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The Study of Charity.

The state conference of charities and corrections, which will be held next month in St. Peter, will be an occasion full of interest for all who pay attention to humanitarian matters. The perennial problem of the poor, the vicious and the wanderer, which has vexed society in all the ages, is being reduced as nearly to a science as it is possible for a problem with the human equation always present. Charity, which suffereth long, and is kind, which seeketh not her own, nevertheless has aspects other than the sentimental. Charity dispensed by the state, by the municipality, or thru organized societies, is a business proposition. Economy of expense and effort, with the greatest possible efficiency and kindness to the unfortunate, are essential features. Men of broad human sympathies, studying the needs of the unfortunate, have worked out policies and plans for charitable work, which in operation have been of vast service. Mercy to the helpless is combined with schemes for helping others to help themselves.

The study of these questions should enlist the interest of all public officials, and it is unfortunate that they have been so scantily represented at past conferences. A special appeal is now being made by Andrew J. Eckstein, of New Ulm, who is always a prominent figure in the conferences. Mr. Eckstein has written a letter to all county commissioners of the state, asking them to see that each county is represented by at least one member of the board. Mr. Eckstein is a county commissioner himself, and knows that the ideas gained at these conferences are of practical value in administering county poor funds, caring for jail prisoners, etc. His letter calls attention to a provision that many have overlooked, which permits county boards to draw on state funds to pay expenses of one member visiting the state conference each year. This forestalls any excuse put on financial grounds, and one of the five members of each county board can surely be found who can take the time to attend. The state conference of charities and corrections is an event which it is a privilege to take part in, and the coming gathering should be the largest and most interesting in the state's history.

And Mr. McGraw missed the hall of fame by three errors and a pop-up fly.

Reductions in Freight Rates.

The Commercial West remarks that The Journal ought in the interest of truth to publish the fact that grain rates and general merchandise rates have been reduced in this territory during the period when Professor Ripley notes a general advance in rates of 5 per cent. The Journal has always published the facts regarding any significant change in rates in this section. It believes in telling the truth whichever way it cuts. The article to which the Commercial West alludes was a comment upon Professor Ripley's argument that rates generally have risen in the past six years. The point was that during the merger period rates as a whole had risen rather than fallen.

So far as the reductions of rates in the northwest is concerned the public freely concedes that some things have been done, but it does not believe that concessions have been made as a gift from the railroads. It is a matter of recent history that the reductions made in grain rates on the Great Northern sprang from the action of the Canadian Pacific system in making certain reductions. It is an open secret that President Hill merely anticipated by a few hours the action that would have been made necessary by the action of the northern competitor. The northern lines have not been altogether removed from the competition of the Canadian Pacific system.

It is a happy thing for the northwest that this is true and it merely illustrates Professor Ripley's point that the increases have been in noncompetitive freight, but that in spite of decreases the general level of freights is higher by 5 per cent than it was six years ago.

It is reasonable to presume that mergers and consolidations tend in a measure to correct what railroad men would call excessive competition and that therefore the conclusion that the general level of freights has risen during the period of consolidations is significant.

Mr. Hughes now belongs to the nation. New York keep hands off.

Minnesota's Great School Fund.

The public schools of Minnesota have a magnificent endowment. The permanent school fund of the state, amounting to over $16,000,000 already, is growing at the rate of $1,000,000 a year, according to the statement of the state auditor, and conservative estimates place the final sum at $30,000,000. In these days of prosperity the lands granted by congress in trust for the school children of Minnesota are bringing handsome returns.

The assets of this fund, being converted into money, consist of land, timber and minerals. Two sections in every township were reserved by government grant as school sections, and in addition all lands classified as "swamp" are turned over as fast as they are surveyed, to the state, to be divided equally between the school fund and the fund for maintaining state institutions. The proceeds from these lands are practically the sole foundation for the great school fund. Tracts fit for farming purposes are sold to settlers on long-time contracts at a minimum price of $5 an acre. Where there is merchantable timber, the stumpage is sold at auction, the land being reserved. Where iron ore is found, mineral leases are taken, which are converted into fifty-year contracts if they become productive, and on these the school fund receives a royalty of 25 cents on every ton of ore mined. The fund grew slowly in the days before pine stumpage became valuable, and when it was being wantonly dissipated by unchecked trespassing. Now, however, the returns are heavy from all three sources, land, timber and ore.

