

The Kansas City Journal.

ESTABLISHED 1854. THE JOURNAL COMPANY, Publisher. NINTH AND GRAND AVE.

Subscription Rates: By carriers, per week, 10 cents; per month, 45 cents. By mail, daily and Sunday, one month, \$1.00; three months, \$2.75; six months, \$5.00; one year, \$9.00.

Advertising: For advertising rates, write to the home office, or to J. E. Van Doren Special Agency, office 385-386 Boyce building, Chicago, and 11-12 Tribune building, New York, agent for foreign advertising.

Entered at the postoffice at Kansas City, Missouri, for transmission through the mails as second class matter.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 22 THE JOURNAL CIRCULATED 294,770 COPIES; DAILY AVERAGE, 42,100.

Weather Forecast for Wednesday, WASHINGTON, July 25.-For Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Arkansas: Partly cloudy Wednesday and probably Thursday; variable winds.

For Missouri: Partly cloudy Wednesday; probably fair and cooler Thursday; variable winds.

For Kansas: Threatening and cooler Wednesday; partly cloudy Thursday; southerly winds, becoming westerly.

For Nebraska: Threatening and cooler Wednesday; in northwest portion, partly cloudy and cooler Thursday; southerly winds, becoming westerly.

For Colorado: Threatening and cooler Wednesday with showers in eastern portion; fair Thursday; variable winds.

MUSIC IN THE PARKS.

It is gratifying to note that the question of whether or not there shall be music in the city's parks this season has been settled in the affirmative. In pursuance of an agreement with the mayor that he will in due time see that a portion of the money necessary for the purpose is provided from the general revenue, the park board yesterday appropriated \$1,500 for music, and the concerts will begin within a few days.

It is expected that, with the aid of a contribution by the Metropolitan Railway Company, there will be a fund sufficient to continue the concerts through seven weeks, which will about cover the time people will care to visit parks in the evenings.

This is a sensible outcome of a discussion which developed some rather foolish proposals while it was in progress. It is much better to provide music in this businesslike way than for city officials to give up part of their salaries for the purpose, or to risk involving the city in further vexatious litigation by using park property rentals.

THE CATHOLICS AND THE PHILIPPINES.

"It is a significant fact," says a Missouri Popocrat paper, "that the Catholics of the country are not inclined to look with favor upon American aggressions in the Orient. The Catholic church is now in uncontented possession of the Philippines, and it does not want to fight to hold its own against the other denominations that will follow American sovereignty."

Which shows the narrow view some people are willing to take of a broad situation. We have every reason to believe that the great heads of the Roman Catholic church, not excepting the pope himself, are glad of the entrance of America into Asiatic politics.

At the banquet of the American Society in London recently, Cardinal Vaughan, archbishop of Westminster, responded to a toast, saying in part: "It seems to me from the evidence of past years, and from the manifestation of a friendly feeling expressed at this table by your ambassador and senators who have spoken, that we are preparing the American and English peoples for the great work before us in the century to come."

Under such trying circumstances nothing but firmest devotion to the welfare of the country they are running prevents the great and good editors and their Washington correspondents from stepping out of their ordinary course, something of this kind may really take place. It is a dreadful, an appalling possibility! Let us be thankful to God for the fact that it is not a probability.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The dispatches announce that the New York messenger boys "are still out." It was rather expected that the boys would be slow coming in.

Senator Beveridge is a Republican and sound money man otherwise it would be strongly suspected that the octopus had pursued and eaten him.

The American woman arrested for shoplifting in Paris must be quite wealthy. The shopkeepers have withdrawn the charge and apologized.

What is to be thought of an administration that declines to turn down a general in the field when his recall is demanded by all the yellow journals in the land?

In other words, the Catholic church is beginning to realize that unless the Anglo-Saxons, with their devotion to religious freedom, get and retain a powerful influence in the Orient, Russia will become supreme and forever bar Roman Catholicism and Protestantism from a chance among the Asiatic people.

peoples who have been but slightly affected, if they have been affected at all, by the progressive movements of mankind. It has no middle ages. It has no renaissance. It has no reformation. It has given birth to no great universities and schools of learning. It has no Protestantism. It remains much as the fourth and fifth century left it."

