats would have to tie Mr. Bryan hand and foot this year to get him to take his quadrennial white man's burden.

With all these boosts from Mr. Bryan, if Senator La Follette were only running in the Nebraska primary on the democratic ticket there would be nothing to it.

Tomorrow is the day. If you are on the accredited list, you will be called up by telephone from the Citizens' union headquarters, and told just what to do and whom to vote for.

A Nashville paper displays its grief over the death of Senator R. L. Taylor by announcing in flaming red type across the top of its page: "Senator R. L. Taylor's Remains Arrive."

The Brooklyn Eagle rises to know why a ton of the same coal costs $1 more in Brooklyn than in Manhattan. Probably because it is worth that difference to live outside of Manhattan.

If these presidential primaries were all held simultaneously throughout the entire country as in theory they should be held, the verdict in one state would have no influence on the verdict in any other state.

Oh, pshaw. Republican politics down south is no more patronage influenced than democratic politics down south. One set are office-holders who want to hang on and the other office-seekers who want to get in.

The Voter's Responsibility.

Omaha is about to take the next step toward the inauguration of its commission plan of city government by sifting out of the list of eighty-six candidates for councilman fourteen whose names are to go on the ballot for the final choice of seven.

Every device that has yet been invented to dethrone the "machine," and put the political "boss" out of business, has been engrafted on our commission plan law. The ballot which will be handed to the voters will contain nothing whatever but the names of the candidates. More than that, the names will be rotated so that no candidate will have advantage over another by reason of being at the top more often than his competitor, the purpose being to equalize the accidental or indifferent vote. The absence of party labels, or other designation, is supposed to obliterate the last vestige of partisanship, and to force voting for the men rather than for their politics.

If every voter possessed the necessary intelligence, and fullest information about every candidate, as in theory this election contemplates, we might expect the ideal to eventuate. Knowing human shortcomings, however, all we can do is to impress all our people with the duty devolving upon them, and the grave responsibility which they must meet.

Can Wu Come Back?

Dr. Wu Ting-fang, twice minister from China to the United States and twice recalled, now aspires to return to America as ambassador from the Republic of China to the Republic of the United States. Come on, old friend, a welcome awaits you.

We just happen to recall that when the doctor departed from us the last time he dropped a quiet tip to a group of reporters—he was always confidential with the boys—that he was going to live to be 200 years old. Ha, ha, not only will he have the laugh on old Father Time, but also on the old Manchu dynasty, which kept recalling him from us, but now is dethroned, abdicated, degraded. So that we may look with complacence to the return of Wu, feeling that he will tarry with us for, perhaps, at least 100 years longer, which is another way of saying that we are good for peace with China for at least a century, for there is no chance of war or even ill feelings so long as our good old friend, Dr. Wu, is China's official representative at Washington.

Wu seems to be strictly persona grata with the new administration in China, having been one of the prime factors in bringing about the revolution, and he has been handed a choice of several different portfolios, as Americans would say, "on a silver platter," but evidently has preferred the American post to anything at home. Always unique and interesting, Dr. Wu, if he comes, will bring still greater variety in his queueless head and American attire, for with the revolution went the queue, the wooden shoes and all the rest of the ancient paraphernalia of old Confuscianism. It will be a real, spank-bang-up oriental Yankee we shall welcome in China's new ambassador.

Then and Now.

The outcry against the alleged use of the patronage club to line up southern delegations for the administration, which is coming from the Roosevelt camp, recalls similar charges raised every four years by candidates whenever their efforts prove unsuccessful to get these delegations for themselves. Four years ago we had this same outcry from the so-called "allies," who were accusing President Roosevelt of forcing office-holders in southern states to deliver their delegations to Taft as his preferred candidate. When inspired by the lamentations of the sorely distressed "allies" William Dudley Foulke of Indiana, the noted civil service reformer, formulated their charges in a letter addressed to President Roosevelt. This is the reply he received dated from the White House, February 9, 1908:

At present various efforts are being made to get up bolting delegations from the southern states, and the meetings at which these so-called delegates are chosen are usually announced as "nonoffice-holders' conventions." As a rule, this means only, as far as it means anything, that they are held under the lead of persons who wish to be put in office, but whose character and capacity are such that have not been regarded as fit to be appointed under this administration. In these cases, be it remembered, that the failure to secure office is not the result of the political action of the men in question; on the contrary their political action is due to their failure to secure office.