Not a cent of this great revenue is being expended. It is accumulating in principal, and only the interest is being used for the current expenses of the public schools. It is distributed to school districts twice a year on a per capita basis, together with proceeds from the one-mill direct tax levy, and this distribution amounts to more than $4 a year for every child in attendance forty days or more of the school year. The constitution requires that "the principal of all funds arising from sales or other disposition of lands or other property, granted or entrusted to this state in each township for educational purposes shall forever be preserved inviolate and undiminished." The growth of this principal is faster now than the growth of the population, and the interest revenue is playing a constantly larger part in financing the schools of the state.

Such an endowment is a magnificent heritage, untainted by the greed and business piracy of any so-called philanthropist, but the people's own endowment, set apart by the nation from Minnesota's natural wealth to insure the perpetuity of popular education. It is a monument of foresight and statesmanship that will be perennial. Generations yet unborn will feel its influence, and because of this enormous educational foundation, Minnesota will occupy a place unique among the states.

Mr. Calhoun should be called on to investigate the asphalt question in Minneapolis as well as in Venezuela.

Women's Clubs.

The National Federation of Women's Clubs is soon to convene in the city. The prospect has stimulated interest in local club work, and revived the never-settled, ever-recurring question of the use and abuse of women's clubs.

Not so many years ago, a club for women was a thing unknown. Today a very large number of the women of the country are organized into a sort of national university, with classes scattered all over the land, and a curriculum as varied as that of any university in existence.

The first fever of the club fad has abated, but it has settled into a steady glow that indicates that the women's club has come to stay. It is so subversive of the old order of things, that the conservative world cannot allow it to pass without challenging its right to be. Is this new interest, which absorbs so much of the time and strength and ability of women a blessing or a curse to society? Does it help or hurt the individual woman? The answer to the one question is the answer to the other. If club work benefits the individual woman, it benefits society at large. For what helps one, helps all.

The wife and mother, immersed in the cares of the home, needs and must have some powerful incentive from without, in order to keep up with the times. Otherwise she allows the little details of her daily routine to fill her whole life, and crowd out larger things. She becomes in time what William Dean Howells calls "hen-minded," and falls far behind her husband and children who mingle with the outside world.

In the old days, the church was woman's only safeguard against this tendency toward retrogression. Today, while the church still is and still should be foremost among the interests of women, yet its spirit is multiplied in many other forms of doing and receiving good. Light broken into its component colors by a prism, is still light. So, charity, the light of the church, broken into its prismatic colors in the educational and reform movements of the day, is still charity. And charity in all its forms belongs to women.

Critics sometimes own that philanthropic clubs are justifiable, but regard study clubs as a different matter. But are they so totally different? "Thou that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?" If women are to be useful to others, they must themselves be educated. And education is not completed with a diploma. It must be a constant development.

Again it is urged that study clubs are not really educative, that women could sit at home and learn more in an hour's application to books than in an afternoon's dilletante work at a club.

Possibly so, but the trouble is, they would not do it. They need a motive, an occasion, a necessity to hold them to study. Moreover, people get more from each other than from books. The written song is nothing compared to the song made to live by the human voice. So the written idea is nothing compared to the idea that comes to us clothed with a personality. The knowledge gained from study is not so important as the power gained from the use of the faculties. And the faculties are best exercised by the personal contact of mind with mind.

Study clubs are a sort of self-help university extension course. And self-help is the best kind of help. When people come together voluntarily, bent on learning a thing, they are morally certain to learn it.

The objection is often made that women have no time for club-work. But as a matter of fact, club-work is a time-saver. It gathers up and pieces into a whole, those scraps of time that would otherwise go into the rag bag of idleness. Those stray moments, waiting for meals, or resting from physical work, are caught up and wrought into a knowledge of Shakspere's plays or the history of the French Revolution, or current events, or some other permanent acquisition. The secret about being able to do club-work is that it crowds out wasted moments and unimportant interests. If we do the best things first, the unworthy and trivial fall away of themselves. Therein lies the true economy of time.