And this is the church that would dominate in all Asia, and in the Philippines as well, if Russia is permitted to pursue her scheme of conquest. The Catholic church is well aware that there is no hope of evangelical work in a country ruled by a Greek church patriarch. It knows, too, that if the United States withdrew from the Philippines in all probability Russia would be her successor.

Therefore it is not surprising that from motives of churchly interest the prelates of the Roman church are strongly in favor of enlarging American influence in the Orient. The Catholic church is not afraid—and now we are quoting the substance of some remarks by our own Bishop Ireland—that a country which gives freedom to every citizen to worship according to the dictates of his own conscience will be inimical to the Catholic church either in the Philippines or anywhere else.

The tendencies of the Catholic church for the past twenty years have been toward our own kind of government. We lately saw the pope detach the French hierarchy from the cause of monarchy and admonish it to support that of the democratic masses. Many times of late the papacy has shown a disposition to espouse actively the cause of the people against monarchical aggressions, and we may not suppose for a moment that the Catholics are likely even indirectly to sustain anything that gives promise of greater power to the Greek church or to the unlimited monarchy of which it is a part.

A RECKLESS ADMINISTRATION.

In some respects the present administration at Washington is one of the most perverse and unsatisfactory that the country has ever known. It seems to delight in doing the very things that certain great men who are chiefly responsible for the nation's continued existence from day to day decide that it will not do; or, rather, in not doing the very things which these prominent persons announce that it is going to do.

These great and wise men—who, it is unnecessary to explain, are the editors of certain wonderfully big New York papers, and also their Washington correspondents—at the expense of much time and labor arrive at decisions as to what will be done by the administration in important cases demanding executive consideration, and then announce the decisions to the public. In the estimation of all fair-minded and reasonable people such announcements ought to be conclusive and the administration should lose no time in proceeding accordingly.

But the administration doesn't. It lacks the moral stamina, or something, and utterly fails to do its part. Frequently it even supplies the information semi-officially that it has no notion of carrying out the programme made and provided for it. Could there be anything more stupid, more audacious, more exasperating? If this occurred only occasionally there might be some measure of excuse for it, but it is repeated dozens and scores of times—in fact, it is being done all the time. It is an habitual practice. We sometimes are tempted to conclude that the administration imagines it is running the executive department as a principal and not merely as an agent of the great and wise editors.

An aggravated instance of this deplorable practice is now before us. The great and wise editors, who are responsible for the safety and continuity of the republic, and their Washington correspondents, decided that General Otis was a failure in the Philippines and must be retired from command. This being settled, the aforementioned wise and responsible editors and their Washington correspondents entered a dutiful upon the task of providing a successor for the condemned general. They decided to commission General Miles for the vacant place when, bless you, the administration coolly makes it known that General Otis is quite satisfactory and that no change will be ordered!

Under such trying circumstances nothing but firmest devotion to the welfare of the country they are running prevents the great and good editors and their Washington correspondents from stepping out of their ordinary course, something of this kind may really take place. It is a dreadful, an appalling possibility! Let us be thankful to God for the fact that it is not a probability.

The dispatches announce that the New York messenger boys "are still out." It was rather expected that the boys would be slow coming in.

Senator Beveridge is a Republican and sound money man otherwise it would be strongly suspected that the octopus had pursued and eaten him.

The American woman arrested for shoplifting in Paris must be quite wealthy. The shopkeepers have withdrawn the charge and apologized.

What is to be thought of an administration that declines to turn down a general in the field when his recall is demanded by all the yellow journals in the land?

In other words, the Catholic church is beginning to realize that unless the Anglo-Saxons, with their devotion to religious freedom, get and retain a powerful influence in the Orient, Russia will become supreme and forever bar Roman Catholicism and Protestantism from a chance among the Asiatic people.

By means of a free display of knives and pistols the opposition Democrats in Kentucky are greatly cheapening Candidate Goebel's reputation as a bad man with a gun.

