

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
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BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH
Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
Daily Bee, one year, \$2.00
Saturday Bee, one year, \$1.50
Daily Bee, without Sunday, per month, 60c
Daily Bee, including Sunday, per month, 60c
Address all complaints of irregularities in delivery to City Circulation Dept.

DELIVERED BY CARRIER
Evening and Sunday, per month, 60c
Evening, without Sunday, per month, 60c
Daily Bee, including Sunday, per month, 60c
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REMITTANCE
Remit by draft, express or postal order, payable to The Bee Publishing Company. Only 5-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—218 N. Street, Council Bluffs—14 North Main Street, Lincoln—38 Little building, Chicago—301 Hurst building, New York—Room 118, 50 Fifth Ave., Louisville—505 New Building Commerce, Washington—224 Fourteenth St. N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE
Communications relating to news and editorial matter should be addressed Omaha Bee, editorial department.

SEPTEMBER CIRCULATION.

50,085

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the average daily circulation for the month of September, 1913, was 50,085. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 1st day of October, 1913. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Mexico's duty to the world is to pacify itself.

The good roads movement is big enough for all.

The invention of a piano-phonograph is another cogent argument against cliff-dwelling.

If they keep on bantering him, old Porfirio Diaz may come back just to show them that he can.

The Philadelphia Inquirer thinks the real currency bill is "Bill" Bryan. Wouldn't be at all surprised.

Yes, we dare those Ak-Sar-Ben governors to parade Farnam street in 'em on the next sun-shiny day.

The democratic tariff bill promises to cheapen pickles. Hurrah for the Concatenated Order of Old Maids!

Bulzer is said to be perfecting a plan to "get the whole story before the public." Mercy, how much more of it is there?

The tariff may be a moral issue, but it will have to be more than that to satisfy those led to look to it for economic relief.

The British Parliament assembled in a few weeks, so even if our congress should adjourn, we are promised some entertainment.

The New York World is fixing to get itself called a malicious malafactor by peddling the report that Armageddon has been deserted.

Next year will be King Ak-Sar-Ben's twentieth, and also Omaha's sixtieth. What a chance for a combination birthday celebration.

Of course, it is too early after the advent of the new tariff to figure on the lower cost of filling that market basket. Wait a week or two and then figure it.

It would seem that a murderer has no show for publicity these days unless he invents new refinements of killing or confesses to perpetrating wholesale slaughters.

In Kansas City men actually manage to survive the denial of a cigar long enough to make the usual street car ride home, for there the regulations prohibit rear-end smoking.

A very remarkable and posthumous base ball throw has been given by E. K. Valentine, formerly a congressman from Nebraska—World-Herald.

Possibly posthumous to the base ball, but at least accounts not posthumous to Mr. Valentine.

A new-come pastor greets his congregation as "Just plain folks, some of you good, some better and some worse." It is a wise shepherd who realizes that his flock is made up of the same kind of sheep as the other flocks.

The passage of the tariff bill, whatever else it may bring, certainly stands as a personal triumph for the president and proves, as we have said before, that the feruled rod outranks the big stick as an instrument of discipline.

Attorney General Martin is surely in between them. Although under the constitution he is legal adviser to all state officers, he is bringing suit on behalf of an appointed employee against the elective state auditor. Sort of a case with clients on both sides.

Lord Northcliffe declares that newspapers do not work of the police work of the world and get no credit for it—Exchange.

No, but a big lot of blame and censure especially from those who ought to do the work, and from the culprits, together, of course, with some highly respectable citizens.

The Task of the Committee.

Chairman Hillis of the republican national committee has called that body together to meet in December, two years earlier than it would otherwise be convened, "to confer on party matters and to take any action which may be deemed advisable." This meeting of the full committee, however, is part of the understanding arrived at by the conference several months ago between the executive committee and the various party leaders urging reapportionment of representation to do away with over-weighted delegations from the southern states before the next presidential ticket is nominated.

