# The Evening Standard

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(BY WILLIAM GLASMANN.)

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### WHERE THEY SELL THEIR VOTES.

We have heard of the rotten boroughs of the West, where wealthy men have been able to buy their way to the United States senate by corrupting legislatures, but there is nothing in the politics of all this region to compare in deadened conscience and corrupt practice with the record of Adams county, Ohio, where nearly every voter is a self-confessed taker of a bribe and where 1,000 men have been indicted for selling their votes.

We are told the practice has been so general that no one in that part of Ohio felt the least compunction in accepting money for a vote and this condition has prevailed for years.

The disregard of the principles of American citizenship have been so flagrant as to challenge belief. We have heard of women in this state who had no clear conception of the obligations conferred by the franchise, who have offered to serve any party and vote for any person under hire, but no Utah man, with a sense of pride, ever openly has peddled his vote.

The success of the American form of government depends on an unpurchasable electorate, and it is a source of regret that even one county in all the country should be so corrupted as to prove unworthy of a voice in the government.

### MINING IN THE ARCTIC.

The gold miners of Alaska are gradually working north. With placer gold extending further north into the Arctic region, the day may come when the miners will be staking ground withing sight of the North Pole, such is the persistence of the average prospector.

The latest discoveries in Alaska are in the Kobux districts, directly north from Nome, the streams of which flow into the Arctic ocean.

The miner is being followed by railroads. The Copper River road is to build north into the Tanana, or Fairbanks, district. There was a time when Fairbanks was an almost inaccessible camp. Now it is to be brought within a very short ride of the south Alaska coast, where steamers make regular trips at all times of the year.

The gold mining of the Tanana has proved sufficiently extensive to justify the expenditure of millions by the Morgan-Guggenheim interests in extending their road to that part of Alaska.

The estimated value of the gold output of the Fairbanks district in 1910 was $6,100,000; the value in 1909 was $9,650,000. This falling off is due to the fact that many of the richest placers have been mined out and that no efective work has been accomplished toward mining the gravels of lesser value. Plans for dredging some of the shallower creeks have been accomplished. Meantime many of the most enterprising operators have turned their attention to prospecting auriferous quartz veins. Here, as in Seward Peninsula, there are very large bodies of auriferous gravels whose gold content is too low to per mit its recovery by the methods now in use.

There was some scarcity of labor at Fairbanks in the spring, owing to the exodus to the Iditarod, and on some of the creeks the water supply was inadequate.. These conditions affected the gold production to a certain extent.

It is estimated that about 130 placer mines were operated in the Fairbanks district during 1910; this is a falling off of over 50 per cent from the average of previous years. As the gold production has declined only about 35 per cent, the output per mine has increased.. An average of about 1,200 men were employed in this production through the year.. Among the new developments were the operations on Fish Creek, where little mining had been done previously. The pay streak on Goldstream Creek was also traced farther downstream.

### THOS. D. DEE HOSPITAL.

The Thomas D. Dee Memorial Hospital will be opened to the public for the first time, on Thursday next. On January 1, 1911, the beautiful building is to be placed in service for the humanitarian cause to which it is dedicated.

The erection of this building is one of the most commendable acts of public service of which we have knowledge. The hospital is the best monument that could be built in the name of one of the most prominent citizens of this community, as its blessings will be conferred on thousands of sufferers for years to come.

The opening of the hospital is an auspicious occasion that should hold the attention of our people.

### COMMANDER SIMS' CASE.

The case of Commander Sims of the battleship Minnesota, who according to press reports delivered a distinctly pro-British speech at a banquet at London, Dec. 4, is now in the hands of President Taft.

Rear-Admiral Murdock, commanding the third division of the Atlantic fleet, to which the Minnesota is attached, has made a cable reply to Secretary Meyer's request, giving the substance of the commander's remarks. Mr. Meyers has referred the matter to the president. No inkling of the nature of Admiral Murdock's cablegram was obtainable at the navy department.

Replying to the welcoming speech of the lord mayor of London, Commander Sims according to the press dispatches, said that speaking for himself, he believed that if the time ever came when the British empire was menaced by an external enemy they might count on every man, every drop of blood, every ship and every dollar of their kindred across the sea.

It is noted that Commander Sims was careful to say the sentiments he expressed were only his own personal views and the point is raised as to how far a naval officer can go in publicly declaring his opinions when they have an international aspect.

