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METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

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

Maximum temperature, 87 degrees; minimum temperature, 72 degrees; mean temperature, 80, which is 6 degrees above the normal; accumulated excess of temperature since the 1st of the month, 207 degrees; accumulated excess of temperature since Jan. 1, 768 degrees. Total precipitation from 6 p. m. to 6 p. m. none; accumulated deficiency of precipitation since the 1st of the month, .71 inch; accumulated deficiency of precipitation since Jan. 1, 3.97 inch.

ALL ABOUT THE WEATHER.

Everybody has been talking about the weather for a week or more. It is not only a topic of conversation in Utah, but all over the United States. Records and thermometers are broken every day by the sun, and the death-rate from excessive heat in eastern cities is constantly lengthening. Here in Utah we have the hottest June ever experienced in the state. In other places they are having the hottest days ever known in any month.

An Oriental traveler in New York the other day said he couldn't understand why, in a climate like this, men should risk a sunstroke in a straw hat and swelter to death in cloth clothing.

In the Orient, men and women are accustomed to heat and dress and live accordingly. They have discovered that a straw hat is no protection from the sun's rays and they wear solar topis, or helmets of cloth and cork. They wear white cotton suits and dress for comfort in the hot season. They are not slaves to fashion, at least. They sleep in the open air or on top of a flat-roofed house, protected from the dew, perhaps, with an awning, but breathing the best air stirring and rising refreshed in the morning.

Another reason one feels the heat more in this country than it is felt by the inhabitants of much warmer climes is that the business hours are not suited to hot weather. In Naples, Cairo, Bombay and all the southern countries the busy merchant takes his mid-day siesta. Here the business man works hardest while the sun shines hottest, and when business lags because of the heat he redoubles his efforts or lengthens out his days for the accommodation of customers and clients more wise than he is.

Women show more sense in facing hot weather than men do. It is a relief to turn from the dark suits and three-ply arm coverings of the summer man to the refreshing picture of the summer woman, with pink flesh showing through gauzy sleeves as she trips along the sun-baked streets in a light muslin gown with a portable shade over her head and a cool disdain for weather croakers in every move and look.

When men will condescend to learn something from experience with the weather they will have less occasion to complain.

CHINA'S ONLY MAN.

Winifred Black, who has visited China many times during the last decade, says that "the empress dowager is the only man in the empire," all the rest being a lot of "old women."

Forty years ago, Tsi An was one of a household of concubines. Upon the death of her lord and master, the emperor, she took entire control of the government and her ability must be conceded when her power and influence are considered in connection with the size of her realm, the number of her subjects, their traditional contempt for public women and the superstitious distrust they hold for everything like an innovation in government affairs.

On the 4th of March, 1889, the empress placed her nephew on the throne, selected a wife for him and retired to a handsome residence called Eho Park, about ten miles from the "forbidden city." Surrounded by a court of her own, she lived in what the Chinese consider great splendor and, according to the Chinese standard, a chaste life. Whenever a crisis has threatened, she returned to power, spanked the emperor, imprisoned his advisers and took affairs into her own hands for a while. She is an uncompromising enemy to all reform movements and for this reason is suspected of being in secret league with the organizations which have sought to drive out "the foreign devils."

Tsi An is the strongest character among the Chinese. She has no knowledge of diplomacy and but little idea of statecraft, but she has a craft of her own and calls in Li Hung Chang when she strikes a snag in international politics. He is by all odds the foremost diplomat and statesman of the empire, but when the dowager is through with him she dismisses the old man as if he were a coachman, and he retires to a distant city, glad to escape with his life.

Tsi An has always received the same reverence that is paid to the emperor, and everybody who approaches her, even the Son of Heaven himself, kneels and knocks his head nine times upon the floor. Her ministers were never permitted to behold her face until she passed the age of 60, and her interviews were always carried on behind a screen.

It was related that Prince Henry of Germany and his suite are the only foreigners who have ever seen her, and his visit created a commotion throughout the whole empire. It likewise aroused the jealousy of the czar, who feared for a time that the kaiser was about to receive important concessions for which he had been pleading for many years. But there was no real significance to be attached to the visit. It was largely a gratification of curiosity on both sides and the incident closed.

