

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor. BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH. Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: By carrier, By mail, per month, per year.

REMITTANCE: Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only two-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts.

OFFICES: Omaha—The Bee Building, South Omaha—218 N. Street, Council Bluffs—14 North Main street.

JUNE CIRCULATION: 52,662. 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 for the month of June, 1914, was 52,662.

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

It is going to take a lot of sugar to sweeten Louisiana against Mr. Wilson's tariff law.

And yet the Jones case is not calculated to help the Nebraska pie-counter deadlock very much.

The truth is Xochimilco, the little suburb of Mexico City, is a beautiful spot, and should not be misjudged by its name.

Our water bills are to be made out hereafter subject to 3 1/2 per cent and 5 per cent off. Reads like a furniture catalogue.

Villa reiterates his statement that he does not wish to become president of Mexico. There's one man who is apt to get his wish.

Credit Colonel Maher for demonstrating that a candidate can use as many words to tell why he quits as he can to tell why he starts.

The moment the Water board boss threw his hat in the ring for political favor it was a cinch we would get another water rate reduction.

Old Micawber would pour out the last libation of his soul if he could but witness the triumph of his fine old policy of "watchful waiting."

The "dull season" is otherwise enlivened by the Calliaux trial in France, the home rule hubbub in England and the Mexican turmoil in America.

In the meantime, water users in Lincoln, only fifty-five miles away, pay only 15 cents per 1,000 gallons as against a charge 50 per cent higher in Omaha.

Who sent McGinty to the bottom of the sea is still shrouded in doubt, but who knocked "Tommy" Jones over the ropes will never be left open to question.

To a man up a tree it seems that Mrs. Pankhurst has one on the king, in pressing her demand for a personal interview on the ground that he invited several male militants to confer with him.

President Wilson charges that our democratic senator from Nebraska, as usual, acted with the republicans. Well, he has a republican more years of his life than he has pretended to be a democrat.

Congressman Witherspoon of Mississippi was absent from the house four days and returned to the treasury \$82 for the time. Will the precedent be followed by those of his colleagues, who are absent most of the time?

If President Wilson is looking for timber to complete the federal reserve bank board, a few hungry patriots might be found among our Nebraska democrats willing to sacrifice themselves on their country's altar in exchange for a \$10,000 salary.

Edgar Howard announces that he will have harmony in the Columbus convention if he has to fight for it. And playing the game on the home grounds he ought to have quite an advantage.

The Freeman's tournament continued according to program, except that the Thurstones were barred out of competing for the state championship. In the evening a ball was given for the visitors at Crouse's hall and attended by nearly 350 couples.

The Evansvilles turned tables and pounded the Union Pacific to the tune of 12 to 6.

Bishop O'Connor has promulgated a rule requiring all marriage ceremonies to be solemnized only in the morning.

Miss Mary Allan has received notice of designation of civil service appointment in the office of Treasurer Wyman at Washington.

News comes of the marriage at Niagara of Alfred Montgomery of Omaha and Miss Matilda Phillips, eldest daughter of Rev. T. A. Phillips.

Judge McCulloch performed a double wedding at the county court, the happy couples being Mr. Lee Bailey of Omaha and Miss Lou Harris of Lincoln, and Mr. W. H. Gibson and Miss Mattie Long, both of Omaha.

Mrs. W. F. Lorenzen has gone to Davenport to visit her father.

Mrs. Josephine Eagan and Miss Stella Crowley have returned from a visit in Epiphany.

Miss Annie Scannell of Chicago is the guest of her uncle, Mr. H. H. H. H.

The Fremont tournament continued according to program, except that the Thurstones were barred out of competing for the state championship. In the evening a ball was given for the visitors at Crouse's hall and attended by nearly 350 couples.

The Evansvilles turned tables and pounded the Union Pacific to the tune of 12 to 6.

Bishop O'Connor has promulgated a rule requiring all marriage ceremonies to be solemnized only in the morning.

Miss Mary Allan has received notice of designation of civil service appointment in the office of Treasurer Wyman at Washington.

News comes of the marriage at Niagara of Alfred Montgomery of Omaha and Miss Matilda Phillips, eldest daughter of Rev. T. A. Phillips.

