THE JOURNAL

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INCHES

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Cleveland Again!

Is it possible that Grover Cleveland will be the democratic candidate for president in 1904? There are signs that a Cleveland movement is being worked up. The Parker boom is already dead. Olney's boom was never very vital, and now come the Cleveland promoters. It would not be strange if the democrats, casting about in their chaos of a party for a leader, should seriously think of turning to Cleveland, the only leader under whom they have had a presidential victory since Buchanan, and, moreover, a leader who has given them two such victories.

As far as the possibility depends upon Cleveland himself there is nothing in the way. It is true that he is now 66 years old, and would be 68 when inaugurated, if elected. But in this day of young old men, no one looks upon 68 as a bar to responsible and onerous public office. It is solely a question whether the man has the physical and mental strength required, whether he be 30 or 70.

While Mr. Cleveland has probably regarded himself, as the public generally has, as in permanent retirement, there can be no doubt that, if to accept the leadership of the democratic party again appealed to him as a public duty, he would cheerfully sacrifice the ease and comfort of his Princeton retirement. And he is probably too human to look upon such a course as altogether a sacrifice. It is a high honor to be the fourth time a candidate of a great political party for the presidency, even if defeated.

On the other hand, there would be the possibility of victory; and the prospect of making the brilliant record of being three times president of the American republic, of being twice recalled to power by the people, and that without the slightest deviation in his chosen political course, is enough to tempt the strongest of men.

On the side of the party, it is not so easy to reach a conclusion. The win-anyway democrats would snap at the chance to take Cleveland if they thought him a probable winner. But they will have difficulty in making up their minds on that point. Is he a winner? Is it not as certain as can be that his nomination would be the signal for a formidable secession of the Bryan democrats, who are still a very important part of the party? Nor are all the Bryan democrats confined to western states that are hopelessly republican. There are enough of them in New York itself to throw that state to the republicans. The south, of course, really has no politics. It will just naturally vote solidly for any democratic candidate. On the other hand, Cleveland would win back all the gold democrats, it would be argued, and would have a very strong hold on tariff reform republicans of weak party attachment, and would rally to the democratic party the support of the "vested interests."

The campaign fund under such conditions would be plethoric, and the party would take on an air of "respectability" that it has lacked of recent years. There is no doubt that the big financial powers of the country would like to get rid of Roosevelt, even at the price of democratic tariff revision; which might, after all, be of no more consequence than the Wilson bill, which Mr. Cleveland was so disgusted with. While Cleveland is a man of independence and backbone, it is easy to see that, except as to his tariff views, he is in strong sympathy with Wall street and the "vested interests." He would easily and conscientiously cooperate with them, because he naturally takes their point of view. His tariff views might conflict with trust practices, but his economic theory does not conflict with the trust scheme.

If times should be desperately hard a year hence, Cleveland as the democratic candidate, with the prestige of having twice been president, with unlimited campaign funds behind him, with the country ready to be convinced that the protective system is a bad one, with himself as the very incarnation of the opposing low tariff theory, with the almost imperial power of the trusts behind him, might have a chance for success—though not a very bright one.

As a result of his visit to Minneapolis yesterday "de Bob" of St. Paul assures a St. Paul paper that "Doc" will never be convicted, that "Doc" will have no difficulty in securing bonds and that he didn't meet a man in Minneapolis who didn't sympathize with the returning ex-mayor of the city. No doubt there is a great deal of sympathy here for Ames, as there would be for any old man in sickness and distress, but Minneapolis is not guilty of pity for Ames because he is called to account for his official acts. Mayor Smith says also: "And as for the working classes, they can't say too much for him" (Ames). Let the working classes speak for themselves. When they want to be regarded as being sympathetic with the sort of thing we have had here under the Ames regime they can say so for themselves.

Counting the Negro In and Out.

In a bitter speech in the senate yesterday in which he called President Roosevelt "the president of the black belt," Senator Money of Mississippi laid down the doctrine that no negro, "whatever his qualifications," should be appointed to office. The negro, he said should be altogether excluded from government.

While we question whether a senator of the Money type, who so far forgot himself as to attempt to stab a Washington street car conductor, really holds a brief for the south, there can be little doubt that he has expressed the prevailing opinion of the southern whites when he said that the negro as a negro should be kept out of office. It is only fair to add that there is a strong minority in the north that holds the same view. The old race prejudice, the historic contempt of the English-speaking for the dark-skinned races, seems well-nigh ineradicable.