The dowager is now and for forty years has been the most conspicuous figure in the Chinese empire and will appear in history as one of the greatest of the long line of Chinese rulers, which runs back to the days of Moses. But for all that, her policies are fraught with danger and the only salvation of the empire seems to be a change of rule and foreign policy at the earliest possible date.

REACHED ITS FIGURE.

European newspapers and statesmen have derived considerable amusement for many years from the tone of the French press in the early part of the century toward Napoleon as regulated by its fear of his displeasure or its hope of reward. Extracts from the Moniteur have been quoted frequently in this connection illustrative of how its "conditions changed," and its headlines, beginning with the announcement of his escape from Elba, keeping pace with his movements, and his entry into Paris, afford a laughable example of the newspaper which claims to be independent but is in reality a truckler.

The Moniteur's headlines from day to day were as follows:

The cannibal has left his den.
The Corsican wolf has landed in the bay of San Juan.
The tiger has arrived at Gay.
The wretch spent the night at Grenoble.
The tyrant has arrived at Lyons.
The usurper has been seen within fifty miles of Paris.
Bonaparte is advancing with great rapidity, but he will not set his foot inside the walls of Paris.
Tomorrow Napoleon will be at our gates.
The Emperor has arrived at Fontainebleu.
His Imperial Majesty Napoleon entered Paris yesterday, surrounded by his loyal subjects.

A morning contemporary's surrender to Mark Hanna furnishes an example of history's repetition. Four years ago Mark was "the worst enemy of the republic." At irregular intervals he was described as follows:

The embodiment of all that is brutal and corrupt in politics.
The ring-leader of a gang of thieves and imbeciles.
The incarnation of all that is vicious in public life.
The slave driver who would put the fetters on 70,000,000 people.
The uncompromising enemy of free coinage.
The shrewdest political boss the country has even seen.
The most practical politician in the Republican party.
The leading statesman of the day; a much abused man.
The greatest benefactor of the human race.
The personification of all that is good and great and generous.
The ideal American, the author of America's grandeur.

Step by step, as the French tyrant neared Paris the humility and admiration of the French press increased, and step by step as the great Mark neared this contemporary's "figure" he gained its support.

"Long live the king!"

COAL MINE ACCIDENTS.

Since the deplorable accident at Scofield on May day other explosions in other parts of the country have been reported, none accompanied by such enormous loss of life, but aggregating over a hundred fatalities, nevertheless. In Carolina, in Illinois and in Pennsylvania casualties of this character have occurred within the past sixty days and newspapers have devoted considerable space to a discussion of causes and preventives.

In every state where coal mining is carried on, legal guards have been thrown around the workmen and a system of official inspection has been adopted for the mines. These methods of protection for miners have not always met the expectations of those who devised them. One of the principal reasons for this is that the appointment of coal mine inspectors and other officials having the work in charge has degenerated into a system of political jobbery in some of the states. In others the compensation is not sufficient to insure the services of the most efficient men for this extremely particular work. There is no more responsible position than one in which the lives of hundreds of human beings are entrusted to his care and the destiny of whole families rests upon his competency and judgment.

Owing to this state of affairs many have become convinced that the political inspection of coal mines is a flat and fatal failure and that some other system should be devised. The Pittsburg Post believes that "there would be fewer accidents if the whole batch of mine officeholders were legislated out of office and reliance had on the mutual plans of operators and miners, directed by the supreme law of self-protection. This was what the miners relied on before the system of legal inspection and political agents was adopted, and we are assured with better results in the preservation of human life."

The Post recently printed an interesting communication from Mr. J. B. Corey, a practical miner and operator of Pennsylvania, in which he advocates the rooting out of the entire system of official inspection and the abuses it has introduced, and favors placing the whole matter in the hands of operators and miners, who, he claims, can and will protect themselves much more effectively than is possible under the existing system.

The main objection to this plan is that the old conditions under which coal mining was carried on have passed and with them the old-time relations between the employer and the employee. The business is now carried on by large corporations employing large numbers of men. Co-operative arrangements are matters of the past and the miner is compelled to look to the state for protection when he needs it. If incompetent officials are placed in charge of his safety he has an opportunity, if he survive, to go to the polls and rebuke the authority that made him or tried to make him the victim of a spoils system. He has the right and it is his duty to vote his sentiments concerning the executive who seeks to barter away the security of coal miners for the political influence of an incompetent inspector.

