

LETTERS TO "GREENBOY."

I

Your questions, boiled down to newspaper dimensions, reduce themselves to about this: You desire to wrestle with public life or, in other words, to plunge into politics. To this is coupled an ardent desire to remain honest. The question arises whether to array yourself with the republican party or enlist in the democratic army.

The matter of honesty is easily settled. To remain honest in public life is possible. All one has to do is not to be for sale.

As to parties: Not long ago a socialist lecturer of note had this to say: "The republican party has seventy per cent of the brains of this country, but is suspected of being in league with concentrated wealth in the hands of the comparatively few. The democrats show sympathy with the toiling masses and their needs, but lack brains." This same lecturer also said that third party movements and gatherings of malcontents generally, were worse than futile. Third parties are absolutely ineffective in this country. Its adherents are dreamers. They do not convert thought into action. Many individuals in private life paddle the same canoe. That is, they do not paddle at all. They lie down in the bottom of the boat and allow it to drift.

For better or for worse we must trust to one or the other of our two great parties.

REGARD for the majesty of truth compels me to say that progressive and aggressive policies originate with the republican party. The democrats stand for conservatism. When they happen to make a desperate attempt to appear radical, as exemplified in the Chicago platform of 1896 with its cabalistic ratio of 16 to 1, they are always grotesque. The dear old lady does not mean it. She is only flirting with her fan. It would be a grievous mistake to take her seriously. She extols the virtues of her ancient idols—Messrs Jefferson and Jackson—and fails to understand that to live in a different age, which accounts for the fact that she cannot rid herself permanently of political principles hatched in the days of Christopher Columbus.

Some fixed phrases are used in political warfare to which I invite your attention. "The crime of '73," is a fair example. "Waving the bloody shirt," is happily passed into oblivion. These patent expressions need not serve you from the path of rectitude. They are meaningless, perfectly harmless and may be taken in large doses without ill effects.

In my next letter I will have something to say about the difference between fresh issues—real live and giggling issues—and old rubbish. Be careful to remember that fundamental principles underlie all party platforms and that new issues are not to be lightly taken in like the week's washing of a limited family.

J. H. TYNDALE.

Dr. Tyndale's excellent dramatic criticism is familiar to everybody. The political analysis he intends to conduct in the columns of this paper, will be made, he desires me to say, without malice or personal vilification.—ED.

ALL OF THESE SONGS FREE.

Announcement was made last week of Sunday World Music Album of ten songs to be issued weekly. Following is the complete list:

- "In the Shadow of the Carolina Hills," George Taggart and Max S. Witt, authors of "The Moth and the Flame."
- "If All the Girls Were Like You," by Charles Graham, author of "Two Little Girls in Blue."
- "I'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 Cakewalk."

"My Georgia Lady Love," by Sterling, Howard and Emerson, authors of "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, Pulitzer 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 my dear.

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

Grewitt seems to know the ropes. It's heredity my boy. His grandfather was hanged.

Jack—They say a kiss without a mustache is like egg without salt. What do you think about it?

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 drama 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 present."

Ethel—George is teaching me to ride a bicycle.

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 fool.

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