Apparently history is only repeating itself with some of the title role characters shifted about.

Shaving the Truth.

There are more ways than one of telling a lie. One way is to shave the truth, or shade it; to tell a half truth in such a way, either by omission, as to obscure the real fact quite as effectively as a deliberate falsehood would do. Another way to misrepresent is simply to overstate or exaggerate a fact. These habits are all too common, much more so than people realize.

The question has been raised whether people are not losing the fine regard for the truth they should cherish. A lawyer says that perjury is so common in witnesses at court that he is often appalled at the very thought of it. The judge knows it, the opposing counsel know it, and surely the jurors cannot be ignorant of it. But, he asks, what are you going to do about it? It has become a habit with many. How uproot it? Few persons who have sat in a court room during the progress of a trial but must have concluded that perjury is very common on the witness stand—some of it deliberate and some merely reckless—in spite of that solemn obligation in the form of an oath to which every witness subscribes to "tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God."

It is not a pleasant thing to contemplate so general a social evil, for it is nothing short of that. Where does the lie stop? Not in the utterance of words, surely. And when these words are uttered as the sworn testimony of legal witnesses they become even more serious than the lie or half-truth that rolls off lips unobliged by formal oath to tell the truth. As the lawyer quoted asks, What are we going to do about it? Well, perjury is a crime. Perhaps if it were adequately punished it would do no harm. There would still be task enough to give distress to scrupulous consciences even then.

Political Ennui.

As the feelers of the public pulse newspapers learn how readily people tire of politics and how a prolonged political campaign wears upon them. But politics is here to stay in this country and political campaigns are, therefore, unavoidable. And this year we are in for a siege of it.

How may we best endure the ennui? May it not be by taking a more direct interest in the men and the measures and not allowing the campaign to become irksome to us, declining to regard it as ennui at all? Locally, especially, the people should study not only the principles involved but the candidates. They should submit each man to the best test possible, find out all they can about him, and that will be enough in itself to keep the average voter fairly busy and act as a sort of proof against ennui. But is anything short of that fair to the candidate or one's self? You cannot get the fairest line on a man seeking office either from his friends or his foes entirely, but it is not impossible to learn enough for intelligent decision.

It will be time for ennui when the voter steps into his booth with his ticket several feet long containing scores of names from which he, for instance in the commissionership election, shall select seven. Of course the intelligent voter will have his seven men all well in mind before he enters the booth, knowing exactly their location on the ballot, so that he may very easily cast his vote and cast it the way he wants it.

Our amiable democratic contemporary, the World-Herald, finds fault with The Bee for pointing out some of the good men for commissioner among the republicans who are not in the running. What has stopped the World-Herald from pointing out some of the good men among the democratic candidates? Is it because it cannot find any?

One of the executive committee that made the Citizens' union slate cannot vote for it because he is not registered, and he did not register because he had not lived here long enough to qualify. A little thing like that, however, does not prevent telling the rest of us whom we ought to put in charge of our city government.

To make up the sleep lost during the campaign each candidate and manager would have to slumber from now until June 3.—Wilbur D. Nesbit in Chicago Evening Post.

Locally speaking, seventy-two councilmanic candidates may crawl into their little bunks and snooze away undisturbed after tomorrow night.

Senator La Follette says that The Bee is a standpatter. He also says that President Taft is a standpatter. He likewise says Colonel Roosevelt is a standpatter. Pretty good company. Thanks for the advertising.

Precaution Needed.

Indianapolis News.

In the attempts of the Department of Justice to direct the harvester trust in the way it should go, however, great precautions should be taken not to cause two amicable harvester trusts to grow where one grew before.

The Bill Never Fails.

Philadelphia Record.