A New Jersey ball player was struck by lightning the other day. Something akin to Jersey lightning has occasionally struck Kansas City ball players. The effect on the score is disastrous.

"It is impossible to write the truth about the situation," says a Manila correspondent in a complaining letter published in London. That seems to be about the view entertained by the press censor.

The public spirited Tom L. Johnson is determined that the cause of single tax shall be advanced, even if he is compelled to unload all his corporate interests on municipalities at handsome prices.

The country has no objection to General

Alger as a private citizen. When he retires from the cabinet his celebrated alrightness will resume business at the old stand, provided he behaves himself.

If it is true that the South has lost interest in the silver issue, Democratic campaign workers in that section may have to fall back on the winning old slogan, "Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?"

Edwin Markham, "The Man With a Hoe," and Tom L. Johnson, the man with an ax to grind, are playing star engagements before single tax clubs, and still deeper mirrored the advocates of that theory in their delusion.

"Fighting Joe" Hudson has re-entered journalism as a trust buster. With Editor Hudson busting the trusts and Editor Eskridge "bursting up the gold standard," the octopus is likely to have some warm times in Kansas.

It may be true that the sinking of the Merrimac was a mistake, from the standpoint of naval science, but the young men who performed the intrepid feat are none the less heroes, and as such will hold an exalted place in history.

Before taking General Miles into his councils Secretary Root should make sure that Miles has secured control of his mouth. An officer who rushes into the newspapers with official matters is not a safe confidant or counselor.

Hon. Hoax Smith hops up once more and declares that the flag in the Philippines ought to be hauled down. Hon. Paramount Blount, however, does not step forward and offer to do the hauling. Perhaps Paramount's hauler is out of repair.

The Kansas City Swede who was refused citizenship papers because he didn't know who is president is not much more benighted than many Democratic editors. For quite a while a large number of Democratic editors imagined Mark Hanna was president.

The half dozen Republican journals that are opposing the war in the Philippines should pray that the war may be fought to a finish before next year's campaign opens. Otherwise they may find it embarrassing to support their party ticket.

General Anderson says there should be a general general appointed for the Philippines, to relieve General Otis of a portion of his trying duties. It is believed that with a little patient search a self-sacrificing patriot could be found somewhere in this broad land to take the position at a generous salary—possibly in Ohio.

KANSAS TOPICS.

Possibly So. The Eureka Herald says that Populism is not dead; that it has endured forever; that its adherents were the Adulaminates, and that David was its captain. Which does not seem so improbable when we remember that after David got into office he became the biggest aristocrat of his generation.

A Little Run Out West. "I am going to take a little run out West," said a Kansas man to an acquaintance. "Colorado or California?" inquired the acquaintance. "Neither," scornfully replied the Kansas man, "Manilla."

Major Morrill Getting Well. Governor Morrill is rapidly recovering from his attack of rheumatism and will soon be able to return from Hot Springs. He writes that he can get about without a crutch and that he no longer suffers.

Cy Denies It. "John Seaton says I betray my friends," said Cy Seland to Topics yesterday. "That isn't true. The man I support is either nominated or I go to death with him. The records show that I am a sticker and a die."

Non-Partisan? When the new board inspected the printing department at the state agricultural college almost the first paper it found was a written order from President Will to cut Ed Hoch and H. A. Perkins off the exchange list.

Hotter Than Kansas. Governor Stanley, Secretary Clark and Auditor Cole, with their families, are having an outing in the Black Hills country. Auditor Cole writes that where they have been "it is hotter than blue blazes," and that he pines for the coolness of the Kansas state house.

Hasn't Forgotten His Religion. It is a mistake to suppose that none of the Kansas boys in the Philippines took his Christianity along with him. Here is a letter from Claude Rogers, a mother's boy, whose home is in Wichita, which will contradict that notion:

"I often think of our church at home and long to hear the preacher speak once more (it would be a paradise). A lot of us boys had an old-fashioned revival meeting the other night and sang the old songs and talked of Jesus and home. We all enjoyed it. It is such a comfort to know that Jesus is just as near us here in Manilla as in Kansas. My smoking is the only bad habit that I have, and I believe it is good to keep out disease germs. It doesn't seem like Sunday here, for there isn't any American church, and I am on guard on Sunday just the same as other days. I have just heard some sad news. A man by the name of Byrnes used to be sergeant in my company, but he was a hard drinker. They reduced him and transferred him to Company G. He was a very fat man and weighed over 200 pounds. The fat and whiskey killed him. He died very suddenly. It ought to be a warning to lots of others who will die if they don't stop drinking. I have a Philippines flag that I captured from a house in Pasig. I wouldn't take \$50 for it. I don't think of you as 16,000 miles away, but as just one month away."

