LETTERS TO "GREENBOY."

Your questions, boiled down to newsper dimensione, reduce themselves to bout this: You desire to wrestle with pblic life or, in other words, to plunge to politics. To this is coupled an rdent desire to remain honest. The uestion arises whether to array yourself ith the republican party or enlist in he democratic army.

The matter of honesty is easily setled. To remain honest in public life is easible. All one has to do is not to be or sale.

As to parties: Not long ago a socialist cturer of note had this to say: "The spublican party has seventy per cent the brains of this country, but is uspected of being in league with conentrated wealth in the hands of the emparatively few. The democrats row sympathy with the toiling masses d their needs, but lack brains." This me lecturer also said that third party evements and gatherings of malconts generally, were worse than futile. hird parties are absolutely ineffctive this country. Its adherents are eamers. They do not convert thought to action. Many individuals in pri-

low it to drift. For better or for worse we must rust to one or the other of our two

te life paddle the same cance. That

wn in the bottom of the boat and

they do not paddle at all. They lie

reat parties. Regard for the majesty of truth comals me to say that progressive and agessive policies originate with the reblican party. The democrats stand conservatism. When they happen make a desperate attempt to appear dical, as exemplified in the Chicago atform of 1896 with its cabalistic ratio 16 to 1, they are always grotesque.

The dear old lady does not mean it. e is only flirting with her fan. It ould be a grievous mistake to take her riously. She extols the virtues of her my dear. cient idols-Messrs Jefferson and ckson—and fails to understand that live in a different age, which acunts for the fact that she cannot rid reelf permanently of political princis hatched in the days of Christopher father was hanged. olumbus.

Some fixed phrases are used in politiwarfare to which I invite your atation. "The crime of '73," is a fair What do you think about it? mple. "Waving the bloody shirt," happily passed into oblivion.

These patent expressions need not rve you from the path of rectitude. ey are meaningless, perfectly harmless d may be taken in large doses without l effects.

n my next letter I will have someing to say about the difference beeen fresh issues—real live and iggling issues—and old rubbish.

Be careful to remember that fundantal principles underlie all party tforms and that new issues are not be lightly taken in like the week's shing of a limited family.

J. H. TYNDALE. Tyndale's excellent dramatic ticism is familiar to everybody. The litical analysis he intends to conduct the columns of this paper, will be le, he desires me to say, without lice or personal vilification. - En.

ALL OF THESE SONGS FREE.

innouncement was made last week of unday World Music Album of ten gs to be issued weekly. Following he complete list:

In the Shadow of the Carolina Hills," George Taggart and Max S. Witt, bors of "The Moth and the Flame." If All the Girls Were Like You." by arles Graham, author of "Two Little ls in Blue."

m nothing but a Big Wax Doll,' Malcolm Williams, author of "My

Ann Elizer."

"You'll Have to Transfer," by Abe Holzmann, composer of "Smoky Mokes" the greatest cakewalk hit of the season.

"Sweet Norine," by Gussie L. Davis, author of "The Baggage Coach Ahead."

"Snap-Shot Sal," by Williams and Walker, the two real "coons," authors of "I Don't Like No Cheap Man."

"Tell Mother Not to Worry," by Louis Myll, composer of Coontown Carnival Cakewalk."

"Prancing Pickaninnies," by Max Dreyfus, composer of "A Carolina Cake-

'My Georgia Lady Love," by Sterling, Howard and Emerson, authors "Halle, Ma Baby."

"There Ain't No Use to Keep on Hanging 'Round," by Irving Jones, author of "Get Your Money's Worth."

One song each week for ten weeks First song published Sept. 3, "In the Shadow of the Carolina Hills."

The entire set is to be given away with ten Sunday Worlds, and will be sent postpaid, including ten Sunday World Magazines, Art Portfolio and Comic Weeklies for 50 cents. Send 50 cents today, tomorrow or next week Don't wait later than next week. This is a most exceptional offer and is only put forth to advertise the great Sunday World. Address, Music Editor, The World, Pultizer Building, New York.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

Tenor (singing passionately)-"Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings."

Small Boy (in rear)—Rubber! rubber!

Why don't you advise your wife to save her money for a rainy day?

She does not need it then. She never goes shopping when it's wet."

I-aw-had-bwain-fevah-laret summah. Indeed; where did you have it?

Here's the bill for my bathing suit

Well, well, well! it's the little things that count.

Grewitt seems to know the ropes.

It's heredity my boy. His grand-

Jack-They say a kiss without a mustache is like egg without salt.

Ernestine-Well-er-really, I can't

say. I never-Jack-What?

Ernestine-Ate an egg without salt.

I don't believe in saying mean things about a man behind his back.

It's generally safer than saying them before his face.

To be able to play a star part in the drams of life a man must be managed by a woman.

"Will you show us no quarter, sir?" pleaded the captain of the captured merchantman.

"Sorry." replied Captain Kidd, "but our quarter master is on his vacation at

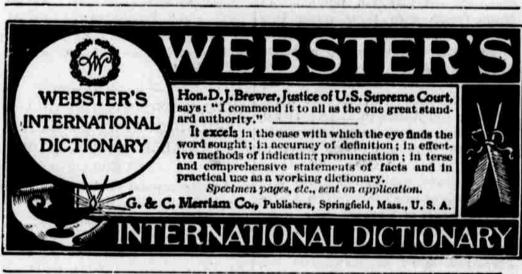
Ethel-George is teaching me to ride

Maude-Then that explains what he told me about your being thrown a great deal in his company.

This is a hard world. When a man is rich he is suspected of being a knave, and when he is poor he is known to be a







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