

THE SUNDAY GLOBE.

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SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1901.

CHARLES G. DAWES FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR.

About a week ago there appeared in the Washington Post an editorial in reference to Mr. Dawes' candidacy.

When one comes to realize the close relations that have existed for a long time between the President and Mr. Dawes, it can be readily understood that Mr. Dawes' only hope of securing the prize is in the fact of his acquaintance with the President.

To say that he was green in politics would put it mildly. He had not the slightest idea of organization, but through the assistance of Vice-President Payne, and Durban of Indiana, and Cummings of Iowa, he was pushed to the front and kept clear of the breakers.

Mr. Dawes named Chas. U. Gordon for postmaster of Chicago, and, by the way, Mr. Gordon will make a good campaign manager for Mr. Dawes.

In fact, he was the real dispenser of patronage for the State. Nearly all of the consuls secured their appointments through Mr. Dawes.

As to our mutual friend, "Billy" Mason, he tried very hard to avoid a rupture with the President.

While we can not approve the conduct of Senator Mason during the first year of his Senatorial term, on the whole, we must say that he has been a hard-working, conscientious Senator, and has as good ideas as any man in that august body.

The question is even asked, has not Mr. Dawes made a mistake in resigning as Comptroller of the Currency?

If he possessed the power which his friends have claimed, would it not have been better for him to have stood by the ship, retained the prestige of his office, and gone ahead to make the fight as he should see fit?

to be seen. We think he would have been found wanting.

In regard to local conditions in Illinois, the sentiment is rather against the reelection of Senator Mason at the present time, but when he takes the stump and tells his constituents fairly and squarely just how he has been treated at the White House, it can be set down as a fact that he will arouse the sentiment and sympathy of the people of Illinois to such an extent that he will have little opposition in being reelected.

Mr. Dawes, as Comptroller of the Currency, has occupied a prominent position, and whenever he has visited Illinois he has had a good reception; but when he is stripped of all his office, and becomes plain Mr. Dawes, manufacturer of gas and promoter of gas machines, he will find it quite different, and undoubtedly the atmosphere throughout the State will be more chilly than he finds it in his suburban home at Evanston.

So far as the Administration is concerned, it has not since 1898 enjoyed the confidence of the people of Illinois. The President's appointments were all disappointments.

The Post seems very positive in its declaration that the Administration will not interfere in behalf of Mr. Dawes. Certainly not; the Administration never does interfere, but the Administration always has some one to do the work just the same, and they try to have it done in such a way that it will not reflect.

It is a great relief to find that Senator Mason has the backbone to not only demand that Dawes get out from under cover of his Comptrollership and comes out into the open for a fair, square fight, and if he does not enlighten the people of Illinois on the shortcomings of the Administration during the next campaign, we shall be greatly mistaken.

We notice that Mr. Dawes is claiming the "hold-over" Senators. He may calm them to-morrow, and they may possibly remain with him until the 1st of October, but when he becomes a private citizen, every one of these Senators is his superior in rank, and, of course, in intelligence, and why should they not all become candidates for the United States Senate?

Taking it all in all, Mr. Dawes' candidacy for this great office, which has been held by the brainiest and best men of the State, is indeed a veritable farce.

As to our mutual friend, "Billy" Mason, he tried very hard to avoid a rupture with the President. No doubt he made mistakes in trying to be a "good fellow" and take care of all his friends, with the result that he did not succeed in taking care of any one except Mr. Coyne and Mr. Bouchen, who is at the present time misrepresenting the United States Government at Barmen.

THE TARIFF.

There has been a good deal of unnecessary criticism of Secretary Gage with reference to the countervailing duty he now proposes to place upon Russian exports or imports from Russia upon which is an export bounty on sugar and other articles placed by that country.

We are in no sense an apologist for Secretary Gage; we believe he is a small man in a large place, but even he must some times—however unwillingly—be bound by law.

It is one of the curiosities of protection that the Congress of the United States must needs enact laws that will effectively shut out foreign products, but when a foreign government wants to protect itself against such a one-sided selfish policy (and a howl and cry is raised against that country, and a scape goat is sought for on this side to bear the blame).

