

PLAN TO AID THE POOR

Grover Cleveland Would Establish Charity Clearing House.

NEEDED BY ALL LARGE CITIES

Former President Says Rich Men Would Support It Nobly—Help Unfortunate to Self Support, Not Keep Them Dependent, He Urges.

In the midst of congratulations on his seventy-first birthday Grover Cleveland, ex-president of the United States, found time and interest the other day to discuss public questions at the Hotel Lakewood in Lakewood, N. J. Mr. Cleveland became almost enthusiastic as he dwelt upon certain phases of national and civic life and made a fervent plea for the poor of the country.

He also spoke in behalf of children, whom he loves. His appearance belied his years, as did the vigorous sound of his voice and his stride.

Asked to talk on public affairs by a representative of the New York World, he said: "There has been too much excitement, too much exploitation. Peace must come. There must be reassurance. There have been troublous times, but unless I am mistaken and have always been mistaken in the character of the American people they will come safely through."

"What a great people ours are! Where is the emergency to which they have not risen? Consider them as heterogeneous, if you will; consider them from any point of view. No matter what condition has ever confronted them, they have met it according to their lights, and they are good lights."

Casually the conversation turned to children. Mr. Cleveland's four youngsters had been down from Princeton, with their mother, a few hours before to eat the birthday luncheon with him and to tuck their gifts into the pockets of his comfortable sack coat.

"I have a splendid boy, and I have much pleasure in him," said Mr. Cleveland. "We have great times together. It is great to be a father. Yet when I think of the little children it makes me sad. My thoughts are always with them—the thousands without homes, the thousands with only half homes and lacking influence and inspiration. I wish I might do something for them all."

"There is something big that can be done if only the right man would come to the front. Yet I am wrong in speaking of what an individual might do. He might lead and direct, but what we need in New York, in all of our large cities, is a proper charity organization. It should be an organization that will reach where it ought to reach, not halfway nor half heartedly."

"I have in mind—I have thought of this countless times—a charity clearing house, just as the banks have a clearing house, through which everything belonging to this sphere will pass. I know we have charity organizations, but I do not mean that kind. They are not thorough. This clearing house I have in my mind's eye would be the indorse of every proper and noble thing. A subscriber would know that when he gave anything, whether it was little or much, it would be sent through the proper channels and reach those who need help. He would have the satisfaction of knowing that the money was not being used to further this one's or that one's self patented way of dispensation."

"I feel deeply about this, and I want to tell you that if such an organization as I wish to see established should be brought into being it would not lack support. I could go over a list of rich men who would support it nobly. The rich men of our country are not hard hearted. They are not stingy. They want to give, and they do give, but they are not satisfied. They would give so much more if they were assured that those for whom their gift was intended received it."

"There is something that I have long wanted to see destroyed, and that is this contented dependence of the poor that we see on every hand. Our so called charitable dispensations are responsible for it. This dependence is the thief of self respect. The poor are not permitted to help themselves. You know it, and I know it. Once they come within the ken of the charity workers they are robbed of their initiative. They are made dependent. It is not a question of how long the father of a family has been a drunkard that should be decided first, but whether there is coal in his cellar and whether his wife and his children have food in the cupboard. You can get hold of the father's soul afterward."

"It is the poor who are really kind to the poor. They do much to help one another. They keep one another alive and think about one another. They could teach many a lesson to which those who think they understand things might well give heed with profit."

Parachute Thrillers.

Among the latest thrillers is the triple parachute leap, in which one aeronaut uses three different parachutes before reaching earth, says Popular Mechanics. He leaves the balloon in his downward flight with a red parachute, but after falling a short distance liberates it and makes a second plunge through space with a white parachute. This feat is repeated again after another drop, and he finally lands with a blue parachute.

Another thriller is a double parachute leap from the same balloon, in which a man and woman race to earth in parachutes which fall 500 or 600 feet before opening out.

MADE IT RIGHT.

Yet It Was Not Easy For the Salesman to Grasp the Boss' Scheme.

In one of the suburbs of London there is a wholesale firm the senior member of which may be known as Mr. Blank. The firm has two traveling salesmen—a single man, receiving 20 shillings per week, and the other a married man, drawing £2 per week.