Judge McCulloch performed a double wedding at the county court, the happy couples being Mr. Lee Bailey of Omaha and Miss Lou Harris of Lincoln, and Mr. W. H. Gibson and Miss Mattie Long, both of Omaha.

Mrs. W. F. Lorenzen has gone to Davenport to visit her father.

Mrs. Josephine Eagan and Miss Stella Crowley have returned from a visit in Epiphany.

Miss Annie Scannell of Chicago is the guest of her uncle, Mr. H. H. H. H.

President Wilson's First Setback.

The forced withdrawal of the Jones nomination for federal reserve bank director is President Wilson's first real setback at the hands of congress. Until now he has been able, though only by much pulling, hauling and pressure, to put across everything he has proposed, and as party schoolmaster has managed at least to control, if not to subdue, the unruly democratic pupils.

The fight over Jones, of course, was a fight between the president and certain senators of his own party for the spoils of office, and the outcome must tend to encourage further clashes. Incidentally, the urgent need of getting the new bank under way, which last December we were told must not wait another moment, has been wholly overlooked, and the new banking law, whose immediate operation was required to save the country, has been practically suspended at the pleasure of the administration.

New York Still Leads.

The government's 1914 estimate of population, which is based on the percentage of previous growth, shows, contrary to many predictions, that New York is not losing anything to Chicago in the race for supremacy. New York, according to this estimate, now has a population of 5,338,537, Chicago 2,393,325, and New York's gain since 1910 is larger both in bulk and percentage. Chicago has made an 8 per cent increase, New York 10.

Of course, there is always a chance for inaccuracy by this method of computation, and yet it ought to prove as fair for one city as another. In any event, there is little on which to base the prediction of Chicago's passing Gotham as the American metropolis for many years to come.

These figures still show St. Louis as fourth city in the land, but by an increasingly precarious margin. Both Boston and Cleveland are crowding it hard. St. Louis in 1910 led Boston by more than 16,000; according to the 1914 estimates it leads it by only 865. Cleveland, which comes next to Boston, has almost doubled the estimated gain of St. Louis in these last three years and a half. St. Louis is not insensible to its insecurity as fourth city. Its newspapers have recently given expression to that in appeals for an all-together pull to maintain that position. That was one of the strong arguments used in the late city election for the passage of a new charter, under which marked progress is promised. The people of the middle west are pulling for the conservative old Missouri metropolis, but should the relative estimated percentages of growth continue for the remainder of this decade, then they will have found that they pulled in vain. Natural conditions certainly should be in favor of St. Louis as compared with Boston in this race.

"Glory Hallelujah!"

"Glory Hallelujah!" exclaimed Senator Hitchcock, according to press dispatches, when the information reached him that the president had withdrawn the appointment over which he has been fighting the administration.

Whatever "glory" attaches to successful democratic insurgency, of course, must be conceded to the senator thus scoring a great victory as a champion of the downtrodden people.

But one thing remains to cap the climax. "Glory Hallelujah" must be written into the platform soon to be framed and promulgated at Columbus as the edict and clarion call of Nebraska democracy.

The Case of McDermott.

Congressman McDermott, the democratic member from Illinois, who has just been run to cover by charges of misconduct in office, very naturally falls back upon his right to appeal to the voters of his district at the next election for his vindication. That was about all that seemed to be left for him, Sulzer, it will be recalled, availed himself of the same old device. So did Lorimer.

If McDermott was innocent of any wrongdoing he made the most egregious mistake in resigning. No innocent man, no matter whether a member of congress or not, should resign under fire. The fact is that the charge preferred against the Illinois congressman, trading his official influence for personal profit, is looked upon as indefensible, no longer pardonable by means of the cleverest hair-splitting play upon words or facts. Progress has been made so noticeably of late years along these lines that the country may rejoice that what once passed as the unquestioned right of cunning officeholders is no longer condoned or tolerated.

Why This Humbug?

The latest order on water rates provides for continued rendering of bills to Omaha water users at the price of 35 cents a 1,000 gallons, as fixed thirty years ago, but with a discount of 3 1/2 per cent and 5 per cent.

Figured out, the real water rate is to be 22 1/2 cents per 1,000 gallons, but to fool the people into the notion that they are getting something that can be called a "dividend" the bills are to be made out in this Chinese puzzle fashion despite the added cost of clerical and computation work.

What reputable business institution would perpetrate such a palpable fake?