The Dingley Act, notorious for its prohibitory provisions and an utter failure as a revenue producer, placed a duty on sugar that it believed would effectively shut out any foreign article not controlled by the sugar trust. We are not fully advised, but it seems that Russia has—as she has a perfect right to do—placed an export bounty upon sugar to be exported to the United States, and by such

export bounty her people are enabled to sell her products to other countries without loss.

Such a state of affairs never seems to have been contemplated by the men who framed the Dingley Act, else they would have been more careful about enacting a law declaring a countervailing duty.

Secretary Gage is now made a scape goat, and is catching it on all sides because Russia has seen fit to place an export bounty and sell her articles at a profit in the United States, and the Secretary, under Sec. 5, 20, Stat. 205, of the Dingley bill has placed a countervailing duty. He could do nothing less. The section is mandatory. The section expressly provides:

"That whenever any country shall pay or bestow, directly or indirectly, any bounty or grant upon the exportation of any article or merchandise from such country \* \* \* \* \* then shall be levied and paid in all such cases, in addition to the duties otherwise imposed by this Act, an additional duty equal to the net amount of such bounty or grant however the same be paid or bestowed."

There you have it. The whole section shows it more clearly. The italics are used and are intended to show how the makers of the Dingley Act intended to prevent any foreign country from exporting to the United States any of their products which in any manner interfered with any of the trusts.

Section 5 is very comprehensive. It now seems that in the endeavor to protect the sugar trust by enforcing the above named enactment, other trusts which had a good market in Russia are bewailing loudly the fact that Russia has seen fit to retaliate. Protectionists think it strange—or pretend to—that any foreign municipality should dare protect their own products as they have demanded that the Congress of the United States protect theirs. According to their way of thinking protection is a monopoly to be enjoyed by themselves alone.

If it be true that loss of trade results to the United States the framers of the Dingley Act have themselves to blame. To put the onus of the attitude upon Secretary Gage for the position of Russia is cowardly. We have not the slightest doubt but that the sugar trust for selfish motives wanted the countervailing duties applied, and neither have we any doubt but that other interests affected by the retaliation of Russia think it very unkind in the Secretary to invoke the law.

That such a provision in a revenue law, as we have referred to, was foolish, any one except a narrow-minded protectionist must admit. To close the doors of our custom houses to everything that would in the least interfere with selfish interests and open export outside nations to submit is presuming much on foreign credulity. Hence we say that it looks very much like pleading the baby act, all this outcry against Secretary Gage and Russia.

We repeat we are not an apologist of Secretary Gage. He deserves nothing at the hands of any Democrat. He has been partisan in the extreme, although a professed civil service specimen. He has allowed abuses to go on under his eyes and taken no steps to prevent them. It is notorious that he has favored pet financial unbelievers in New York. His custom house sale and subsequent payment of rent upon it is a scandal. His readiness to do what was required of him by the Hepburn letter shows he measures by a very low standard of morality. His feeble defense of that conduct is characteristic. It was simply "You're another!"

The writer of that letter knew his man. His apologetics say it is burnt powder. That makes it more nauseating. It is simply saying "We'll go in and let me cover up the naughtiness." Nevertheless let justice be done. It is the Dingley Act that is responsible for what is called his late folly. Not he.

Is it not strange that in the midst of what is called universal prosperity that gold is again going abroad, and there are night winds in Kansas lightning the crops. Protection, that shibboleth under which so many false theories prevail, can not stand when exposed to the clear light of common sense, and when required to stand up to the clear dictates of common honesty.

THE OHIO DEMOCRACY.

The Democratic platform of the Buckeye State accepts Mark Hanna's challenge on Imperialism, and issues a counter challenge on State issues which must make that High Priest of Corruption squirm. The old-line Democracy of the State is in the saddle, and one of the conspicuous evidences of the reunion of all factions is the gubernatorial ticket of Anthony Howells, the Welsh miner. Mr. Howells served in the Bishop administration, and he is the first prominent adherent of "Uncle Dick" who has been honored by a Democratic convention, since 1880, when Tom Ewing defeated for renomination the best running Democratic gubernatorial candidate, Ohio ever presented—Richard M. Bishop, of Cincinnati.