A short time ago the single man, being in the shop and looking over matters, discovered that the married salesman was receiving 10 shillings per week more salary than himself, while he (the single man) was selling more goods. He called Mr. Blank's attention to this and suggested that, as he was selling more than the other fellow, he should at least receive as much pay.

The senior partner acknowledged the apparent inconsistency and assured the man that he would look into it and if the statement were correct he would make matters right.

Another week rolled by, and when the single man came to draw his salary from the bookkeeper he was surprised to find only 30 shillings passed out to him the same as before. He demurred. The bookkeeper insisted he had received no instructions to raise his pay and referred him to the governor. Approaching Mr. Blank, he said:

"You remember, sir, I spoke to you last week about my salary, stating that, while I was selling more goods than the other traveler, I was receiving less pay, and I thought I should receive as much as he did. You assured me you would look into it and make matters right."

"Yes," said Mr. Blank, "I remember your mentioning the matter, and I made it right, didn't I?"

"Why, no; I don't see how you have, as the bookkeeper has just paid me the same amount as before. I can't see how that is making it right, sir."

"You don't understand," said the senior partner. "I have made it right. You thought you ought to have as much pay as the other man, and I have made it right by cutting the other fellow's pay down."—London Tit-Bits.

THE ENCORE HABIT.

How Sims Reeves Turned the Tables on One of His Admirers.

Sims Reeves, who in his day was accepted as the most celebrated tenor on the concert stage, was so much of a favorite that whenever he sang he was usually greeted with a hearty encore, accompanied with enthusiastic cheers.

Reeves was very good natured about the matter, but he made it a rule never to sing more than one selection when he felt that his voice was not in first class shape. He happened to notice that an elderly man, who turned out to be a dealer in hats along the Strand, London, attended nearly every concert within convenient distance if Sims Reeves happened to be on the bill and generally led the encore brigade. This latter was a persistent person and often applauded until he had forced Reeves to respond to double and triple encores.

Determined to teach the little hatter a lesson, one afternoon just as dark was approaching Reeves entered his admirer's store and said, "One hat, please," naming the particular shape which he desired. The little hatter didn't recognize the great tenor and handed out one hat.

"Good," said Reeves. "How much is this hat?" "Five shillings," said the store proprietor.

"Encore," said Reeves. "A second hat was forthcoming, and Reeves ultimately obtained three 'encore' hats. When the little hatter demanded £1 sterling for the purchases Reeves refused to be furious.

"Send these four hats to this address," ordered the tenor in terrible tone, "but I only pay for one hat. Do you understand? The three other hats are 'encore' hats. If you make me sing songs for nothing you must send me hats for nothing."

The little hatter was speechless.—Portland Oregonian.

A Startling Debut.

A comical error describes the first appearance on the stage of Mr. Huntley Wright. He was supposed to impersonate the warden of a madhouse, and the scene opened with the brutal ill treatment of the hero, and it ended with a gunpowder explosion. In his nervousness the warden dropped his cap, and, being agitated and short-sighted, he picked up the pan of gunpowder instead. It instantly blew up, nearly frightening him out of his wits. He rushed from the stage and collapsed, as he thought, on a stool in the wings, which turned out to be a fire bucket full of water!—London Answers.

Good Judgment.

"Your partner," remarked the privileged friend, "seems to be a man of unusually good judgment."

"You bet he is," replied the self acknowledged brains of the firm. "Why, he never makes a move without asking my advice!"—Chicago News.

A Mean Question.

Charles—I heard the other day that Gerald is going to get married.

Edward—Well, why shouldn't he? He's comfortably well off.

"That's just the whole point. Why doesn't he remain so?"

Obstinate.

"Why don't you quit smoking, old chap? You know it hurts you."

"Certainly, but every time I make up my mind to do it somebody comes around and tells me I ought to!"—Puck.

FIXED THE PIANO.

An Unmusical Variation in One of Gottschalk's Concerts.

Gottschalk, the pianist, was noted for his enormous physical strength almost as much as for his brilliance as a pianist. On one occasion he gave a practical illustration of his strength which, while it did not display his disposition in the most amiable light, undoubtedly afforded him much satisfaction.