A Few Words From a Fighter. Somewhat in contrast to the gentle letter written by the Wichita "mother's boy" is a belligerent epistle from Gus Hamilton, of Yates Center, to his father, from which we extract as follows:

"We all have had an awful hard time, pa, and we have stood right up to the front without a grunt or a kick from any one, and if they had only left Colonel Funston and as Jayhawkers alone we would have run them d—n niggers all off the land and drowned the last one of them. Whenever we got them to running right fast and us right behind them, then there would come an order to Colonel Funston to hold on or fall back in line. I do not say we Kansas volunteers are any braver than the other volunteers, but we are long winded and good runners."

Has His Share. State Senator Ryan, who is a candidate

for the fusion nomination for governor, believes that no man is entitled to more than his pro rata share of the good or evil things of earth. And yet Senator Ryan's father was the parent of eleven children, and he himself has ten.

A Self-Made Man. Speaking of self-made men, Postmaster Ed Caldwell, of Lawrence, is a conspicuous example. In 1879 his father hauled him from the farm in a spring wagon and set him down in the road in front of the state university with just \$10 in his pocket.

Without other assistance he went through the college, earning his way by driving ice wagons, canvassing for books, teaching a singing school, and doing everything else which came to his industrious hands. When he is a rich man and a grandfather, however, we have an idea that he will be filled with remorse over that singing school.

Still Wiggling. Every boy knows that a snake is not entirely dead just because its head has been cut off and its body mangled. He knows that he can punch it any time while the sun goes down and it will wiggle a little. And it is not to be supposed that the Democratic party of Kansas is beyond the wiggle stage simply because it has been mutilated almost beyond recognition under the club of Populism. It is not quite sundown yet, and the body occasionally gives a squirm, as we may judge from the following in the Abilene Democrat:

"A couple of Populists asked us Saturday why we didn't roast the Republicans more. The Democrat as a Democratic paper don't propose to tear its nether garments to have the seat of a Pop's pants chair polished by the seat of a Pop's pants more than it cares to have the seat of a Republican's pants polished by the seat of a courthouse chair. If the Democrats of the country have lost all interest in their party, and instead of putting up a Democratic ticket, want to be the cat on a string on a Pop fiddle, we'll stand to one side and listen to the doleful music ground out to the tune 'We've Seen Better Days.'"

Graphic Story of a Killing. In Pratt county the other day S. D. Hensley was sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary for killing one McCamond. The two men had gone to town and procured a jug of whisky and were drinking from it in their wagon on the way home when they got into a fight. Just before receiving sentence Hensley took the stand in his own behalf and said:

"I said he could whip the best man in the United States. Then he said, 'I owe you a killing. I promised myself I would kill you or leave Sarah. Now sing! by God, sing!' He struck me in the face pretty hard. I went back over the seat, and he went back over the hub in the wagonbed. I struck the fool hard, and he went down and put his hand up and tried to get my throat. I hit his finger, I raised up and he was striking me on the back with the arm of the windmill. I grabbed it, and he said: 'Let her go, damn you, you may as well die easy as hard! Let it go and get the well pipe. We'll fight it to a finish!' I let go and he went off backwards. I got the well point and warned him I would hit him. He said, 'Hit and be damned, I'm coming!' I struck and tripped him, and he came again and I got over the hind wheel. He came and I missed him. He came again and I hit him. I began to hit there right where he was making his noise. I can hear the ticks yet when I am asleep. 'I tried to see what I had done. My heart beat, and I run from my heartbeats. I thought somebody would be on me. I stopped and looked about the horizon, but could see no one. How I got back in the wagon I don't know."