### MANY MISTAKES MADE IN SPELLING MATCHES

Springfield, Mass., Dec. 28.—In 83,000 attempts to spell words given out in a recent spelling match between the grammar school grades of the Lee, Massachusetts, public school, 14,000 errors were made. Spinach was missed 86 times and the pupils had an equally hard time with mararoni.

### NO WORD RECEIVED FROM THE JEANIE

New York, Dec. 28.—Dispatches received from Brigus, N. F., by Herbert L. Bridgman, president of the Peary Arctic club, have aroused grave fears as to the safety of the schooner Jeanie. She has not been heard from for several months and the belief is that she must be either lost or frozen up in some port in Labrador or in Hudson Bay.

The Jeanie was sent north in 1909 by friends of Harry Whitney when he returned from a winter of Arctic hunting. She was owned by Mr. Bridgman and Captain Bartlett, Peary's skipper on the polar trip. She is in command of Harold Bartlett, son of the captain. The young man acted as engineer on her cruise a year ago.

## JUST FOR FUN

**She Knew Sheep.**

A city young woman went out to teach a country school. The class in arithmetic was before her. She said:

"Now, children, if there are ten sheep on one side of a wall and one sheep jumps over, how many sheep will be left?"

Then up piped the little tow-headed daughter of a farmer:

"No sheep, teacher; no sheep."

"Oh, oh," cried the city young woman, reproachfully, "you are not so stupid as that; think again. If there were ten sheep on one side of the wall and one sheep jumped over, nine sheep would be left; don't you see that?"

"No, no, no," persisted the child. "If one sheep jumped over, all others would jump after. My father keeps sheep." Then seeing the puzzled look on the teacher's face, the little towhead explained apologetically, "You know mathematics, teacher; but you see, I know sheep."—Tit-Bits.

**Beat the Others by One.**

Some little girls were boasting of their respective families. They had passed from clothes to personal appearance and finally came to parental dignity. The minister's little girl boasted:

"Every package that comes for my papa is marked 'D. D.'"

"And every package that comes for my papa is marked 'M. D.'" retorted the daughter of the physician.

Then followed a look of contempt from the youngest of the party. "Huh!" she exclaimed. "Every package that comes to our house has three letters on it, 'C. O. D.'"—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Economy.**

The late ex-Governor Allen D. Candler of Georgia was famous in the South for his quaint humor.

"Ex-Governor Candler," said a Gainesville man, 'once abandoned cigars for a pipe at the beginning of the year. He stuck to his resolve till the year's end. Then he was heard to say:

"'By actual calculation I have saved, by smoking a pipe instead of cigars this year, $208. But where is it?'"—Louisville Times.

**On the Move.**

Citiman—We talk of "journeymen carpenters" and "journeymen bricklayers" and all that; I suppose after a while we'll begin to speak of "journeywomen."

Subbubs—It wouldn't surprise me. It certainly should be proper to speak of "journeywomen cooks." They merely journey from place to place.—Catholic Standard and Times.

**He Had Hopes.**

Mrs. Slowboy—How is my son getting along at school, professor?

Professor—I have great hopes of him, madam—great hopes. He's the laziest boy I ever saw.

Mrs. Slowboy—Then why do you say you have great hopes of him?

Professor—Because if he ever begins to study he's too lazy to stop.—Chicago News.

**Suburban Life.**

Mrs. Crawford—How is it you get more rest since you live in the suburbs?

Mrs. Crabshaw—I don't have to sit up all night for my husband. When he doesn't arrive by the last train I know he won't be home till the next day.—Judge.

**Satisfied With Conditions.**

Ruffon Wratz—Is they anything in this yere socialism, d'ye reckon?

Saymold Storey (having had an unusually generous handout)—Not for us, ole scout. We're gittin' our share right along, 'thout havin' t' work fur it.

**The Financier.**

"So your debts are bothering you?"

"Yes."

"Walking the floor because you can't pay 'em?"

"No; because I can't make 'em any larger."—Washington Star.

**A Mule That Went Lame.**

"What happen' to dat mule?"

"Why, sah, dat fool mule done kick me in de haid dis mornin'."—Judge.

**What Was Lacking.**

"Why don't you go to the dance tonight, Harold? Haven't you any flame?"

"Yes, dad, said the Harvard student, "a flame, but no fuel."—Life.

**Mendacious.**

Mr. Hubb—I haven't saved a dollar since I married you.

Mrs. Hubb—Oh what a fib! You've saved nearly half you had in the bank at that time."

