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METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

Yesterday's Record at the Local Office of the Weather Bureau.

Salt Lake City, Utah, May 6, 1899.

Maximum temperature, 66 degrees; minimum temperature, 46 degrees; mean temperature, 56 degrees, which is 1 degree above the normal; accumulated deficiency of temperature since 1st of the month, 58 degrees; accumulated excess of temperature since Jan. 1, 24 degrees; total precipitation from 6 p. m. to 6 p. m., trace; accumulated excess of precipitation since 1st of the month, .29 inch; accumulated excess of precipitation since Jan. 1, .39 inch.

HOW FREEDOM FINDS HIM.

Harry Hayes was pardoned yesterday. For what? What had he done to ask pardon for? True, a jury of his peers found him guilty of murder three years ago, but on the flimsiest sort of circumstantial evidence.

An attempt was made to show motive. It was proved that the old man disliked one of the murdered boys. But men dislike, even hate others and never think of killing them. Then the old couple, for his wife stood by him bravely from the first, and believed him, in their fright undertook to set up an alibi that they couldn't substantiate. Of course, it was what ignorant, terror-stricken people might do under such circumstances. But the jury evidently regarded them as cunning, rather than foolish. So he was adjudged guilty and sentenced to death.

A few days before the date fixed for his execution Hayes' friends and attorneys succeeded in getting his sentence commuted to life imprisonment. He has been confined in the penitentiary ever since. In the meantime evidence accumulated to show that another man had committed the murder. This is so conclusive in its character that few doubt the guilt of the fugitive Weeks.

So Harry Hayes has been pardoned. He is a free man at last. He stands purged of the guilt, so far as the board of pardons can do this for him.

He is innocent. He is entitled to that presumption today. The public accords him as much, and the state has given him his liberty.

But who can give back to him the lost years he was shut away from the world and the air, and the fields and those he knew? Who can return to him the hours he has been kept away from the companion of his age in the time of life he needs companionship the most? Who can restore the peace of mind that dwells not in the felon's cell? Who will undertake to smooth out the wrinkles of suffering and the furrows of mental anguish with which prison life seams the faces of the aged and innocent? Who will replace his reputation? Or return the money that his defense consumed? Or compensate him for the services he could not give the partner of his woes?

Everything is gone, everything, but life itself; and when sustenance is taken from age, and its serenity is destroyed and afternoon hastened, the sentence is almost one of death, after all. There ought to be some way to help the victims of our system of justice when they are deserving and have suffered by it. At least some provision should be made to refund the money that the state forced the defendant to expend in his defense. This is the least it can do. It is little enough.

SPECULATORS IN LAW.

Justice Baskin delivered an opinion the other day which is of interest to litigants and attorneys in this state.

He held that a contract between a client and his attorney, by which the latter agreed to advance the necessary costs and witness fees for the prosecution of the suit, is contrary to public policy and champertous.

The definition of champerty is "a bargain with a litigant to bear expenses of litigation, in consideration of a share of the matter sued for." Most states have enacted laws against the practice, and have provided penalties for their enforcement. Utah has a statute prohibiting "common barratry," which amounts to the same thing, but the provision of the code is such and the practice is carried on in such a way that convictions are next to impossible.

Things have come to such a pass that the trade of damage lawyers needs to be rebuked from the bench. It is unprofessional, and tends to increase and promote litigation; and our statutes do require that an attorney shall not "encourage either the commencement or continuance of an action or proceeding" from improper motives of self-interest.

Actions based upon champertous contracts are a form of speculation for the plaintiff, as well as for the lawyer. What else is it but champerty, pure and simple, adjusting itself to modern conditions? It makes a tradesman out of one who should be regarded as a professional man. It lowers the law in the estimation of the public, and gives rise to a growing presumption against the honesty of the plaintiff in almost every damage suit.

This is an abuse of justice that is in its infancy in Utah. In many of the larger cities of the older states these vultures of the profession have agents attached to every ambulance, guarding the door of every hospital, hanging around the telephone at every police headquarters, ready to pounce upon the victims of the casualties which are constantly happening. If a man gets hurt in an elevator or a woman has her hand pinched in a car door, or a child is run over by a trolly car, these agents reach the spot before the surgeons do, and begin to urge a damage suit. The victim or his relatives may plead poverty, and then the damage lawyer makes his deal. He goes into partnership with the client, advances the necessary costs, and pockets the bulk of the judgment.