This is the coal miner's only remedy at present. Legislation has made rules; inventors have made contrivances for the safety of miners. It is for inspectors to say whether or not the rules are obeyed or the devices used. Legislation and science are slowly but surely leading the coal miner to greater security. It wasn't long ago when mining was more hazardous than it is today. Safety lamps were not known, ventilating methods were crude, rapacious mine owners robbed supports, no systematic inspection was in vogue, and in every way human life was endangered.

Man's ingenuity has been at work. Changes have taken place under ground as well as on the surface. Risks have been lessened and, while accidents like those of the last two months are appalling in their extent, the actual number of explosions is said to be decreasing. At all events, the casualties do not keep pace with the growth of the industry.

BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING.

"No man who has ever been a candidate for president has pandered more directly to the vicious classes of the United States or has given any broader hints to the vicious classes that they would be exempt from punishment in case of his election, than has Mr. Bryan."

"The microcephalous idiot who wrote the foregoing is unworthy to loosen Mr. Bryan's shoes. There never was a more honest man in public life than William Jennings Bryan, nor a man more devoted to principle and the welfare of his country. All the vicious classes, all the corruptionists and all the subsidized newspapers of the country are arrayed against him. None can swerve him from the path of honor, and whether he wins or loses he will ever be remembered as an upright, conscientious, brilliant statesman. All the slanders of hired character assassins and professional blackguards in the employ of Mark Hanna cannot injure him in the estimation of the American people."

These are two opinions from the editorial pages of the Salt Lake Tribune.

Mark Hanna pays his money and takes his choice.

The American farmer's trade does not necessarily follow the bayonet. Frank H. Hickock, chief of the section of foreign markets, department of agriculture, says that 25 per cent of our agricultural products are shipped abroad. Of the total export we send 55 per cent to Great Britain and her colonies, 31 per cent to Germany, 6 per cent to France and the balance to other European nations with the exception of a small fraction of 1 per cent which we send to our own colonies and all the other islands of the Pacific. People take our products because they want them, not because we force them by bayonets or intimidate them with a flag bedecked garrison.

Dun's weekly review indicates that others besides our goldbug contemporary have seen the "spots on the sun of our republic." It says that business has been dragging owing to our national connection with other powers and adds: "Influences affecting its business during the week ranged all the way from a boycott at St. Louis to a war in South Africa, and from sun spots to the relief of Pekin." This business of posing as a world's power means a surrender of national independence in trade and industry.

"Some of the eastern papers are speaking with surprise of the Kentucky Democrats sending for a professional burglar in the penitentiary in order to open the vaults of the state treasury to get the books and the money as a marvelous thing," says the Tribune.

Probably all the other prominent Republicans on to the combination are fugitives from justice.

Dr. Swallow's candidacy for the presidency was probably rejected by the national Prohibition convention on account of his name. It would have been difficult to carry on a campaign of Swallow vs. whisky and make people believe it meant temperance.

Now that Gus Ruhlin has finished Tom Sharkey in one of the bloodiest encounters ever witnessed in Governor Roosevelt's state let us turn our attention once more to the glorious work of carrying the blessings of superior civilization into the Philippines.

The Washington Star notes with sincere regret that no George Washington of China has yet loomed up. No; but as the grocer says, they have "something just as good." Li Hung Chang is said to be the Mark Hanna of the empire.

"My arguments of two years ago are all rot!" proudly exclaims the ex-champion of silver. So the goldbug press declared at the time. His arguments are still "rot," but in a more advanced stage of decomposition.

One reason Taylor refuses to return to Kentucky is that his militia is liable to sue him for its pay while in his employ as an ally of his moonshine thugs.

By putting Roosevelt on his ticket, Hanna no doubt counted on turning the attention of the cartoonist away from his own face in this campaign.

The steamer Al-Ki has arrived at Port Townsend and claims to have a quarter of a million of Nome gold on board. This may be an Al-Ki-li.

The powers have agreed on a plan of action in China, according to a Paris cablegram. Meanwhile keep your eye on the Russian bear.

Republican politicians rejoice in the short wheat crops, but Republican farmers are not so jubilant. They fail to see the point.

"Senator Gorman will not attend the Kansas City convention," says a dispatch from Baltimore. Neither will Senator Hanna.

Smart Answer by a Negro.

(London Answers.)

An American writer tells a good story of his college days. It relates to a negro gardener, a jolly fellow, with whom the boys used to have considerable sport. Sometimes he would floor them with his repartee.