Stops itching instantly. Cures piles, eczema, salt rheum, tetter, itch, hives, herpes, scabies—Doan's Ointment. At any drug store.

### SAN FRANCISCO THE PLACE.

The New York Evening Post, which is the exponent of everything that is staid and stable in the American metropolis, has been conducting an inquiry into the respective merits of New Orleans and San Francisco as to their fitness for holding the Panama-Pacific exposition in 1915. Arguments have been submitted by Governor Gillett of California and Governor Sanders of Louisiana. Californians have reason to be proud of the showing made by their state, and the reading between the lines is that the Pacific slope is gaining ground every day and will have the backing of the real element in New York that counts for success.

It appears to be generally conceded that the Panama canal will make the Pacific coast the new neighbor of the seaports of the Atlantic, and that the national celebration that shall mark the joining of the world's two greatest highways of commerce should be held either in New York or in that city of the Pacific coast which makes the strongest bid for it. New York stands aside in deference to her newer neighbors, and while New Orleans is regarded as an important way station, it cannot be classed as the big port at the end of the line.

Therefore New York and the east are coming to the opinion that the big fair should be held at the front gate on the Pacific, and in the back yard on the Gulf of Mexico.

Governor Gillett's claims made for California made to the New York Post set forth the claims of San Francisco for the privilege and the advantages that would accrue to the nation by holding the fair there, while Governor Sanders merely put in the plea that San Francisco was difficult of access to the dwellers of the east.

David Rich, a Californian residing in New York, made a contribution setting forth why a trip to the Pacific coast was a liberal education to any American, and telling of the vast benefits that would accrue to the nation from pilgrimages from the east to the San Francisco fair. He portrayed the revelation of national resources it would be to the visitor and told of the many who would linger to develop the vast natural wealth of the west to the resultant good of the whole nation. In fact, Mr. Rich struck the keynote of the claims of the Pacific coast in this statement:

"California is a part of the earth which every traveler, the world over, holds the wish to see and which disappoints no one who has come under the spell of its scenic beauty. It is a land which, once visited, one must needs linger in, and from which few depart without a longing to see it once more."—Los Angeles Herald.

### "TROUBLE MAN" RESOURCEFUL.

Billy Proctor, the emergency man of the Colorado Telephone company, is a good example of the trouble hunter. He bears the reputation of having alway gotten what he started after; and not only does he take the message to Garcia, but he hurries back for another—the thing is a habit with him. Like most thorough-bred hunters, Bill is a great walker. On the last of a three-day trip he once made through the mountains to Denver, in an effort to protect his homestead from contest, he covered sixty-six miles over the Continental divide in twenty-two hours, and then went to a dance in the evening. He is a little man, but he has one of those jaws that is the feature of a face. The fact that he would take the stages out through the snows after other men had abandoned them was what brought him to the attention of the telephone company.

Last winter the Denver wire chief told him that two men who had tried to "shoot" some trouble from the farther end of the Steamboat toll line had given it up, and had been found snow blind and snow bound in a cabin burning old bedsteads to keep warm.

"I'll get it," said Bill.

Getting it meant a railroad trip over the divide to the rail head, then a morning's dickering for a team and sled. No one wanted to make a trip which they considered impossible. But Bill hired a mule from one man, a horse from another, the sled and harness from a third, and persuaded man number four to drive him through the drifts, a plunging twelve miles on his way. With a fifty-four-pound coil of wire, two skis, a test set and his climbing irons on his back, Bill pushed ahead on snow shoes to Whideley's park, where he spent the night, and got a guide and trapper to accompany him. That next day's trip was made on skis—eighteen miles over the Rabbit Ears range to the trouble—testing back to Denver whenever the line showed above the snow; and for a half mile at a time, twenty-one-foot poles would be entirely covered. When he had "gotten it" and found the wire clear both ways Bill and his guide, Charley, started back.—Allen Tupper True, in Scribner's.

### PACIFIC SALMON IN THE EAST.

After nearly forty years of endeavor to establish the Chinook salmon of the Pacific coast in waters of the United States where it is not indigenous, conclusive evidence of success in one instance has come to hand, according to George M. Bowers, United States fish commissioner, in his annual report to the secretary of commerce and labor. "Within the past year it has been ascertained," says Mr. Bowers, "that the species has become established in Lake Sunapee, N. H., where numerous specimens from three to five pounds in weight have been taken by anglers. This is undoubtedly the result of a plant made in 1904 by the New Hampshire fish commission, the eggs having been supplied from the bureau's hatchery at Baird, Cal. Encouraged by the outcome of this experiment, the bureau made a plant of 40,000 fingerling Chinook in Lake Champlain in the spring of 1910."