One year ago an attorney by the name of Samuel Evans Maires was disbarred at Philadelphia. Judge Arnold, who pronounced the judgment, expressed the sentiments every honest man in the profession must feel, when he said:

"Either way we look upon his dealing, as a champertor, barretor or dishonest partner, we find no mitigation whatever, no excuse for his conduct.

"The cases brought to our attention have given positive proof of that which is frequently heard in ordinary conversation, that there are lawyers who make it a business to hunt up litigation and take cases upon speculation, with the usual result, quarrels with their clients based upon a dishonest and unfair division of the moneys recovered. No lawyer with a proper sense of the dignity of the profession, as well as his own self-respect as a man, will stoop to such practices as have been laid bare in the present proceedings. Not even death can keep these ghouls of society at bay; their emissaries invade the house of mourning, they enter the hospitals; no place is sacred from their intrusion. If any more such exist, it is hoped that the board of censors of the law association will continue their laudable efforts until the offenders shall be discovered and driven out of the profession.

"The assistant or runner who hunts up these cases is a nuisance which should be abated. He participates in the spoils, his share being covered up in the items for investigating, working up cases, and doing detective work. Perhaps these runners manufacture testimony, for in at least one of the cases exposed before us, the charge for witness fees is greater than the amount paid to the only witnesses known to the plaintiff."

This abuse has grown with the practice in police courts in some cities, where shysters flock to fleece the wretched, and where the machinery of the court is used in many ways to extort fees for the pretended services of alleged lawyers and other officers of the court.

One of the greatest injuries resulting from the trade of these legal speculators is to reputable members of the profession and to honest clients. For it must not be implied that reputable attorneys never bring suits for damages. It is thus that many grave wrongs are righted, and in prosecuting such actions for the poor and deserving the chivalry of the profession is shown. But they do not sue on champertous agreements.

DEFIANCE TO PARASITES.

One of the oldest and most radical Republican organs in the United States is the New York Tribune. Its editor and proprietor, Whitelaw Reid, was a candidate for the vice presidency with Benjamin Harrison in his second race. He has filled with entire satisfaction to his party several important diplomatic positions, and was one of the peace commissioners appointed by President McKinley to conclude negotiations with Spain.

Mr. Reid thinks the Republican party ought to be able to extract much glory and gain some advantage from the war with Spain. But he fears this glory and advantage will be obscured somewhat by the attitude of the president in trying to cover up the scandals of the departments, to palliate the infamies of subordinates and whitewash culprits upon whom the responsibility for grave wrongs has been firmly fixed.

Therefore, the New York Tribune takes a stand which reflects credit upon its proprietor, and may serve as an example for many a weak-kneed organ of Democracy. In a recent issue it said:

While the country was at war we refrained for obvious reasons from comment which could only embarrass those charged with the conduct of the war and do no practical good. The war is over now, however, peace has been declared, and there exists no good reason why the shortcomings of the war department, as developed in the course of the struggle, should not be pointed out or made the subject of a fair and honest inquiry. What would have been untimely and even unpatriotic yesterday has today become one of the duties of the hour.

Commenting on the achievements of American arms, the opportunities for which, according to the partisan, came during the administration of President McKinley.

"But it is a different thing," adds our New York contemporary, "to say that because of such a record we must close our eyes to all defects in the administrative machinery of a department, and abandon any effort to remedy them. Are we to stand still and invite decay, simply because our refusal to do so may disturb the slumber of the dodos of an antiquated system? Must we remain silent because the brooding Buddhas of a blatant bureaucracy live under the delusion that they have attained official Nirvana? Is a demand for reform to be construed as a want of loyalty on the say of General Eagan's friends? Well, hardly."

With these few remarks it begs its "hostile and disgruntled critics" to believe in the continuance of its most distinguished consideration. It shows its loyalty to the party by painting Alger and the whole batch of incompetents who were responsible for such a large death roll in Cuba and the camps as black as the evidence before two investigating boards has shown them to be.