In the same speech Senator Money talked about constitutional rights, with no feeling of inconsistency in advocating them for the white people of Indianola and in denying them to the entire negro population of the south. The constitution, the declaration of independence and all the edifice of American liberty are in Senator Money's opinion to be taken as applying only to the white people of the United States. He would not agree with some of the ante-bellum arguments that the negros are mere animals, but maintains that they are and should be a non-political population; in any political application of the word they should not be counted as people, except, and this is a very important exception, except as they may be counted in determining representation in congress. In that case not a negro should be missed, and no harm would be done if some were counted two or three times.

"Would you uncitizenize the negro as to voting?" asked Senator Foraker, "and if so, should that be taken into account in fixing the representation in congress?"

"That is another question," Money ingenuously replied, though at the same time dodging the question.

It is right here that the southern stand on the race question detaches itself from all sympathy in the north. There are plenty of white people in the north who do not care whether the negro is disfranchised or not, but they insist that if the negro is not good enough to be admitted to politics, he is not good enough to be counted against them in representation in congress. In other words they insist with irrefutable logic that half a vote in the south shall not count for as much as a whole vote in the north. If the negro is not part of the body politic, as the south insists should be the case, the north demands that the south live up to its theory, and not keep him in for representation in congress, and keep him out for voting for that representation. When the south shall squarely meet the logic of the situation, it will be left to settle the negro question pretty much as it pleases.

Now that the canal treaty has been ratified, it will be the principal duty of the government to avoid an American Panama canal scandal. The sight of $200,000,000 worth of work is enough to call out the services of all the most accomplished boodlers and grafters on the continent.

Mr. Hay's Optimistic Forecast.

This is good news that Mr. Eugene Hay brings back from Ottawa, where he went to study the prospects for reciprocity in the light of Canadian opinion and tendency. He was agreeably surprised by the cordiality of the Dominion's statesmen toward the big republic, and came away convinced that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government favors reciprocity.

Of course, such personal intercourse between citizens of friendly nations as Mr. Hay has just been enjoying is often as deceptive as the effusive speeches at British-American or Franco-American dinners, which often give the impression that the two countries represented are rushing into each other's arms, whereas the fact may be that each has a knife up its sleeve. Men rarely say in private or social intercourse such bitter or harsh things as they say in public speeches. A Canadian may get up in parliament and roast the Yankees up and down the line, as did Mr. Bourassa a year ago, but he would hardly repeat the same speech or echo its sentiments in a talk with a Yankee an hour afterwards. On the other hand, it is true that speeches in parliament and congress are not wholly sincere, and the maker of a rabid speech is often far less rabid than his words.

We have no doubt that Mr. Hay has made due allowance for these conditions. When, therefore, he says that reciprocity with Canada is possible within two or three years it is highly encouraging, though in his published interview yesterday he left out of consideration the very powerful following of what is called in Canada the national policy. Mr. Hay pointed out that the Alaska boundary question is now out of the way, and that American special interests opposed to reciprocity are not so formidable as they were when the joint high commission was in session four years ago.

But what about the Canadian special interests which have grown lustily during the past few years? Will they not be able to throw great obstacles in the way of a reasonable reciprocity treaty? We fear they will, but if when the commission meets again next fall, the American members are prepared to grant liberal concesaions and make a fair trade, the now latent but potent desire in Canada for better trade relations with the United States will be aroused to new life and will sweep away the opposition of the ultra-protectionists.

It would be interesting to know just what were the charges that caused William Plimley to lose the office of assistant treasurer of the United States at New York, after he had been confirmed by the senate and his commission made out. As this is one of the most important offices in the government, the president and the senate no doubt felt it to be their duty to retrace their steps after having received some eleventh hour information about Plimley. This office pays as high a salary as a cabinet office, and the occupant of it is the representative of the treasury in Wall street.

A Lesson From Baltimore.

Now, in the closing weeks of four years' experience, I am prepared to support my pledges and to state as an absolute fact that the affairs of Baltimore city are conducted on as rigid business lines as any corporation in the world. We have banished graft and grafters from the city government, and we have made commissions and rake-offs and lobbying impossible.—Mayor Thomas G. Hayes of Baltimore.

