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Sixteen Pages

It is the quality as much as the quantity of population that counts, says a Minneapolis paper. There are some cities, however, that think that quantity is everything, but they are in error; quality is everything.

The trick of telegraphing from Kansas every few weeks that ex-Senator Ingalls has made a free silver speech, as if he were a convert, has come to be well understood. Mr. Ingalls has always been a free silver advocate.

The situation at Omaha is doubly disgraceful in that the contest is for the possession of a few petty offices, and one of the factions represents a secret and proscription organization which ought not to have any place in American politics.

People in this part of the country do not know much about the technicalities of yacht racing, but they like to see Americans win in every fair contest with foreigners, and for this reason they hope the Defender will be able to keep the prize cup on this side of the Atlantic.

Pears may be a very precious fruit in Washington, but a pocketful of them can hardly be worth the forfeit of a human life. Just why Miss Flagler, the society lady, who shot and killed a boy who was stealing her fruit, was not held for manslaughter is not clear at this distance.

That portion of the act of the Illinois Legislature requiring parochial schools to display the flag is said to have aroused the opposition of the Lutherans because in it they see a design on the part of the State to interfere with their management. Still it may be well for children who are not educated in the public schools to be familiar with the symbol of nationality.

An exchange says that Germany raises ten times as many potatoes as the United States and finds them a profitable crop, while we import between two and three millions bushels a year. The ten times as large crop is due to the fact that many people in Europe who would eat bread are compelled to eat potatoes. Being able to get bread here, people will not live upon potatoes.

Within the past two weeks two negroes have been lynched in the South, both of whom were afterward proved to be innocent of the crimes with which they were charged. There is no excuse for lynch law at any time, but in the South, where the whites control the courts, there is not even a pretext for such lawless methods. There are reckless men in most communities who will lynch and resort to other violence if those who should enforce the laws neglect their duty.

Mayor Green, of Binghamton, N. Y., is a man whose Republicanism is sufficiently stalwart to give him high rank in Indiana, where party lukewarmness is not popular. In a recent speech he said: "If I be a Republican to be a Platt man, then I am a Platt man. If I be a Republican to be an anti-Platt man, then I am anti-Platt. This convention will be run for 'ism' and no faction, and I want that understood now. I have no apologies to make for anything I have done or said." It is at least to be understood that Mayor Green is no mugwump.

The bicycle is likely to effect a transformation in that time-honored institution, the county fair. The horse, which has so long held the place of honor in a show that was primarily intended for vegetables, is in danger of being pushed aside by the wheel. A Michigan paper says of a fair to be held in that State that it promises to be a big bicycle meeting, with a pumpkin, a squash and a horse or two on the side. A county fair with the horse put in the second place will certainly be an innovation, but must be acknowledged that county fairs are in sad need of something new.

Lady Henry Somerset is in hard lines. For years she has been advocating temperance and has been handicapped in her work by the widely circulated statements, whose truth she could not deny, that many of her tenements were licensed public houses where liquor was sold. She could only make the defense that she inherited the leases with the property and could make no change until time when the licenses were to be renewed. Now, it appears that she cannot even do this. She holds the estate only as a tenant for life, and the Chancery Court forbids her to allow her personal opinions to affect her actions in her fiduciary capacity. By refusing to lease to liquor dealers it is held that she is likely to impair the income and consequently the permanent value of the property, and so jeopardize the interests of the heirs. Henceforth, therefore, she will occupy the anomalous position

of teaching temperance by precept and encouraging temperance by practice. It will not be possible for her to keep her left hand in ignorance of what her right hand does, and the probability is that her usefulness as a temperance teacher will be greatly lessened. She can only take refuge in the feminine conclusion that the law is a mean, hateful thing—which is more refined than Mr. Bumble's verdict, but means the same.

A NEW INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATION.

A Los Angeles, Cal., dispatch in the Journal of yesterday stated that Baron Harden-Hickey, sole proprietor of the Island of Trinidad, was in that city, and had stated his determination to hold on to the island at all hazards. He intimated that Brazil had no more title to it than England had, and that the really important question was what position the United States would take.