One day in spring, Sambo had been burning the college green in order to get rid of the old withered grass. A freshman came along, and, thinking to have some fun, shouted:

"Say, there, Sambo, you ought not to burn that stuff."

"Why?" inquired Sambo.

"Because," replied the freshman, "it'll make that grass black as you are."

"Well, massa," retorted Sambo; "dat's all right. Yes, dat's all right. Never you fear; dat 'ere grass'll come up and be as green as you are!"

Would Take Anything.

(Punch.)

Diner—Ticket.
Clerk—What station?
Diner—Wha-stashun 've you got?

Old Sport Tells of Really Hot Weather

The Old Sport had discarded his vest and his ample paunch hung in a broad crease over a natty yellow belt. In his hand he carried a palm leaf fan with which he strove to chase away the beads of perspiration that gathered on his countenance and trickled down his neck. "O-o-oh, what shall we do to be saved," he sung softly, as he put a russet leather Oxford tie on the rail at the base of the counter and stretched out his arms beseechingly.

"Hot, ain't it, Johnny?" he murmured.

Johnny looked around for the bung starter, but not seeing it contented himself with a growl. "If you think you're doin' the amiable by such remarks as that you are shore overlookin' a turn," he said. "You ain't got no scoop on your idee, not by a dern sight. I reckon two hundred boys that's visited this here foundry today and said exactly the same thing in somewhat different langwidges. But if it's any consolation to you, I'm willin' to concede that it's hot an' lay my hand down before the draw. The question is, what'ell are you goin' to do about it?"

This was one of the longest speeches Johnny had ever made and the Old Sport was duly impressed. "I didn't aim to harrer your feelin's none, Johnny," he began. "My remark was merely intended as the openin' wedge to the entertainin' conversation we has about once in so often. I throws out that hint about the heat merely to find out whether you thinks this is some hot or not. I see you does, but this ain't hot weather, Johnny. It's Klondike when it's stacked up agin some of the weather we used to have over in Virginia City. Why, Johnny, I've seen it so hot over there that Pat dassent hang a beefsteak out in front of his shop for fear it'd begin to fry right on the hook.

"Hot? Why this ain't more'n a summer resort zephyr. One Fourth of July over in Virginia the camp had run out of matches. Some of the boys had sent back to the states for fireworks. There was crackers an' pin wheels an' rockets with no limit an' there we had nothin' to set 'em off with. Well, we wondered what we was goin' to do. It was a cool day, bein' only 200 in Pat's ice chest, an' there wouldn't be no stage in with matches for a week. Fin'lly one of the boys, seems to me it was Charley Goodwin, but I won't be shore, got an idee.

"'I'll tell you what,' he says, 'I'll go over here to the Blue Blaze dance hall an' git a drink of licker. As soon as I swallers it I begins to blow on a twig of grease wood,' he says, 'an' if I can't raise some fire that way it's all off with our Fourth of July doins.'

"Well, we figured around a good bit, wastin' time when we might've been playin' bank, or goin' against the eagle bird wheel in the White Wolf. After the debate was conclooded, we takes a vote and the proposition carries unanimous. Charley, or whoever it was had the idee staked out, goes an' gits his drink an' then, before his tank had time to cool, he blows on the greasewood.

"Johnny, as shore as I'm standin' in this foundry at his minute, that greasewood ketched fire about the second blow and the fireworks was the biggest thing we ever had in Virginia, barrin' the time we lynched One-eyed Mike Flaherty for lettin' a tenderfoot skin him out'n his roll at single-handed draw."

Johnny looked his disbelief of the story but he didn't put his doubt into words. The look was enough, though, to evoke a snort from the Old Sport. "Hah," he said. "You don't take no stock in the veracity of this here reminiscence. I see. You wants some proof. You ain't willin' to take my past record for double ace flush truth-tellin' into consideration. Well, I'll just show you, if you're from Missouri."

As he spoke the Old Sport dug into a coat pocket. Johnny snickered when a couple of white chips and an ace of diamonds fell on the floor. The Old Sport flushed a trifle, but continued his search. Presently his eyes lighted with triumph. He drew from a capacious pocket the charred end of a firecracker.