He was in concert playing on a piano that was built on a new model, one of the peculiarities of which was that the lip of the keyboard cover projected farther over the keys than in most pianos when the instrument was open for playing. Gottschalk, who was accustomed to throw up his hand to a considerable height during the performance of brilliant passages and was unused to this new form of keyboard, constantly hit his knuckles against the projecting lip.

This repeated rapping of his knuckles at last began to have an irritating effect on him, as the audience could plainly see. Suddenly after a particularly hard rap he stopped short in the middle of his selection, wrenched the offending cover out of the instrument by main force and hurled it across the platform with great violence. Then, with a smile of the greatest satisfaction, he reseated himself at the piano and continued his playing.—Chicago Record-Herald.

CIRCUS RIDERS.

They Were Kings of the Show in the Old One Ring Days.

Riders at one time were the chief attraction of the circus and were billed as we now bill our "death defying deeds." In the old one ring days the whole performance was practically divided between the rider and the clown. When the rider was not riding the clown had the ring all to himself, even the band ceasing to play until the clown sang or got off his jokes, after which the rider resumed the performance. All riders in those days were champions in the show printing, writes Tody Hamilton in the Washington Star.

When the late James A. Bailey made his tour of Australia he had Jim Robinson, the great rider, at \$500 a week, payable in gold. The showman became sick of his bargain and tried to scare Robinson out of it by dwelling on the unhealthfulness of the climate. He told Robinson that it was very risky; that few people could stand it. But Robinson was wise and wouldn't scare and insisted on the terms of the contract.

It used to make Bailey turn cold to approach Robinson on the long voyage every week and hand the champion \$500 in gold coin the same as if the rider were at work, but Jim held Bailey to his contract. No rider before or since has ever received such a salary.

Fasting as a Sacrifice.

The origin of the religious practice of fasting is very obscure. Herbert Spencer collected a considerable body of evidence to show that fasting may have arisen out of the custom among savage peoples of providing refreshments for the dead. These offerings are often made in so lavish a manner as necessarily to involve the survivors in temporary starvation, and it is no uncommon thing for a man to ruin himself by a funeral feast. It is suggested that the fasting which was at first the inevitable result of such sacrifice on behalf of the dead may eventually have come to be regarded as an indispensable part of all sacrifice and so have survived as an established usage long after the original cause had ceased to operate.—New York American.

Where Politeness Doesn't Pay.

"French and German hats," said a hatter, "only last half as long as ours. It isn't the poor quality of the hats, but the fine quality of the manners, that causes this. Lifting the hat in salutation is the hardest work that falls on the headpiece, and the French and Germans lift it to men and women equally, thus giving it twice as much labor as we do. Naturally, then, it wears out twice as quickly. It goes in the bin in no time over the water."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

But Yet a Man.

"I suppose I have about the most thoughtful, kind and considerate husband in the world," she was saying sadly. "When he comes home at about 2 of the morning, turns all the lights on and wakes me out of a sound sleep, he always says in the most polite way imaginable: 'Don't let me disturb you, dear. But will you please help me unfasten this collar button?'"—New York Press.

Different Now.

"It's funny how marriage will change a man," said Flogg the other day. "There's Moustier, for example. Before he was married a glance of May Taintor would intoxicate him, so he used to say. Now when he comes home late at night and meets Mrs. Moustier, nee Taintor, the sight of her actually sobers him."—Boston Transcript.

Never Worked Before.

Mrs. Jones—Your husband looks completely tired out, poor man! Mrs. Smith—So he is, my dear. He has never done any work in his life before. You know he always had a government job.—Funny Cuts.

A Popular Book.

She—What would be the most appropriate book to give a bride? He—A bank book.—Illustrated Bits.

LIBRARY THIEVES.

Assorted into Four Classes by a Library Official.

"Library thieves fall into four classes," said the librarian. "The first and most numerous is the umbrella class, gender, I regret to admit, feminine."

"This lady lounges about your library with an unrolled umbrella in her hand. If she sees a book she wants, a magazine or a newspaper, pop it goes into the umbrella's capacious folds. Her type is well known. Never carry an unrolled umbrella into a library if you would escape the surveillance of the watchers and attendants."

"Another class—male—steals weeklies. This daring thief rolls a weekly into a cylinder, slips his hand through it and works it up his sleeve. Fancy running such risks for a five or ten cent weekly!"

