

# THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE IN FRANCE



let her trunks go freely out. As impounding their hats, shoes and street wraps for pretended debt was almost the last resort of constraint, the relief was great. The policeman must respond with diligence and kindness. If the escaping girl requests it they must take her to the commissary—called the "Father of the Ward"—with a view to her home or protection and patronage. Or, if she demands it, the policeman must let her call a cab and go her way. Liberty to go her way holds all the effectiveness of the law.

What astonishes Parisians is the tale of actual violence and physical constraint, when it comes out, rarely. They know that to make an inmate, the girl's good will must first be won. Even passive resignation is not sufficient for one capital act, great with destiny, to dodge which is to risk her boring a girl without a card. This deliberate act, without which no girl can be safely kept a week as boarder, willing or unwilling, is her independent visit to the prefecture of police, to make her bid and demand a card. A fatherly party reads the applicant to a solemn lecture, bids her meditate—and return in a week. She is told what the card is—a slavery of its own. The card is, nevertheless, a tower of defense for the innocent against constraint.

Whenever the London officers of the international bureau intercept a cargo of white slaves from France, they find either cynical old hands perfectly aware of their destination or else innocent girls counting on a situation. Mr. Coote complains bitterly of certain French intelligence offices. Recently four girls, well brought up and respectable, were thus sent to London. Each understood that a situation awaited her. Yet no sooner had they arrived than their money was taken from them on the pretext of changing it; and Mr. Coote's agents got hold of them just in time. He seems to be persuaded that violence would have been possible in London. "Surely the French intelligence office should have been prosecuted," he writes, "but nothing was done. However well the French law may be administered at home, it seems to be relaxed when exportation is in question."

He is right. One of the reasons is that the detective brigades in the great French cities have been fully occupied with their specialty. They are only too glad when old hands willingly seek foreign shores. And those who are not old hands have not come under their observation. Intelligence office frauds have not been in the line of these brigades, because the recruiting was not being done for Paris. At the time of the first conference, in 1902, France suffered from a special form of café-concert slavery peculiarly insidious, in that it had a public amusement blind for its customers and could lure innocent girls with the promise to put them on the stage. They imagined that they were going into honest vaudeville entertainments. The first step was to put them in debt for "costumes and stage training." The second step was to ship them to the low "cafés-concerts" that sprang up like poisonous mushrooms all over France, even in comparatively small towns. And the third step was run on the spot by drink and bad example, because they must eat and "consume" with the audience between turns.

Once they got started, the special brigade wiped out the café-concert slave trade promptly. It was a trade of the middle age, posing as theatrical managers and agents. It had been able to grow up because it was not in Paris.

Present international white slavery is similar new work for the special brigades. Its chief lure is the employment agency. Its chief blind for the police is at present the old standby of ridding Paris of female undesirables. But the special brigades have had their eyes opened, and as the operators are but mature recals of both sexes ripe for jail, a single conviction will be sufficient for each. And France will cease to hold the exporting record of the white slave trade.

EVERYONE asks why France is the worst exporter of white slaves, while in Paris the unfortunate ones are fairly well protected from exploitation, writes a Paris correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald. Alexander Coote, secretary of the International Bureau for the Repression of the Trade, is telling the French that American public opinion does them full justice; it was the French government, on Senator Berenger's proposal, that convoked the first official conference in 1902, resulting in the international agreement on which America is basing her efforts. Also, it was the French national committee that organized the magnificent congress that has given results over the entire world. "Yet," says Mr. Coote, in the Paris Matin, "there is truth in the public opinion of America that France exports more unfortunate women than any other country."

Paris papers quote from the American congressional report, and from American magazines and daily press. The French are astonished and distressed at their bad record. Why they wiped out the café-concert slavery of 1902; and only in 1908 a law went into effect tearing out of the hands of the managers of "maisons closes" (boarding houses) their last hold on the girls inveigled into them. The new law caused hilarity at the expense of the disreputable houses. No matter how much money a misled girl may owe the establishment, she can requisition the first policeman to make them

## TEACUP POLITICS.

A Bit of Life at Washington in Which Women are Prominent. From Ash Wednesday until the summer time scattering, the teapot and the samovar, with the punch bowl as a helpful ally, become potent aids in the forwarding of political careers at Washington. How efficacious these simple elements in the official game of good fellowship prove to be is past conjecturing. But old-time hostesses wall up in the sport of politics as played across the afternoon tea table are the last to decry the tea-drinking habits as practiced in Washington.