The machinery of this regeneration of Baltimore, Mr. Hayes explains, was furnished by a new charter which gives the mayor very large powers, as also to two boards, and much reduces the powers of the council, making it a purely legislative body, and taking away the administrative functions most councils have; even its power to appropriate money is very closely limited, and some of the powers that seem to be peculiarly those of the council are transferred to the two boards.

Mayor Hayes devotes much attention to the machinery of Baltimore's government, but after all he recognizes that men are more important than organizations. We would not belittle the importance of good municipal government machinery, but all that Mayor Hayes writes about the remarkable conversion of Baltimore from being the victim of unscrupulous politicians into a business corporation, only drives home the conclusion that with the right sort of men in public office almost any system can be made to yield good results. Baltimore, along with its new charter, has been fortunate in having an honest and able mayor, and he has appointed honest and able men to the boards and administrative offices. Their power is such that a corrupt city council is impotent, but if they were corrupt all the skill with which the charter has been framed would amount to nothing. Mayor Hayes practically concedes as much when he says in the closing paragraph of his article in the Saturday Evening Post:

In Baltimore we are about to enter upon the installation of a great sewerage system, of the building of more schoolhouses, and of other public improvements which will give the city the best equipment that skill and money can provide. The gratification is that with the honest methods which are now in vogue the work will be done without serious losses to the taxpayers—always, of course, provided that a firm man is in the mayor's chair and is surrounded by good men who will do their duty singly for the public good.

The park board has made a good move in uniting with the Milwaukee railway company to mask the row of shacks at Minnehaha park which are so out of joint with their surroundings.

His Alleged Ambition.

Some journals in this country are insisting that Germany has a settled purpose of getting into a fight with the United States in six or seven years, when she will have doubled her naval strength and thinks she is strong enough to compel our government to abandon the Monroe doctrine and consent that Central and South America shall be sliced up into European "spheres" and colonies. That stalwart American, Poultney Bigelow, is quoted as declaring that in an armed conflict with the kaiser's dogs of war, the United States would be badly whipped.

Still, neither the kaiser nor Bigelow can decide our fate. The kaiser is having desperately hard work extracting money from the German taxpayers to pay for the big navy he is constructing. Money is not raised in Germany as easily as it is raised in this country, and just now there are apparently more Germans leaving Germany than there are Germans going into that country. In January 18,484 emigrants left the ports of Hamburg and Bremen and, of these, 90 per cent directed their course to the United States. Most of these emigrants were Germans. They did not go to the German colonies in Africa or China, where the kaiser wants them to go. They went where they were pretty certain of bettering their condition. Times are "hard" in Germany. The imperial German statistical bureau recently reported about 10,000 cases of bankruptcy entered in the bankruptcy courts, the largest number being in Saxony, the chief manufacturing state in the empire. The Bremen chamber of commerce, in its report for last year, refers to the depressed condition of the shipping interests, notably unsatisfactory traffic with eastern Asia "accentuated by the steady growth of American competition in manufactured articles which is acutely felt by Germany's traffic."

Before the kaiser attempts the job of whipping the United States it would be well for him to put his empire in a condition to stand a war, for Germany does not raise enough food to supply her own people and the latter are leaving "fatherland" for more satisfactory quarters, in large numbers.

Senator Tillman, being on his way to Minneapolis, left Senator Money to represent him in the senate.

THERE WAS NO ENCORE.

Youth's Companion.

No right-thinking person can have any admiration for a "smart trick" that smacks of rascality, but there may be cases in which sympathy for the victims of such a trick would be wasted.

A traveling dramatic troup announced a performance in a certain ambitious young city. It was expressly stated on all the bills that "Owing to the great length of the program and the many specialty performances, no encores will be permitted."

The evening of the entertainment found the house well filled, the audience consisting largely of young men and boys bent on having a good time.

The first song was the occasion for a prolonged outburst of cheering. After it had continued several minutes the manager came to the front of the curtain to ask them to desist. They only howled the louder and he retired discomfited.

But the cheering, stamping and whistling went on, and continued for half an hour, the curtain remaining obstinately down.

At the end of that time the enthusiasm had spent itself and the din ceased, but the curtain did not rise.

Then a young man ventured to go behind the scenes. He returned presently with the announcement that the company had left the building, bag and baggage.

It was true. They had packed up everything, paid their bill at the hotel, caught a train out of town, and got safely away; and the general verdict of the townspeople was that they had served their unruly audience just right.

EDITOR BOK NOT THERE.