CONTRACTS FOR PUBLIC WORKS

Referring to the clause required in contracts made by the board of public works, to which our neighbor has called attention repeatedly of late, The Herald undertook to show Friday morning that this stipulation might be violated without abrogating the contract. By one of those annoying and inexplicable errors that appear from time to time in types the word "not" was omitted, giving a sentence an entirely different meaning from that intended. What was written, and what The Herald contends is this: Stipulations like this are frequently disregarded. It is easy enough to invent some excuse for going outside of the classes mentioned for laborers on public works. This being an advisory, rather than a mandatory specification, a secondary consideration and not an essential part of the contract to be carried out, its violation might not be construed as an abrogation of the agreement between the city and the contractor.

The clause inserted in such contracts is as follows:

The said contractor further agrees that none but bona fide residents of Salt Lake City shall be employed upon the work; that preference shall be given to taxpayers and to those who have families to support; and that all laborers employed upon the work shall be paid weekly.

This requirement depends for its enforcement upon the will and mind of the supervisory power. It would not be impossible for those in charge of the construction of waterworks improvements, if they were so minded, to claim that any laborer employed thereon is a resident of the city; it would be just as easy for the laborers to declare, bona fide, their intention to remain here; and those who pay poll taxes and have families to support, might have the preference, as the stipulation does not indicate how much taxes shall be paid or where these families shall reside in order to comply with the terms of the agreement.

INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.

"Spread of the movement in the south for industrial training, especially in cotton manufacturing, shows that the people of that section are alive to the chief defect of the American cotton industry," says the Commercial Advertiser.

It sees in this awakening to the importance of industrial education the solution of the cotton export problem, which has been bothering the heads of economists and manufacturers of the south. It continues:

In the United States little attention has been devoted to industrial training, with the result that cotton manufacturers are able to compete with foreign rivals in production of only coarser grades of goods. Even the advantage they enjoy over foreign competitors in production of this class of goods is due mainly to nearness of cotton fields. Southern cotton manufacturers evidently perceive that the future success of American cotton manufacturing depends on producing a better quality of goods than has heretofore been the rule in this country, and establishment of training schools, after the European fashion, is the surest means to this end.

This may be true. But there is another problem, whose only solution must come from this industrial education in the south; the training that Booker T. Washington and other educated negroes urge upon the members of their race. When the black man turns from politics and play to earnest purpose and the intelligent application of his energy and strength to profitable pursuits, the first step towards the solution of the race problem will have been taken.

The negro of the south has not taken the interest in himself that his so-called champions of the north have pretended to take in him. It has only been a few years back that the negro was regarded as utterly incapable of efficient service at any skilled industry which required confinement and minute attention. This theory was accepted as a matter of fact by the negroes themselves, and was regarded as the chief obstacle in the way of developing cotton-spinning and cotton-weaving in the south. Shortly after the war of secession a good many unsuccessful experiments in that direction were made, particularly in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. Their failure was always largely attributed to the difficulty of getting good and teachable hands that could withstand the summer climate and would not require exorbitant pay. The negroes worked in the fields for less than half of the wages of the whites; but, even with the prospect of equal wages, it was hard to lure them into the factory and make proficient artisans of them.

Of late years, owing largely to the influence and teaching of men like Booker T. Washington, southern negroes have accustomed themselves to the idea of indoor labor in connection with the use of machinery, and within a comparatively brief period the number of them so employed has rapidly increased.

The troubles that exist elsewhere between union laborers and so-called "scabs" will be felt in the south until negro operatives learn to keep the scale of wages at the living notch. But when they cut the hire of factory hands they are just as apt to have trouble in New England as in the south, and their recent experiences at Pana, Ills., shows that politics wields little influence in the protection of wage-cutters from organized labor.