The wag who said that "politics is the voice of Washington women" would have found more in the tale of those who surround the tea tables to support his views. Many of the prettiest and apparently least serious young women in officialdom actually have "views" on subjects political, which show that the young heads beneath the elaborate coiffures are better stored with knowledge than even their most ardent admirers would have dared to hope. In the game of politics as played by fair women, the tea table is an all-important adjunct.

Those who make the rounds of Washington drawing rooms assert that everything from a nomination to the corraling of a goodly block of votes may be accomplished at a Washington "afternoon tea." For the orderly and effectual dissipation of impatient ructions "back home" nothing is equal to the simple expedient of asking the wife of a visiting constituent to assist at one of these weekly functions. "Feminine" language is not equal to holding out against the lures offered by the tactful hostess, and many a cup of tea steeped in the drawing room of an accomplished woman of the world has marked the turning point in a career.

## SHOP GIRL BRIDE OF PHILANDER C. KNOX, JR.



The bride of the son of Secretary of State Knox was Miss Mary Boler, a shop girl of Providence, R. I. Her husband was first suspended from school for his elopement and then was told by his father to look out for himself. He has \$100 a month from an inheritance and has accepted a job as an auto salesman to piece out his income.

**To Be Called Early.**  
"On the morrow call me early. Call me early, mother dear." Said the maid unto her parent As she brushed away a tear.

"Are you going shopping, daughter? Are you going out to dine? Or why should I call you early. Call you early, daughter mine?"

"Let me whisper to you, mother. Let me whisper in your ear: 'Tis tonight I marry early—Mr. Early, mother dear."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Not Altogether.**  
Promoter—I'd like to bring a trolley road into your town if I can raise the wind here.

Uncle Si—Waal, I'll be gosh darned! I s'posed they was still runnin' 'em by electricity.—Boston Herald.

**Quite a Difference.**  
"Women have to be the best of it." "How do you make that out?" "Well, nearly every day some millionaire marries a poor actress, but you never hear of an heiress marrying a poor actor."—Detroit Free Press.

## WONDERFUL PRODUCTIONS OF THE MODERN STAGE.



THE FINAL SCENE IN THE "CHANTECLER."

Chantecler, the king of the farmyard, is convinced that his role in life is to make the sun rise with his crowing. One day, while Chantecler is happy in his supremacy over all the other birds, the eternal feminine appears in the form of a hen pecked chased by a sporting dog. Chantecler's heart is won by this beautiful stranger. The second act opens in the depth of night, with a group of conspirators in the form of owls, who, equally convinced that Chantecler's song is the cause of the break of day, determine to kill the author of the hated daylight, and arrange that a fighting cock shall slay Chantecler. Suddenly the "Cocorlo" of Chantecler is heard; the valley, seen through the opening in the forest, becomes rosy with the light of the rising sun; the night birds are dispersed and Chantecler and the hen pheasant appear on the scene. In the next act the guinea fowl is "at home" in the kitchen garden. Chantecler fights with the game cock, and is almost killed, but, by an accident, is in the end victorious. At that moment the shadow of a sparrow hawk is thrown over the whole gathering and they rush to the protecting wings of their wounded chief, who crows defiance at the threatened danger. In the fourth act, "The Night of the Nightingale," Chantecler has wandered into the forest with his charmer, La Faisane. She is jealous of the cock's love of his work, and by subtlety, which keeps him asleep till after the sun has risen, shows him how idle is his belief that it is only through his agency that the day is born. Chantecler, however, determines to go back to the farm and pursue his daily task with the same firmness of purpose as before. The golden pheasant is left behind, only to fall into a poacher's trap, and to be brought, chastened in spirit, to the farmyard in subjection to Chantecler. The final scene in the play, which is pronounced the most beautiful, is here pictured.