Des Moines Register and Leader.

Where is the editor of the Ladies' Home Journal? His name is not among those attending the milliners' convention in Chicago.

Books and Authors

INTELLECTUAL IMMIGRATION

Gustave Michaud, in his paper on the coming race in America, in the March Century, seems to think our American race will go to the bowwows unless we exercise the extreme of caution in pulling down the bars to the incoming foreign nations. He would have needy foreigners intending to emigrate bring proof to inspectors on the other side that they have somehow distinguished themselves in the field of science, literature or art, in order to get into this country and then such should be given free passage. Michaud would confine such migration to the intellectual in order to properly qualify the mixture of races in the United States. It looks as if this would be a very difficult operation. If we are to admit only intellectual Europeans who have accomplished something in science, art and literature, the United States government would have to set up examining commissions at the ports of departure in Europe and turn back the stalwart, muscular fellows who have always done so much to build up our territories and states and whose children, as a general thing, grow up to useful citizenship and are found numerously making good records for themselves through their own exertions and acceptance of the many opportunities for education in the arts and sciences and literature. It is not desirable to restrict immigration save for the purpose of barring out the insane, paupers, criminals and professional loafers.

NEW BOOKS.

LOVEY MARY. By Alice Hegan Rice, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." New York: The Century Company, No. 33 E Seventeenth street. Price $1. Illustrated.

Since writing her first book, Alice C. Hegan married Cale Young Rice, a gentleman of poetic temperament, who contributes a short poem, "Love-Watch," to the March Century, and to whom the author dedicates "Lovey Mary." The success of her first story has been extraordinary, but it shows that a simple story, of a good and ever helpful woman in lowly life, full of noble sentiments expressed in the homely dialect of Mrs. Wiggs, and stimulative of good actions, is fully appreciated by the public. "Lovey Mary" is the story of a girl waif, a subordinate nurse in a hospital, who became so devoted to a boy baby committed to her care that, to prevent him from falling again into the hands of his mother, she fled with him and found a refuge in Mrs. Wigg's house in the "cabbage patch," where, under that kindly and wholesome influence, "Lovey Mary" developes into a girl of fine character. There is no startling plot; not an unclean thought or suggestion in the book, which might be used in a Sunday school library to far better advantage than many Sunday school books. Mrs. Rice has certainly plucked daisies and roses from the "cabbage patch."

THE HARMONY OF THE PROPHETIC WORD. By Arno C. Guebelin, editor of "Our Hope." New York: F. E. Fitch, No. 47 Broad street.

The author takes as the basis for his study the verse in the second epistle of St. Peter, ebginning, "And we have the prophetic word made surer, to which ye do well to take heed." He goes through the Bible noting the texts prophetic of the end of the present dispensation, the coming of Jehovah for judgment and the introduction of a new regime of righteousness and peace under thecratic government. It is argued y the author who cites numerous proprecises that the conversion of Israel to Christ will precede the "day of Jehovah." He shows the harmony of scripture prophecy in this respect, but unlike many writers on this subject he refrains from giving dates of future events, which is very sensible, as there have been so many failures of self-styled illuminati who assume to know the year and month and day of the second coming of Christ.

UNOFFICIAL. A TWO DAYS' DRAMA. By the Hon. Mrs. Walter R. D. Forbes (nee Farwell). New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price $1.

Mrs. Forbes has ingeniously told the story of Alice Aylmar's rescue from the clutches of her French husband M. Dubosq, chiefly in the conversational way. The poor girl had been handed over to Dubosq, a slimy serpent of a man, by her father before he died, in consideration of the payment of his debts by the Frenchman. She entered a life of misery and peril, gamblers her entourage. Accidentally her godmother, an English duchess, hears of her pitiable condition, and takes steps to save her from Dubosq, who was shamefully maltreating her. The Duchess fortunately had a leverage in the shape of accurate knowledge of a blasting scandal, which she used indirectly to release her godchild from a captivity worse than death. It is developed, too, that the girl found surcease from pain in the ardent love of a sturdy and devoted Englishman. Duosq was fortunately eliminated by a coup de grace during a quarrel.

LITERARY NOTES

W. Hamilton Gibson, author of popular nature books, began life as an insurance agent and was induced to make a vocation of art by seeing a workman making a drawing on a boxwood block. Then he tried it himself with success.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce "The Lieutenant Governor," by Guy Wetmore Carryl.