"Here," he said, "holding it up complacently, "I thought some day I might find a gent who'd copper that tale so I've saved a souvenir. This here fragment, Johnny, is all that's left of the Virginia celebration I been tellin' about. This very cracker was set off by the fire from the greasewood which was sot to blazin' by a blast of Blue Blaze whisky in the dim an' hazy past. Now I reckon that'll hold you for a while, hah."

"It's on me, I reckon, Sport," said Johnny, humbly, and with something like awe in his voice. "That shorely must have been hot weather. What'll you have?"

The Old Sport drank a mint julep with a little orchard on the top of it that Johnny fixed up. Then, as he started for the door Johnny gently pulled a messenger call with the idea in his mind of sending out after some winter underwear.

He was swearing softly to himself as he turned back and began wiping off the top of the counter with a towel. "Hot? Oh, I guess not," he soliloquized. "If this weather was as hot as some of Sport's tales, it would cook a stack before a man'd have time to git it down on the deuce to win or lose."

BOOK REVIEWS.

"Helena's Wonder World," by Frances H. White. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston. For sale by A. R. Derge.

Helena is a little girl who falls asleep as she watches from her seaside home a great storm beat down upon the ocean and the strip of sandy beach.

And in her sleep the King of Spongeland comes to her in a nautilus shell and takes her to see his own country and that of Queen Coralie and Mother of Pearl. In the course of her journey she sees and hears many strange things that will be of great interest to the little folks who are fortunate enough to find "Henena's Wonder World" added to their libraries.

"The Songs of Fother Goose." Verse by L. Frank Baum, music by Alberta N. Hall, pictures by William W. Denslow. The George M. Hill company, publishers.

The rhymes of "Father Goose" that so captivated the little folks at Christmas time, have been set to music. Some pictures of the big-eyed rabbit, Master Jinks, the Jack-Lantern and all the others are there, only now Mister Micklejohn can "hip, hip, hop" to music, the Ostrich Dance has a real tune, and the babies' serenade has a "Tink-a-tink-a-tink" that really goes. The melodies are simple and pleasing and will doubtless add to the pleasure of the children as well as to the value of the volume in kindergarten work.

"The Black Terror." A romance of Russia by John K. Leys. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston. For sale by A. R. Derge.

A young English architect, uniting in his character the Anglo-Saxon fearlessness and faithfulness, goes to the country place of a Russian prince to superintend some alterations in the nobleman's castle. The mysterious disappearance of the prince leads the Englishman into a search for him, his interest being stimulated by the love he has conceived for Princess Irene, the daughter of the Russian. The course of the story leads through the secret councils of the "Committee of Public Safety," the head of the nihilist organization, and explains something of its plans and purposes. The abducted prince is finally found in a prison on a royal island of the Hebrides in company with other Russian noblemen who have been notoriously cruel in their dealings with those under them. The Englishman bears a singular resemblance to the czar a service he is enabled for this reason to render the nihilists secures the release of the prince. The story is full of incident and the interest is sustained to the end.

A Nice Distinction.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Tommy—Pop, what's the difference between a habit and a vice?

Tommy's Pop—Habits, my son, are our own frailties; vices are those of other people.

HOMESPUN YARNS.

"Salt Lake has a newspaper man who is just the warmest article I ever saw," exclaimed Major Bird, who was sitting in the midst of a group of reporters en route to Scofield last month. "I first met him in about '92, when Jim Mack's wife killed herself. As ill luck would have it, Jim called on me to take charge of the house and gave explicit instructions that no one should go on the inside. 'No matter what friends or acquaintances call,' he said, 'they can't get in, and you must tell them so.'

"Well, I got along all right until this pencil pusher came down after the story. I told him positively, without making any bones about it, that nobody could get in that house except over my dead body, but he insisted upon seing the corpse and getting a description of the death-wound, even if I would not give him the particulars. He was so persistent that I finally threatened to thrash him if he didn't get out, and with one hand on the gate and the other in a threatening attitude, I was relieved to see him go on up the street, after he had spent a half hour trying to learn something.

"Several minutes later I heard voices at the back door. I could tell from the tones that someone was questioning and someone answering, and out I went to the kitchen, to find this newspaper man, paper and pencil in hand, and pumping the servant girl to beat time.