**VANITY'S COST IN LIFE.**  
Mate Witnesses of the Poverty of New York Tottlers.  
Appeal to heart and conscience alike must have been powerfully made to the many women and fewer men who were beguiled by social curiosity or led by philanthropic interest to examine the collection of garments and of photographs made by the Consumers' League and exhibited last week at the Normal College in New York, says the Churchman of that city. The photographs showed tenement rooms on the east side with men, women and little children working on the garments that hung close by with placards fastened to them telling of few pennies an hour and a garment that these same toilers had received. A large part of the exhibit was the work of the child victims of the sweatshop system. And it was by no means clothing of the cheaper grades that was most conspicuous, but articles made to meet the wishes of the well to do and even the fastidious, such as are sold in the city's most elaborately furnished stores. For dainty feather stitching on a baby's dress a child—herself hardly more than a baby—is paid perhaps 4 cents. Twelve bunches of artificial roses are made for a penny. If the worker is speedy she can earn 60 cents a day. Artificial violets are cheaper. A mother and four children, of ages from 12 to 5, earn together 60 cents a day. Their work may be

seen at the exhibit. It is beautiful; but the system that produces it at this cost of young life is an abomination. Hand-sewed men's neckties, intended to be sold at from 50 cents to \$1 each, pay the maker 55 cents a dozen. The ultra-respectable black collar for elderly women, retailing for 50 cents, costs the vendor for making less than 1 1/2 cents a piece. Is it nothing to those who buy such things that the child who stitched into their seams? The Consumers' League exists to help these inarticulate workers to help themselves. It can succeed only by enlightening the co-operation of buyers, for whose protection it has provided a label of investigation and approval stating that the garment that bears it is "made under clean and healthful conditions."

**WITH THE SAGES.**  
Love can live upon itself alone, but friendship must feed on worthiness. Therefore, the way to secure a friend is to be one.—C. F. Goss.

The young are apt to think that rest means a cessation from all effort, but I have found the most perfect rest in changing effort.—Gladstone.

You cannot, in any given case, win by any sudden and single effort, will to be true, if the habit of your life has been insincerity.—F. W. Robertson.

To be gentle, generous, kind; to win by few words; and to disarm criticism and prejudice through the potency of a gracious presence, is a fine art.—Hubbard.

A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace.—Emerson.

Be patient with everyone, but above all with yourself. If you do not become disturbed because of your imperfections, and always rise bravely from a fall.—Francis de Sales.

## G. O. P. IS FAIRLY REEKING WITH GRAFT

Republic Party Staggers Under the Burden of Robberies Committed by Own Agencies.

### MILLIONS IN THE TOTAL LOOT

Sugar Frauds and the Chicago Cases Cited—Ohio and Pennsylvania Are Other Examples.

The Republican party throughout the United States is reeling from the effect of a series of heavy blows which are shattering the organization through which it has controlled the national and many State governments for sixteen successive years. Some of these blows are of a political nature, but most of them take the form of graft exposures. Practically every party exposure of the last ten years has uncovered machinations of a Republican machine entrenched in office, growing fat off public property. Right now these exposures are at a climax. Uninterrupted power, fostering complacency and fraud, has bred corruption of amazing extent, in the nation, in the State, in the municipality.

Secretary Ballinger of the Department of the Interior is defending himself from scandalous charges of complexity and fraud in his head, and the former chief forester, Gifford Pinchot, into the investigation President Taft himself has been drawn as a defender of Ballinger.

The sugar trust is shown to have stolen millions from the government by fraudulent weights, the New York Sun's estimate of the thefts being \$30,000,000, and while underlings are prosecuted the big offenders go free. The charge is not denied that for a year after full information of the thefts was placed before the Republican national administration the sugar trust went on robbing the government unchecked.

In the New York State Legislature Senator Aldis, just after being elected party leader of the Republicans in the Senate, was accused of being a bribe-taker, and Senator Ben Conger brought forth to sustain his charges of wholesale corruption, extending over years, in the Republican legislative organization of New York. Laws have been bought and sold as in a public market.

Chicago has contributed its share to the exposures of graft, the conviction of Inspector Edward McCann for taking bribes from divekeepers being one of the most notable cases of successful prosecution of police corruption in history.

Pennsylvania, rock-ribbed Republican State, whose capitol is a monument to the corruption of its Republican leader, who in the grip of the lean bossism which is the grip of the party of plunder, Philadelphia, where it is estimated Republican freebooters have divided \$50,000,000 in the last decade, has not shaken off the ring, which is as old as the city itself, and the grafting which has furnished two of its metropolises is traced directly to the grafting politics.

There are a few Republican grafters in penitentiaries; there are more of them at liberty, but down and out, disgraced. Chicago has furnished two corruptors—John A. Linn and John A. Cooke. Washington has furnished two more, United States Senator J. R. Burton of Kansas and United States Senator John H. Mitchell of Oregon. Cooke and Linn helped themselves to the funds of their offices as court clerks. Senator Mitchell was convicted of complexity in land frauds, such as are involved in the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy. Senator Burton was convicted of attempting to secure a postpaid fraud order removed from a get-rich-quick concern.