The logic of strikes and lockouts is simplicity itself. John and Thomas disagree as to the rate of wages and work is stopped. After materially destructive caterwauling and conflicts they get together, raise wages and send the bill to Sam.

Vanity's Strident Scream.

Houston Post.

The Omaha Bee says "Texas has always been allowed to manage its own public land." Allowed, indeed! Well, Texas owns its public land and asks nobody's permission in the premises. Texas is under no obligation to the United States government for anything in this world.

Narrow-Gauge Patriots.

Philadelphia Press.

The democrats of congress in caucus have decided against spending any money on battleships and public buildings, but they have no hesitation about spending it on investigations in the vain hope of digging up partisan capital. It would be a waste of time to speak of the patriotism of a party which does such things: it hasn't any to speak of.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

April 8.

Thirty Years Ago—

The base ball game inaugurated the season of 1882 in Omaha auspiciously, drawing a large number of admirers to the grounds at the terminus of the Eighteenth street car line. The score was 14 for the U. Ps. to 9 for the B. & Ms. Charles Griswold umpired.

A performance of J. N. Heager's historical drama, "The Great Republic," in allegory and tableaux, is soon to be given by the public school children, the condition being that part of the proceeds be devoted to the purchase of an illuminated clock for the high school.

At the concert given by the musical convention Miss Alice F. Mitchell served as director, Miss Julia Officer as pianist, Charles R. Lutton as basso and J. H. Bell as coronetist. A number of vocalists also contributed to the program.

The handsomest line of fringes in the city was at Orchard & Bean's.

The new comet is now visible in the heavens, but it requires sharp looking to find it.

The Musical union orchestra has been strengthened by the addition of Prof. G. Winner to its ranks.

Mario Geistinger and the Thalia theater company, with Manager Amberg, passed through the city in a special car, returning from San Francisco.

During the thunderstorm lightning struck the house of J. S. Wood, damaging it considerably.

Twenty Years Ago—

V. W. Benham, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y., was in Omaha prepatory to engaging in the cigar business here.

Gustav Andreen, the safe manufacturer, returned from a two months' visit in Texas and Hot Springs, Ark.

The old Military Bridge Stable at Twenty-fifth and Cuming streets, was totally destroyed by fire, as was also the adjoining building to the east of it. Clerk Hasbrouck in Olaf Bang's drug store, discovered smoke rising from the building. John Dougherty, lessee of the stable building, which was owned by Major John B. Furay, got his men to work getting the horses out as rapidly as possible, managing to get them and the buggies all out in time. The losses totalled more than $20,000.

A delegation from the Congregational association of Nebraska met representative business men at the Dime Savings bank to talk over the prospects of moving Doane college from Crete to Omaha. The Congregationalists were: Rev. A. L. Leeper of York, F. C. Cochrane, Rev. George Hendley of Weeping Water, Rev. G. J. Powell of Chadron, W. H. Russell of Omaha. Dr. George L. Miller argued for Omaha. A. P. Tukey was not exactly sure the college could get away from Crete.

Ten Years Ago—

George A. Custer post, Grand Army of the Republic, held a farewell campfire in honor of James H. Kyner, about to leave for Colorado.

Frank W. Slabaugh and Miss Ellen B. Woriand, both of South Omaha, were married in that city.

Fred Elsasser, jr., sent his father, the county treasurer, who went with Mrs. Elsasser to Hot Springs, Ark., a telegram announcing the serious illness of Charles, a baby brother.

Mrs. Mary Begley, 70 years old, 1803 South Tenth street, died at her home. She had resided in Omaha for forty-six years, being one of the first white women to come to this city. She is survived by seven children, John and Daniel Begley of Springfield, Neb.; Mrs. Mary Tracy of Seattle, Mrs. John Flynn, Mrs. Kennelly and Mrs. Patrick Culkin, South Omaha and Mrs. John Sheahan of Omaha.

L. E. Nebergall, who had located 150 Omahans on the Uintah oil fields in southern Wyoming, returned to his home, Evanston, Wyo.