We served in the same administration with Mr. Howells, and know his sterling merits and unflinching Democracy. The Welsh citizens of Ohio are principally members of Mark Hanna's party, but they have never failed to vote for Anthony Howells, the Democratic Welshman, whenever his name appeared on his party's ticket. Colonel James Kilbourne, the Democratic nominee for governor, served

with distinction in the Civil War, and has a record as a soldier of which he is justly proud. He won the straps of an officer and successive promotions on the field of battle. He is universally popular among the toilers of Ohio, and all his life, unlike his Republican opponent, has been feeding the workman by giving him honorable employment and decent union wages. Colonel Kilbourne is a superior man; high-minded, literary, and a thorough plebeian American, who believes in the masses of his countrymen and in a Democratic form of government.

The platform is in entire harmony with his life-long convictions, expressed a thousand times and practiced, too, in his treatment of his army of workmen.

His Republican opponent never gave a human being a day's work in his life; he has been a second-rate lawyer for the past thirty years, and never had a case which attracted attention outside the precincts of the courthouse. He is as inferior, intellectually and physically, to Colonel Kilbourne as he is sneaky and hypocritically in glaring contrast to the outspoken, frank and fearless Democratic standard-bearer. It would be a shocking comment on political possibilities and the fortunes of partisan contests if Governor Geo. K. Nash succeeds in defeating Col. James Kilbourne. We do not believe he will, and with the old Democracy in lines this fall we can not help but feel reasonably confident of a glorious victory over Hannaism in the President's own State.

The old soldiers, we do not mean the 100-day men, to whom Nash belonged—but the field soldiers who ate hard tack and learned to know when the "Rebs" were mad that a fight or a foot race was the only alternative, will have no excuse this fall in not registering their opinions of "ol' William" and His Pension Commissioner Evans. Kilbourne was a soldier in every sense of the term, and has never since the war closed made use of or solicited the suffrages of comrades a la Sickles, Grosvenor, McKinley et al. He has built up one of the largest manufacturing industries of Columbus, and his men are the envy of every toiler in the city, because of the wages paid them, the generous treatment they receive, and the fatherly manner in which Colonel Kilbourne has looked after the welfare of themselves and families. No more humane, generous and kindly employer of labor can be found in the entire country than Col. James Kilbourne, the Democratic candidate for governor of the dear old Buckeye State. We predict his triumphant election next November and the redemption of Ohio from the demoralization which ten years of Republican looting and extravagance have inflicted upon the taxpayers of the State. The issues of the campaign, which will commence early, are clearly defined, and the Democracy this time presents an unbroken front to the common enemy. From sea lakes to the river, the "Moshacks" and the younger or more progressive elements are united for a fair, stand-up fight with the Hanna-McKinley imperialistic looters, and if the right, and the cause of the people ever won a signal victory it will be in November next, when the wires flash the news that Col. James Kilbourne, of Columbus, is elected governor of Ohio.

MRS. BONINE INDICTED.

The Grand Jury has at length gotten through its labors, and Friday last, at 1.40 p. m., reported its findings in several cases which have excited public interest out of the ordinary. The indictment of Mrs. Bonine of murder in the first degree was freely predicted, and the jury's work in this respect was fully anticipated. The prisoner must breathe a sigh of relief that this preliminary ordeal is over. Her attorneys will now, until the trial takes place, address themselves to the preparation for the defense of their client, as already outlined by Mrs. Bonine's story of the murder. It is more than doubtful if the Government can make a case, and possibly the defense may content itself with the State's present action, and the evidence which it has in corroboration of its theory as being insufficient to secure a conviction. But it is more likely that Mrs. Bonine's counsel will put up a strong defense, taking for its central or salient feature the assault of Ayres upon their client, with intent to dishonor her. Inasmuch as there were no witnesses of the murder, and but one witness, Miss Minns, who heard anything in the room of Ayres, the Government has a stiff job on hand to secure a verdict in any of the degrees of murder, much less the capital one.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Andrew Carnegie's pitiful exclamation: "I'd give my all to live again!" suggests misgivings as to the finish of the next act in his personal drama. It looks as if Andy would like to unloose before the time comes for the camel to bump himself and "go through the eye of a needle, as an object lesson for millionaires decking for a side-door entrance into the kingdom of heaven. Andy ought not to be come nervous. He should take courage from the declaration that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver," for when it comes to chipping in or giving up joyfully the Croesus of Homestead stands in class A 1.