Senator Chauncey Depew still sits as Republican Senator in Washington, but the disgrace of the insurance scandal has been to him his head, and no more is his jaunty smile pictured in the press or his comment printed as the witty utterances of a "prominent Republican." He is not wanted on the stump in any political campaign. The Illinois State House of Representatives has furnished two of its former employees—Charles Kehoe, Edward A. Boyle, Patrick J. Hennessey and John M. Coyle, sentenced to a year's imprisonment for underweighting frauds. Then the big men in the trust saw four of their former employees—Charles Kehoe, Edward A. Boyle, Patrick J. Hennessey and John M. Coyle, sentenced to a year's imprisonment for underweighting frauds. Then the big men in the trust saw four of their former employees—Charles Kehoe, Edward A. Boyle, Patrick J. Hennessey and John M. Coyle, sentenced to a year's imprisonment for underweighting frauds.

law that excels every one of its predecessors for uncertainty. It places a club in the President's hands by which he can keep foreign schedules open at discretion. For instance, at the end of March there is an automatic advance of 25 per cent ad valorem on all the schedules governing foreign imports. The President is empowered, at discretion, to nullify this automatic increase in the case of foreign nations that do not discriminate against us in their tariff laws. This is the so-called "maximum and minimum" clause.

Tariff war with Canada is already assured. It will doubtless be followed by a series of tariff wars with other countries. There will be reams of diplomatic correspondence, months and perhaps years of negotiations. Meanwhile the maximum tariff will go into effect against many nations. The American consumer's tax will get another boost.

Expert authorities assert that the Aldrich-Taft law even without the maximum and minimum provision, bears harder on American consumers than any of its predecessors. But the worst is yet to come—Chicago Journal.

**Trade War Inevitable.**  
President Taft's diplomatic talent evidently is not of an order to persuade Canada to submit tamely to the arrogant demands of the Aldrich-Taft tariff. Trade war with our next-door neighbor and second largest customer seems inevitable.

Canadian exporters, busily cultivating the South American and Asiatic markets, which the United States neglects, openly advocate standing firm against the Aldrich-Taft tariff. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association is rejoicing over the situation. Canadian statements do not give the least intimation of yielding one point. Canada has just entered on an era of wonderful development. Canadians welcome the prospect of the Aldrich-Taft maximum, because they realize that the ensuing imposition of 33 1/2 per cent Canadian surtax on imports from the United States will shut out \$100,000,000 of American goods each year and stimulate Canadian industries to a corresponding extent.

The trade war cannot now be avoided. The consequences will be serious, and the United States will be the principal sufferer. This country needs Canada more than Canada needs this country, and the short-sighted policy that erects a higher barrier between them will condemn itself by its own evil effects. Incidentally, the spectacle of the President of the United States eating humble-pie cannot fail to please Canadians, who have not forgotten the insolent treatment accorded their own reciprocity envoys at Washington twelve years or more ago.

**Landslide in Massachusetts.**  
The biggest election landslide that old New England ever has experienced was the overwhelming election of Eugene N. Foss, of Boston on the Democratic ticket, over William R. Buchanan of Brockton, Republican, to represent the Fourteenth Massachusetts District in Congress in the expiration of the unexpired term of the late Congressman Lovering, Republican.

The plurality is 5,640 for Foss in the strongest Republican district in the State. Although aided by Senator Lodge and Governor Draper, who stumped the larger cities, Buchanan was unable to keep the district in the Republican column.

Eugene Foss is a brother of Congressman George E. Foss, of Chicago, who represents the Tenth Illinois District. This is the first political victory of the Massachusetts brother, who has fought several notable campaigns on the platform of Canadian reciprocity.

The eyes of the nation were on this election as a straw showing how the political wind is blowing in national politics. The result is taken to mean the downfall of Lodge bossism, the dissatisfaction of the Cape Codders with the details of the present national administration, and as a direct slap at the high cost of living.

The sensation produced in Boston by the result knows no bounds. Governor Draper, when asked for a statement, said:

"I haven't anything to say except that I am sorry. I am very sorry to see Mr. Foss elected."

**He Does Not Know.**  
We desire to go on record with one prophecy: that Joseph G. Cannon will go to his grave with a vague wonder what it was all about. He doesn't know; he doesn't even suspect. Not that Cannon is not intellectually acute; his most vitriolic critic could not call him a fool. But he is morally obtuse, and the issue is moral.