The important question is, how much club-work should a woman do? The only rule, in this as in other things, is moderation. It is never safe to assume that because a little is good, more is better. Club-work is valuable but there are other interests of home, and church and school take precedence of club-work in the heart of every true woman.

A New York insurance paper denounces "the reptile press." "We seen our duty," etc.

An Onlooker in America.

One of the first things the amateur photographer must learn is to focus the camera. Until he can do that reasonably well he will make no good pictures. To get the right focus is equivalent to bringing the object in hand into the right perspective. Clear vision demands that the subject viewed be located neither too close to the eye nor too far away.

Perspective has to do with correct views obtained thru the mind's eye as well as thru the physical organ of sight. Distorted views of men and things are often due to our being too close to them. They are out of focus. The mental impression is blurred; it has no sharp outlines; but when we can interpose the proper distance, every detail comes out clear and distinct.

Almost every thoughtful person has applied this principle to his own case. He has projected himself, so to speak, out of his environment and has found amusement and sometimes profit in standing off and looking at himself mentally. It is a good thing to do once in a while. It enables one to obtain a fairer view of his own conduct, of the influences which control him, of motives which govern his actions and enables him to form a more correct judgment not only of his own importance, but of the real merits of those things which seem important when he is crowded close to them.

From such a viewpoint it is interesting to size up one's political principles, his religious beliefs and practices, his business methods and perhaps more pleasant and agreeable is it to look from this vantage point at the conditions and state of society generally—to compare things as they are now with all they are known to have been in earlier periods and to speculate upon what improvements the future is likely to make upon the present conditions of life.

An interesting view of ourselves as others see us is given today in the exceedingly entertaining interview with a Bontoc chief from the mountains of the island of Luzon, printed in the magazine section. This Bontoc chief is in America with a number of his fellow Iggorotes to amuse the pleasure-seekers of Coney Island. A writer for the New York Independent has interviewed him. The forms of expression are, of course, those of the writer, but the peculiar notions expressed are undoubtedly a fair interpretation of the thought of this primeval savage brought suddenly in contact with the most modern types of western civilization.

It is curious to note that he is not overwhelmed at all but calmly compares our condition with that of his own people—sometimes very much to our disadvantage, in his judgment. This is clearly a case of first impressions. The people and things which impress themselves upon his mind are printed on a plastic surface unbroken by any prejudices, by any previous conceptions of what he has now seen and heard. The ideas he gains of us here in America are altogether free from the influence of previous knowledge. The first impression in his case is as truly a first impression as an artist's proof and we feel quite sure that the readers of The Journal will be more than amused—that they will find much that is suggestive in the interesting exposition in this interview of what ideas are formed in the savage mind observing the facts of the highest civilization.

One thing, at least, will suggest itself—the state of supreme contentment and satisfaction with which this natural man turns from all the accessories and luxuries of our civilization to a preferment for his own simple life. What he sees begets him no desire to appropriate to himself the complex civilization which he sees about him in America. On the contrary, he seems to appreciate that, whatever of advantages it may contain, it carries with it the penalty of effort to possess it, which suggests to his mind distress and hardship.

But a more interesting suggestion and the one most easily followed and made use of is offered in his attitude of cool and disinterested speculation as to the merits of our civilizaton. This savage has not suspected it, but he is from his peculiar viewpoint sizing up and deliberately condemning the commercialism of our age. He looks at all the forces and powers and devices, at all the effort and struggle put forth in order to accumulate and possess and enjoy the material things of this life and turns away with sincere pity for us as a lot of poor fools. Of course, he catches no glimpse of the service which learning and art and culture and religion render to the happiness of civilized man. He doesn't know anything about that, but he can grasp the fact that a large element of the civilized world live for time and sense only and he concludes that what they get out of life isn't worth what it costs.

The conclusion of the Iggorote is not only interesting; it is suggestive of the propriety of taking not his, of course, but our own true perspective of the complex system of life in which we are immersed and out of which some of us get so little of real value for this life or for that which is to come.

If the author of "Everybody Works But Father" makes $10,000 out of his song, as predicted, it is certainly the Haul of fame.

Good Manners on the 'Phone.