This Trinidad question is becoming very complicated. First it was stated that England had occupied the island, then that Brazil had protested against her doing so, and now comes Baron Harden-Hickey and asserts a prior right to both. The Baron seems to be an interesting character. To begin with, he is not a Baron at all, but a French-Irishman, formerly known in New York as James Harden-Hickey. About two years ago he sent word to all the powers that he had taken possession of the uninhabited island of Trinidad, and intended to establish a principality there and reign under the title of James I. Later on he appointed a Frenchman named Bolseiere Grand Chancellor and Secretary for Foreign Affairs of the principality, with the title of count, and with headquarters at New York city, where he now is. James I. and his high chancellor constitute the present government of Trinidad. The grand chancellor in New York is in a room on the ground floor of an unpretentious brick tenement house, and contains furniture of the aggregate value of about two dollars. Amid these severely simple environments the Grand Chancellor keeps a sharp lookout for the interests of his august sovereign, James I. A few days ago, when it was announced that England had taken possession of the island, the Grand Chancellor addressed a communication to Secretary of State Olney, at Washington, in which he made the following appeal:

I beg of your Excellency to ask of the government of the United States of North America to recognize the principality of Trinidad as an independent state, and to enter into an understanding with the other American powers in order to guarantee its neutrality.

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In the expectation of your reply, please accept, through my expression of my elevated consideration. The Grand Chancellor, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the Count de la Boissiere, knocking at the doors of the State Department for recognition, the case is decidedly interesting.

TWO SYSTEMS OF CARING FOR THE INSANE.

Two States, New York and Wisconsin, have policies for the care of the insane which are diametrically opposite. New York, with asylums already full, has been making them larger for the sake of placing the burden upon the State treasury. For fifteen years Wisconsin has made an effort to keep the State asylums reasonably small by building and regulating, under State law, as many small county asylums for the chronic insane poor as are needed in the different parts of the State. That is, New York's policy is to centralize and crowd, while that of Wisconsin is to scatter and localize patients. The results of the two systems are instructive. The population of New York is four times that of Wisconsin, but the former has five times as many insane. In Wisconsin, in 1923, the deaths of the insane exceeded the recoveries by 55 per cent, and by only 29 per cent in 1924. In New York the deaths exceeded the recoveries in similar establishments by 80 per cent, in 1923, and doubtless by more than 75 per cent in 1924. The reports of that year have not been made public. In Wisconsin the increased number of registered insane from Oct. 1, 1923, to Oct. 1, 1924, was 105, while in New York, in spite of the much larger number of deaths in the hospitals, the increased registration was 729—almost seven times as many in a population only four times larger.

In Wisconsin the State pays a part of the cost of caring for patients in special, small and county asylums. This system brings all these asylums under State supervision, so that they are no longer the scenes of neglect and abuse. At the same time the steady withdrawal of chronic patients from the State hospitals gives them better facilities for patients capable of cure or needing special restraint. The result has been that, after fifteen years of this system, during which period the insane have doubled, about twenty small county or district asylums have been built, but no addition has been made to the number of State hospitals. During these years, in which such desirable results have been secured, the charitable institutions have been supervised by nonpartisan boards, which have been able to carry out intelligently a plan which seems to have been attended by such satisfactory results.

AS TO SUMMER VACATIONS.

The subject presents a variety of aspects and may be regarded from different points of view. To proceed in order, let us first consider the matter of rest and recreation in the preservation of health and the prolongation of life. Nature demands and common sense approves it. While the dignity of labor, the elevating influence of work and the moral grandeur of drudgery are not to be questioned for a moment, it must be admitted that a brief respite is also improving. It gives an added touch to the dignity of labor and a new halo to the moral grandeur of drudgery for one to get away from them for awhile and loaf with one's soul. From a strictly utilitarian point of view there is no doubt that one can do more and better work in fifty weeks of the year than one can in fifty-two weeks, and while it is probable that employees are more unanimous on this point than employers, there is gratifying evidence that the latter are coming to the same conclusion. The truth is, many employers are more liberal with their employees than they are with themselves, since they grant to their assistants and subordinate a vacation which they deny to themselves on account of the alleged demands of business. In this they make a great mistake. No man's business is as important as his health or so pressing that he cannot easily get away from it two or three weeks in every year, if he will only think so and act upon the conclusion. The way to

A REMARKABLE PROCEDURE.

The Terre Haute dispatch stating that a person accused of placing obstructions upon a railroad track has been put on a \$500 bond, with the probability that an appeal will be calculated both to attract attention and to confirm the suspicion that once in awhile a judge may rob a heinous offense of its enormity. The person was arrested for placing an obstruction in front of a limited passenger train. If it had not been discovered or had been such an obstruction as would have derailed a train scores of people would have been injured and a few killed. The act was probably performed with that knowledge and probably that result in view. If there were sufficient evidence to hold the accused for trial, he should have been refused bail for an offense involving the possibility of several murders. In fact, there can be no greater crime than to derail a train. In one State which has abolished capital punishment for ordinary murders an exception is made of the criminal who places obstructions upon a railroad track. He is regarded such a fiend that the gallows is kept on the statute book for him.