How long would the gas company or the electric lighting company be permitted to bamboozle their customers in that fashion?

Why the humbug except to make personal capital for the political boss who runs our water plant as if it belonged to him?

At the meeting of the democratic county committee, so we are told, all spoke "encouragingly" of local indications for democratic success this fall. It must have been a wet blanket if the candidates could not do better than encourage one another.

If any one of Governor Morehead's appointees should hold perpetually regardless of political changes, why not all his appointees who claim to have made good? And why not Morehead himself as well as Moorhead?



Brief contributions on timely topics invited. The Bee assumes no responsibility for opinions of correspondents. All letters subject to condensation by editor.

Suffragism Gripped by Feminism?

OMAHA, July 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: The suffragist claims she only wishes the vote. The feminist openly aims at a revolution of home and state. A generation back the Woman's Christian Temperance union leaders pleaded with men to abolish the saloon. Feminists were few and modest. At times women like Mrs. Cady Stanton severely criticized the scriptures. St. Paul in particular. Mrs. Stanton's "Woman's Bible" became a fiasco. Women of America had at that time a mass-consciousness of reverence for the church and the Bible. A feminist free love advocate dared not openly voice her doctrines of socialized immorality.

Then came the suffrage movement, in full force. With increased criticism of the Bible and St. Paul especially, a certain modesty was preserved. The lustful free love women leaders of women had their corrupted thoughts to themselves. The fire only burnt within them. Our magazines and papers still observed the glorious American boast of honoring only the good woman, the woman whose voice was not a seductive siren, but a champion of clean morals and a Christian civilization. Give us the ballot and we will throw our tremendous influence directly into public life, so they said. Men and women were carried off their feet in admiration of the new idea. Men, these immoral, wretched men had ruined the world by their commercial servitude to the powers of vice. Woman would make the world clean. The dena of vice would by woman's vote be eradicated.

And then came, and here it is, a suffragism led by nameless creatures of the type of Mrs. Gilman, Inez Milholland (I let her retain her maiden name) Mrs. Belmont and others of like fame. The good women, noble Jane Addams and others, are now linked, chained, bound hand and foot to a party, and an association of women passing rapidly into the power of the feminist, the free love revolutionists, whose voice and outcries are honored by the greatest magazines of our land, the Atlantic, the Century, McClure's, Harper's Weekly and soon all. Novels of America, once clean, now revel in cultured filth. I mention the free love conclusion, in glowing and ardent terms, of Margaret Deland's "Iron Woman" as one of the astounding examples without number of the type of literature scribbled forth, to be silent about the production read in the daily press anywhere.

This is feminine evolution needing no millions of years, but only, in round numbers, ten years. Suffragism gripped by feminism? Will any one dare to deny the historical fact before the eyes of all but idiots? Oh, it is true, masses of good women remain. But how can a Jane Addams endure to sit in the councils of the Mrs. Gilman, the Mrs. Belmonts, the Inez Milhollands and not shrivel up from the fire of burning shame and consuming anger, such anger as used to be the world-compelling majesty of womankind ages before woman suffrage was thought of?

But these noble ones, Jane Addams and the rest, seem doomed to be drowned out together with their doubtless abhorred fellow-workers. It is an appalling situation. The women of America read with hunger and glitter of eye the namelessly immoral writings of Ellen Key, Rosa Mayreder, Edna Kenton, Inez Milholland and their innumerable comrades. All our magazines soon feast on articles of the demmonds spirit.

Must men put on the iron glove? It almost seems so. Ah, but we know that still we have women who refuse to compare with these feminist creatures. God be praised for every such voice, every article written, pamphlet published, every organization (founded to combat the feminist) pleading for the rescue of woman from herself.

The race war seems advancing by means of suffragism. Race war, why not honestly say just and immorality war? Who will be the chief sufferers? The Christian church, creator of a Christian civilization, and then woman, who, while she preaches man-hate, advocates free love through all the organs of public expression, press and forum.

After the new French revolution of feminism and a new gullotine era, some good will come. But on the ruins and after them, what? The one and the only hope, Christian womanhood and the patient tears to the reviled word of God.