The colored man has met with some opposition upon his entrance into the sacred circle of skilled labor, because of this willingness to content himself with smaller wages than had been customary. But it does not appear that the southern people in general regard the matter in that light. Many of them believe that in the utilization of the colored race in the skilled industries of the south lies the greatest hope for the development of the latter. It is, of course, absurd to expect to close any great civic occupation to a very large part of the population simply because of class distinction. Whatever may be the result of the closer association of whites and blacks in workshops and factories, it must be faced and met by other methods than race exclusion. White men have a right to object to the political domination of the blacks. They have reason to fear the bestial license which recent slaves for generations are apt to construe as their liberty. But every avenue of moral and intellectual improvement should be thrown open to the negro, and every opportunity to industrial advancement should be accorded him. In these may come a peaceful solution of the race problem. And a peaceful disposition of the matter is better than that which seems to be impending.

FOREIGN COMPETITION

Our morning contemporary is one of the few Republican organs in this country that still believe in the old trust-creating, high protective tariff. Some backwoods ministers still preach the horrors of an endless hell, but most of their cloth have outgrown that idea.

Our neighbor used to tell us that the tariff made no difference to home consumers, that "the foreigner paid the tax," that we couldn't compete with the "pauper labor of Europe," that American manufacturers would have to depend entirely upon a home market for their wares, and that all they wanted was to have foreign competition prohibited that the "infant industries" might live.

At the same time these "infant industries" were among the wealthiest and most powerful institutions of the country; they were throwing "fat" into Wanamaker's frying-pan—contributing millions of money to corrupt legislation, to continue their abnormal profits and purchase presidential elections.

One raise in the tariff after another our neighbor advocated, while millionaire corporations were fattening under the system which is responsible for their present growth into gigantic and almost irresistible trusts. The Tribune praised the Dingley bill and ratified state platforms commending it, when it knew and admitted that the bill was a robber measure which levied tribute upon one section of the country for the benefit of another.

From its editorial yesterday, one must conclude that our contemporary still believes that "the foreigner pays the tax," although President Harrison confessed in his message congratulating American consumers upon their release from the burden of a sugar tariff, and President McKinley owned up when he ordered the tariff taken from the necessities of life in Cuba and Porto Rico—that the foreigner does not pay this impost tax—that the consumer pays it, or pays its equivalent to the manufacturer.

And when these fast developing trusts were claiming governmental aid that they might have the American consumer all to themselves, they were then, at that very time, packing and shipping their wares, transferring them from car to steamer and from steamer to a foreign dock, paying tribute to foreign protectionists, placing their goods on foreign markets right in sight of pauper labor competition, and underselling the foreign manufacturer in his own home. These embryonic trusts were making a profit over and above all this expense of transportation and foreign duties, and selling their goods to foreign consumers for almost half of what they charged the people here at home. And the Salt Lake Tribune aided and abetted in the perpetration of this wrong.

It told us that competition between home concerns would keep prices down to the American consumer. The formation of trusts does away with competition as completely as tariff protection does. Our neighbor cannot dispute this fact. Nor may it claim in seriousness that new concerns will be started as often as prices are raised by the trusts. Experience teaches that new factories erected for trust-fighting purposes are of few days and full of trouble. Prices are cut by the big combine, railroads are subsidized or chartered, and the small competitor is forced to surrender.

Nor is it a matter of three or four years past, as our neighbor intimates, that home manufacturers have been able to compete with foreign goods. As the secretary of state said last June, in his explanation of a request for $20,000 to send a commercial commission to China, for a number of years the United States has held a place in the front rank of producers and her manufacturers have long been able to enter any market and control it, but were deterred from doing so because of the fine picking the protective system gave them at home, with which they were loath to part, and which they were enabled to retain mainly by concealing their operations abroad and their ability to cope with the so-called pauper labor of Europe. The secretary said:

The export trade of the United States is undergoing a transformation which promises to profoundly influence the whole economic future of the country. As is well known, the United States has reached the foremost rank among the industrial nations. For a number of years its position as the greatest producer of manufactures as well as of raw products has been undisputed, but, absorbed with its own internal development, and satisfied, for the time being, with the enormous home market of 70,000,000 people, it has until recently devoted but little concerted effort to the sale of its manufactures outside of its own borders. Recently, however, the fact has become more and more apparent that the output of the United States manufacturers has developed by the remarkable inventive genius and industrial skill of our people with a rapidity which has excited attention throughout the great centers of manufacturing activity in Europe, and has reached the point of large excess above the demands of home consumption.