"A rare genus, feminine again, is the partitive or installment thief, who steals a book a few pages at a time. Though this genus is known to librarians, I have met with but two specimens in ten years. One stole a Hall Caine and the other an H. A. Vachell volume in installments. Both were more or less daff."

"The most numerous class of all is the open, daring one. These people bluff. They walk out with a stolen book or paper under their arms as if it were their own. And, hang it, they escape, too, if they are careful that our label doesn't show."

"Our percentage of thefts? Well, we count to have about two books in every hundred stolen."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A BORN TRADER.

He Was a Bit Unlucky, but Then He Had No Dull Times.

"One hundred dollars seems an awful high price to pay for a typewriting machine," said Mr. Jenkinson, who had just bought one. "It may seem so to you," answered his friend, Mr. Hankinson, "but I have one at my house that cost me \$750, and I don't suppose it's half as good as yours."

"You needn't tell me such a"—

"It's a fact," broke in the other.

"Why, how in the world?"

"Well, I'll tell you. A year and a half ago I bought an automobile for \$600. After I had paid \$150 for repairs, storage, fines and other expenses connected with it I traded it for a suburban lot."

"The lot proved to be in the middle of a swamp, and when a real estate man offered me a horse and buggy for it I took him up."

"The horse ran away one day and smashed the buggy into kindling wood. I traded the horse for a gold watch."

"The watch wouldn't keep good time, and I swapped it for a bicycle. One day I fell from the bicycle and put a finger out of joint. Then I exchanged the machine for a secondhand typewriter."

"I see."

"And I've no use for the typewriter. Do you know of anybody that would give me a good dog for it?"—Youth's Companion.

The Runner's Attitude.

They were walking through the office of a big athletic club when one of the men stopped and said:

"Do you see anything wrong with that painting?" Indicating a mural decoration up above the clerk's desk.

"No," said the other, "I can't say that I do."

"Well, it's a thing that most persons wouldn't notice," said the first man. "That runner there is just passing the finish line has his left leg forward and has his left arm out at the same time. If ever you've had anything to do with athletics you'll know that the arm extended always is the opposite to the leg, to keep the balance. You'll notice that sort of thing all the time in athletic pictures made by those who don't study the subject."—Washington Post.

How It Works.

Once there was a struggling young author who was blessed with many friends, all of whom told him that he was the coming great writer of the country.

So one day a bright thought struck him. He said:

"I will publish my book, and all my friends who admire it so much will buy my book, and I will be rich."

So he printed his book.

And all of his friends waited for him to send them autographed copies of his book.

And so his books were sold as junk.

And ever after he didn't have any friends.—Success Magazine.

Arcadian Bliss.

You frequently hear folks say they wish they were millionaires. But our idea of happiness is the one that owns forty acres of land in the hills, doesn't owe a cent, has a wife and seven children, five good coon dogs, a sorrel team of mules, a good shotgun, forty-seven miles from a railroad and right on a good stream of fish. If that would not be happiness "unemployed" we would like to know where you would go to find it.—Auxvasse (Mo.) Review.

Misfortunes.

It's an old French saying that "misfortunes are in morals what bitters are in medicine. Each is at first disagreeable, but as the bitters act as corroborant to the stomach, so adversity chastens and ameliorates the disposition."

A Genius.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a genius? Pa—A genius, my son, is a man who as a boy the neighbors said would never amount to anything.—Chicago News.

The haughty are always the victims of their own rash conclusions.—LeSage

Desert Land--Final Proof.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., March 28, 1908. Notice is hereby given that

HENRY D. LOHSE, of Judith, Chouteau county, Montana, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert land claim No. 1221, for 100 acres of unappropriated public land, one-half mile square, situated in Eight Mile coulee, about 7/8 miles nearly north of Judith, postoffice, and about two miles south of Eight Mile hill; posts are set in the ground and stones piled around each post at each corner of the claim; post at the NE corner marked D. Lohse, desert land, NE corner; thence half mile west, at the NW corner, another post marked H. D. Lohse, desert land, NW corner; thence south half mile another post marked H. D. Lohse, desert land, SW corner; thence east half mile another post marked H. D. Lohse, desert land, SE corner; thence north half mile to post at beginning, township 24 north, range 16 east, before Chas. H. Boyle, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Fort Benton, Montana, on Thursday, the 26th day of April, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Ferdinand Peterson, James Conley, Hartwig Lohse, Jr., and John E. Lohse, all of Judith, Mont.