The Macmillan Company, New York announce "History of American Political Theories," by Edmund C. Merriam.

John Lane announces a series of "Country Handbooks," edited by Harry Roberts.

Professor Emory R. Johnson will contribute to Appleton's "Business Series" a volume on American railway transportation.

Professor Cairns of the University of Wisconsin is preparing a "Brief History of American Literature," which the Putnams will publish.

The library of the late Emil Zola is to be sold Monday at the Hotel Drouot in Paris. There are 3,000 volumes, including a manuscript breviary of the fifteenth century, in German binding of the seventeenth century.

The Macmillan Company announce "Roman Private Law," by H. J. Roby of St. John's college, Cambridge, England.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have published Dr. Holmes' popular novel, "Elsie Venner" in convenient, inexpensive form.

A. J. Holman & Co., Philadelphia, have published "Explorations in Bible Lands During the Nineteenth Century," by Professor H. V. Hilprecht, assisted by four noted German scholars. The professor was connected with the University of Pennsylvania's four Babylonian expeditions.

"In the Land of Fancy" is a volume of verse by Mrs. Libby C. Baer (New York: F. Tenneyson Neely, 114 Fifth avenue), whose recitations, chiefly for Memorial Day, are characterized by deep pathos and a genuine patriotism which popularizes them. Mrs. Baer is a member of the Woman's Relief Corps and in the poem, "Our Boy—Our Hero," she pours out the devotion of her mother's heart for the son who was killed in the war with Spain, and her strong self-sacrificing devotion to her country.

"Black Evan. A Tale of 'Forty-five'" is a story told in verse by Julia Ditto Young, author of "Glynn's Wife." The initial story is a tale of timid wooing and there is a strong Scottish flavoring to the whole book, as "Preston Pans," "The Passing of Bess," "Culloden," in all of which Black Evan figures as an adherent of the Stuart cause during the effort of Prince Charles to regain the throne. (New York: F. Tennyson Neely, 114 Fifth avenue.)

"A Daughter of the Pit" is a story of the English collieries, by Mrs. Margaret D. Jackson, an Englishwoman, now the wife of a New York physician. This is her first novel, announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. The latter also announce "His Daughter First," by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, a story of life in New York city.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

To the Editor of The Journal:

Defends the Teachers.

In yesterdays' issue of your paper I noticed a communication entitled, "A Plea for Sweet-Tempered Teachers," and I was greatly surprised that any parent who knows anything about the public schools of this city should write such an article, and I am inclined to believe he is rather bigoted in his views.

I am a junior in a high school and I can truthfully say that in all the years of my school life I have never met a teacher who had an "abusive and insulting manner" toward his or her scholars.

On the contrary, Minneapolis school teachers, or those of them with whom I have come in contact, are capable, honorable men and women, ladies and gentlemen in every sense of the word.

To be sure, teachers often lose their tempers, but who does not, under circumstances far less trying than those of teachers. And, after all, they are human, and I would judge that the parent had been thinking of the Spanish inquisition when he expressed his opinions in such forcible language as "teachers take delight in torturing their pupils." Indeed, it would be more truthful to say that pupils take a delight in torturing their teachers, especially if they find one new to the business. Even high school pupils, at an age when they should act as young ladies and gentlemen, often behave in such a way that they do not deserve to be treated as such. This point of view the parent seems to have entirely forgotten.

His suggestion that teachers be tested to give proof of their ability to keep their tempers is absurd. It would be just as sensible to try to have the same kind of weather every day, and it will be time to try his experiment when parents see that every occasion for teachers losing their tempers is removed.

—R. D. McLellan.

North High school.

Not Enough "Fads."

To the Editor of The Journal:

The school fad question is raging strong at present, it appears from the discussions in the press. The "rule of three' advocates attempt to give all other subjects a black eye by first giving them a bad name as fads. It appears to me that the fads so called should stand or fall on their respective merit. I oppose some of them myself, for instance basket weaving, sloyd, etc. But some of them are of the utmost importance and are a necessary part of our educational system and it would not be complete with them. Music, drawing, mechanical drawing, architectural drawing are to a large number of scholars a blessing that cannot be computed in money. Leave the "fads" out and education is a farce. If you leave all the "fads" out then I say close your high schools and your universities and hold your common schools down to reading, writing, spelling, grammar, history, geography and arithmetic. A six-year course, then, is enough. That will reduce the public school expenses by two-thirds. This would undoubtedly please the "antifaddists" and certain individuals of wealth who lack public spirit and patriotism. But by such a course you take away from the sons and daughters of the laboring classes and the small business men all the advantages of a complete education that Americans now can boast are open to all classes.