If any one wishes to reply to these lines they are welcome. But they must not forget the implacable logic of Christian truth and history. With others it seems useless even to discuss. If we wish the revolution, grim and bloody, let us rush on with the mad woman of the age. If we set us against and take into our counsel the men and women who have left some reverence for the eternal God and His word. ADOLF HULT, Pastor of Immanuel Lutheran Church.

Receipt with Thanks to Jerry.

PHILADELPHIA, July 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: Permit me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter enclosing your check for five (\$5) dollars being the contribution of Jerry Howard to the fund in aid of the Irish National volunteers.

I thank you for your courtesy in forwarding this amount, which I have endorsed and made payable to the national treasurer, Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, 104 Kingston street, Boston, Mass. May I, through you, thank Mr. Howard and express the hope that his example will be imitated by thousands of Nebraskans.

I presume you will be astonished to know that during these past years, while Mr. Redmond and the Irish parliamentary party have been fighting so splendidly and so successfully the battle for self-government, no aid whatsoever has come from the great state of Nebraska. The Irish people are on the threshold of victory, and the battle is waged by Mr. Redmond and those who aid him not serves the support of every self-respecting man of the Irish race.

Again thanking you, and asking you as a liberty-loving paper to open your columns for those to do as Mr. Howard has done, and enclosing you a copy of the appeal adopted at our meeting on July 15th last in New York City, I remain, SIR, YOURS TRULY, MICHAEL J. RYAN, National President United Irish League of America.

In Other Lands

War Clouds Over Albania.

It is quite agreed among intelligent folk that to get anything approaching an adequate idea of the Albanian tendency toward strife one must turn to Albanian history, which goes back into the archives of antiquity. The tribes of ancient times resisted all attempts at subjugation, did not even so much as acknowledge a Supreme Authority, except during the reign of Pyrrhus of Epirus in the third century B. C., and on down these tribes have kicked against all the pricks of power. In the middle ages they were typically obstinate in rebelling against the Turk, so they have kept their country in a turmoil most of the time. But this is the twentieth century, and though still little civilized, even holding to old forms of patriarchal government, the Albanians are entitled to better treatment at the hands of wiser and stronger powers. That is what they are going to get, it now seems. The latest proposal for the little country's relief and redemption is an international commission of control. How it would suit Albania is another question. George Fred Williams, writing from Athens, says a war may come with Italy, Albania or Turkey as a result of the Greek policy of occupation. He says that if this reported occupation is undertaken with or without the consent of the powers it means war with Albania, and an invitation to Turkey to come in on a double war. In the Albanian situation, as in many others of some similarity in southern Europe, the chief trouble seems to be that wherever the powers approach it at all, they do so from the wrong angle of self-interest, instead of the standpoint of seeking to help an almost helpless neighbor.

Press Used Against Serbia.

Serbia is having ample opportunity to feel the power of the press, which the Austria-Hungarian government is employing as an instrument of offense in a very persistent and bitter campaign against the weaker country. The situation between them does not mend a bit. Indeed, it grows worse, if anything. Austria-Hungary is able to use the press for this base purpose because it comes so nearly controlling it in its entirety. On which point, endless homilies might be preached to Americans who may have grown callous or unappreciative of their own great boon of a free press. It is apparent to Europe that Serbia desires no war. Indeed, the Serbian minister to London says it does not. He says his country only too keenly realizes its need for peace, but nevertheless is averse to "space at any cost." Its exchequer needs repairing, its industries building up, its territories developing, but after all Serbia feels that it has some rights for which, if pressed too far, it must fight. And the question now being asked is whether Austria-Hungary, realising this sense of homage, is not trying to see just how far it can drive the weaker power.

Twenty-two Miles of Ships.

Here is the gist of a dispatch from London, which bears significantly on the much-mooted matter of world peace: "A magnificent spectacle was witnessed when King George reviewed the fleet at Spithead, where twenty-two miles of battleships passed in review." Much was made of the event. England is making as much as it can these days of anything having to do with the aggrandizement of its naval and military power. Proudly Britons cast a furtive glance across the neck of water to see how the detestation strikes their good friends, the Germans, who are also sprucing up their arms to the uttermost. A friendly rivalry? Oh, yes, but a rivalry.

French and German Thinking.