During the year the bureau distributed 3,233,392,572 fish and fish eggs, making a record which exceeded its record year of 1909 by 4 per cent. Of this total, 443,177,000 eggs and 7,425 fish were delivered to various state fish commissions, and 600,000 eggs of salmon and trout were shipped to Argentina, Japan and France.

The commissioner reports that the commercial fisheries of the United States represent an investment of about $95,000,000, and the value of the products derived from fisheries proper is about $62,0000,000. With the exception of the mackerel and some other fisheries that for a number of years have not been so extensive as formerly, all of the more important branches of the industry are in a prosperous condition.

### CODY MEETS OLD ENEMY.

Cloudy Face, an old Arapahoe Indian chief, who once tried to get Buffalo Bill's scalp, was helped by the former scout and Indian fighter, when he arrived at the Union station on Friday night and was given a "handout" of sandwiches. Colonel Cody is visiting for a few days in Omaha and will then go to North Platte for Christmas.

Cloudy Face, at one time one of the wiliest and most intrepid foes of the Indian country, was nearly starved and ate ravenously of the food purchased by the frontiersman, who years ago was one of his most dangerous enemies. Cloudy Face has been living in the Wind river country in Wyoming. How he happened to get to Omaha in his starved condition is something of a mystery.

"In the old days I had many a hard fight with this man and his band," said Colonel Cody. "At one time the Araphoes, Shoshones, Sioux, Cheyennes and other tribes were banded together to wipe out the whites. They were trying to recover their lands north of the Arkansas river and were butchering the settlers wherever they could get at them. A party of us was trying to overtake Cloudy Face and his band when he made a clever flank movement through the night and got us surrounded in the Big Horn Basin. I hardly know how we got out of the trap, but eight of our party fell and something like fifteen of his braves went down before we got clear. Cloudy Face himself made a desperate effort to get me, but his aim was bad and it was not until I had wounded him in the arm, while doing some hard riding, that the band, which outnumbered us three to one, finally dropped back and we got away, saving our scalps. That was one of the closest calls I ever had."—Omaha World-Herald.

READ THE CLASSIFIED PAGE

# MILITIA PROTECTS A NEGRO

WESTON, W. Va., Dec. 27.—William Furby, a negro, for hours tonight was between two fires—death at the hands of a mob or suffocation in the iron vault of the express office at the local railway station. Outside the little building a crowd of several hundred persons waited from afternoon until late at night, demanding the life of the prisoner for assaults on Miss Flora Anglin, daughter of a prominent farmer, and for an attempt to murder her.

While the mob waited a large squad of deputies and the sheriff guarded the express office and kept the negro locked in the express safe, where he had little air to breathe.

For hours the crowd waited, but for want of a leader it failed to move with sufficient force to dislodge the deputies and take possession of the express room. They stormed the place several times, breaking all the windows and forcing open the doors, but were unable to gain access to the safe.

The only hope of the authorities, however, to get their prisoner to the jail at Clarksburg, as they intended to do when the mob collected, was in the arrival of state troops. An order was issued early in the evening for the mobilization of the militia at several points, but although special trains were provided, it was doubtful if the soldiers would reach the scene before early morning.

WESTON, W. Va., Dec. 27.—A large mob is besieging the local railway station tonight to prevent sheriffs from removing William Furby, a negro, to the prison at Clarksburg.

State troops are reported on their way from Clarksburg by special train to prevent a lynching.

At Furby's trial this afternoon, Flora Anglin, a farmer's daughter, declared she was the victim of three attacks at his hands.

**Father Says Daughter Is True.**

The appearance of Mr. Anglin, father of Miss Anglin, an aged man, upon the platform of the station, telling the crowd that the story of his daughter was as true as steel, set the mob wild.

Prosecuting Attorney Swint made attempts to appeal to the people from a truck, but the truck was drawn from beneath him and the crowd yelled him down. The officials were unable to cope with the situation at this time.