In this case the person who is believed to have placed an obstruction in front of a fast train can escape punishment by forfeiting a \$500 bond. This makes the possible murder of several persons and the maiming of a larger number of horses an offense that can be committed by a commonplace burglar. Thus the greatest criminal offense is made almost trivial in the estimation of a judge. Train-wrecking may be inspired by several motives, among which is robbery. If, therefore, the persons who live by criminal practices find in this inadequate bail that train-wrecking is not a grave offense, they will take greater and more frequent risks.

If the person who is held for placing an obstruction upon the track is what is known as a crank he should be sent to an insane asylum as a dangerously insane person. In any event, putting a person who has been arraigned for such a crime under a light bond is indefensible upon any ground.

THE NEW WOMAN AND THE FAMILY MENDICIAN.

A Kansas man is about to test the rights and privileges of the new woman in the courts, and, incidentally, to secure a legal opinion as to the right of husbands to certain personal services which they have considered their prerogative from time immemorial. He asks a divorce from his wife, alleging, among other causes, that she has become a mendicant in Christian science, and refuses longer to sew on his buttons or mend his stockings for him. It is not clear just what connection Christian science has with the neglect of buttons and stockings. There seems no good reason why a follower of such science should not wield needle and thread with the same skill she possessed before her acquaintance with the mental healing art.

Possibly the Kansas woman undertook to apply her theories to inanimate objects as well as to human beings. She may have argued that if a disease does not really exist, is a mere matter of imagination and to be exercised by will, it might well be that buttons were not lost and that stockings had no holes. It is just possible that she endeavored to remedy the defects in her husband's attire of which he complained, by "thinking thoughts" which would make the garments whole. Evidently, she did not succeed, or else she omitted to inspire him with the necessary faith, for he continued to discover holes and to miss buttons.

It may be, on the other hand, that Christian science and the absence of mending were not cause and effect, but that the Kansas man would have considered himself equally aggrieved if his wife had chosen to accept any other religious belief than his own, whatever it might be. In any case his chief sense of injury plainly arises from the wife's inattention to his attire. He considers it a part of her business to mend his apparel, and that, even if it was not actually nominated in the bond, the matrimonial contract should be held to both. The Baron seems to be an interesting character. To begin with, he is not a Baron at all, but a French-Irishman, formerly known in New York as James Harden-Hickey. About two years ago he sent word to all the powers that he had taken possession of the uninhabited island of Trinidad, and intended to establish a principality there and reign under the title of James I. Later on he appointed a Frenchman named Bolseiere Grand Chancellor and Secretary for Foreign Affairs of the principality, with the title of count, and with headquarters at New York city, where he now is. James I. and his high chancellor constitute the present government of Trinidad. The grand chancellor in New York is in a room on the ground floor of an unpretentious brick tenement house, and contains furniture of the aggregate value of about two dollars. Amid these severely simple environments the Grand Chancellor keeps a sharp lookout for the interests of his august sovereign, James I. A few days ago, when it was announced that England had taken possession of the island, the Grand Chancellor addressed a communication to Secretary of State Olney, at Washington, in which he made the following appeal:

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do it is to do it. It is far better for a man to control his business than to let it control him. If there is to be any slavery in the case he should be the master. The wisest business men nowadays understand this and do not deny themselves the annual outing which they grant their employes.

Second, as to when one should take one's summer vacation. That does not matter much. One may take it in the spring, autumn or winter as well as in the summer. The time of the year is not of the essence of the case. The main thing is to get away from work and put off the harness. If one wants to fish one must go away in the fishing season, and if one wants to hunt ducks, deer, pawpaws, mushrooms or peaches and cream one must take one's outing when these things are ripe. There is a time for all things, and everything in its season. Two weeks of rest may be quite as beneficial in the winter as in the summer, and if one were fond of skating the winter would be the better time to take it. A summer vacation had much better be taken in the winter than not at all.