M. Bourroux, professor of philosophy at the Sorbonne, gave a lecture before the Berlin university last night on the nature of thought processes among the French and the German, which has attracted much attention. He drew a striking contrast, dealing with the subject broadly. The German of yesterday, he said, was characterized in his thinking by idealism, while the German of today thinks realistically. But instead of being contradictory one to the other, he said, these processes simply complemented each other. German thought was governed by its conception of infinity. German aims in life were the union of the individual with the whole. That explained the tendency of Germans to specialize in their life work. The German, he said, found the French mind alternating between passive submission and avowed independence, therefore the French character as fickle and vacillating. Despite the German notion of the French as having but a negative genius, M. Bourroux declared his mind was dominated by a positive idea. The French ideal was essentially human. The professor took pains, however, to insist that while a union of German and French geniuses was not desirable, that each nation should preserve its own distinct genius, it would be a good thing if the French would cultivate a tendency toward the infinite.

Twice Told Tales

A Teetotaler.

"The late Shelby Cullom," said a Springfield veteran, "was a bad man to argue with." "I argued with him once on war. He accused me of being weakkined in my principles. He said I reminded him of old Cal Clay." "He saw Cal rilling along home one evening, he explained, full of applejack, and so he said to him: 'Why, Cal, you told me once that you were a teetotaler.'" "So Ah is, Mars Shelby," said Old Cal, "so Ah is; only, sah, Ah ain't bigoted."—New York Tribune.

Deliberative Ignorance.

Some time ago there was a homicide case in a western court in which there was considerable doubt as to the guilt of the accused. The trial judge seemed to share the popular belief.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, in concluding his charge, "if the evidence in your minds shows that pneumonia was the cause of the man's death, you cannot convict the prisoner."

Whereat the jury retired and in about ten minutes the constable returned and presented himself before the judge.

"Your honor," he remarked, "the gentlemen of the jury want some information."

"On what point of evidence?" asked the judge.

"None, judge," was the rejoinder of the constable. "They want to know how to spell 'pneumonia.'"—New York Globe.

People and Events

Prince Louis of Bourbon, a cousin of King Alfonso, was married in London the other day to Miss Beatrice Harrington, a pretty London girl.

Austen Chamberlain has been returned to Parliament unopposed from the West Birmingham district for which his late father sat for thirty-eight years.

John Gardner Beals founder of the New York Newspaper Union and formerly past owner of the Boston Post, died in Boston last week, aged 73 years.

While fishing in the Susquehanna river at Northumberland, W. E. Fleming caught a snapping turtle believed to be 100 years old, weighing six pounds.

A portrait of President McKinley, presented to the Methodist Central Hall at Westminster, London, by Joseph Butler of Youngstown, O., was unveiled by Ambassador Page.

Andrew M. Pooley, an English journalist, was fined \$100 and sentenced to two years' imprisonment on a charge of receiving stolen documents in connection with the Japanese naval scandals at Tokio.

Edward Smith of Cincinnati, former fire department lieutenant, retired because of a broken neck received in a fire, saved two persons from drowning when their skiff overturned in the Ohio river.

Sniping Statesmen

Boston Transcript: It looks as if it would have to worry along without that "apologetic" salute.

Wall Street Journal: If our politicians could be held for libel, there might be less loose talk.

Detroit Free Press: What the business men of the country seem to lack most, was also explanations, but orders.

Washington Star: Colombia may be tempted to request some extra apologies for this delay in handing it \$25,000,000.

New York World: The disposition of the democratic senator from Nebraska to lock horns with the administration is not more to be remarked than his experience in being thrown down.

Boston Transcript: The senators involved in that god mine scandal should congratulate themselves that John Skelton Williams, the administration's pet, was also implicated in it.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: Senator Norris of Nebraska seems to have drawn from the New Haven report that the law should forbid railroads from buying up competing lines. The law is required and it is furnished in the anti-trust act. We do not need more law, but more enforcement.

Editorial Snapshots

Washington Post: There seems to be no limit to the things now being said to the governor of South Carolina.

Baltimore American: The lady murderer just now is in evidence as the logical extreme of the feminine militant.

Philadelphia Inquirer: It strikes us that these New Haven books ought to make a valuable addition to the Morgan "art" collection.

Philadelphia Ledger: There is nothing to indicate that a woman stands any more chance of being hanged in France than in the United States.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: A woman is being nominated for United States senator from Colorado, but not in Colorado, however, but in Newport, R. I.