**Attempt to Get Negro.**

At 7:15 the mob burst open the door of the express room, where the sheriffs and their prisoner had locked themselves in. All the windows were broken and the mob demanded the negro's life. But the latter was pushed into the concealed vault of the express company for safe-keeping, with hardly a breath of air. An appeal to Governor Glasscock at Charlestown for state troops was followed immediately by an order for the mobilization of the militia at Clarksburg, Grafton and Parkersburg and their dispatch here by special train. Until the arrival of the troops it was necessary to confine the negro in the airless vault. Although there was danger of suffocating him, it was considered a greater peril to release him while the mob's frenzy was at its height.

**Held on Murder Charge.**

After the negro's trial this afternoon he was held to the grand jury without bail, to answer to the charge of assault and attempt to murder.

The Anglin girl took the stand herself, after all other witnesses and spectators were excluded from the court-room, and told how Furby attacked her while she was returning from the dairy on her father's farm last Saturday night.

**Tried to Strangle Girl.**

While she struggled he dragged her fully 300 yards, and following the attacks he was in the alleged act of strangling her when a railroad flagman came running to her rescue. The negro ran to a horse tied near by and made off, but the animal fell, throwing the rider. His shoulder was dislocated, and he was captured.

Following the trial a mob collected at the court house and demanded the negro, but with the organization of a large squad of special deputies and the regular force, Sheriff Alfred succeeded in getting his man to the railroad station, planning to take him to Clarksburg. The train was an hour late, however, and the mob meanwhile grew to such proportions that when the train arrived, the authorities were unable to carry out their plans.

### SCOURGES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

The fly, the flea, the mosquito are the veritable scourge of the human race in the diseases they carry. The fly, as we have seen, carries diseases which decimate the native population of the African highlands; the mosquito spreads malaria, the most ubiquitous of tropical diseases, and is suspected of propagating yellow fever as well; and the flea spreads plague. In the last case there is usually only one kind of flea, Pulex cheopis, which spreads the infection, and the other fleas which might spread it—the Ceratophyllus fasciata and the Typhotopsylla musculi—are not very partial to human blood, though the second will take it more readily than the first. Happily for the white man and dwellers in temperate climes, the range of most of these death and disease carrying insects is limited to the tropics.—London Graphic.

### A ROYAL BANK WRECKER.

The Gentlewoman of London recalls the following story of the Prince Regent and Coutts' Bank: "When George VI was a Regent he had a grudge against Coutts' and determined to play a trick on the authorities. In those days even the great banks kept very small reserves of cash, and the playful prince thought out a plan to close Coutts'. So he sent his equerry round from Carlton House with a check for 100,000 pounds, fondly hoping that the bank would not be able to pay over the counter. The prince's trick, however, failed of success, as the wary old partner of the Strand bank proved equal to the occasion. He said at once to the equerry: 'How will his royal highness take the amount, in gold or notes?' The equerry hesitated, and then said he had better go back to Carlton House to inquire. So he departed, and Coutts' had time to send to the Bank of England and get the cash required, but it was not needed, as the prince regent, seeing that Coutts' had got the best of him, did not return the check in question."

### FOOD SUPPLY FROM CHINA.

Most people who remember their early geography lessons recall that the Chinese empire has an area considerably larger than that of the United States. But at the same time it will be recalled that the density of population in the Celestial realm averages more than three times the density in this country. In other words, the reasonable belief has been that in China population is really pressing very hard on the means of subsistence. It is, therefore, somewhat surprising to learn that two shiploads of Chinese pigs—10,000 carcasses—were recently held up at Liverpool because of failure to comply with some local regulation. The pork was not condemned; it was merely held up upon a technicality.

The interesting phase of the matter is that China should be exporting pork to Great Britain. The cargoes referred to were not the first. Previous cargoes of pigs from China are mentioned in the dispatch which were similarly held up because the British inspection laws had not been complied with. Surely the huge empire has industrial and commercial possibilities not generally thought of if it can produce an export food supply.

The two ships carrying 10,000 hog carcasses from a Chinese port to Liverpool had also on board 23,000 cases of eggs and 15,000 cases of cold-stored snipe, mallard ducks and other kinds of poultry. James J. Hill, the economic Jeremiah of the Northwest, has been telling the people of the United States that in a decade or so they will have to be bringing in a food supply from the outside. Perhaps it may be as well for us in this connection to cast a speculative eye toward China.—Baltimore American.