Third, as to where to go. This opens a broad and perplexing field, in which land and ocean, river and lake, watering place and mountain resort, city and country, forest and field, farm and wilderness each offers special attractions. If the world is not before one where to choose there are at least the resources of a country abounding in attractions suited to every taste and every purse. As the Journal is not subsidized in the interest of any particular route or resort it must decline to recommend one above another. They are all good and all attractive. The main thing is to go.

If the Grand Army demonstration in Louisville can be carried out in the spirit of the appeal which Commander-in-Chief Lawler made at the reception in this city, Friday evening, it will go a long way toward breaking down the remaining barriers between the two sections. Thousands of ex-Confederate soldiers will see the great body of the Grand Army for the first time since the war. If these spectators find that the Union veterans go to Louisville animated by the spirit of broad nationalism, "singing the songs of the Union and glorying in the flag of the Nation," as the Commander-in-Chief put it, they will catch the spirit of the occasion and carry it to their homes. Having been in nearly every State of the South recently, where, as the head of the Grand Army, he has met thousands of ex-Confederates, his deliberate statement that he has found among them a sentiment of pride in the fact of a common country and a love for a flag which is the symbol of nationalism should inspire a purpose on the part of the veterans who go to Louisville to fully reciprocate. A union which does not in time mean a whole people pervaded with the spirit of nationalism is not that "more perfect union" which the Constitution was designed to create. The men who fought to preserve territorial unity should be the first to promote that more essential unity of the people of every section. He who seeks, for political or other purpose, to array one section of a common country against another is animated by the spirit of treason to that national oneness which is the sole reliance of the Republic. He who strives to keep alive old feuds or to revive settled contentions cannot take the oath of fidelity to "one country and one flag."

When the degree of LL.D. was bestowed by Edinburgh University upon Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, the orator of the occasion described him as "the chief ornament to medical science in the United States." This classification will astonish some of Dr. Mitchell's professional contemporaries, and was perhaps a surprise to the gentleman himself, although he is a noted specialist. It is not unlikely that he would have valued more a recognition of his literary work, but, alas! it is only too probable that the Edinburgh dignitaries had never so much as heard of his novels. The experience of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who found himself equally successful in two professions, is not apt to be repeated in the same century.

It will surprise most people who have been going to circuses many years under one pretext or another to learn that the veteran circus man, George F. Bailey, has declared that "if the circus business keeps deteriorating as it has been during the past few years, it will not be long before it will die a natural death." One cause assigned is that there are no more circus performers, especially riders. This is due to the fact that laws in many States forbid the appearance of children in the ring, and as persons cannot learn to ride after they are twenty-one years old, there is a dearth of riders. Those excellent people who have been taking their children and grandchildren, or have even borrowed a child to take to the circus on the pretext of "seeing the animals," cannot probably see any falling off in the patronage of the circus, no matter what the performance may be. Crowds still go. Possibly they are attracted by the red lemons, but wait until the announcement that the show is over unless they are so interested in the animals that they remain to pay an extra price for a special performance. Mr. Bailey's stunning performance, announcing each succeeding year "The greatest show ever seen," show no signs of deterioration. It may be that a rainy week has so cut the receipts that Mr. Bailey has taken a pessimistic view of the circus business. It is hoped that he has, for the delight of young America would be seriously abridged if there should no longer be mammoth show bills, a parade after-theater performance, the non-appearance of the circus might remove the temptation which besets many excellent people to tell the in excuse of their attendance, who have not the frankness of an esteemed clergyman in this city who observed that he left one boy at home while the others were at the circus, in order that he might be able to circums with the circus. It is a regret that national institution. May Mr. Bailey not prove a prophet.

The monks in Loretta, Pa., some years ago made a beer for their own use which was so superior to the unadorned brew that it became very popular outside the walls of the monastery. As the years passed, the monks increased their product until they are doing a large business as brewers. Recently the Catholic priests petitioned Bishop Phelan to put a stop to the brewing, but attention of the Catholic hierarchy to the matter, action may be taken at their convention in New York this week.

An Indiana man who was engaged to marry a young lady of a neighboring town went to Chicago last week and died there of heart disease. Social circles in the two Indiana cities are much excited over the fact that this is the second time the young woman has lost a lover by the same malady. In each case the wedding day was approaching, the lover went reluctantly away on a business trip and was overcome with a fatal cardiac affection while absent. The gossip hardly knows what to think of it, but there is really only one sensible conclusion to draw, namely, that a girl capable of inspiring a regard so strong that heart strings snap at separation from her is worthy of attention, but the man in the case should not be a wanderer. His motto should be: "Home-staying hearts are happiest—and safest."