The only thing for the canny Scot to regret at parting will be that no matter which way his ticket reads, he will be deprived of The Sunday Globe. Broad as is our circulation, we are not reaching either section of the Undiscovered Territory. Hence he may, with good reason, wish to carry here a little longer to enjoy our weekly appetizing spread with its juicy, "roasted," dainty "broils," piquante "stews" and tasty "tart puddings." No millionaire having the price (five cents) could be reproached for begging Father Time to call later with his lawn mower, so as to give the suppliant a chance to enjoy a few more issues of The Globe.

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We are sorry that the Rural Free Delivery system of the United States Post Office does not extend to Mr. Carnegie's ultimate destination, whichever it be. If it did, he might be insured food for reflection for many centuries by becoming a permanent past master subscriber to this resonant organ of Truth and Justice.

THE WORST SO FAR.

There are reforms and reformers. All ages have been noted for reform, and it is said each succeeding year brings a new reform to the front.

It can hardly be said with truth that McKinley was elected on the reform ticket, especially as a large fund—vulgarily called a corruption fund—handled by a certain gentleman from Ohio, now a United States Senator, played quite an important part in 1896.

It is not probable that reform in methods of finance had much to do with the appointment of Lyman J. Gage as Secretary of the Treasury. Nevertheless, he was appointed, and his selection will always be a marvel. He had no special fitness or training for the place, and his only claim on the Republican party was the fact that he had twice voted for Cleveland as a mugwump, and was thereby supposed to have some elements of statesmanship about him. It is strange how commonplace and ordinary a man may be, having his views on political science and doing duty as a citizen, quietly voting with his party without being thought of as a great man, and how, all at once, he becomes a person of ponderous brain power and wonderful ability, when he deserts his party and casts his lot with the opposition.

Secretary Gage was one of the persons named. As a Democrat he amounted to little. As a sound-money Republican he became a man of great importance. He could swallow McKinley and the Sherman purchasing act, with its 16 to 1 throw in, but his pure-minded soul could not brook Bryan on a free-silver platform.

But, strange as it was to many, and is to many yet, this man was selected to take the place Albert Gallatin once filled, and a weak and feeble-minded successor to that great man he has proven himself to be. His appointment will always remain one of the curiosities of politics.

This man thus chosen over the heads of financiers and statesmen, who were Republicans, brought with him to Washington a reporter to a small paper not heard of out of a limited circle and now unknown, and made him his private secretary. "It was a thing of beauty and a joy forever," to see the suddenly elevated scribbler, who is now known as one Vanderlip, receiving congratulations with his chief the day the latter received the employes of the Department, when he assumed the duties of the office. The private secretary was the most important man in action, of the two, and it was not long until the clerks learned—many of them to their sorrow—that the private secretary was, in fact, the Secretary of the Treasury.

But, as private secretary to so small a man, his power was somewhat circumscribed. He could not accomplish much by way of lecturing clerks and making himself generally disagreeable. It was but a little while until the public prints bloomed out with full-size articles telling of Vanderlip's wonderful knowledge of finance. He had made it a study for years, and could enlighten everybody. Of course, such a brilliant firely should not keep his dazzling financial light hidden under a bushel, and to the astonishment of everybody, Gage had him appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and at once surrendered all management of the clerks and employes over to his doughty satellite. Patronage, all detail of which was given to the second Daniel who had suddenly been called to judgment.

Once Assistant Secretary, the great reporter's powers had full sway. He ruled everybody, from the Secretary down. He swelled around, and promoted or reduced as suited his fancy. He was all smiles to his pets; to those he disliked he was all frowns, and at times, in personal contact, brutal.