It may become somebody's duty yet to construct a code of telephone etiquet. If anything of that kind is done the rules should go farther than merely to prescribe how central should be addressed, what kind of language may properly be used over the telephone and how much patience should be exercised in its employment. These matters have been discussed a good deal, but there is one matter relating to telephone manners which ought not to be left out of the code. It relates to the practice of instructing the stenographer or the switchboard to get Mr. So-and-so on the phone. This is done for the convenience of Mr. What's-his-name, and often without any decent regard for the value of Mr. So-and-so's time. Mr. So-and-so's telephone rings at his desk and a gentle voice inquires: "Is this Mr. So-and-so?" After receiving an affirmative answer the gentle voice continues: "Mr. What's-his-name wishes to speak with you. Please hold the line."

Mr. What's-his-name is busy with things on his desk or somebody has come in, or something has happened to take him out of the room, or he has not expected that Mr. So-and-so would answer so promptly. Meanwhile Mr. So-and-so, whose time is just as valuable as Mr. What's-his-name's is holding the telephone and with each half-minute suffering a keener sense of the disrespect which is shown by What's-his-name in assuming that Mr. So-and-so will hold the telephone indefinitely and await his convenience.

Of course, good manners and gentlemanly breeding will settle all these things for the right kind of people, and the man who has the proper appreciation of the courtesy due to another whose time is equally valuable will be very careful not to offend in this particular. But there are some people who are not able to appreciate the situation, to whom a new book of rules on telephone etiquet ought to be sent with a marked paragraph relating to this particular matter.

The importance of inviting the president to New Orleans is shown in the fact that the mosquitoes are already thinning out.

A Noble Charity.

The late W. H. Elsinger, one of the proprietors of the Golden Rule store in St. Paul, left much of his fortune to charities—some of a private nature, but much in the shape of bequests to public institutions. In addition to gifts to established charities Mr. Elsinger planned a new charity such as he felt was needed and left $25,000 to start it. The plan he had in mind was the establishment of a rescue home for children to be built somewhere between the two cities and to be managed by the Salvation Army. The deceased together with his brother, who survives him, had long worked on the plans for this charity and had an expectation that finally $100,000 would be devoted to completing the detail of the scheme and putting it in working operation.

The Rescue home included in its scope the caring for children of those who are obliged to go out to service or to take employment in factories or shops. As every one realizes one of the greatest obstacles in the way of mothers who have been left without their natural support and are obliged to rely on their own exertions is the problem of the care of the children in their absence. The plan of Mr. Elsinger contemplates the solution of this puzzle by the establishment of a temporary home for the children. It did not contemplate the relinquishment by the mothers of their claim upon the little ones nor a permanent separation, but the proper care for the children during the mother's necessary absence. The charity, thus, does not come in conflict with any other, but seeks a field which is covered by no other at the present time.

The idea of such a charity immediately strikes one as being both practical and sound and the right kind of charity, since it contemplates help to those who are already trying to help themselves. It is to be hoped that Mr. Elsinger's noble idea will be put in practical use very soon.

Your Uncle Shelby Cullom, candidate for the senate, thought it would be a good idea to shelve one of his competitors by appointing him to the interstate commerce commission. Your uncle seems to have obtained his own consent and the consent of the rival to this amicable arrangement, but he totally overlooked the fact that the president had not been consulted. When he arrived at the White House to take up the subject in a senatorial courtesy sort of a way he found that the president had promised the job to a democrat out in California. Then for the first time a senator made a motion to curtail debate. It consisted in lifting his hat and umbrella from the president's desk and bidding him a sad good morning.

The Atlanta Constitution has uncovered a frightful monopoly that is eating away at the heart of the south. Three big railroads entering Atlanta use the same terminal station, from and to which only the Atlanta Baggage and Car company may carry the trunks and grips and bundles of the traveling public. The result of this monopoly is the maintenance of robber rates. The Constitution calls this trust as "merciless, inexcusable and rapacious" as any spawn of special privilege ever permitted to exploit a suffering people. The "special privilege" does not care what your politics is so long as it has the opportunity to feel your pocket.

Jack Bennett, who was playing baseball on the lot and had to be chased away when Colonel Stevens laid the foundation for the first house in Minneapolis, is in the city handing out information about Philadelphia, where he now rules railroads and baseball lore. He protests against the use of the word "grafter" as applied to Philadelphia aldermen. He says graft means where the aldermen take a piece of the public money, but in Philadelphia, where they take it all, the expression is inapplicable.