The old McKinley cry of "American consumers for American goods" has been hushed. The home market theory is evidently abandoned, since the secretary concedes that we are quite able to compete with any other nation in the markets of the world. As a matter of course, this is no more true than it has been for years past. But Republican leaders have seen that their tariff scheme has failed to bring relief to the country, and they are now wildly seeking relief by the new theory of a colonial system and a movement toward free trade, which once they referred to as "reciprocity," but designate of late as the "open door."

Most up-to-date Republicans acknowledge that their party is drifting away from its old moorings. They realize that their plan of making the markets of the country sufficient for the national production, has brought about many evils. It has hung like a weight upon the productive energies of the country, and has diminished consumption by decreasing opportunities. In the new policy they see a reawakening of the dormant energies of the country, a general forward movement, industrially, politically and commercially, and are willing under changed conditions to change also some of their political convictions and their theories of political economy.

For this reason it will not be possible to make the tariff an issue again. As rapidly as Republicans are coming around to a sense of the true inwardness of Dingleyism and McKinleyism they are taking up the advocacy of what the Democratic party has contended for these many years. Since Republicans began to talk "reciprocity" and urge its extension it has been evident the leaven was at work. When they took up the policy of trade expansion and declared for the "open door" of commerce, it was an abandonment of the old protective tariff idea as complete as one might hope to see.

In the language of our esteemed contemporary, the Tribune:

We have had a high tariff; we have had a tariff for revenue with a great many protection additions, and the result all through for eighteen years, has been a steady decline in prices, until debtors are well-nigh bankrupt, and the men of small capital that hope by their capital and by their labor to receive fair returns, are all well-nigh ruined. More than that, a great many thousands of the laborers who are now employed are working on half time, and beyond that are hundreds of thousands who are not working at all. In the meantime, the clergymen who are struggling to save souls are utterly discouraged. Crimes are increasing in frightful ratio. The workhouses and poorhouses are filled with inmates. The morals of the nation are degenerating and all the baleful effects are being experienced which come when a great calamity happens to reduce the volume of money in a country and to reduce prices accordingly.

Then what have we to hope for from that source? Our future depends upon the remonetization of silver, and even this, says the Tribune now, must come from European countries.

IT IS BREAKING OUT.

It's a long cry from the Chicago to the St. Louis platform, a wide difference between independent and international bimetallism, but the Tribune has crossed the chasm.

It doesn't take long for a convert to the gold standard idea to get into the habit of sneering at those who, to the best of their ability, maintain a consistent support of silver.

This business of sneering at those who refuse to worship the golden calf, or subscribe to the chimerical doctrine of international bimetallism, is the chief stock in trade of goldbug journals; and, although it has been less than a fortnight since the Salt Lake Tribune repudiated the plan for independent bimetallism, it is already an adept with the weapons Hanna's followers have been using against Bryan for nearly three years.

And, as if to justify its desertion of the silver cause, our contemporary pleads that which makes its case the more pitiable. It says, in substance:

"Who, of all that note our going to the goldbug camp, has yelled so loudly for silver as we have? Who has spent more years in teaching the people of this section that international bimetallism is a delusion and a snare? Who has repeated more often that it is a trick, and that nothing ever can come of it? Who has claimed to know as much about the question? Who has abused the eastern press more violently for surrendering to the corrupting power of gold? Who has ridden a hobby like this all their lives, before, to desert it in old age? Who will be Sir Oracle now?"

It doesn't take long for the contagion of anti-silver bitterness to begin its work. And our neighbor has certainly been well innoculated.

TOMMY'S SOLILOQUY.

"If I go ter school ter day de teacher'll lick me fer not preparin' my lesson; an' if I stay at home, me mudder'll lick me fer not goin' ter school. Now, either I got ter go or stay home. But if I go an' de teacher licks me an' mudder finds it out, me mudder'll lick me fer not doin' my school work; an' if I stay at home an' me mudder licks me, de teacher'll lick me ter-morrow fer bein' a truant. Gee! Guess I'll go ter sleep!"

INVITATION.

(Washington Star.)

Put up your bows and arrows,
Oh, Filipinos bold!
You're missing all the pleasures
Existence ought to hold.
You might have joined the glories
Of emancipation day
And helped the people holler
And heard the music play.