The Speaker has said that an elephant could be put through the House, if the House so desired," shouted Mr. Clark.

"The Speaker," retorted Mr. Cannon, who until now had watched the proceedings in grim silence, "would be prepared to rule on that question whenever any gentleman thinks that the minority has become the majority, but that presents an entirely different question from the one now before us."

"Whenever any gentleman thinks that the minority has become the majority," This is the Cannon point of view. "A majority" to him does not mean more than half the members of the House; the term is a technical one; it means simply that fraction of the portion of the House which originally elected him which has not yet repented of its action. This is the "majority"; and it will be until the sun goes down on Cannonism.—St. Louis Republic.

**Self-Defeat.**  
Now there comes the startling rumor that the ultimate consumer, in a gram and surly humor, rising up in piece to speak.

Says, D'Jings, he's getting tired, the commandment has expired, and no longer he's required to present the other cheek.

So with gracious condescension you will kindly give attention while he makes his little mention of his purpose, which, in brief, is to make a speedy trial of a bit of self-denial, and, despite the trust's decrial, quit the vice of piece to speak.

—Chicago Tribune.

**Metaphysics.**  
Seymour—Why did you leave Flannigan's boarding house?  
Ashley—There was too much sleight of hand work going on.  
Seymour—Sleight-of-hand work?  
Ashley—Yes, Mrs. Flannigan got the coffee and the tea from the same pot.—Chicago News.

Our thoughts are friends or enemies they are our glory or shame, our happiness or misery, our solace or our distraction—summed up they are the Alpha and Omega of life.—Lee.

To borrow on usury brings sudden beggary.—Dutch.

**The Worst to Come.**  
President Taft, standing between Aldrich and Wetmore, again defends the tariff, but his words do not ring true and no one is deceived. The oppression of the new tariff law speaks more loudly to condemn it than President Taft's defense. The Aldrich-Taft tariff is indefensible. The stand-patters insisted on haste in getting the Aldrich-Taft tariff law on the statute uncheckered under Republican rule. Wholesale grafting in State printing contracts is disclosed.

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## SPEAKER WHO HAS BEEN SHORN OF HIS POWER.



JOSEPH G. CANNON.

For nearly a generation Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, the stormy petrel of Congress whose wings were clipped by the insurgents, has been a unique figure in public life. "The last of the frontier type of statesmen, of which Lincoln was first"—when a celebrity said that of "Uncle Joe" some six years ago he was applauded for holding the mirror up to life, for picturesqueness and plainness have been so developed and nourished by the seer of Danville that without them he would be like President Taft without the expansive smile, like Theodore Roosevelt without the teeth and eye-glasses, like "Buffalo Bill" without the long hair and slouch hat.

Biographically speaking, Speaker Cannon comes of Quaker parentage and was born in North Carolina in 1836. He spent his boyhood in Indiana, and later moved to Illinois, where he has lived ever since, his home being in Danville. With the exception of one term, when he was kept at home by his constituents, he has been in Congress since 1872, or nearly four decades. Over a quarter of a century ago he was appointed by Speaker Carlisle a member of the committee on rules—the self-same committee over which the stirring battle has just been fought in Washington. For many years he was chairman of the committee on appropriations, and was known as "watchdog of the treasury."

Once upon a time, about eight years ago, Mr. Cannon dictated an autobiography to a Washington correspondent. It was short, succinct and characteristic. It ran: "Mr. Cannon was born of God-fearing and man-loving parents. He made himself, and he did a darn good job of it."

In appearance Mr. Cannon is a rather slim man, about five feet and a half in height. Despite his 74 years he is as straight as an arrow. His rugged face is ornamented with a grizzled beard, his upper lip being shaved. He is quick and alert in his movements, his eyes have a youthful sparkle. In conversation he is almost as vehement as when making a speech.

In Washington years and years ago he became noted for his keenness in debate. He is a master of satire, of razor-like edge. In the thirty-six years he has been at Washington Mr. Cannon has helped write many an important law. In the forty-third Congress as member of the committee on postoffices and post roads he introduced a bill changing the postal rates like the sails of a Dutch windmill, upper-cutting and carrying and swinging on second class matter, and aided in putting through the amendments prohibiting the distribution of lottery tickets and obscene literature through the mails. At the beginning of the war with Spain Mr. Cannon as chairman of the committee on appropriations cautioned delay, but when it became evident that the war would come he put in the bill appropriating \$50,000,000 for national defense.