Mrs. Emma F. Byers, general secretary of the Young Woman's Christian association read selections from "The Sky Pilot," at a benefit for the association at Kountze Memorial church.

The Real Estate exchange went on record as opposed to any compromise in the pending tax suit.

People Talked About

The demand for a "fourteen-foot channel from St. Louis to the gulf," will not be pressed while the father of waters is out of bed and taking nourishment in the suburbs.

George Johnston, a teamster, one of the plain people of Chicago, kept up the appearances of poverty to the end and left $75,000 in good money to boost his heirs into the plute class.

Schedules of losses to operators, miners and middlemen as a result of the coal strikes regularly omit the simple process by which the losses are passed down to the consumer. That is taken for granted.

Laura Jean Libbey says a man should be careful about how he marries a widow. So he should. He should see to it through out the ceremony that he maintains the proper degree of insignificance and keeps his big feet off the train of the bridal gown.

There were no indications of a circus among the heirs when the will of Mrs. Ruth Louisa Bailey, widow of James A. Bailey of Barnum & Bailey fame, was filed in New York the other day. But the season is young. The will disposes of an estate valued at $1,000,000.

"The mind of woman," observes a doctor classed as distinguished, "is always threatened with danger from the reverberations of her phychological emergencies." Ordinary men have noticed these reverberations before the doctor spoke, but were shrewd enough to duck and keep mum.

The late Senator Robert Lowe Taylor of Tennessee, affectionally known as "Fiddling Bob," is described by a friend as "a man of boyish spontaneity and unspoiled kindliness of character," who found senatorial dignity irksome and was happiest when he shed the coat of gravity for the fiddling sunshine.

Unable to impose a tax on bachelors "for the support of aged and infirm spinsters" in Massachusetts, the Women's Homestead association of that state has declared war on bachelor candidates for office. "They are misfit members of society," says the declaration of war. "They dodge, squirm and evade their duties to society, and seek to hold public offices which they are incompetent to fill." It is suspected the writer of the declaration at some time or other was handed a particularly cold mitten.

The Bee's Letter Box

Wooster on the Constitution.

SILVER CREEK, Neb., April 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: The constitution of Nebraska provides that a majority of all the votes cast at the election at which a constitutional amendment is submitted shall be necessary to the adoption of such amendment. It also provides that proposed amendments shall be published for three months before the election in every county in the state and that when more than one amendment is to be submitted they shall be so submitted as to enable the voter to vote on each amendment separately. Wise provisions all of them.

In practice it was found that amendments very seldom carried and hence constitution tinkers, who conceived themselves to be far wiser than the people at large, conceived the idea and got it into law, of permitting proposed amendments to be made party measures and voted for in the circle, to the end that, in effect, the constitution might be amended by party conventions and primaries rather than by the intelligent, honest votes of the people. To illustrate: A state convention declares in favor of a certain amendment; later a howl goes up that members of the legislature must submit the amendment in order to redeem the "party pledge;" still later at another convention, or a primary election, the amendment is endorsed, voted for in the circle at the following general election and, presto, the constitution is amended, not by votes for the amendment, but by votes for the party in pursuance of manipulation by the bosses.

Any man who will stand for such a rotten deal ought to be ashamed to call himself an American citizen. At the coming primary election on the 19th of this month every good citizen should vote against every one of the five amendments then to be submitted, no matter whether he approves of them or not. Let them be snowed under on the 19th, every one of them, and then at the election next fall each one of them will stand, or fall, on its own merits as it should do.

CHARLES WOOSTER.

Sharp Words for Improvers.

OMAHA, April 6.—To the Editor of The Bee: Considerable mention has been made of the activity of improvement clubs in regard to the candidates for commissioners, and that a meeting was to be held at which fourteen candidates were to be endorsed. This activity on the part of these citizens would be quite commendable if they were not actuated purely and solely from personal reasons.

The undersigned is not a candidate of the Citizens' union or a candidate in any other sense, but desires to call the attention of the business men of Omaha to the selfish motives of these so-called improvers.