A traveler just back from Japan reports that everywhere he went he heard bands playing "Marching through Georgia," this music considered especially appropriate as a greeting to soldiers returning from the war with China. It is well understood that the Japanese are rapidly taking on the ways of civilization, but there is really no reason why they should go to such extremes.

The Illinois Legislature has passed an arbitration commission act, and Governor Altgeld has appointed its members. It is not known whether or not all of them will serve. The act follows the general plan of the Massachusetts law, which has been so successful in late averting or adjusting labor disputes.

Miss Flagler, of Washington, who killed a boy who was stealing pears out of her garden, is the daughter of an army officer. She seems to labor under the impression that automatic power runs in the family.

Boston papers in need of a live topic in this dull season are trying hard to work up an excitement over vivisection. As yet there is no uprising of the populace.

DAKOTA SONGS.

The Dream of the Trail. I was a hunter in my youth, and knew Each bird and beast; along the prairie trail I roamed at will; my gun would never fail Of fire-my aim was ever good and true. Music I heard in winds and running streams, The rife's sharp report, the plover's pipe, And in the mournful wailings of the snipe, Like eerie music heard in restless dreams. I roamed the prairies wide, or rain or sun, Wanted and wild as herds of long-horned steers; Careless and free those early, by-gone years On old Dakota's trails with horse and gun. Where the swart blison roved in days long past, Where antelope and deer strayed side by side, The hungry coyotes gathered where they died, And buzzards poised above the rich repast, There I'd roam; around me night and day Swarmed the red Indian braves with lance and bow, Cheyenne, and Blackfoot, and Pawnee, and Crow, Fiercer than wolves on the trail of their prey.

But those days have passed, and into the West Trails blazed by scouts and guides, a path of peace and goodly things have trod, Of shuffling, straggling feet have trodged along The old Dakota trails my feet have pressed. A Dakota Day. The wind blows chill to-day A-hillward from the plain; It wails and sighs, and swells and dies, And moans across the grain. The clouds above hang gray, And weep upon the sod; In the rain-soaked air the prairies bare Are grim and stern as God. The wild hawk sweeps the sky, The ducks hide in the marsh, Where the foothills rise the Coyote cries— And the wind blows chill and harsh.

• • • Upon this wind-worn waste Of somber gray and black, All that the eye—twixt earth and sky— Can see is a small sad shack. Ocean and Prairie. Wind-wail and water drift, And moanings of the sea; A sweep of sky—a seagull's cry— What are these things to me? Wind screech and water snarl, And splinter of the sea, Like wings of birds, the storm is born In foamy agony. Wind-fall and water drift, And sells that sad afar, Like wings of birds, the storm is born In foamy agony. The sand dunes of the bar. Sea strains and ocean chants My ears have never heard, Nor have they caught the minor chords Of waves by wind hands stirred. Sea, sand and sky are not For me, as nature is to me; Whose eyes have never gazed Beyond Dakota's sluggish boundary.

But sometimes in the gloomy night, In my small sad shack aloft, The wailing of the prairie wind, Sounds like the sad sea's moan. In fancy I can almost hear The breakers on the shore, The lashing of the wrinkled waves, The hurrying wind's wild roar. But, content, I dream of the distant sea, With its restless, changing tide; For I feel that its boundless sweep Is like the prairies, free and wide. The song of the sea is the same As the song of the prairies free, And the song they shout to the winds Is the Song of Liberty. Like birds that wing the air, Like birds are the prairies free, Untrammelled and unbound Is the old gray sea. —John N. Hilliard.

BUBBLES IN THE AIR.

"What is that, mother?" asked the small chicken, as they passed the poultry shop. "That," said the mother, cocking one eye gearily in the direction of the institution in question, "that is one of those awful pluck-me stores."

Deluded Kestrel. "My ten-year-old boy," said the fat man, "is feeling pretty sore at himself." "Why?" asked the lean man with the yellow vest. "He is just at the age when the history of the James boys and the like appeal to his barbarous imagination, and yesterday he bought a book in a yellow paper cover entitled 'The Crime of 1873.'"