In the Treasury Department were many men and women. There were men who had occupied high positions in their homes, as members of their State legislatures, and some as State officers. There were some who had been Members of Congress. All these soon came to know they must bend the knee to Vanderlip. There were ladies who had been delicately reared, who, through the eye of a needle, as an object lesson for millionaires decking for a side-door entrance into the king-

dom of heaven. Andy ought not to be come nervous. He should take courage from the declaration that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver," for when it comes to chipping in or giving up joyfully the Croesus of Homestead stands in class A 1.

reated let Vanderlip himself tell the story.

The man had one lieutenant who may receive attention later on.

But, all this is getting away from reform, and Vanderlip was bent on reform.

In looking around him, he soon came to know that the positions were all respectable; that there were ladies and gentlemen, respected and respecting. They were all bound by rules, but none of them were exacting and degrading; nothing in them to cause them to lose their self-respect. They were known by their Christian names.

That was too much for Vanderlip. He must needs reform, and reform in such a way as to make every employe feel chagrined, mortified and humiliated. It was too much to treat men and women as ladies and gentlemen. They must needs be treated as convicts in a penitentiary, and, instead of being recognized by their lawful names, bestowed on them in baptism, they must be known by numbers.

Victor Hugo says: "He was no longer known as Jean Valjean; he was known as Number —."

So with honored and honorable ladies and gentlemen in the Treasury Department. They were no longer known by name as when they left the baptismal fonts in the arms of their parents; they were like convicts in the galleys, and known as number 1, 2, 3, etc. How galling to refined, educated and reputable citizens to be thus treated as felons. What brought it all about? The answer is easy. The eight-day clocks for years had done duty in the corridors and in the working rooms. Their faces were familiar and like old friends, as one after another tripped in, looked upon the dial, and on to their duties. But a change had come. An intricate, awkward-looking timepiece took their places, and to that wonderful invention all must pay obeisance before going to their rooms.

There was a protest. Nobody spoke kindly of the time-clocks. Even the public prints did not praise them. The clerks and employes were in a continual state of disgust, but Gage and Vanderlip looked contemptuously on.

Did Vanderlip have a commission on the purchase money? There was a question of his right to purchase them at all, but he held onto them with a determination worthy of a better cause. Was there a commission paid to him? Whether or not there was, there was certainly a righteous indignation at so degrading an innovation, and it made itself manifest. But it availed nothing until Congress, listening to the murmur which was fast becoming a roar, compelled the Assistant Secretary to remove the offending symbols of degradation. Clerks were no longer requested to press a button, ring a bell, and register the hour and minute. The hated number was no more, and they were rehabilitated in the names bestowed by loving parents.

It is now said the reporter is a man of great ability. It required very little ability to buy a clock, and much less to sell one to him.

An old-time clock peddler had to have his wits about him; not so the wily agents who dealt with Vanderlip. But, then, there may have been a question of commission, which made the whole transaction easy.

POLITICAL POTS BOILING.

Over in the Old Dominion a Constitutional convention and a spirited contest for the governorship on the part of the Democrats has prevented the abatement of interest. The promised Republican activity has as yet failed to materialize.

In South Carolina the Tillman-McLaurin passage at words continues, with the inevitable result of the eclipse of the latter.

The Big Four in Ohio politics—McLean, Johnson, Hanna and Foraker, are watching each other, with none but trusted lieutenants on guard. An antislavery fight was precipitated early over the Republican nomination for lieutenant governor, while the Democrats have unbounded enthusiasm and a lively scramble for every place on their ticket.

Senator Pritchard, with the Vice-Presidential lightning rod high in air, is kept busy these days of dog-star, building on the wreck of the Populist party an organization destined to cut a National way over in the immediate future. Builders of the horoscope political would do well to keep an eye on the senior Senator from South Carolina.

In the Blue Grass Senator Deboe has successfully shelved all Senatorial aspirations on his side of the house, and in the event victory should perch on the Republican banner will be without a rival for the coveted honor. On the other side ex-Governor James B. McCreary, for many years chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, and favorably known in Washington, is in practical possession of the field.

Comptroller Dawes, known as the ad-

ministration's messenger boy, has resigned, with the avowed intention of starting after the scalp of one Billie Mason. The contest promises to be a three-cornered one, and the representatives of the Republican machine from Chicago promise to take a hand.

In the Gorman-Mudd contest at our door the hide-bound Administration Star is scant in its praise of the latter.