"I didn't wait to ascertain how much information he had, but I walked up with the intention of slapping his ears, when he looked at me so innocently and with such perfect calm that I had to smile. 'But see here,' said I, 'you and I will have trouble yet.' I told you that Mr. Mack wants nobody in this house and you have got to stay out. Now, get out of here.' Away he went, apparently contented and convinced, too, that I was in earnest. I was just congratulating myself upon the way I handled him that afternoon when in walked the coroner's jury. And I'll be damned if that reporter wasn't one of jurors."

A well known clothing house here in town has hit upon an advertising novelty. It is in the nature of telegraph blank, and each one sent out purports to be a message from the "Wireless Union," but in reality contains an advertisement for the house. Thereby hangs a tale.

The firm sent one of these messages to Chief Devine. He opened it, and read, in great flaring letters:

"WIRELESS UNION TELEGRAPH CO."
"To James Devine:
"We have a large stock of flannels on hand. Send us your order.
"(Signed) ——— & CO."

Now, the chief could not imagine why this firm should have wired him. He was both worried and flabbergasted, and it caused him great mental distress until late into the night, when his wakefulness brought on an inspiration. Jumping out of bed, he rang for a Western Union messenger, and in time the boy arrived.

"Here," said the chief, handing back the message, "this must be some Devine at the hotels. I don't know anything about it."

The boy took the ad into the office, and the wires didn't work the rest of that night.

One of the funniest sights ever witnessed was an Indian running up against an electric fan in the Co-op. clothing department yesterday. Poor Lo came in to get a pair of overalls and he wore at the time a broad sombrero that shut out the view of anything immediately overhead. In this way he got right under the fan without noticing it, but feeling the gentle zephyrs playing with his locks he ventured to ascertain the origin of the phenomenon. Lo looked up, "rubbered," as the boys say, and at the first glimpse of the rapidly revolving wing, right above his cranium, he let out a "Wow" that was heard distinctly over in the millinery department, and came down on a pile of straw hats, paralyzed.

As soon as he could move Lo did a hot foot out of the store and when last seen was nearing the Short Line depot at a pace calculated to bring on heart failure in the coolest kind of weather, which this is not.

DIRECT LEGISLATION.

(Compiled by H. W. Lawrence.)

Direct legislation is law making by the voters. The initiative means the proposal of a law by petition of a percentage of the voters effected thereby. The referendum means the vote at the polls on a law proposed by the initiative, or on a measure passed by a city council or legislature.

The initiative tells the city council or legislature what some of the people want. The referendum tells what the whole or a majority of the voters want as to a particular proposition.

Direct legislation, therefore, enables the voters to deal with laws themselves, not merely with law makers. It saves the legislator from making mistakes as to the will of the people on any question. It turns men's minds from mere personalities to fundamental principles. It invests the ballot with a new dignity and places politics on a higher plane.

All patriots can agree on direct legislation; on this simple, this elementary, this scientific invention in political machinery which has been born and developed from purest ideals of self-government.

The only objections which can be raised against direct legislation are those which spring from a distrust of the people. The political bosses have made the people believe that they are not qualified to govern themselves, and that they should be consulted only, on election days, when their votes are wanted to keep the party machinery in running order. Whenever the people stop voting to place political masters over themselves for a stated number of years then it will be demonstrated who has the power to make laws, and run the government.

The people have been so used to being told by their "representative agents" that they do not know as to the amount they should be taxed or the kind of laws necessary to govern them, that they have come to believe it. When you talk to the people about municipal ownership of public utilities, one of the first objections you will hear is: "We can't have public ownership while our city governments are so corrupt and run in the interest of political parties." The advocates of direct legislation do not claim that it can ever be made a success where it is conducted on a partisan basis by political parties. Municipal ownership is to be conducted on strict business principles, under civil service rules. Men will not be placed in control of them because they are Democrats, Republicans or Populists, but on account of their fitness for the position, and when public officers have to account to the people direct for their stewardship they will be more careful as to their duties.

When the people have the power to vote no or yes on the question of the city owning its own gas and electric plant, or any other public utility, and should decide to own it, is it not reasonable to suppose that capable managers or boards of directors can be selected to run the business as easily as a bank or private corporation can secure proper men to manage their respective business? Municipal ownership of public utilities has proven a great success in this country and Europe, and hundreds of cities bear witness that it has given a better city government morally and politically, and lessened the people's taxes.

The municipal ownership agitation has atracted so much attention all over the country that the owners of franchises and monopolies have been alarmed and formed a bureau to spread all the information they can against the municipal ownership, and where any daily paper is publishing their statements against city ownership the people may take it for granted that there is some one connected with the paper that is interested in private franchises, or the paper is dependent for patronage from those sources.