J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Desert Land--Final Proof.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., March 28, 1908. Notice is hereby given that

CHARLES M. GRETZ, of Gold Butte, Montana, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 1461, for the NE 1/4 section 23, township 37 north, range 2 east, before John McDowell, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Gold Butte, Montana, on Monday, the 4th day of May, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: John G. Fey, Ambrose J. Fey, Anthony J. Molitz and Charles Ambury, all of Gold Butte, Mont.

J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Desert Land--Final Proof.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., April 4, 1908. Notice is hereby given that

CHARLES M. RUSSELL, of Great Falls, Montana, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 1228, for the E 1/2 SW 1/4 section 22, and N 1/4 SW 1/4 section 23, township 37 north, range 1 east, before John McDowell, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Gold Butte, Montana, on Monday, the 11th day of May, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Cornelius E. Price, Christopher Cummings, Thomas O. Langhlin, and Isaac Evans, all of West Butte, Montana.

J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Notice of Final Proof.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., April 4, 1908. Notice is hereby given that

CHRIST O. THORSTED, of Highwood, Montana, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead entry No. 626, made April 3, 1904, for the SE 1/4 SW 1/4 section 1, E 1/4 NW 1/4 SW 1/4 section 12, township 30 north, range 2 east, and that said proof will be made before Chas. H. Boyle, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Fort Benton, Montana, on May 14, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Reynolds, Walter P. Johnson, Richard Fish and Henry J. Thaxter, all of Highwood, Montana.

J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Desert Land--Final Proof.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., April 11, 1908. Notice is hereby given that

CHRIST O. THORSTED, of Great Falls, Montana, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead entry No. 1791, for the N 1/4 SW 1/4, SE 1/4 NW 1/4, SW 1/4 NW 1/4 section 15, township 37 north, range 2 east, before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. land office at Great Falls, Mont., on Wednesday, the 29th day of May, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Frank Baker, of Great Falls, Mont.; David O. Bower, Richard Roscoe and William Fritchard, of Gold Butte, Mont.

J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Notice of Contest.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., April 9, 1908. A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by

THOMAS P. STRODE, contestant, against desert land entry No. 1460, made January 19, 1904, for the NE 1/4 section 25, township 32 north, range 1 east, by Charles Matz, contestee, in which it is alleged that Charles Matz has failed to comply with the desert land law in any particular; that he has not expended the necessary \$3.00 per acre, nor has he caused the necessary 30 day proof to be expended as required by law in reclaiming the land; that he has failed to make the required annual proof; also failed to make final proof within the four years, as required by law; that he has been absent from the vicinity for more than two years last past; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said contest before John McDowell, U. S. commissioner, at his office at Gold Butte, Mont., and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a. m., on June 4, 1908, before the register and receiver, at the United States Land Office in Great Falls, Mont.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit filed February 29, 1908, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Notice of Final Proof.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, LEWISTOWN, MONT., April 18, 1908. Notice is hereby given that

THOMAS RITLAND, of Fort Benton, Montana, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead entry No. 4929, made September 24, 1901, for lots 2, 4 and 5, N 1/4 SW 1/4, NE 1/4 SW 1/4, section 9, township 34 north, range 13 east, and that said proof will be made before Chas. H. Boyle, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Fort Benton, Montana, on May 22, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: George E. Barkley, Clara Barkley and Lewis Meadard, of Fort Benton, Montana; Martin Gunderson, of Virgelle, Montana.

C. E. MCKOIN, Register.

Desert Land--Final Proof.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., April 18, 1908. Notice is hereby given that

MARY HAAS, of Gold Butte, Montana, has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert land claim No. 2020, for lots 1 and 2, SE 1/4 NE 1/4, NE 1/4 SE 1/4, section 4, township 36 north, range 2 east; N 1/4 SW 1/4, SE 1/4 SW 1/4, section 23, township 37 north, range 2 east, before John McDowell, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Gold Butte, Montana, on Tuesday, the 26th day of May, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: William Fritchard, Richard Roscoe, Alfred H. Fox and Anthony J. Molitz, all of Gold Butte, Montana.

J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

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