Now observe how Colonel Kilbourne, the Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio puts it all over Gov. Geo. K. Nash in Franklin county, where they both reside. He will beat Nash five hundred votes in Franklin county—and Nash carried the county two years ago. Stick a pin in this, ye G. O. P. strikers from the Buckeye State.

Americans are reproached by Europeans for calling all insects "bugs." We have a story about bugs and an experience which our contemporaries will be welcome to copy when we syndicate the thing.

Col. H. O. S. Heistand has disappointed us. A skeleton article, which needed only his presence to "fill in," is ruthlessly sacrificed and it takes almost a week for The Globe to reach him in San Francisco.

The lunatics in St. Elizabeth's will oblige us by addressing their favors to the Star. It is a much more influential newspaper than The Globe, and more in harmony with their intellectual vagaries.

Mrs. Bonine will now get a much needed rest until her trial. The daily press is interested in having the trial occur before the opening of Congress, as space will be too valuable when the Congressional wind-bags are working full time with their mouths.

We wonder how many "square meals in six weeks" Lieutenant Commander Cottonwood would be able to get outside of, if he lost his present job and had to hustle like other people for his living?

Mark Hanna orders every move towards investigating his pets, from Macheo to a spittoon cleaner "stified" immediately. "Pay no attention, let 'em howl," is Mark's imperialistic order. And "sh" must be obeyed.

It took a hot tidal wave to lift Crowninshield into public notice for about five minutes of his hitherto obscure existence.

PUNKTOWN CELEBRITIES.

(From our special correspondent.) Many people have overlooked Punktown, but it is on the map all right, though off the trolley. The census-takers were around here last summer trying to count folks, and to find out how old they think they are, and how long they mean to stay on earth. If anybody hesitated to answer the questions that the Government asked, her neighbors would help her out, because the neighbors are always better posted on other people's business than are the people themselves. Deacon Skinfish will find Uncle Sam's report of what his high neighbors think of him mighty warm reading on a cold winter's night, if he sees it.

Among the public questions now up for discussion is, How to cross the Shenandoah bridge without paying toll or getting shot. There does not seem to be any safe alternative. The bridge is there, and the river is right under it, and the highway—many sit at the gate and takes your money to save your funeral expenses. He is known as Captain Cinch. Local history relates that he defended Punktown for the Northern Army on two separate occasions, and once threatened to march on Washington, but was discouraged by McClure, who advised him to go back and mind the hen-roost. When the war closed he opened the bridge. The man who crossed over without his permission did not survive the circumstance. So particulars are scarce. One party favors burning the bridge when the Captain isn't looking. The other party proposes to burn the Captain and save the bridge. A small, conservative minority advocates burning the river as a compromise. But that would interfere with selling bait to visiting fishermen. Bait-selling is the principal occupation of many Punktowners, who are not otherwise employed. Some say it is as lucrative as a rural delivery postmaster. The only civil service requirement is to put the price on the gudgeons and sell them to city suckers.

A reformed horse thief gave a lecture last week at the Punktown Auditorium. The title of his discourse was, "Where to Look for the Lost Horse," and the answer was "Look for him in the British Army." The lecturer claims that misadventuring farmers' mares is not so profitable as formerly, the stock being inferior, owing to the meanness of the breeders. He admitted that there is more money and less excitement in explaining to farmers how and why their "critters" are stolen than in hooking them. Horse stealing is the one topic that the farmer understands and likes to have discussed along with "hoss traders." They all admire "David Harum," and want to walk in his steps.

Another matter of moment with us Punktowners is now to educate a cow not to give milk to the wrong passenger. Many cows in good standing, it seems, make this mistake, and something must be devised to correct the habit. You can not expect to reform a cuss who would steal milk from an unsuspecting bride, so we must get to work on the cow to prevent such criminal accidents.

The community is considerably worked up over street franchises, since a drummer explained to a few leading spirits that Wanamaker had offered two or three millions for the privilege of using the streets of Philadelphia. A committee is to be appointed to call on John W. and offer him any thoroughfare in Punktown on easy terms. If he means business, and knows a good thing, this will be his golden opportunity. COME-ON.