The main question that will confront the committee will be whether it has power to adopt a new ratio of convention membership, or is limited to merely calling another national convention on the old ratio. It would, in our opinion, be highly desirable if the committee could find a way to apply a remedy, itself, to this recognized weakness in the party organization, for there are obstacles to be overcome for an off-year convention, particularly in direct primary states like ours. At the same time there are also serious difficulties besetting committee action, not the least of which is the fact that each state has an equal vote and vote in the committee, so that New York has no more weight there than Nevada. The problem, however, can be solved, and with the best intelligence of the party advisers focused upon it, will, we feel sure, be eventually solved to the satisfaction of the republican rank and file.

The Paramount Question.

The district court has upheld the validity of the city ordinance under which a plumber was fined for cutting into the street and placing a water meter in violation of its provisions, yet conformably to the rules and regulations of the Water board. This raises a paramount question, or rather, a question of paramountcy, between the city authorities and our Water board overlords, who have always claimed to be a law unto themselves, superior to and immune from any power wielded by the city officials. If the city can regulate the placing of meter boxes in the streets, and enforce the regulations, the Water board to the contrary notwithstanding, perhaps the city has a few other rights which the Water board is bound to respect. We would like to see the issue involved tried out by an appeal of this case to the supreme court, but we do not believe the Water boarders dare invite the test.

Mr. Underwood.

Although by no means a surprise, Chairman Underwood's announced candidacy for the vacancy in the senate from Alabama proves a very interesting subject of political discussion and speculation. As chairman of the ways and means committee he had charge of the tariff bill which bears his name and whose enactment into law, he says, rounds out his work in the house. He now expresses the wish of continuing his official career by serving his state in the senate.

Accepting his idealistic explanation at par, few are apt to believe that the distinguished southerner, who showed signs of national party strength as a candidate for the presidential nomination last year, is seeking a seat in the senate as a stepping stone to private life. Despite the fact, as some of his friends have reminded him, no man has yet gone from the senate direct to the White House, the astute Mr. Underwood, living in a day of destruction to precedents, possibly some where such a promotion might afford him a vantage ground in attaining the presidential nomination.

Incidentally, another explanation is being bruited with fair plausibility, namely, that Mr. Underwood has convinced himself President Wilson will stand for a second term despite the one-term plank in the platform on which he was elected. With the leadership pre-empted for 1918, the senatorship now naturally seems more attractive than a long chance in 1920 at a nomination of doubtful value.

The Boy and the President.

The messenger boy injured bodily, and with the loss of his bicycle, in a collision with the president's automobile must be a very happy youth to have the chief executive visit him at the hospital and buy him a new bicycle. What American lad would not gladly suffer a few bumps for such a balm? Think of this boy's distinction among his fellows when he gets back into the harness on that new wheel. Fortunately, he is not seriously hurt, but the president's solicitude has been as marked as if he were.

This little incident, with the president at the boy's bedside cheering and comforting him, is reminiscent of the pretty little romance related of Lincoln in "The Perfect Tribute," and might serve to dispel doubts of its reality, so far as its mere probability is concerned. A nation loves to get such views of those it has honored, views that bring into close contact the high and the humble. Happily, the American people have exalted few men to the presidency upon whom personally they cannot look with pride and admiration. While it is the high office first that excites our homage, it might not be so long if the wrong kind of men were put in possession of the office.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

OCTOBER 7.

Thirty Years Ago—

Great preparations are being made for the Emmet association ball next Tuesday, the committee in charge including H. C. McDevitt, Thomas Tallen, R. F. Rickerby, Patrick Tigor, P. F. Murphy, James O'Boyle, M. P. O'Brien, E. F. Morarty, T. T. O'Connor, Michael Lee, J. P. Harman, B. McGinn, John Price, Patrick Heafey, Patrick Carroll, J. H. Furney and John Sheehan.

Neis Johnson, the tailor employed by John Williams, is the happy father of twins, a boy and a girl. The school board has employed John C. Cowin to defend the suit brought to stop the introduction of fancy branches into the schools.

Official announcement is made of the resignation of J. M. Barr, purchasing agent of the R. M., and the appointment of C. M. Weed to the vacancy. Councilman Woodworth and Chief Engineer Fanning of the Barber Asphalt company went out to Valley.

Mrs. Henry Gibson and daughter came in from Salt Lake City. Miss Elizabeth Anderson of Marietta, Ia., is visiting Miss Elizabeth Butterfield at Mayor Chase's.