You will remember within the last month efforts to make the principal streets of the city from the depot to the city better lighted, and even one of these clubs protested against this plan, for the reason that they wanted arc lights to shine over some weeds, jackrabbits, wolves and canyons in their respective wards.

Take the New Fort-Belvedrie club which seems to be the prime mover in this latest plan, the fire map of the city shows that in this entire district covering about one and one-half square miles there are but about fifty or sixty houses. In the entire district there probably is not over a half mile of sidewalk aside from Thirtieth street; the streets have never been graded and it has some canyons that rival in grandeur and depth the Grand canyon of Arizona, and over some of these canyons shine brilliantly down arc lamps that should be down on Farnam or Tenth street.

The best improvement districts of every city are the districts in which no improvement club exists. These improvement clubs are gotten up solely for the purpose of public graft, and securing from the city everything possible that they can obtain free. Their only object is to secure free water, free gas, free grading and free lights. Some of the officers of these clubs have never been known to cut the weeds on the property that they own and there are many business properties on Farnam street that pay more taxes in one year than all of the improvement clubs of Omaha put together.

Why should the business men of streets in the heart of the city be compelled to furnish free grading, free sewers and free lights to districts that are but thinly populated, when our city is the laughing stock of the entire country in this connection, and is well known to be the poorest lighted city of its size in the United States. Many cities of from 10,000 to 20,000 people in the states of Nebraska and Iowa put Omaha to blush for shame on account of its poorly lighted streets, especially in the business district, and the business men of Omaha should realize this that in the impending election no candidate will be put forward by these clubs except such as will promise them free luxuries in exchange for their votes. E. E. LYNDON.

The Dancing Question.

OMAHA, April 6.—To the Editor of The Bee: Talking about fads in school, I think about the most silly and useless is the new one of dancing in school or just after school closes. There are many things of the most common nature that "high up" pupils in the high school do not know in the line of useful knowledge, that may know how to dance and hug in public.

Not long ago I happened to ask very smart high school pupils about the republic of Liberia. None of them had the faintest idea of the location of Liberia. Some said it was a province in Russia, while others said it was a part of Siberia. None of them knew the history of that little republic and did not know it was founded by our own country. I asked another group of pupils how much a fathom is, when talking of the burial of the battleship Maine. Some said it was a foot and others did not know. None of them knew that six feet make a fathom.

Now would not a knowledge of these things be of far more benefit than to learn how to dance? It does seem to me that it would do them much more good. I will wager that a very large number of high school pupils of Omaha today could not answer off hand the two questions I have cited. They are but samples of many other things of common interest that they do not know of. Better have them learn useful things first. If exercise is needed. Why would it not be a good plan for the girls to get exercise at home in sweeping, washing dishes, making beds, learning how to cook and lots of other things. But they would hold their hands up in holy horror in doing such "low down" work.

If the boys need exercise, let them carry papers, carry out ashes, shovel snow, chop kindling and do other work at home to help father and mother. Exercise of the kinds named would be of much more benefit than the kind to be had in learning to be graceful and hopping on the floor in locked arms if nothing worse. Then they would learn things of lasting usefulness. Cut out the dance and teach them common knowledge, including the romantic history of the republic of Liberia, even if it is a negro republic. There are too many silly fads now.

AN OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

Prosperity is the Stake.

STELLA, Neb., April 6.—To the Editor of the Bee: A short time ago Champ Clark was arraigning an audience of farmers, attacking the administration and attacking the republican party generally. A farmer sitting in the front row interrupted Mr. Clark to say: "That's all right Champ, but don't you think that we farmers in Missouri can stand it awhile with beef at 7½ cents a pound?"

Now it seems to me the question which confronts the farmers of Nebraska, and which they must settle for themselves, is not one of the initative and referendum, or whether thy shall recall the judge or only recall his decision, or whether there shall be a tariff on wool, high or low, but simply one of their own welfare.