There is too much evidence in favor of the people controlling their public utilities to say that it cannot be done successfully; it has been done, and is being accomplished all over the country and all that is needed is a fair trial by those who believe in a government for all of the people, and special privileges to none!

Direct legislation contemplates the right to propose laws that the people want, and the right to reject laws that they do not want, and through "the imperative mandate" the people can recall those public officials who prove unworthy of the trust reposed in them. It will kill the lobby in legislative and city council halls, because there will be no money in making deals when the people hold the final verdict in their own hands. It will educate the people because it forces them to study the questions at issue. It represents the triumph of self-government over government by the few.

Feminine Economy.

(Fliegende Blaetter.)

Husband—My dear, we must economize and buy only the most necessary things!

Wife—All right; then I shall buy myself a new hat tomorrow; that's the thing most necessary just now.

Not an Ingenious Excuse.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"What detained you, dear?"

"Waitin' to g-get trousers creased."

"Your trousers creased! Why, they are dreadfully muddy."

"Yesh. Had 'em creashed by au-automobile."

SHORT STORIES.

When Lincoln Was Under Fire.

William Van Zandt Cox, the gifted secretary of the national museum at Washington, contributes a bit of hitherto unwritten history about Abraham Lincoln to the July issue of "Success." It happened that Lincoln was under fire of the confederate sharp-shooters on the 12th day of July, 1864, while standing on the parapet of Fort Stevens during the only battle fought in the District of Columbia. A superb sketch of the scene is furnished by the celebrated sculptor, James Kelly.

"On one side of the battlefield, on an eminence, stood John C. Breckinridge, the candidate receiving the votes of the seceding states for president, expecting to enter the capital with the army of Northern Virginia.

"On the parapet of Fort Stevens, by the side of General Wright, amid the whizzing bullets, stood the successful candidate in that great political struggle—Abraham Lincoln—watching with that 'grave and pensive countenance' the progress of the battle.

"Four years ago, in company with the old commander of the Sixth corps and his daughter, Mrs. Rosa Wright Smith, General D. S. Stanley, Captain Thomas Wilson, Dr. C. G. Stone and James E. Kelly, the well known sculptor of American history, I stood upon that same parapet. After contemplating the surroundings, General Wright said: 'There near the pike were the woods that were so full of Early's men; along this slope is where our skirmishers deployed; there a house was burned, there another, and still another; over these trenches went the brave soldiers of the Sixth corps. Where is the tree? I cannot find the tree from which a sharpshooter picked off my men. The old toll gate has gone also.'

"He paced up and down the top of the crumbling earthworks for a while, as if to satisfy himself of some fact, and then said: 'Here, on the top of this parapet, between this old embrasure and that, is the place where President Lincoln stood, witnessing the fight; there, by his side, a surgeon was wounded by a minie ball.

"'I entreated the president not to expose his life to the bullets of the enemy; but he seemed oblivious to his surroundings; finally, when I found that my entreaties failed to make an impression upon him, I said: "Mr. President, I know you are commander of the armies of the United States, but I am in command here, and, as you are not safe where you are standing, and I am responsible for your personal safety, I order you to come down." Mr. Lincoln looked at me, smiled, and then, more in consideration for my earnestness than from inclination, stepped down and took a position behind the parapet. Even then he would persist in standing up and exposing his tall form.'"

At the Paris Fair.

(Katharine De Forest, in Harper's Bazar.)

This day of the opening, Sousa's band is installed on a platform by the side of the pavilion. Half of the United States, to speak rashly, you would say, is grouped around it. I cannot imagine a more amusing crowd. Perhaps fifty invitations at the most have been issued. Those who came early got into the building. Everybody else, with true republican simplicity, stands and waits, and I hear one expatriated pair of colonists, father and son, wondering whether they will recognize the "Star-spangled Banner" when they hear it. A woman next us evidently has friends at court. "If you see the United States consul," she says every time any one of the elect with a ticket goes by, "please tell him I'm here and he must find some way of getting me inside." Time passes, but she still stands there. A stout female at my right is not pleased with the pavilion of the United States. "Just look at that little bit of an Italy!" she says. "Buildin' three times as big as ours. Now, don't ours just look mean by the side of it!" The "Colony" is there, lounging, laughing, bantering, as though it were a garden party; and New York, and Chicago, and San Francisco; and all at once Sousa's band strikes up that thrilling, magnetic air, "La Marseillaise." Then, as by one impulse, all the men uncover and the women slightly bow their heads. What and where is that strange chord in all of us, born of whatsoever nation we may be, or under what sky, which never fails to vibrate when any one sounds to it the note "father-land"? There is a moment's hush, and then as Sousa's band breaks into "Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light," there is a half-suppressed "Oh!" of emotion, followed by a wild clapping of hands. The pavilion of the United States is inaugurated.