F. J. McShane has gone to Chicago. E. P. Davis and family have returned from a visit to Chicago and Milwaukee.

Miss Ella Harnsey, the popular woman who has had charge of the Paxton house clear and news stand for some time past, left today for a visit to Ottumwa and Melrose, Ia.

Twenty Years Ago—

The only thing lacking at the first day of the Young Men's Christian association's autumn athletic meet was a crowd and its absence was due to the presence of old Boreas, who made himself a perfect bear to all.

Mayor Bemis was renominated at the republican city convention, together with these: Comptroller, Theodore Olsen; treasurer, Henry Bolling; city clerk, John Groves; police judge, Louis Berka; councilmen, Peter M. Back, J. C. Bacheler, Sol Prince, W. F. Beechel, W. H. Malory, T. J. Lund, P. Schwenck, H. Jacobson, A. G. Edwards; members of the Board of Education, I. O. Rhodes, A. P. Tukey, C. A. Elmon, Frank Bankhauser, Frank Thompson, T. K. Sudborough; defeated John C. Wharton for chairman of the convention.

George W. Kelley went to New York. Ed A. Knapp and sister, Miss Cora, returned from the World's fair.

The young friends of Miss Grace C. Walker met at her home, 233 Capitol avenue, to assist in celebrating her twelfth birthday. Present were: Miss Lorena Spangler, Nora Barton, Carrie Homan, Bess Roberts, Midge Johnson, Edna Anderson, Bessie Webster, Flora Danforth, Ennora Green, Russell Cory, May Cory. Miss Grace was assisted in entertaining her guests by Miss Lily Fitzgerald and Miss Maude Van Wagner.

Ten Years Ago—

The attendance at Ak-Sar-Ben's high way festival was 24,122 for the day. But the big wind did big mischief to the big floral parade.

A brick wall at the Union Pacific's local boiler shop collapsed, killing A. T. Ratliff, a carpenter, and injuring Alfred Brown, Alfred Kelly, Joseph Leonard and L. E. Pennington, laborers.

Omaha's weekly hog market placed the city second, next to Chicago and ahead of Kansas City, with a total of 1,200,000 head.

Reports of the state supreme court's ruling that Louis Berka, and not Samuel I. Gordon, was duly elected police judge for and in the city of Omaha, state of Nebraska, as, caused corresponding grief and sorrow. It was a sad tale and also a long one.

Old Cy Young, so the faithful little Hoker told us, pitched the Boston Beane to victory against Pittsburgh in the fifth game of the world's series, holding the Pirates to six scattered hits and two runs, while Boston pounded Sam Thompson for fourteen hits and eleven runs. That left the race to date: Pittsburgh, three wins; Boston, two.

"Brooklyn" Tommy Sullivan of St. Louis, the doughy little 125-pounder, put Clarence Forbes of Chicago to sleep in the fifth round of a nice little knockout milli at Washington hall.

People Talked About

W. M. Crawford, a railway conductor of Jackson, Ga., has a curiosity in a \$20 bill, which was offered him for fare. The bill was issued November 2, 1878.

The fact that a New Hampshire woman fledged a train with her petticoat is pretty strong evidence that there is one out-fashioned woman in the standpat east.

Among those who will cast their ballots at the November election in York, Pa., will be Rev. Dr. John P. Meek, who is 108 years old. Dr. Meek is believed to be the oldest voter in the state.

Laister Thompson of Bidsford, Me., has in his possession a mushroom which weighs six pounds and seven ounces. It was picked on a local farm, where there were found weighing from three to five pounds.

In the home of Andrew Jackson of Fairfield, Me., there is an old clock more than 100 years old, which tells the phases of the moon, as well as the days of the month. In the same house there is a wall paper 50 years old.

The life of the reformer is mighty hard and full of disappointments. A. E. Bourke, the chicken king of California, put in his best tricks persuading Philippine hens to lay two-ounce eggs, but the chickens turned him down cold.

People curious to know what a what can find out all about it by investing in Tom Lawson's crimson bound de luxe edition of "The Cost of Living." What Tom doesn't know about the game isn't worth putting on a stock ticker.