In the last analysis self-interest is what governs the lives of most people, and self-interest should direct the farmer in making his decision as to whether he shall vote for Taft or Roosevelt or La Follette. I have been farming now for over forty years. My interest in farming began long before that, and I want to say, without fear of contradiction, that I have never seen the laboring man prosper when the farmer was not prosperous. I have taken pains to look up the markets on April 3 of farm products. I find on that date that good beeves were selling at 7 cents to 8 cents a pound in South Omaha. Fat cows were selling at $4.75 to $5.75 and good yearling steers were selling for $35. Hogs were bringing from $7.65 to $7.85. The Chicago grain market shows wheat at $1.02 and corn at 75 cents per bushel. The Minneapolis grain market, under the same date, shows cash wheat at $1.04⅝, No. 3 at $1.02⅝, No. 3 yellow from 73 cents to 76 cents and No. 3 white oats at 52 cents to 52½ cents. The Omaha general market shows butter, No. 1, in 60-pound tubs, at 22 cents and No. 2 at 30 cents. Poultry broilers from $3 to $7.50 per dozen. Old roosters 10 cents per pound. Eggs at $6 to $4.50 per case.

Now, brother farmer, do not be deceived by high sounding phrases and oratory—they are but the means of securing your vote. Do not be carried away by sympathy for the poor laboring men in the east—you cannot make his condition better by lowering the standard of your own living—take care of yourself.

JAMES MORRIS.

Sticking to a Cool Spot.

Chicago Record-Herald.

Captain Scott is still 150 miles from the south pole and ignorant of the fact that it has been discovered. He expects to remain in the antarctic region another winter for the purpose of completing the trip to the pole. Somebody ought to send him a postcard and let him know the worst.

MIRTHFUL REMARKS.

"When your husband started the quarrel again what did you do?"

"Took your advice and gave him a light retort."

"That's right. Did it affect him?"

"It ought to have done so. I threw the lamp at him."—Baltimore American.

"I wish," said the dashing bride, "that we could arrange to take our wedding trip in an airship."

"I don't know," replied the cautious youth, "whether it would be well to take chances on being obliged to take our first falling out so seriously."—Washington Star.

"Why are taxes so high this year?" demanded the indignant citizen.

"Will you consider it confidential if I tell you why?" whispered the clerk in the county treasurer's office.

"Yes, sir."

"We need the money."—Chicago Tribune.

"What's the matter with your wife? She's all broken up lately."

"She got a terrible jar."

"What has happened?"

"Why, she was assisting at a rummage sale, took off her new hat and somebody sold it for 25 cents."—Washington Herald.

"I have thrown my hat into the ring," said the candidate.

"And I," said the ventriloquist, "shall go you one better and throw my voice into the ring."—Chicago Post.

"Mr. Timmid has asked if he might call tonight. I think he wants to tell me that he loves me," said Miss Yerner.

"O," replied her sister, "that goes without saying."

"Yes, and I'm afraid that he will, too."—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Ever try to borrow money of an optimist?"

"No."

"An optimist always feels sure your luck will change and doesn't let you have it."

"How about a pessimist?"

"A pessimist feels sure you'll never return the money and to prove his point lets you have it."

"What do you mean by waving that red flag and stopping the train?" asked the irate engineer.

"You wrong us," replied Meandering Mike. "We was holdin' a little meetin'. What you saw was de new anarchist version at de chautauqua salute."

THE GARDEN.

Detroit Free Press.

When last we saw our garden fair
It was a splendid green,
There was no desolation there,
No rubbish to be seen;
Then came the snow in dead of night,
So many months ago,
And o'er it threw a mantle white
And all things ceased to grow.

We saw our back yard yesterday
And stared at it aghast,
For once the snow had slipped away
And winter's grip seemed passed;
And there before our saddened gaze
Stretched out a field of pans
And memories of winter days,
To-wit: Tomato cans.

The splendid garden we had left
In ruin seemed to be,
Of all its lovely green bereft.
Around it we could see
But desolation grim and bare;
Within her lovely gates
We saw 'mid the confusion there
A score of broken plates.

There was the hammer we had lost,
The wrench we long had sought;
Our friendly neighbors, too, had tossed
There rubbish in our court.
And as we gazed upon the scene
Of utter waste and woe,
We thought about our kitchen queen,
And said: "She'll miss the snow."