At Danville Speaker Cannon has what is regarded as one of the best private libraries in the State, and when at home he spends hours browsing on literature. He is ranked as a millionaire, having made his fortune in the street railroad and banking business and in investments in agricultural lands. In oratory Speaker Cannon is galvanic. As he brings forth a new point he comes dancing forth on his tip-toes, swinging his arms like the sails of a Dutch windmill, upper-cutting and carrying and swinging on second class matter, and aided in putting through the amendments prohibiting the distribution of lottery tickets and obscene literature through the mails. At the beginning of the war with Spain Mr. Cannon as chairman of the committee on appropriations cautioned delay, but when it became evident that the war would come he put in the bill appropriating \$50,000,000 for national defense.

**YORKTOWN'S SURRENDER**

Yorktown's surrender, every school child has learned, made the efforts of Britain to subdue the colonies hopeless. Penned in by the land forces of Washington and Lafayette on the one side and by the French fleet on the other, Cornwallis had no alternative but to surrender. The French have always claimed credit for the victory at Yorktown, but American historians give to Washington the credit of the plan by which the British forces were penned into the end of a peninsula by superior forces, and he commanded the allied forces before Yorktown. A marble monument which marks the scene of this great event was unveiled Oct. 19, 1885, having been erected by the United States.

Cornwallis had been driven back to the coast in his efforts to conquer Virginia by Lafayette. The young Frenchman's army of 2,000 continental troops had boasted "that boy cannot escape me." Washington, from his post on the Hudson river, saw the possibility of hemming in Cornwallis between the great French naval fleet under Count de Grasse, when that commander sent a message from the West Indies that he was headed for Chesapeake bay, and had a sufficient land force. Cornwallis had deep water on three sides of him and a narrow neck of land in front; his expectation in retreating to Yorktown was to obtain aid from the British navy.

Leaving the Hudson Aug. 19, Washington's army of 2,000 continentals and 4,000 Frenchmen reached the scene of action near Yorktown Sept. 18. The French fleet had arrived in Chesapeake bay Aug. 31, and Sept. 5 it defeated the British fleet sent from New York under Graves. Thus Cornwallis was cut off from aid by water, and Lafayette drew across the peninsula leading back to Virginia a strong force. He was shut in his "mouse trap," as the exultant Americans put it.

Cornwallis' army, which numbered 7,247 men at the surrender, was nearly equal to Lafayette's 8,000 men—"and better in quality," says Fluke "for Lafayette's contained 3,000 militia." But the British general hesitated to try forcing his way out by land, and he had no knowledge of Washington's movements. The arrival of the army under Washington Sept. 8 made an American force of 14,000 men before Yorktown, and with the French fleet barring aid or escape by the sea, it became only a question of time when the British would surrender. Oct. 17, after some fighting that proved fruitless for the British cause, Cornwallis hoisted the white flag, and the formal surrender occurred two days later.

**The Filigyaney of John.**  
Mrs. Mott—What is a sympathetic strike, John?  
Mott—A sympathetic strike, my dear, is being touched for a quarter by a beggar with a hard-luck story.—Boston Transcript.

**An Overrated Harm.**  
In almost anything we do some dangers lurk. But one thing kills but very few. That's overwork.—Detroit Free Press.

**A Poem That Paid Somebody.**  
"My new hat is a poem," she said, enthusiastically.  
"I have just received the bill for it," replied he. "I don't understand these stories of some poets dying in poverty."—Washington Star.

**Expensive Living.**  
"An operation will cost you \$500." "And is it absolutely necessary?" "You can't live without it."

"Say, doc, the high cost of living can't be blamed on the tariff, can it?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

**SPLINTERS.**  
Early callers—Alarm clocks. You have got to dig deep if you want to live high.  
When two women talk it is usually a secret session.  
It doesn't take much of a sprinter to run for public office.  
Deeds—Gladys says that she hasn't an enemy in the world. Gladys probably never learned to play bridge whilst.  
You cannot always tell which way the wind is blowing by watching the semaphores.  
You cannot blame a girl for asking a young man if he would dye for her if he has pale red hair.  
Eyes—Is that man Smith really such an authority on music? Joyce—I saw him throwing a brick at an organ grinder.  
Bliss—They say that the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof. Willis—Not necessarily; one look will put you wise to the boarding house kind.

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