The spokesman for the four suffragettes about to become brides in New York hands a slam to scoffers by announcing that the quartet of weddings are a necessary means of getting help in carrying the banners of the glorious cause.

Harry Ballinger of Cour d'Alene, Ida., has kept a diary continuously since September 18, 1864. Miss Laura Gwinning of Wall N. J., has kept a diary since November 12, 1864, not missing a day, and R. C. Weaver of Findlay Lake, N. Y., has kept one since April 1, 1854, six months longer than Mr. Ballinger. Mr. Weaver is 87 years of age and reads without glasses.

The Bee's Letter Box

He Takes Decided Exception.

OMAHA, Oct. 6.—To the Editor of The Bee: In your last Sunday paper you had an editorial praising the Germans for their parade during our recent Ak-Sar-Ben festivities.

That was very appropriate. The Germans undoubtedly deserve praise for all the trouble they took to make that parade a success, but when you say in the same editorial that the Germans have set an example to the other so-called foreign elements, I and a good many other Danish-Americans think that it is a little too much.

Granted that the Germans are supreme in all the virtues and enterprises which their floats represented, still there is something German which the floats did not show. It is the iron heel which throttled so mercilessly the smaller nation from which it came.

Other people, of course, can emulate the Germans if they choose, but we Danish-American people will continue to admire and take our examples from the unassuming, justice-loving native American, whom we greatly prefer to the pompous, ceremonial German.

Having been a constant reader of your paper for a generation, I now ask you to publish the above among your other published letters.

A DANISH-AMERICAN.

For obvious reasons I don't want my name published.

Advice That Should Be Heeded.

OMAHA, Oct. 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: You gave the distillers, brewers and the retail liquor dealers some wholesome advice in your article in The Bee today under the caption "A Word About After-Hour Liquor Selling." They have shown to the citizens of Omaha and of Nebraska that they have no hesitancy in violating the laws of this state. "Give them rope enough and they will hang themselves," is an old saying. A. W. A. 122 Webster street.

Dangerous Speeding of City Vehicles.

OMAHA, Oct. 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: During the last week, when the streets of Omaha have been crowded to capacity nearly every day, several fires have occurred, and each time the large automobile fire trucks have dashed down the principal streets at a rate which I should estimate at forty miles an hour, endangering the lives of all who were upon the streets and merely to save a few seconds in going to a fire.

Anyone who has ever driven an automobile, or who knows anything about the laws of physics, does not need to be told that a heavy truck of this kind cannot be stopped inside of a block, when going over thirty-five miles per hour, regardless of how skillful the driver may be.

The morning of October 4 one of the large trucks went down Harney street, crossing Sixteenth street at about 8 o'clock and traveling about thirty-five miles per hour, I should estimate. The streets were wet and slippery, and had a street car or other vehicle, or a person been in the way at an intersection a fatal collision would have surely resulted. The fact that these trucks use a loud warning horn makes no difference, as it is often impossible to hear the horn until it is close by, in the roar of downtown traffic.

Whether this fast driving on the part of the firemen, policemen and other city employees is due to orders they have received, or what is more likely, a desire to be "smart" and show off, I do not know, but I do know that a continuance will mean sure death to someone sooner or later, and possibly a score or more, if it is not stopped. It is necessary to do so. I would suggest the placing of automobile governors on the motors of these trucks, limiting them to, say, twenty-five miles per hour, which is a great deal faster than the horse-drawn trucks can go, and which is a speed fairly consistent with safety.

I wish to call attention to the fact that city employees, driving city automobiles and motorcycles, have been responsible for an unusually large number of accidents in the last two years. This is due, I believe, to the fact that they consider themselves immune from legal punishment. Our motorcycle squad, composed of Officers Emory, Wheeler and others, makes an everyday practice of speeding at the rate of fifty miles an hour, not because it is necessary, but because of their evident love of the spectacular and because there is no one to stop them. I am of the opinion that a vehicle driven by a city employee in excess of any reasonable speed limit is just as dangerous a unit as one driven by a private individual, and therefore should be subjected to the same regulations.

A review of the deaths and serious accidents caused by carelessly handled or speeding city vehicles in the last two years will show a surprisingly large number of deaths and serious accidents. I believe a little supervision right now would be of a great deal more value than a coroner's inquest later.