On cross-examination, Hensley said: "I kept striking at the place the music came from as long as I could hear the music."

MISSOURI POINTS.

A Strong College Town. The progressive little town of Tarkio not only patronizes its own excellent college liberally, but is strongly represented at some of the big Eastern institutions. A delegation of six from there will be enrolled at Princeton the coming year.

Father of Nineteen. William Adams, Macon county's oldest citizen, who died, at the age of 96, a few days ago, had done his share toward making the position of census enumerator in that district a lucrative one. He was the father of nineteen children, fifteen of whom survive him.

A Significant Haircut. Further proof that Democracy and Populism are drifting apart is afforded in a fact to which a Chicago paper calls attention. It says that a haircut has made Governor Stone a very different looking man from the person shown in current cartoons and portraits of the Missouri man. His long, silky locks have been shingled close.

Root's Missouri Connections. Secretary of War Root was at one time general solicitor for the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad Company, and he is a trustee of the St. Joseph Union Depot Company. The secretary's brother, Orrin Root, was some years ago professor of languages in the state university, and while there married Miss Gordon, daughter of John Gordon, one of Columbia's most prominent lawyers.

Hunting Hidden Cows. A search for buried gold is being vigorously prosecuted by a number of farmers on the Major place near Georgetown. In Pettis county, in the hope that the hiding place of \$90,000 in the yellow metal alleged to have been placed there during the civil war by a physician who was afraid the guerrillas would get his treasure, may be discovered.

A "divining rod" and the advice of a blind phrenologist have been made use of already without tangible results, but the seekers continue to burrow with no thought of failure.

A Manila Contemporary. A copy of the Manila Times, dated June 15, has been received by the Joplin Herald, which says of it that "it is a six column folio and in style is very like a country weekly, only scarcely so well printed. It is about three-fifths advertisements and two-fifths very poor news, but it sells for \$20 a year and must be making money."

The paper was sent by a brother of Mr. W. B. Sanders the well known mining engineer, who is a captain on General Otis's staff.

No Van Wyck Sentiment Here. Colonel Jim Barbee evidently is of the opinion that Judge Ralph Walker, in his talk with the New York Times man the other day, gave unbridled rein to his im-

agination when speaking of Van Wyck possibilities in Missouri. "If Judge Walker," remarks the skeptical Barbee, "would feed all the Van Wyck men they could feed in Southwest Missouri to a hungry lion, the feline would still be hungry and hunting for more, Southwest Missouri is unconditionally for Bryan and the Chicago platform. Van Wyck isn't it."

Colonel Donovan Praises McKinley. "I am a Democrat, but I must say that the McKinley administration has won my sincere admiration," remarked Colonel John Donovan, Jr., the well known general manager of the St. Joseph stock yards company, to a Tribune representative while in New York the other day, "and I think a great many Democrats in the West who are business men agree with me on that point."

Miss Dealey's Game. Mrs. Nettie Allen Dealey, now a resident of Dallas, Tex., but who was born, reared, educated and married in Lexington, Mo., has invented a new and interesting game, the design of which is to assist students of Dickens in remembering the characters in his novels. "It is founded," a Dallas paper says, in explaining Mrs. Dealey's game, "on the works of Charles Dickens, and while some acquaintance with the characters of this author is essential to the success of the player, an indulgence in the game is sure to add materially to one's knowledge along this line. In fact, the game is essentially instructive. It is played with a deck of sixty cards, each bearing in large letters at the top the name of some character from the books of the great English reformer. Underneath the name in smaller letters are six or more questions concerning that character. The questions are descriptive or instructive, as the case may be, and, as far as possible, are quotations from Dickens himself. The cards are numbered, and at the bottom of each is the name of the novel from which the character is taken. Neither number nor name of novel has anything directly to do with the game, but the advantages of all these features can be readily seen. The cards are neatly made, each bearing the face of Charles Dickens. The game is especially desirable for evening gatherings among cultivated, literary people who demand something above the ordinary games and amusements."