The Dougherty case reveals a number of dummy school directors. Dougherty not only ran the schools, but he ran the finances as well or as ill. It does seem as tho school boards, while they might be excused for not keeping a close grip on the teaching or text-books, could never be excused from the duty of taking care of the finances of the schools.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long-tailed coat
All buttoned down before.

If Grimes the man had been a maid,
He might have had the knack
To Jiu Jitsu that there coat
And button it up the back.

Admiral Dewey is in favor of heavier battleships and younger men to fight them. There is a limit either way. The Bennington seems to have been destroyed and to have cost the United States navy more lives than the whole Spanish war, because the niggardly congress left its engines in charge of a mere boy.

Life insurance magnates are threatening to retaliate by publishing the names and amounts received of every individual in the country who has blackmailed them. The country would freely give $5 to get hold of this list of names with specifications.

Speaking of the knockers that are always running down their own city, Alderman Pendergast of Kansas City says: "You can't saw wood with a hammer."

There is deep wisdom in that.

Three-fourths of the Oregon delegation in congress has been sentenced to jail. This is not said as a fling at Oregon. It may reflect on states where the delegations are larger and the proportion of sentenced members smaller.

Twenty years ago H. W. Shaw, more widely known as Josh Billings, died at Monterey, Cal. Shaw's life was a sad one. He had to write foolish stuff for money when he felt that he could do better.

A 100-pound Japanese girl threw a half-ton masher all over the street by the jiu-just-as-easy process and then came into court and showed how it was done. But would it work in a tunnel?

A man named Gwili, a Welsh preacher, has just finished to his satisfaction a sermon on which he has been engaged for fifteen years. Wonder if the same satisfaction will be felt in the pews?

Since the talented authoress of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" has been admitted to the hall of fame, the authoress of "Beautiful Snow" ought to be presented a neat fall wrap.

Seattle did not want the Christian Endeavor convention, the papers there state. Endeavor of that character would probably be wasted in Seattle during the real-estate boom.

The usual shortage of the cranberry crop, a story due at this time of year, is reported. There is, however, a fair line of turkeys roosting back of the barn.

Plattsmouth, Neb., is organizing an antichicken thief vigilance committee. Tar and feathers first and the courts afterward are the proposed remedies.

The charge of drunkenness against Captain Taggart was not sustained, it being amply proved that the captain's capacity had never been reached.

An Oregon county, Mo., paper is running a serial it calls "A Description of Hell." The St. Louis city council is said to be furious.

To get a good job in the Mutual Life it was only necessary either to cure some section of the McCurdy family or to elope with it.

Secretary Shaw's scheme of elastic currency is all right, but we would like to see a little more elasticity in a ton of coal.

As the facts about other insurance companies come out young Mr. Hyde begins to feel that he was but an amateur.

Those three young Unitarian scoundrels, Hale, Elliot and Long, were barred from the religious federation.

France and England meant to jump on that Kaiser Wilhelm boy, but not if he was looking.

The yellow peril—Billy Hearst—is running for mayor of New York.

HOW EDISON SAVES MONEY

Augusta, Ga., Herald.

Mr. Edison says he does not associate with men whose lives are devoted to getting money. That's probably why Mr. Edison has been able to save something.

IS IT ON STRAIGHT?

Chicago News.

St. Louis should watch Chicago and learn how to wear a lid gracefully.

WITH THE LONG BOW

In Which the Value of the Universe Is Conclusively Proved and It Is Clearly Shown that the Righteous Are Never Forsaken—An Argument in Favor of Putting the Scenery to Work.

Did you ever sit down to the dinner table with a feeling of comfortable satisfaction in the prospect, eat steadily thru split pea soup, calves' liver and bacon (a dish in which the calf and the pig had colaborated nobly) baked potatoes, sliced tomatoes, four small hot biscuits, a cup of mild tea, nut salad and a pie that would make David sit down at his desk and toss off a psalm of gratitude; and then arise up as a strong man about to run a race, walk out into the garden, breathe the frosty air and see the light of a yellow moon as big as a cow pumpkin just coming up in the east whitening the tops of the last astors?

No man can doubt the general blessedness of the universe after an experience like this.