The summer season's dawning;
The green is on the glade;
Come in before the circus
Sets out on its parade;
Come in and see the ball game
Get grandly under way;
Come in and help us holler
And hear the music play!

A SUMMARY SUGGESTION.

(Washington Star.)

I huyhd de white folks talkin'
About de news dey's read;
At fust it was High-wire
Dat troubled 'em, dey said.

An' nex' dey tu'ns dah 'tention
To botheratious scenes,
Whah dey's fightin' 'bout Vanila
An' de folks is Full-o'-beans.

I thought dat war de limit;
Dat we'd reached de end fo' sho',
But now I hyuhs 'em tellin'
We mus' look out foh Some-mo'.

I bet if I wah white folks
I'd let dem troubles drap,
I'd gather up dem islands an'
I'd push 'em off de map.

Where the Profit Comes In.

(New York Journal.)

Customer—I don't see how you can afford to sell those gloves for 40 cents a pair when they cost you 62.

Floor Walker—That's easy. We get a commission from the surgeon who attends those who are injured in the crush.

SOME GOOD SHORT STORIES

How a Family Feud Was Ended.

(Chicago Tribune.)

When the Republicans were about to nominate somebody to run for governor in 1884 there were candidates in all parts of the woods. John M. Hamilton, who succeeded to the office from the lieutenant governorship on Cullom's election to the senate, had a strong candidacy under full sail. Two terms before that Oglesby had been elected governor and nobody before had been a candidate for a third four-year term in that office. The day of the convention, however, "Uncle Dick" went down, and without having present any semblance of candidacy other than his own personality, he was nominated by acclamation.

His brother-in-law, David T. Littler, was a candidate for state treasurer. He had been to some pains to make his candidacy an organized feature of the day preceding the convention. When Oglesby was named for governor Littler was put out of the calculations by reason of coming from the next county and was sidetracked in consequence. Although Mrs. Oglesby and Mrs. Littler were sisters the houses of Oglesby and Littler were far apart from that time. The heads were so completely estranged that one did not speak to the other. For ten years they remained strangers.

Littler lived in a great old-fashioned mansion in Springfield. Oglesby lived on his farm near Elkhart. One day, greatly to the surprise of the Littler family, ex-Governor Oglesby walked in.

"How are you, Dave?" said the ex-governor.

"How are you, governor," said Littler as he struggled against his astonishment. Then the extended hand of the unexpected visitor was cordially grasped.

"I came to take dinner with you, Dave."

"Well, I'm glad of it," answered Littler as he took the hat and coat of his caller.

"Is the whisky bottle in the same old place, Dave?"

"It is, and there's whisky in it."

And that was how the family feud ended forever.

An Early Beginning.

(Detroit Free Press.)

At a quarter of 4 the big front door of the school was thrown open and several hundred boys and girls rushed out into the street. In the middle of the line hopped, skipped and jumped two youngsters—maybe 8 years old, with sturdy little legs, bright brown eyes and red cheeks.

This pair drew away from the throng at the sidewalk and waited until the others had gone along.

By and by they were alone.

"Come on!" cried one of the little fellows; "let's go over t' th' alley 'n' see 'bout it."

Then at a bound both were off.

The alley was vacated. Half way down it a pile of refuse, old oyster cans, umbrellas and such discarded and damaged bits of property stared at them.

The smaller of the two youngsters ran for the pile, and, seizing an old can, flung it back at his companion.

It hit him on the shoulder. "Wait a minute," he yelled; "gimme a minute's time."

Then, before the other knew what had happened, the handle of an old umbrella had brought him a ringing clip on the back of the head. That was the beginning, and for a space of twenty minutes those two youngsters fought tooth and nail, as though their lives depended upon it.

At the end of that time one of them was the owner of a torn shirt-waist, a cut cheek and a bleeding nose. The other limped and sniffled. A long scratch ran down his right cheek and met another at the corner of his mouth coming up from the other direction.

Worn, weary and bedraggled, those two youngsters sought their homes with tears and sniffles streaking their faces and twitching their noses.

Two mothers settled down upon them and inquired the cause of the bedraggled condition of their hopefuls.