### THE NEW GARDENS OF PARIS.

The invariable retort to those who deplore the steady obliteration of old Paris by systematic efforts to beautify the new city according to modern ideas and to increase its salubrity is that these changes have been made in the interests of the public. Since 1855 the Paris municipality has opened up wide spaces throughout the capital for public gardens. Before Haussmann, M. Alphand, the chief engineer of the Paris promenades and plantations, whose stature now adorns the Avenue du Bois de Bologne, undertook to continue the work which he had accomplished in the Bois by the creation of gardens within the town itself. The efirst two gardens which he created were those of the Tour St. Jacques and of the Temple. Later on the gardens of the Place Richelieu, of the Arts et Metiers and of the Church of St. Clotilde were laid out. The Champs Elysees, which are described in the old books as a "resort of vagabonds," were originally laid cut round the famous Palais de l'Industrie, which disappeared just before the exhibition of 1900 in order to make way for spacious palaces and for the magnificent avenue which now opens up a noble perspective from the dome that surmounts Napoleon's tomb to the palace occupied by the president of the republic. In the quarters known as the Faubourg du Roule, which was well outside the walls of the Paris of Louis XIV., a vast uncultivated area full of big trees recalled the old Parc Monceaux which Philippe d'Orleans had conceived and in which Jean Jacques used to botanize. It was a favorite haunt of Louis Philippe, but by the decree of January, 1852, the property passed half into the hands of the municipality and half into the hands of M.Pereire. In 1862 the part belonging to the city of Paris was transformed into a public park, and it remains today one of the most delightful of the gardens of Paris. It is perhaps the most elegant of all, and forms in a quarter of luxurious private homes the refined and distinguished counterpart of the more artificial but extremely curious park quarters of the Buttes Chaumont, where brigands and interlopers once rendered the road between Belleville and Villette.

These are only a few conspicuous instances of the way in which Paris has been changed during the last fifty years. With the exceptions of the Gardens of the Luxumbourg and of the Palais Royal, and the famous Place Royal (now known—yet so little known—as the Place des Vosges), the Paris of 1830 had few breathing spaces. There may come a time when the entire rim of the capital now occupied by the Fortifs, with their deep gullies, where sheep are pastured, will be converted into a continuous garden encircling Paris. A scheme of this kind is now before the Municipal Council.—London Times.

### WHITE'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Edward Douglass White is the new chief justice of the United States supreme court, and the story I am to tell in this connection, while not one of the "Fifty Famous Ifs of History," ought to possess interest for my set. The facts as I relate them are in all probability not known to another person in New York, though some of my old New Orleans friends will recall them with glee.

My friend, Harry M. Williams, came pretty close to being elected United States senator from Louisiana, and the other candidates in the race were Edward Douglass White, Don Caffrey and Newton C. Blanchard.

This is the way it happened: The Louisiana legislature was in session in July of 1892. Murphy J. Foster, the present United States senator, was then governor, and a bitter fight was being made on the Louisiana state lottery and Samuel D. McEnery. Harry Williams was covering the legislature for the New Orleans New Delta, a newspaper that passed out of existence many years ago. In the course of his labors Williams had written an extended marriage notice about a legislator named Boggs. It was Boggs' fourth marriage and Williams had handled it in a way that pleased the victim.

The day came when complimentary votes were being cast for favorite sons who wanted to go to the senate and had no show of winning.

Roll call started. Boggs' name was reached.

"Here is where I can do the right thing," Boggs reasoned and he shouted:

"I vote for Harry M. Williams."

In addition, he got busy with his fellow members and buttonholed them right and left.

"Vote for Williams," he pleaded, rushing in every corner of the assembly room. And nearly everybody did.

The roll clerk had reached the letter R, or maybe it was S. Then the leaders were thrown into a panic.

"Good Lord," they said. "Here they are electing a senator that we never dreamed of."

So they rushed to everybody whose names began with R, S, T, U, V, W and so forth, and spiked Williams' chances. He missed being elected by seven votes.

Missing election to this high office, Williams went chasing off in one of the parishes where a mob was bent on lynching a prisoner, and there he came near enjoying the distinction of being lynched for saving the prisoner from the mob.—W. E. Lewis in the New York Telegraph.

### PECULARITIES OF GLACIER ICE.

Some large blocks of the glacier ice had fallen from above and lay conveniently for examination. While the walls of the ice caves which have been cut into this and other glaciers present a perfect smooth, continuous surface of clear ice, these fragments which had fallen from the surface exposed to the heat of the sun were, as seen in the mass, white and opaque. When the stick was thrust into the mass, it broke into many-sided lumps of the size of tennis balls, like assorted coal thrown from a scuttel, though white instead of black. These were glacier noudles, "grains or "Gletscher-korne," of which I wrote in this column a few weeks ago.