A Patriotic Populist. Stephen Drinkard, one of the most influential and best informed Populists in Macon county, while he remains unchanged on the subject of finance and government ownership of utilities, is an ardent admirer of President McKinley, and commends the manner in which he has conducted the Philippine question. He said to a representative of one of the Macon papers: "I claim to be able to see the good in all parties and I have nothing but admiration for the manner in which President McKinley has conducted the recent war. I can not even suggest an improvement in the handling of the Philippine question. I am an expansionist. The history of this nation is a history of expansion. I am old enough to remember how the acquisition of New Mexico and the surrounding country was opposed by the pull-backs and history shows that prominent men said that even the Louisiana purchase was not worth 15 cents an acre. There were sentimental objections also. But if I were the bitterest anti-expansionist I would uphold the president in the present trouble. We are bound by every law of nations to protect the foreign residents of those islands against the rapacity of Aguinaldo and his band of bandits. Furthermore, until that clique is put down there can be no way of finding out the real desires of the people of the Philippines. I have sufficient respect for the intelligence of the Democrats to believe that if they were in power they would follow the same admirable policy that is being pursued by the president. It is an unfortunate fact that we have too many in this country who are like the man, who, when asked what ticket he wanted to vote, replied, 'Faith, an I'm ferrest the government verry time!'"

Trusts in England. When the discontent and belligerent Democrats get tired of fighting each other, if that time should ever come, they have one sure rallying point of harmony. However much difference of opinion there may be on other subjects, they all agree in denouncing the protesting and ranting order of sleep. That's reversing the usual order of things with a vengeance. Most babies make somebody else walk in his sleep.

Proof to the Contrary. An American advertiser offered Kipling \$3,000 for a poem of eight lines. The offer was promptly refused, and yet they say Kipling has the commercial instinct.

Those Newspaper Robins. It is believed by friends of General Otis that the newspaper correspondents in Manila indulge occasionally in a large square bottle and a small round robin.

Sincere Utterance. By gravity, I don't know where I'm at, I. William Jennings B., In this confounded, The non-alibi business, I wonder if they think I'm the hyphen, Or what? I may be the Matchless Leader, With a don't know but brimstone, I'll be scratched, Aligned talks to me, And to all intents and purposes I'm the B. H. T., And Carter Harrison smooths me down in front, While the red-headed anarchist Is on the other side of me, With his foot up, In the other's name! The Lord only knows How the cat's going to jump With his nose I take my eyes off him I'm a mince, William Jonathan Abbot In my dear brother in affliction, John G. Debevoise, Jr. of Dedham, Mass., Is his twin.

What's the Matter? My cross of gold for a Jones? I'm a cow in the hills? The cow is being held in Europe, Such an imminent moment as this? Can it be that he is late? To his Willie-boy? John G. Debevoise, Jr., Indiana, Is a mile long and all Bryan, And Dan Campau, of Detroit, Is poor, but honest, But by the Bales of Inspired Hays, That are trying to split me, Tip the back, With his nose I take my eyes off him I'm a mince, William Jonathan Abbot In my dear brother in affliction, John G. Debevoise, Jr. of Dedham, Mass., Is his twin.

What's the Matter? My cross of gold for a Jones? I'm a cow in the hills? The cow is being held in Europe, Such an imminent moment as this? Can it be that he is late? To his Willie-boy? John G. Debevoise, Jr., Indiana, Is a mile long and all Bryan, And Dan Campau, of Detroit, Is poor, but honest, But by the Bales of Inspired Hays, That are trying to split me, Tip the back, With his nose I take my eyes off him I'm a mince, William Jonathan Abbot In my dear brother in affliction, John G. Debevoise, Jr. of Dedham, Mass., Is his twin.

What's the Matter? My cross of gold for a Jones? I'm a cow in the hills? The cow is being held in Europe, Such an imminent moment as this? Can it be that he is late? To his Willie-boy? John G. Debevoise, Jr., Indiana, Is a mile long and all Bryan, And Dan Campau, of Detroit, Is poor, but honest, But by the Bales of Inspired Hays, That are trying to split me, Tip the back, With his nose I take my eyes off him I'm a mince, William Jonathan Abbot In my dear brother in affliction, John G. Debevoise, Jr. of Dedham, Mass., Is his twin.