And in their different homes each of those little boys said: "Teddy tol' us to."

"Teddy," exclaimed the mothers wonderingly, "and who on earth is Teddy?"

"Teddy Russvfelt," replied the little boys. And still the wonder of the mothers grew.

"What has Teddy Roosevelt to do with you?" they asked.

"This afternoon th' dear teacher read us his speech what he made out to Ann Arbor 'bout livin' th' strenuous life, and cultivatin' a spirit of pugnacity an' me'n Georgie went up th' alley t' carry it out.

And now two mothers are petitioning the school board to remove the teacher who has such a deep regard for Mr. Roosevelt and his opinions.

He Explained the Situation.

(Atlantic Constitution.)

Will Warner, a tall, black negro with yellowish eyes, might be all right per se, as the lawyers have a nack of saying, but he got all wrong per-ambulation, as he loafed about the streets late night before last and was found in a dark alley with a knife and a razor by a cop. He dropped the razor over a fence, where it was afterward found. The long, keen knife was found in his pocket.

Will claimed that he was a shoemaker and was waiting in the dark alley for a friend. This is the little speech he made by way of defense:

"Hit am de siterwation dat I wants ter 'splain, Jedge Nash. I were dar in dat alley to wait fur a friend. I had dat der razor fur ter shave wid dis morning, my wife 'lowing dat it was 'bout time I war shave some. Dat dar knife war de one I uses when in de shoe shop, and I war taking hit home ter my wife."

"Will," said Judge Nash, "I must be very frank and say that I wouldn't have liked to have run up against you in that dark alley with that razor and knife keeping you company. Shave yourself at your shop and let your wife use corn plaster. To impress these injunctions more forcibly on your mind, I will ask you to razor fine of $5.75 or go where there are no dark alleys for the next two weeks."

His Story.

(Chicago Democrat.)

He stood before the police judge a wreck. He suggested an echo of better times. He had been arrested the night before for sleeping in an open doorway.

The judge saw that the prisoner had not always been a tramp, and questioned him with regard to his past.

"Well, your honor, it was this way," the man said, quietly. "I haven't always been as you see me now. I was a stockbroker once. When I was a younger man I became interested in copper. Copper is usually solid, you know. I made a little pile, then shifted to iron. Iron is hard to handle, and I lost. I withdrew from the speculating for a time, but the old fascination drew me again into the maelstrom. I took a flyer in some glittering mining stock, but it was a loser. I said I would try again. I bought a little train of different railway stock, but I didn't tie to it long enough and went nearly broke. Then I shoved all of my remaining fortune into pork. It turned out that pork was on the hog, and here I am."

The judge had listened to the story attentively, and at its conclusion discharged the prisoner. "Have you any money?" he inquired as the man turned to leave the court room.

"No, sir," was the reply; "I'm broker now than I ever was."

Double Distilled Luck.

(New York Press.)

Link—What makes you so gay this morning? Did you hit it in Wall street?

Goff—Mixey; better than that! My mother-in-law has eloped with my tailor. Have one on me.

TOLD BY A TACK.

I am what you boys call flat-headed, but I am pretty sharp for all that, and right here let me inform you that I am the original tack. Don't you know what I mean by that? Well, I was the first tack that Jimmy Jones ever put in the cushion of his uncle's chair. All of my sisters and cousins and aunts are spreading stories about the funny things they have done, but you must not believe what they say. Their tales are utterly false; mine alone is true. Now, let me tell you how by my forceful and logical argument I clearly proved to a learned clergyman that it was time to draw his sermon to a close.

I was standing on my head (one must have some amusement) by one corner of the rug when Jimmy came in. I saw that he was cross, so I kept quite still.

"Church again, he muttered. "I hate to go to church. You have to sit in the front pew where you can't have any fun, and the parson talks so blooming long."

I am a very refined tack and do not use such expressions, but Jimmy said it, so it must be repeated.

"I just won't go."

Here he kicked his slippers across the room, and as he brought his foot back he gave me a terrible knock. Gracious! How boys howl if the least thing touches them! He didn't care how much I was hurt.

"Served you right, Jimmy Jones," said I. "Why can't you kick some one your size?"