A certain smart writer, quoting David in the passage in which the psalmist declared he had never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread, declared that that was where he had the advantage of David, for he had seen the righteous frequently forsaken and his seed reduced to the necessity of borrowing his tobacco.

With all due respect to this bright modern commentator, we must doubt the truthfulness of his vision. The "righteous" must be the "all right," and if they were all right, of course they were not forsaken, for then they would cease to be all right and when they weren't all right they ought to be forsaken until they get right again.

The word "righteousness" perhaps contains a little more than our fathers saw in it. The fathers were awfully good fellows and did the best they knew, but there were things that even they didn't know—the telephone for instance.

The New York Post, which knows everything, recently defined hunger thus: "Hunger is the sensation felt because of the contraction of the muscularis either of the pylorus or possibly also entire stomach or of the duodenum, or of the contraction of the muscularis of all these structures. If the contraction is more intense it is felt as a painful hunger."

Personally we are convinced that the Post is wrong for once. Suppose you were dead. The contraction of the muscularis of the pilorus (and the rest of them) might be brought about by an electric stimulus, but you wouldn't be hungry at all.

Anyhow you know what little girls think. They tell you. The little girl at her first party finally said to the lady in charge:

"Please, will you tell me which is the lady what's giving this party, 'cause I promised mummy to say, 'Goodby, thank you very much for the nice party,' and I can't go home till I've said it; and—and I do so want to get away from this horrible place."

Don't your heart just go out to her?

A Walsh county, N. D., schoolteacher had a little fun trying to scare a threshing crew which was pounding out twenty bushels of wheat to the acre and seventeen hours out of a day, in a field near by. She secured a large, open-face pumpkin and a sheet and thought the boys would have a fit.

They did not, but the next morning at 4 a.m. when the threshing outfit was being moved into the next field, the engine stopped under the teacher's window and the whistle was tied down. The noise that drifted in on the young lady pulled up fence posts for miles around and awakened the editor of the Grafton Record, who leaped into his panties, interviewed all parties concerned and secured a beat on the Bismarck Palladium staff which slept thru it all.

While in the east this summer I secured an old daguerreotype of St. Anthony Falls, taken in 1856. It was a glorious sight. There stood the scenery just as it had been for hundreds, possibly thousands of years. You could almost hear the tumultuous thunder of the waters and see the dashing spray.

But as I came across the stone arch bridge a week or so later and looked over at the tamed river with its apron on and saw the great mills all around chewing up the wheat night and day, I rejoiced mightily that the scenery that had stood around and loafed so long had at last been put to work. Man works so hard and so often that he has a right to rejoice when he sees the landscape put into the treadmill. I am not one of those who mourn at the passing of Niagara, if it is going to pass. If the falls can be made to beat the carpet, put on the storm sash and light the house, we say "let the confounded old scenery work for us."

The only trouble with this argument is that a big corporation of fat boys secures all the scenery and fines you like everything for allowing it to work for you. It is not a question of taming the scenery so much as it is of disciplining the strong. Everybody knows that this is hard work. —A. J. R.

The Clairvoyant at Dobbins' Camp

A lanky feller come to camp some time in '53
An' hired a thing he called a "sweet" at Dobbins' hostelry.
An' the boys then held a meetin' an' they resolooted thus:
"To find jest what this 'sweet' is like it now is up to us;"
Fer, as Yankee Perkins mentioned, "Ef sweets is what we git
At old Dan Dobbins' hostelry, the fac's concealed as yit."
So we named a full committee of a style an' manner neat,
An' urged it to investigate an' sample of that "sweet."
So the members they got active an' reported jest this here:
"That 'sweet' is Dobbins' garret an' the closet ter the rear."

Oh, then the boys showed some disgust, an' says, "Can this here be,
That a 'sweet' is jest a garret in a spavined hostelry?"
An' they showed some irritation, till Missoury see the same,
An' says, "Fer this committee I would also here proclaim
That the spindle-legged hyphen which occupies the 'sweet'
Remarked that he's a clearvoyant that's middlin' hard to beat,
Explainin' what clearvoyant is, he didn't make to free.
But he said he'd hold a meetin' so the hull dern camp could see,
At which some ghosts would prowl eround an' their assistance lend."
Then we passed a resolootion that we reckoned we'd attend.