CHARLES THOMPSON.

OMAHA, Oct. 6.—To the Editor of The Bee: On reading in your paper that a man living on Ninth street ran into a boy with his auto when the boy ran towards it, I wish to say, by my own experience, that children, especially boys, make it their amusement when a machine is approaching to run in front of it, with uplifted hands as if trying to stop it and finger in the car upon them. Now, if an accident happens, who is to blame?

J. S.

Who Is to Blame?

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J. S.

A Cattle Man's Complaint.
LEXINGTON, Neb., Oct. 6.—To the Editor of The Bee: I note from The Bee that our esteemed friend, Jerry Howard of South Omaha, is sorely grieved over an imaginary trust in the South Omaha stock yards. Mr. Howard has truthfully stated several things in regard to the conditions prevailing, but has failed to go far enough in his statement.

The plain facts are, Mr. Howard, you have what is denominated a Live Stock exchange and also the Traders' exchange in the yards to deal with and the two together constitute a sort of combination and work together. I would not advise you to be too hard on the bunch, for the reason that they are most of them young, and just starting out in life and need good fatherly advice and not prosecution and confinement in the pen.

To be exact, let me give you the offices of the two concerns above named. These gentlemen pay a handsome sum to become members of the organization and are generally known by the shippers and

buyers of live stock as commission men and speculators and the commission men use it to get \$12 per car for selling the cattle, but recently under the management he got \$15 per car for selling the shipper's stock.

The stock yards company, with a limited amount of help just about half enough, gin the stock upon their arrival around in the alleys from three to six hours before delivering to the commission man on the hill, who sells them to what is known as the Traders' exchange, sometimes spoken of as "speculators."

These cattle stay in the hands of the commission man from one to three hours and are fed inferior hay before delivery to Mr. Speculator, who feeds them preferred hay until commission man No. 1 comes with another sucker to purchase them, and again Mr. Commission man gets \$12 commission from sucker No. 2.

When these cattle are shipped from South Omaha to the feed lots of Mr. Farmer and Feeder, he discovers that they have shrunk from 1,000 to 1,300 pounds per car enroute. The original seller and shipper from the range is allowed only 500 pounds fill per car by the railroad company. Who gets the difference between the fill and the shrink?

This arrangement makes a net loss to the feeder of from \$50 to \$100 per car. The commission men and the speculators are on very intimate terms, and the prospective buyer is made to believe that he can make good money by securing the services of Mr. Commission Man to buy the cattle for him, and again Mr. Commission Man gets a commission of \$12 per car, making a total of \$24 per car on about 90 per cent of all cattle handled.

Mr. Bulla and A. F. Stryker, secretary, under the guiding eye of Mr. Buckingham, look on while all this is going on and never bat an eye.

Now, friend Jerry, why do you go to the poor, helpless county attorney, attorney general of Nebraska, or of the United States, Secretary Bryan or President Wilson, when you have a railway commission created by the people of this state for the express purpose of dispensing even handed justice? Why not apply directly to this honorable body of commissioners and get the evils complained of corrected, after a proper showing. Try it, as I (in common with many other feeders and shippers, am surely interested in having remedied the conditions of which you and I complain. Yours for a square deal. R. W. RAUSTON.

Twice Told Tales

Necessarily Negative.

They were speaking the other night of the cunning of the fair sex in seeking information, when Congressman William P. Rogers of Missouri was reminded, he said, of a case along that line.

Some time ago, according to the congressman, John Henry, who for many weeks had been carrying ice cream and chocolates to the home of the beautiful Maude Marie, tenderly asked the dear one to change the style of her visiting cards, all of which made Maude Marie stop, look and listen.

The dear one didn't know the size of John Henry's bank account, and in a matter of this order, it was important she should know before committing herself. So she baited a hook and began to angle.

"I don't think I ought to marry you, John, dear," said the maid, ever so softly. "I am afraid we wouldn't get along well. You are too dreadfully extravagant."

"Extravagant!" exclaimed the young man. "On the contrary, dearest, I am very economical. I have to be."

"Then," very emphatically declared Maude Marie, "I can never be your wife."

"Why?" gasped the astonished John Henry. "Because I am economical!"