I was graduated from the North Side high school in 1894. Some of the studies that were of great benefit to others were of but small use to me. I felt that I received most benefit from our literary society. Each high school then had a teacher of elocution. But the anti-faddists have succeeded and now they have no such teachers and the scholars must learn to express themselves publicly outside of the public school. To every member of a lodge, society, union, political worker or active man, to speak well is an important qualification for sucecss or prominence.

To satisfy the wants of all classes it is essential that our educational system be complete. Progress in the arts, science, industry and invention makes more courses of study necessary to our school system. We should have a strictly business course in the high school, and a complete one of four years, comprising bookkeeping, business methods, shorthand, typewriting, etc. More education, not less, better and more complete courses of education. Progress should me the watchword of those who believe in our system of a free public school education.

—W. J. Gallagher.

Minneapolis, Minn.

AT THE THEATERS

Foyer Chat.

"Il Trovatore" will be sung at the Metropolitan to-night with Mr. Sheehan as Manrico, Mr. Goff as the count, Mr. Boyle as Ferrando, Mr. Fulton as Ruiz, Miss Ivell as Azucena, Miss Ramey as Inez and Miss Norwood as Leonora. This opera will be repeated Saturday evening with the same cast except that Miss Romano will sing Leonora and Mr. Coombs Ferrando. "Faust" will be given tomorrow night with Miss Rennyson as Marguerite, Miss Du Fre as Siebel, Miss Ramey as Martha, Mr. D'Aubigne as Faust, Mr. Carrier as Valentine, Mr. Boyle as Mephistopheles, and Mr. Coombs as Wagner. The same cast will present this opera at the matinee Saturday except that Miss Albright will replace Miss Du Fre in the role of Siebel.

Anna Held will appear at the Metropolitan all next week beginning Monday evening in De Koven & Smith's musical potpourri, "The Little Duchess." It is promised she will bring a beauty show beyond compare, and will be supported by a company of clever people including Joseph W. Herbert, George Marion, Frank Rushworth, Edouard Durand, Knox Wilson, Franz Ebert, Louise Royce, Billy Norton, Adelaide Orton, Eunice Drake and Maybelle Courtney.

Despite the bad weather the Ferris Stock company were greeted by a large audience at the "Shamus O'Brien" matinee to-day. Next week the Ferris company will produce a new comedy drama entitled "The Deputy Sheriff."

"Hearts of Oak," presented by a specially selected company and equipped with realistic scenery and effects, is to be produced at the Bijou for the first time at popular prices the coming week, commencing with Sunday matinee.

The simple, staightforwardness of its story and the quaintness and faithfulness to nature of its characters are elements in the success of Clyde Fitch's "Lover's Lane" at the Bijou the current week.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PUNCTUATION

Detroit Tribune.

Punctuation is not difficult until a writer makes it so. Many a young chap, unfamiliar with expressing his thoughts in black and white, is often heard to remark that uniform punctuation is an impossibility, and that there is very little use for it anyway. The average reader pays absolutely no attention to the marks—in fact, knows nothing of 'em—he says. But he doesn't know. Imagine Shakspere wrongly punctuated! Worse yet, suppose it were not punctuated at all. Even a scholar would have to pause and ponder over many of the passages. Strange as it may seem, a person may not understand how to punctuate, but every one who reads understands punctuation—in fact, is entirely guided—unconsciously—by these puissant marks.

HOW HE GOT TO HADES

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There was a crowd about St. Peter and some little confusion. All was going well, however, when a rasping voice from the rear of the group suddenly cried out:

"Step forward, please."

The good saint frowned.

"Here, William," he sharply called to his nimble attendant, "step back and drop that street-car conductor down the nearest chute."

Then the procession moved on.

The Nonpareil Man.

Casually Observed.

Uruguay is still having a revolt. The man who knew what the trouble was about left the country last fall, and it seems difficult now to stop the war.

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Whittaker Wright caused a loss to the stockholders running close to $100,000,000. His "ancestral lesion" must have been terrific.