The structure of the glacier ice is peculiar to it, and is only made evident where the sun's rays penetrate it and melt the less pure ice which holds together the crystalline nodules. According to Dr. J. Young Buchanan, these nodules are masses of the crystals comparatvely free from mineral matter, while the water around them, which freezes less readily, contains mineral impurities in solution. The presence of saline matter in solution lowers, in proportion to its amount, the freezing point of water. Accordingly, although frozen into one solid mass with the nodules, the cementing ice melts under the heat of the penetrating rays of the sun sooner—that, is, at a low temperature—then do the pure crystalline nodules, allows them to separate. It is owing to this that the exposed surface of glacier ice is white and powdery disintegrated by the superficial heat, and forming a rough surface, on which one can safely walk. Lake ice does not break up in this manner under the sun's rays, but as it melts retains its smooth, slippery surface. It is formed in water, and not from the cementing and regelation of the powdery crystalline snow, as is glacier ice.—Sir Ray Lancaster in the London Telegraph.

### A ROMANTIC FACT IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

Considering the disaster which befell San Francisco between the census enumerations of 1900 and 1910, the announcement that the population of the city ha increased in the period from 342,782 to 416,912, a gain of 74,130, or 21.6 per cent, is a fine tribute to the pluck and energy of the California metropolis.

San Francisco's quick recovery from her great disaster is a large and romantic fact in the history of American municipalities, and for the people of the Pacific Coast, regardless of friendly business rivalries, the rapid and complete rehabilitation of the city is an inspiration of hopeful significance.

Moreover, the growth of San Francisco in the census period must be accepted as additional evidence of the marvelously rapid growth of almost every urban center on the Pacific Coast. Nearly every community in California, in Oregon and in Washington, including, of course, the larger urban centers, has shown about the same substantial growth noted in the returns for San Francisco, and if the final figures of the census bureau fail to show it, the fact will remain just the same, for the people are here and they are not going to move away.

San Francisco's growth in ten years is a fine tribute to the indomitable spirit of the Pacific Coast, and for the cities and states of this Coast the end it not yet; they will continue to move onward and upward.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

### GOVERNMENT BONDS.

**Significant Figures About Ownership of Federal Securities.**

The shrinkage in the holdings of United States government bonds by individuals is amazing, while the corresponding increase in their ownership by national banks is tremendous.

The figures are impressive. In 1898, the interest-bearing debt of the United States was $847,366,680. Of this amount $261,901,200 was held by national banks, and the rest by savings banks- insurance companies and individuals. According to the latest statistics, our bonded debt was $913,317,490, of which the national banks held no less than $724,874,466, or nearly eighty per cent. There was left but $188,443,027 in the hands of the public, and part of this is the remainder of the Spanish American war loan, which had a wide distribution from motives of patriotism. Government issues, save in time of war, have no interest for the public.—Munsey's Magazine.

### CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY RATES.

Via OREGON SHORT LINE R. R. Salt Lake and return $1.10. Also reduced round trip rates to all other points on Oregon Short Line. Tickets on sale Dec. 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 31st, 1910, and Jan. 1st and 2nd, 1911. Final return limit Jan. 9th. Secure tickets and full information at City Ticket Office, 2514 Washington Ave.

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### PART OF HIS COST OF LIVING.

"You're sure you can spare this fiver, are you, Shadbolt?"

"Dinguss, if I had not been perfectly sure that I can get along without it I never would have lent it to you."—Chicago Tribune.

### A GUIDE TO OPERA.

Bang, thump and crash, with a roll of the drum—
That's the motif announcing the hero will come;
Ting-a-ling-ting, and an arpeggio—
The heroine's off for a walk with her beau;
Two minor chords, with the clarinet's shriek—
The public is sure there is vengeance to wreak;
Umpty-dump, umptp-dump, down in the bass—
The villain is seeking the hero's disgrace;
Tweedledy, tweedledy, two or three times—
Here reference is made to most hideous crimes;
Crashes cacophonous stunning the brain—
The hero's in danger, that's perfectly plain;
Toot,toot! The cornet rings out on the air—
He triumphs and seizes his foe by the hair;
Mush, mush, played slow and repeated ad fin.—
The hero is kissing the fair heroine!

—Munsey's Magazine.


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