

make many errors."—Yuan Shi Kai.

We hereby invite Yuan Shi Kai to come over here and see a Republican government, which, although gray with experience, persists in making errors. Experience hasn't anything to do with it.

Someone having stuck a bayonet into Wm. R. Nelson, editor of K. C. Star, that gentleman has wakened up long enough to murmur, editorially: 'Roosevelt will accept a third term if it's offered to him.'

Fort Leavenworth federal penitentiary to have baseball league. Three teams. Indians, negroes and whites.

Porfirio Diaz, now resident in France, "finds much satisfaction in Madero's troubles.

That bloody-minded old tyrant probably will laugh himself to death at the huge joke Wall street has played on the gentle and unsuspecting Madero.

"Seizing a toy pistol with which the children had been playing, she boldly entered the parlor and searched its nooks. (Fullstop) The young woman found the burglar hiding behind the piano. ('Nother full one) Pointing the toy at the man, who doubtless believed it was a real weapon, Miss Meisenheimer, threatened to shoot. Thus she compelled the man to back out of the house and flee for his life."

The above is one of life's little tragedies, as described by the Record-Herald.

Country surrounding Terre Haute, Ind., being searched for

bandit who tried to hold up Vandalia mail train. Bandit fired at, and missed, engineer 4 times. Then ran away.

P. S.—The engineer later was discovered in a hog trough.

John H. Phipps, Shenandoah, Ia., initiated into Elks on 100th birthday.

Graham Gilmour, aviator, fell 400 feet in monoplane at Richmond, Eng. Killed.

Maltese cat hatched 15 chickens from eggs of hen belonging to Peter Donlin, Pittsfield, Mass., which died.

We're going to find out about our correspondent at Pittsfield, Mass., ourselves.

Housewives' League of N. Y. going to do own marketing to cut down cost of living.

Attempt being made to locate Nord Deutsche Lloyd liner Maine by wireless. Believed to be aground in Chesapeake Bay.

George Sicler and Genevieve Laurents, both in last stages of consumption, were married as they lay on adjoining cots in hospital at Philadelphia.

King Edward VIII, a cat, occupied box seat at Republic theater with Mrs. A. Arthur Alfred Brooks, of N. Y. Wore crown and ermine robe, and was fed cakes between acts.

Oh, piffle! Oh, molasses! Oh, gingerbread cake! Oh, warts!

As for Mrs. A. Artha Alfred Brooks—Well, what can you expect from a woman who parts her name in the middle twice like that!