What's the Matter? My cross of gold for a Jones? I'm a cow in the hills? The cow is being held in Europe, Such an imminent moment as this? Can it be that he is late? To his Willie-boy? John G. Debevoise, Jr., Indiana, Is a mile long and all Bryan, And Dan Campau, of Detroit, Is poor, but honest, But by the Bales of Inspired Hays, That are trying to split me, Tip the back, With his nose I take my eyes off him I'm a mince, William Jonathan Abbot In my dear brother in affliction, John G. Debevoise, Jr. of Dedham, Mass., Is his twin.

What's the Matter? My cross of gold for a Jones? I'm a cow in the hills? The cow is being held in Europe, Such an imminent moment as this? Can it be that he is late? To his Willie-boy? John G. Debevoise, Jr., Indiana, Is a mile long and all Bryan, And Dan Campau, of Detroit, Is poor, but honest, But by the Bales of Inspired Hays, That are trying to split me, Tip the back, With his nose I take my eyes off him I'm a mince, William Jonathan Abbot In my dear brother in affliction, John G. Debevoise, Jr. of Dedham, Mass., Is his twin.

What's the Matter? My cross of gold for a Jones? I'm a cow in the hills? The cow is being held in Europe, Such an imminent moment as this? Can it be that he is late? To his Willie-boy? John G. Debevoise, Jr., Indiana, Is a mile long and all Bryan, And Dan Campau, of Detroit, Is poor, but honest, But by the Bales of Inspired Hays, That are trying to split me, Tip the back, With his nose I take my eyes off him I'm a mince, William Jonathan Abbot In my dear brother in affliction, John G. Debevoise, Jr. of Dedham, Mass., Is his twin.

What's the Matter? My cross of gold for a Jones? I'm a cow in the hills? The cow is being held in Europe, Such an imminent moment as this? Can it be that he is late? To his Willie-boy? John G. Debevoise, Jr., Indiana, Is a mile long and all Bryan, And Dan Campau, of Detroit, Is poor, but honest, But by the Bales of Inspired Hays, That are trying to split me, Tip the back, With his nose I take my eyes off him I'm a mince, William Jonathan Abbot In my dear brother in affliction, John G. Debevoise, Jr. of Dedham, Mass., Is his twin.

What's the Matter? My cross of gold for a Jones? I'm a cow in the hills? The cow is being held in Europe, Such an imminent moment as this? Can it be that he is late? To his Willie-boy? John G. Debevoise, Jr., Indiana, Is a mile long and all Bryan, And Dan Campau, of Detroit, Is poor, but honest, But by the Bales of Inspired Hays, That are trying to split me, Tip the back, With his nose I take my eyes off him I'm a mince, William Jonathan Abbot In my dear brother in affliction, John G. Debevoise, Jr. of Dedham, Mass., Is his twin.

What's the Matter? My cross of gold for a Jones? I'm a cow in the hills? The cow is being held in Europe, Such an imminent moment as this? Can it be that he is late? To his Willie-boy? John G. Debevoise, Jr., Indiana, Is a mile long and all Bryan, And Dan Campau, of Detroit, Is poor, but honest, But by the Bales of Inspired Hays, That are trying to split me, Tip the back, With his nose I take my eyes off him I'm a mince, William Jonathan Abbot In my dear brother in affliction, John G. Debevoise, Jr. of Dedham, Mass., Is his twin.

What's the Matter? My cross of gold for a Jones? I'm a cow in the hills? The cow is being held in Europe, Such an imminent moment as this? Can it be that he is late? To his Willie-boy? John G. Debevoise, Jr., Indiana, Is a mile long and all Bryan, And Dan Campau, of Detroit, Is poor, but honest, But by the Bales of Inspired Hays, That are trying to split me, Tip the back, With his nose I take my eyes off him I'm a mince, William Jonathan Abbot In my dear brother in affliction, John G. Debevoise, Jr. of Dedham, Mass., Is his twin.