"No, John," replied Maude Marie, heaving a sighful sigh. "Because you have to be."—Washington Star.

Scotland Outlasted.
"Hoist, mon!" said Chas. McDonald. "We've got five shires in Scotland, but they canna beat your American lars. An American and a Highlander were walking one day on the top of one of the Scotch mountains. The Scotchman, wishing to impress the visitor, produced a famous echo to be heard in that place. When the echo returned clearly after nearly four minutes, the proud Scotchman, turning to the Yankee, exclaimed: "There, mon, ye canna show anything like that in your country."

"To which the other replied: 'I guess we can better that. Why, in my camp in the Rockies when I go to bed I just lean out of the window and call out: "Time to get up; wake up!" and eight hours afterward the echo comes back and wakes me."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Responsible Deduction.
The unresponsive humor of country journalism, says William Allen White, is often more amusing than the best effort of the alleged "funny man."

According to Mr. White, there once appeared in a Kansas paper the following "personal notice":

"Our prominent townman, Theodore Monkton, is seriously ill. He is being attended twice a day by Dr. Smith, in consultation with Dr. Morgan. His recovery, therefore, is in great doubt."

Editorial Snapshots

Baltimore American: Any millionaire who objects to the income tax can readily find plenty willing to take over his burden of wealth, tax and all.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Six hundred thousand men are worrying about having to pay an income tax. The rest have nothing to worry about but the high cost of living.

Washington Post: In the report of a fire in London great prominence is given to the fact that the suffragettes are not to blame. That seems to have been the real news in the item.

Indianapolis News: Having the Indians raise cattle on their reservations is not a bad scheme. It would not only increase the meat supply, but would doubtless give some enterprising white men a fine chance to make a little bunch of money.

Minneapolis Journal: Cracked bones and hot laundries may come to an end simultaneously, since science has discovered that starched linen ironed in a lower temperature does not crack or fray and lasts longer. But do you stand any better chance of getting your own shirt back?

Boston Transcript: Cato Bella, our distinguished new Indian commissioner, whose name shows that nature clearly intended him to be a drummer, has hit upon a scheme whereby the Crow Indians will raise cattle, but we have a gloomy suspicion that in the last analysis the squaws will do it.

Political Straws

Philadelphia: cast 160,000 votes at an expense of \$12.25 in the recent state primaries. Even that bunch of 1909 did not change a name in the party slates.

Governor Hooper has called another extraordinary session of the Tennessee legislature. The last session was a drawn battle. This is to be a fight to a finish.

New York doesn't bother about expense so long as the machine works as planned. In the recent city primaries 14,000 votes cast hit the municipal treasury for \$20,000.

Augustus P. Gardner, republican nominee for governor of Massachusetts, demands the right to name the head of the state committee which is to manage the campaign. The old committee represents agricultural interests, which Gardner regards as sinkers for the party ticket.

In the race for the pie counter in Illinois, the Sullivan brand of democracy is reported two jobs ahead of its nearest competitor, the Harrison Lawrence division of famished brethren. The Cook County Marching club, with its tall tales and badges, lags superficially in the distant scenery.

JOLLIES FROM JUDGE.

Maizie—I hear that your brother's wife is real literary.
Saidie—Oh, she is! She's awfully literary! When she speaks her baby, she does it with a book.

"I dunno how come," carefully mused shuckless old Brother Soggy. "I dese natchly kaint make out bout dis! I owns eight deer-green, able-bodied yarmints as ever you seed, sah!—an' yit, bless goodness I kaint keep de wolf fum de do. No way I kin figger!"

"They say that new family that's just

moved into the neighborhood are awful buyin' de gas. I should say so. I don't believe they've bought a gallon of gasoline of their own since they moved here."

"How many times have you been before me?" asked the Kentucky judge.
"I kaint say how many times, yob honor, but in de old days I speck it was at least several. I has tanded bar in all de best hotels in Louisville."—Washington Star.

She read the write up of a game and thought it was a rout.
Or else a rough-and-tumble fight.
For twenty were thrown out.

She thinks the law should take in hand such terrible disgraces.
When papers say, in plain, cold print, That three men died on bases!

DIVERSIONS.

A. W. Young, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.