The Corn-Fed Philosopher. "In my opinion," said the corn-fed philosopher to his group of admiring neophytes, "this bicycle is not responsible for the bloomer craze at all." "What is, then?" asked one. "Perhaps you may remember," said the philosopher, with the air of one who is sure of his ground, "that not so long ago it was predicted that women would get into hoopskirts. Now, what is more natural, this bicycle is getting right the other way."

fact that this is the second time the young woman has lost a lover by the same malady. In each case the wedding day was approaching, the lover went reluctantly away on a business trip and was overcome with a fatal cardiac affection while absent. The gossip hardly knows what to think of it, but there is really only one sensible conclusion to draw, namely, that a girl capable of inspiring a regard so strong that heart strings snap at separation from her is worthy of attention, but the man in the case should not be a wanderer. His motto should be: "Home-staying hearts are happiest—and safest."

A traveler just back from Japan reports that everywhere he went he heard bands playing "Marching through Georgia," this music considered especially appropriate as a greeting to soldiers returning from the war with China. It is well understood that the Japanese are rapidly taking on the ways of civilization, but there is really no reason why they should go to such extremes.

The Illinois Legislature has passed an arbitration commission act, and Governor Altgeld has appointed its members. It is not known whether or not all of them will serve. The act follows the general plan of the Massachusetts law, which has been so successful in late averting or adjusting labor disputes.

Miss Flagler, of Washington, who killed a boy who was stealing pears out of her garden, is the daughter of an army officer. She seems to labor under the impression that automatic power runs in the family.

Boston papers in need of a live topic in this dull season are trying hard to work up an excitement over vivisection. As yet there is no uprising of the populace.

DAKOTA SONGS.

The Dream of the Trail. I was a hunter in my youth, and knew Each bird and beast; along the prairie trail I roamed at will; my gun would never fail Of fire-my aim was ever good and true. Music I heard in winds and running streams, The rife's sharp report, the plover's pipe, And in the mournful wailings of the snipe, Like eerie music heard in restless dreams. I roamed the prairies wide, or rain or sun, Wanted and wild as herds of long-horned steers; Careless and free those early, by-gone years On old Dakota's trails with horse and gun. Where the swart blison roved in days long past, Where antelope and deer strayed side by side, The hungry coyotes gathered where they died, And buzzards poised above the rich repast, There I'd roam; around me night and day Swarmed the red Indian braves with lance and bow, Cheyenne, and Blackfoot, and Pawnee, and Crow, Fiercer than wolves on the trail of their prey.

But those days have passed, and into the West Trails blazed by scouts and guides, a path of peace and goodly things have trod, Of shuffling, straggling feet have trodged along The old Dakota trails my feet have pressed. A Dakota Day. The wind blows chill to-day A-hillward from the plain; It wails and sighs, and swells and dies, And moans across the grain. The clouds above hang gray, And weep upon the sod; In the rain-soaked air the prairies bare Are grim and stern as God. The wild hawk sweeps the sky, The ducks hide in the marsh, Where the foothills rise the Coyote cries— And the wind blows chill and harsh.

• • • Upon this wind-worn waste Of somber gray and black, All that the eye—twixt earth and sky— Can see is a small sad shack. Ocean and Prairie. Wind-wail and water drift, And moanings of the sea; A sweep of sky—a seagull's cry— What are these things to me? Wind screech and water snarl, And splinter of the sea, Like wings of birds, the storm is born In foamy agony. Wind-fall and water drift, And sells that sad afar, Like wings of birds, the storm is born In foamy agony. The sand dunes of the bar. Sea strains and ocean chants My ears have never heard, Nor have they caught the minor chords Of waves by wind hands stirred. Sea, sand and sky are not For me, as nature is to me; Whose eyes have never gazed Beyond Dakota's sluggish boundary.

But sometimes in the gloomy night, In my small sad shack aloft, The wailing of the prairie wind, Sounds like the sad sea's moan. In fancy I can almost hear The breakers on the shore, The lashing of the wrinkled waves, The hurrying wind's wild roar. But, content, I dream of the distant sea, With its restless, changing tide; For I feel that its boundless sweep Is like the prairies, free and wide. The song of the sea is the same As the song of the prairies free, And the song they shout to the winds Is the Song of Liberty. Like birds that wing the air, Like birds are the prairies free, Untrammelled and unbound Is the old gray sea. —John N. Hilliard.

BUBBLES IN THE AIR.

"What is that, mother?" asked the small chicken, as they passed the poultry shop. "That," said the mother, cocking one eye gearily in the direction of the institution in question, "that is one of those awful pluck-me stores."

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cept for the voice of the girl in the far corner of the room, "anyone could see that you are one of the original members—er—that is to say, that you didn't come into it by marriage—er—shall I get you an ice