After he got through playing menagerie, he put on his shoes very quietly. Then he said:

"I'll get it back on somebody. Ma says it's selfish to keep a thing all to yourself. By jingo!"

He picked me up, ran out of the house and down the street so fast it almost took my breath away.

When he reached the church door he slyly peeped in. No one was there. Quickly he climbed into the pulpit and soon had me arranged very comfortably in the plush cushion, right by the great Bible.

"I guess the minister'll sit down if he puts his hand on you," he said.

Then he laughed and went away. I think he must have gone back home, because just before the services began he walked into church with his mother. I had never seen Jimmy look so sweet and good. His face was like one of the little cherubs at the bottom of that beautiful Madonna picture we have at home.

I liked the singing very much, but when the text was given, "I am here, but thou seest me not," it was impossible not to smile, although I felt that it was most improper to do so. I looked straight at Jimmy, and am certain that he tittered aloud. The sermon was very long and I was extremely tired, but Jimmy seemed to be quite interested. Every time the preacher gesticulated with more than usual violence, the boy would lean forward with an expectant look.

Said the pastor: "And now, my brethren, before taking up the ninth argument, let me convince you of the truth of my previous statements. This is the point"—

Here he raised his clenched hand. I knew that he was going to strike me and tried to dodge, but Jimmy had fastened me so tightly that I could not move. Then the blow fell. It stunned me, but I recovered in time to hear the minister say:

"I will not prolong my remarks. The choir will sing:

Strike the nail aright, boys;
Hit it on the head."

The congregation looked surprised when their shepherd went out during the singing. I wonder if I had anything to do with his leaving so suddenly. But here comes Jimmy after me. Oh, dear! You don't suppose he wants to take me to church again next Sunday, do you?

The Order of Procedure.

(Chicago Record.)

In the speeches made at the so-called anti-expansionist meeting at Central Music hall last Sunday, and in some of those delivered at the dinners given on Monday evening in honor of Admiral Dewey and his officers and men, there was a failure to note one important feature of the situation in the Philippines—one which should have the controlling influence upon the present policy of the United States toward the Philippine natives.

The question now to be decided is purely military in character. Since the first week in February a state of war has existed around Manila between the United States troops and armed bodies of Filipinos. Our men have finally succeeded in convincing the natives that their attack upon our army was a useless and costly blunder, and that the only result of it will be the destruction of every organized force they can put in the field.

Under these circumstances, General Luna sends officers to ask an armistice. When only a hopeless resistance can be made, the usage of civilized nations is that the victor fixes the terms of surrender. That is what General Otis has done, and it is right and proper.

What shall be done after the Filipinos have surrendered is a political question, and there will be time to pass upon it after the military question is out of the way. It does not necessarily follow that every man who maintains the right and necessity of the government to put an end to the armed resistance to our troops in the Philippines believes in the annexation of those islands, but the sober sense of a very large majority of the people of this country seems to be in favor of insisting that surrender shall precede negotiation.

The Fox and the Grapes.

(Detroit Journal.)

Once upon a time a Fox espied some grapes growing upon a tall tree or a telegraph pole; it does not matter which.

The Fox tried to borrow a step-ladder of a neighboring farmer, but failed.

"I don't want your old grapes, anyway!" the Fox now declared. "Appendicitis isn't anything like as swagger as it used to be!"

Then he bestowed the laugh upon the bystanders, who had looked for him to say the grapes were sour.

His Opinion of It.

(Judge.)

"Jay Green seems to think he's considerable smart," remarked Josh Medders; "but I don't know so much about it myself. Dewver tell you about how he gave himself away the time he went up to the city with me an' seen the first street sprinkler he'd ever set eyes on?

"No," returned Abner Appledry. "What did he do?"

"Aw! He jabbed me in the ribs an' says he, good an' loud, 'Great gimmy, Josh! there's one o' them rain-makin' machines we've been readin' 'bout.'"

A Galling Restriction.

(Puck.)

"Did Mrs. Hayden obtain that divorce she sued for?" asked Keedick.

"Yes; she obtained a decree, but with restrictions," replied Foedick.

"She was forbidden to marry again?" I suppose?"

"That wasn't it."

"Then what was the restriction?"

"She was forbidden to go on the stage."

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