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Two Americans automobed over into Mexico and the Mexicans seeing a wagon going along without a horse or a cow hitched to it, saw proof positive of witchcraft and slapped the chuffers into jail. Thus ever with progress and new ideas.

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Mr. Teller voted against the Panama canal. Why? Oh, he hadn't any reason.

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The Rockefeller ticket carried Tarrytown, N. Y., in the spring elections, and Mr. Rockefeller will not have to work out his highway tax.

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Gasolene lighting plants in South Dakota are blowing up freely of late. The trouble is not in the plants, but in the party with glasses on who always lights a match to locate the leak and "bang" goes the plant, with three or four prominent citizens forced out through the roof. The Madison, S. D., Outlook says that the plant at De Smet unhitches every time anybody looks fixedly at it. Recently it blew the superintendent through the side of a house, and when the contractor lit a match to look for the cause of the trouble he dropped it into the gas well, and it blew up again. Later they relieved the tank of all gas, and started workmen to fixing it, and as they lit the inevitable match, it blew up again. It will probably go on blowing up until the De Smet people burn all their matches or learn to prefer a natural death to an enforced variety at the hands of an explosion.

Flandreau, S. D., has just refused to pay for a recently installed municipal plant until they have used it a year. Meantime the leading citizens are wearing armor plate vests, and when they want to scratch matches they go out into the pasture and look all around first.

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The Kimball, S. D., Graphic, in its society column, notes the marriage, at Gann Valley by Squire Eastman, of Philip Never Misses and Rhoda Surrounded. Red Bear acted as best man and Victoria Leaf, the charming daughter of Mrs. Split Nose, was maid of honor. Frappe was served in the tepee. Government rations were served for eighteen.

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The Iowa insanity experts in the trial of Hamlet at Iowa City, testified that Hamlet was suffering from insanity because he saw his father's ghost. If this is the case all Hamlet's friends, and his mother as well, must be afflicted with what may be called "collusive insanity," for they saw it, too.

No, Sir! This column believes that Hamlet and his friends saw the figure they claimed to see, and that Hamlet did, as he said he would, thereafter put "an antic disposition on" so as to get confirmation of his father's murder.

The only trouble with Hamlet was that "he was a man of thought, on whom the necessity of action was laid" in this case for the first time, and the burden was a severe one. It is analagous to the new college graduate trying to hold down the telegraph editor's desk for the first time. He can do it—after a fashion—but it nearly kills the managing editor—and himself, too. And when the paper comes out it is often a tragedy that cannot be "laid on" the proofreader.

BOWSER'S HARD CIDER.

He Gets a Gallon From an Old Friend and Likes the Taste.

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The Bowsers had just finished dinner the other evening when the expressman drove up with a two-gallon jug which was tagged in Mr. Bowsers' name. The cork being removed and the contents sampled, he smacked his lips and explained:

"This must be hard cider. I had a letter way long last fall from an old friend in Chemung county, and I remember that he hinted about sending me down a jug of something good later on. By John, but the taste of it brings back the days when I used to walk three miles to the cider mill. The old days are gone never to return, but here is the cider, and I'd rather have it than so much champagne."

"I have heard that hard cider was almost as bad as whisky to intoxicate," observed Mrs. Bowser as Mr. Bowser got away with his second glass within five minutes.

"That's all nonsense. There isn't enough alcohol in a barrel of it to affect the brains of a canary bird. Um! But that is old times. I feel almost as if I were climbing apple trees again. If we only had a pumpkin pie now, I'd feel myself an Uncle Reube."

Mr. Bowser read his paper for ten minutes and then descended to the dining-room to see if the gas was turned out. He decided to kill two birds with one stone, and a third glass of hard cider followed the second and first. A quarter of an hour later the jug was tipped up for the fourth time within forty minutes, and soon after he came up stairs he began to grin and chuckle.

"Anything funny happen to-day?" queried Mrs. Bowser, after a sharp look at him.

"Yes. A fat man was running to catch a car, and ha! ha! ha! It was mean to laugh at him, but when he fell over a dog and rolled over and over how could any one help but—ho! ho! ho!"

"I wouldn't drink any more of that cider this evening if I were you."

"What's the matter with the cider—ha! ha! ha! Say, now, look at our old cat. Isn't she the picture of domestic contentment? With a dear little wife at my elbow and a blamed old cat on the hearth rug, I ought to be a happy husband, eh?. I think the basement door may be open, and I'll go down and see."