There was some that asked inquirin' ef a ghost its weepin drew,
Fer, as they remarked suggestive, "We have casual made a few;"
But when the evenin' time come round I noticed they was there,
Remarkin' that they'd try a ghost ef they was one to spare.
Firs' thing the candles was blowed out, an' each man grabbed his gun,
Fer ef they's shootin' in the dark you're apt to pain some one.
"Is they a man named Texas here?" the clearvoyant then said,
"Fer ef they is a friend has come to greet him frum the dead;"
"An' then he whispered some to Tex, an' Tex he ans'ered, "Well,
I ain't admittin' it, you bet—but don't you dare to tell!"

That was the derndest clearvoyant that ever I have saw,
An' things he told us that night they filled our souls with awe;
Until he to Missoury come an' says: "You'd best prepare
Fer one I see—she's in the flesh—which same she has red hair,
An' she is campin' on your trail an' says she'll have your life."
Then Missoury sort o' fainted, an' then he gasped, "My wife!"
Per'aps your faith in clearvoyants is slim. Well, all I say
Is that a red-haired woman come, an' come that very day,
She had a dark an' piercin' eye, a tongue you can't fergit—
She didn't find Missoury, tho, fer he had sort o' flit.

—A. J. Waterhouse in San Francisco Call.

JUST FOR FUN

Council Bluffs Nonpareil—Son—What is a financier, pa?

Father—A financier, my son, is a man who has so much money that it takes a legislative committee to find out to whom it belongs.

Philadelphia Press—Miss Bute—O! yes, I feel pretty sure of him. I rejected him when he first proposed because I was positive he would try again.

Miss Koy—You were right; he did try again and I accepted him last night.

Philadelphia Ledger—"You were employed by Mrs. Swellman, you say?" said the house keeper. "That was your last place, wasn't it?"

"I do not think so," replied the Boston servant maid; "I expect to get another. If, however, you really meant to inquire if my 'latest' place was with Mrs. Swellman, my reply is in the affirmative."

Columbus Dispatch—Naomi—Young Goodwin tried to kiss me last night and I told him to behave.

Eloise—And did he kiss you?

Naomi—No; the idiot actually behaved.

Chicago News—Jillson—How's your rheumatism to day, old man.

Billkins—It's working overtime, thank you; but I'm not able to do much myself.

IT WAS ABOUT DUE

Boston Herald.

Perhaps Joseph Benson Foraker is trying to dissemble his love, but why does he kick the administration downstairs?

NEVER DID SCARE

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There is no use in reading the feminine riot act to Grover Cleveland. He will continue to have his say on that woman question.

CIVIC PRIDE

Detroit Journal.

With characteristic civic pride Chicago insists that her own insurance company is just as rotten as any of them.

FROM OTHER VIEW POINTS

New York Press—The insurance business has proved to be a terrible risk for the policyholder.

Baltimore Sun—Speaking about the sex of angels, a chorus of men of the Taft girth and with wings outstretched would add to the substantiality of paradise.

New York Herald—Wonder if there isn't more than a coincidence in the fact that Oregon is to remove the stripes from its convicts just at a time when some of its leading statesmen have been convicted of gross land frauds?

New York Press—One of the highest qualifications the life insurance president of the future can offer will be a total estrangement from all his relatives and a childless wife.

New York Tribune—Senator Foraker, when he gets a good look at it, knows a Philadelphia hawk from a handsaw.

DODGED STEFFENS, ANYHOW

Kansas City Times.

Tho a grand jury has finally found them out, the Milwaukee politicians doubtless point with pride to the way they eluded Lincoln Steffens.

LADIES VEXED AT GROVER

Detroit Journal.

Honorable Grover Cleveland signalizes the close of the fishing season by returning to his ponderous attack upon the women's clubs and woman suffrage.

THIS DAY

One day at a time is given us,
The hours come one by one;
Then why do we sigh and struggle and cry,
Over trials that never may come?

Why climb the steep hills of the future?
Why look for the rocks on the way?
If worries should come, they will pass, one by one.
And strength will be given each day.

This day is the day we are living;
This day we should do our best,
If each hour be bright, with truth and with right,
At sunset will come peace and rest.

—Edna Fuller Kirk.

Defective Page