What's the Matter? My cross of gold for a Jones? I'm a cow in the hills? The cow is being held in Europe, Such an imminent moment as this? Can it be that he is late? To his Willie-boy? John G. Debevoise, Jr., Indiana, Is a mile long and all Bryan, And Dan Campau, of Detroit, Is poor, but honest, But by the Bales of Inspired Hays, That are trying to split me, Tip the back, With his nose I take my eyes off him I'm a mince, William Jonathan Abbot In my dear brother in affliction, John G. Debevoise, Jr. of Dedham, Mass., Is his twin.

What's the Matter? My cross of gold for a Jones? I'm a cow in the hills? The cow is being held in Europe, Such an imminent moment as this? Can it be that he is late? To his Willie-boy? John G. Debevoise, Jr., Indiana, Is a mile long and all Bryan, And Dan Campau, of Detroit, Is poor, but honest, But by the Bales of Inspired Hays, That are trying to split me, Tip the back, With his nose I take my eyes off him I'm a mince, William Jonathan Abbot In my dear brother in affliction, John G. Debevoise, Jr. of Dedham, Mass., Is his twin.

What's the Matter? My cross of gold for a Jones? I'm a cow in the hills? The cow is being held in Europe, Such an imminent moment as this? Can it be that he is late? To his Willie-boy? John G. Debevoise, Jr., Indiana, Is a mile long and all Bryan, And Dan Campau, of Detroit, Is poor, but honest, But by the Bales of Inspired Hays, That are trying to split me, Tip the back, With his nose I take my eyes off him I'm a mince, William Jonathan Abbot In my dear brother in affliction, John G. Debevoise, Jr. of Dedham, Mass., Is his twin.

What's the Matter? My cross of gold for a Jones? I'm a cow in the hills? The cow is being held in Europe, Such an imminent moment as this? Can it be that he is late? To his Willie-boy? John G. Debevoise, Jr., Indiana, Is a mile long and all Bryan, And Dan Campau, of Detroit, Is poor, but honest, But by the Bales of Inspired Hays, That are trying to split me, Tip the back, With his nose I take my eyes off him I'm a mince, William Jonathan Abbot In my dear brother in affliction, John G. Debevoise, Jr. of Dedham, Mass., Is his twin.

What's the Matter? My cross of gold for a Jones? I'm a cow in the hills? The cow is being held in Europe, Such an imminent moment as this? Can it be that he is late? To his Willie-boy? John G. Debevoise, Jr., Indiana, Is a mile long and all Bryan, And Dan Campau, of Detroit, Is poor, but honest, But by the Bales of Inspired Hays, That are trying to split me, Tip the back, With his nose I take my eyes off him I'm a mince, William Jonathan Abbot In my dear brother in affliction, John G. Debevoise, Jr. of Dedham, Mass., Is his twin.

What's the Matter? My cross of gold for a Jones? I'm a cow in the hills? The cow is being held in Europe, Such an imminent moment as this? Can it be that he is late? To his Willie-boy? John G. Debevoise, Jr., Indiana, Is a mile long and all Bryan, And Dan Campau, of Detroit, Is poor, but honest, But by the Bales of Inspired Hays, That are trying to split me, Tip the back, With his nose I take my eyes off him I'm a mince, William Jonathan Abbot In my dear brother in affliction, John G. Debevoise, Jr. of Dedham, Mass., Is his twin.

What's the Matter? My cross of gold for a Jones? I'm a cow in the hills? The cow is being held in Europe, Such an imminent moment as this? Can it be that he is late? To his Willie-boy? John G. Debevoise, Jr., Indiana, Is a mile long and all Bryan, And Dan Campau, of Detroit, Is poor, but honest, But by the Bales of Inspired Hays, That are trying to split me, Tip the back, With his nose I take my eyes off him I'm a mince, William Jonathan Abbot In my dear brother in affliction, John G. Debevoise, Jr. of Dedham, Mass., Is his twin.

What's the Matter? My cross of gold for a Jones? I'm a cow in the hills? The cow is being held in Europe, Such an imminent moment as this? Can it be that he is late? To his