"I'll call the girl."

"No, I'll go. Yes, she's a nice old cat, and you are a dear little wife, and if you'd seen that fat man fall over that dog, you'd have gone into a ha! ha! ha!"

The basement door was not open. That cider jug was, however, and Mr. Bowser took advantage of the occasion. As he was all alone and in no hurry he drank a couple of glasses, and the taste carried him back to the days when harvest apples gave him the colic. He smiled to himself while drinking, but when he returned to the sitting room Mrs. Bowser noticed that his hilarity was on the wane. Five minutes later he turned to her and said:

"Do you remember that little red school house beyond the bridge where we went to school together?"

"Of course," she replied.

"Did I tell you that it had been torn down?"

"No."

"Yes, torn down and a cow stable put up there. How could they do it? That dear old school house was surrounded by sentiment. There was where I first met you. There was where I first loved you. There was where—where—"

He could not go on. He pulled out his handkerchief and held it to his eyes, and Mrs. Bowser realized that the hard cider from old Chemung had got in its work in good shape.

"Hadn't you better lie down on the lounge for an hour or so?" she suggested, as his tears continued to fall.

"No, sir," he replied with considerable force. "Mrs. Bowser, what kind of a woman are you? Here they go and tear down our dear little red school house, one of the most sacred spots on earth to us, and you haven't a word to say. Even when I tell you that the cows are now chewing their cuds on the spot where I first told you of my love, you do not shed a tear."

"I can't wee pover all the sad things I hear. In this case Isuppose the building was about ready to fall anyhow. Won't you lie down?"

"And there was the old oak under which we used to gather acorns," continued Mr. Bowser, as his face grew redder and more tears came. "They have gone and cut down that dear old tree and put up a windmill in its place. How dare they do it? It was under the um-um-umbrageous branches of that old oak that I first told you of my love—that you told me that my love was returned. I wanted to buy that tree and preserve it under a glass case, but they have cut it down and sold it for stove wood."

"It's too bad," said Mrs. Bowser, "but don't you think you'd better go to bed now? I don't think you are feeling very well."

"No, I'm not feeling well. Do you know, I feel that I won't live to bother any one much longer? I shall be found dead in my bed some morning, and that will be the end of it. I did want to see that dear old hill again—the spot where I first told you of my love as we were sliding down hill, but it cannot be. Do you know they have torn that hill down and made a wood yard on the spot? How could they do it—how could they?"

"Well, we are sorry, but we can't help it, and I think you had better go to bed now. You know you were up late last night."

"Go to bed? Never! How can I go to bed when I know that the dear old horse pond, in which I first told you of my love, has been cut up and sold by the piece? Such things sink deep into my heart, and if you were a true-hearted woman you would be weeping instead of sitting there like a log of wood. You wouldn't care if all the dear old things of your childhood were traded off for turnips."

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Bowser as he started down the hall.

"Where am I goin'? I'm goin' to find some one who can sympathize with me, and understand my feelings. You can sit there with your heart of stone, and the blamed old cat can sit there with you, but I—I—"

He put on his hat and overcoat and went out. The cold night wind dried his tears, but at the same time it set that hard cider working up in the top of his head, and Mr. Bowser had only reached the corner when he had to reach out for the fence. What happened to him in the next quarter of an hour was told by the policeman who brought him home.

"Madam," he said, as Mrs. Bowser answered his ring at the bell, "is this your husband?"

"Yes," she replied, as Mr. Bowser was assisted into the hall.

"His name is Bowser, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Yesh, name's Bowser," mused the culprit, as he leaned up against the wall and stared around.

"Has anything happened to unhinge his mind?" continued the officer. "I found him on the corner hanging to the fence and crying and muttering to himself about a little red tree and an old oak school house. He isn't crazy, is he?"

"Not at all. He simply received a jug of hard cider from Chemung county to-night."

"Ah, and he—he—"

"He sampled the cider."

"Yesh, shampled zhe shider," added Mr. Bowser.

"I see madam—I understand. He sampled the cider, and the cider sampled him. Sorry to have disturbed you. Better get him to bed soon."

"Mishus Bowsher," began Mr. Bowser, as the door was closed on the officer, "do you know zhat they have went and gone and cut down zhat dear old huckleberry swamp in which I first told you—"

"Up you go," she interrupted, as she pointed at the stairs.

Ten minutes later he was in bed and unconscious of the world.