Outwitted the Boers.

(From "The Relief of Ladysmith," by Richard Harding Davis, in the July Scribner's.)

The officer who finally called up Ladysmith is young Captain Cayser, and the story of his efforts to communicate with the besieged garrison is a most creditable and curious one. For many days he trudged up one high hill after another and flashed his mirror, but without response, except from the Boers in between. And they, when he thought he had "got" Ladysmith on the 'phone, would shock and undeceive him by such pleasantry as "How do you like our pompoms?" or "Go to hell." Not discouraged, Captain Cayser continued to climb many hills, until at last the mirror of Ladysmith winked back at him. "Who are you?" Cayser asked. "I am Walker of the Devons," came back the answer. But Captain Cayser had grown suspicious, and in order to make quite sure who it was with whom he was talking he flashed back, "Find Captain Brooks of the Gordons and ask him the name of Captain Cayser's country place in Scotland." A hurried search was made for Brooks of the Gordons, and the answer came back: "We are acquainted with the name of your home in Perthshire." "Then use it for the code word," Cayser continued, and for the remainder of the siege the name of Cayser's country home was used to send every cipher message that passed out of Ladysmith over the heads of the Boers. It is further related that when the signal officers found Brooks of the Gordons and said, "Captain Cayser has just heliographed in to ask you to tell him the name of his country house," that officer remarked: "Well, I always thought Cayser was an ass, but I didn't think he'd forget the name of his own home." The picture of a gentleman heliographing violently into a besieged city to find out where he lived has certainly a humorous side.

The Battle of Dunbar.

In describing the battle of Dunbar, in the July instalment of his Cromwell study in the Century, Mr. Morley borrows the pens of Cromwell and his secretary:

The English and the Scots faced one another across a brook with steep banks, only passable at a narrow ford, and here the fight was. The rout of Dunbar has been described once for all by Carlyle, in one of the famous masterpieces of modern letters, with a force of imagination, a faithfulness in detail, a moral depth, a poetic beauty, that help to atone for the perplexing humors and whimsical philosophies that mar that fine biography. It is wise for others not to attempt to turn into poetry the prose of politics and war. The battle opened with a cannonade from the English guns, followed by a charge of horse under Lambert. The enemy were in a good position, had the advantage of guns and foot against Lambert's horse, and at first had the best of it in the struggle. Before the English foot could come up, Cromwell says, "the enemy made a gallant resistance, and there was a very hot dispute at swords' point between our horse and theirs." Then the first line of foot came up, and "after they had discharged their duty (being overpowered with the enemy) received some repulse which they soon recovered. For my own regiment did come seasonably in, and at the push of pike did repel the stoutest regiment the enemy had there, which proved a great amazement to the residue of their foot. The horse in the meantime did, with a great deal of courage and spirit, beat back all opposition, charging through the bodies of the enemy's horse and of their foot; who were, after the first repulse given, made by the Lord of hosts as stubble to their swords. The best of the enemy's horse being broken through and through in less than an hour's dispute, their whole army being put into confusion, it became a total rout, our men having the chase and execution of them near eight miles."

Such is the whole story of this memorable hour's fight as told by the victor. Rushworth, then Cromwell's secretary, is still more summary. "About twilight the general advanced with the army and charged them both in the valley and on the hill. The battle was very fierce for the time; one part of their battalion stood very stiffly to it, but the rest was presently routed. I never beheld a more terrible charge of foot than was given by our army, our foot alone making the Scots foot give ground for three-quarters of a mile together."

Wanted Him Punctured.

(London Punch.)

Elder Sister (coming up)—Kitty, what have you been saying to Captain Coward? He looks dreadfully offended!

Kitty (engaged to the captain)—I only told him that if he had gone to war and been shot I should have been so proud of him!

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