Washington Herald: There is a great deal of lawlessness in Colorado, but you must remember that women have been voting in that state for twenty years.

Philadelphia Press: Senator Lane of Oregon thinks we ought to enlist the Indians in the army. Well, not so long as we can make crack base ball players out of them.

JUST IN FUN.

Particular—I would like to hire a carriage with only one seat.

Liveryman—Oh, you'll find that at the undertaker's.—Pete. Mel.

Bacon—I see according to a Munich doctor hair prostrations are directly due to the reduction by the high temperature of the salts in the body to a point below the required normal.

Egbert—One should never get too fresh.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Didn't that man complain when you charged him for a broken appointment?"

"No," replied the dentist. "He said breaking an appointment with me is worth every cent it costs.—Washington Star.

"Here, what's all this row about?" asked the copper breathlessly.

"Why, this woman is collecting money for the peace society, and when I refused to contribute she knocked me down."—Buffalo Express.

"They say those Mexican peons are absolutely useless."

"Yes; I don't believe they're worth the paper they're printed on."—Buffalo Express.

"Why do you get the pretty girls job first? Is that fair?"

"Best for all concerned," declared the head of the school of stenography. "The pretty girl soon marries her employer, and then there's a permanent job for one of the plainer young ladies."—Pittsburgh Post.

"Did you catch any fish this morning?"

"No" (sincerely).

"Well, you are truthful, anyway, which can't be said of all fishermen."

"As to that, perhaps you might have called them a single one I know. The biggest one I got only weighed twelve pounds."—San Antonio Express.

MY VOTE AND I.

When voting day comes round to me, I wonder, what my choice will be? So many names the ballots show.

For governor, my X goes down, I'll simply have to vote by guess.

And leave to luck my chance success. For secretary of railway, now I'll pick the man from my home town.

But how about lieutenant's place, With such a list that's in the race? God only knows which one is best.

This slight unison, don't seem a test. If sound of name is any sign, Albricht seems most all right to mine.

For secretary of state, One way to choose, let go by Walt. For treasurer, I'd size recall. Tho' there is one, big as a Hall: Yet larger is Trogardson size. Tho' Weeping Water is bad for eyes.

For auditor, use distance test; Here's one that's miles above the rest. Attorney general, work test fills: A lawyer chief in name, is Willis. School superintendent's get to name: Whitehead should prove old in the game. Commissioner of public land, No name gives hint of whom is grand! So I won't vote for one at all; Lest on the wrong, my choice should fall.

Chief justice, supreme court demands A gum-shoe man, why not Brogan's? Commissioner of railways, now! Choose one that's young, he might learn how:

For young get old soon, anyhow; And too old fogies, keep up row. For congressman, Third district, I. So long of birds, might Woodcock fry. But game laws are strict now, and so To Spillman, I, in choosing go. But can't decide to spill my vote: The very one, I, in choosing go.

I now reach local things and men: How will I ever choose of them? The easiest way out, note, is: Vote for whom does most for Me! Then tell them all, each got my vote. As I don't want to get their coat. Yet, if My Pets don't get in—Gee! I'll be just as mad as mad can be. Just think the chance to get your fill And then some, from the public till! If I had only thought a while, I'm sure I should have tried to file. For what's all office, but a chance, To make the blessed public dance? The man who files, is very wise—He knows, it, "pays to advertise!"

CHAUNCEY L. WILTSE, Fullerton, Neb.

down," explained the meek-looking man. —Buffalo Express.

"They say those Mexican peons are absolutely useless."

"Yes; I don't believe they're worth the paper they're printed on."—Buffalo Express.

"Why do you get the pretty girls job first? Is that fair?"

"Best for all concerned," declared the head of the school of stenography. "The pretty girl soon marries her employer, and then there's a permanent job for one of the plainer young ladies."—Pittsburgh Post.

"Did you catch any fish this morning?"

"No" (sincerely).

"Well, you are truthful, anyway, which can't be said of all fishermen."

"As to that, perhaps you might have called them a single one I know. The biggest one I got only weighed twelve pounds."—San Antonio Express.

MY VOTE AND I.

When voting day comes round to me, I wonder, what my choice will be? So many names the ballots show.

For governor, my X goes down, I'll simply have to vote by guess.

And leave to luck my chance success. For