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MONDAY, JANUARY 26, 1914.

"I AND I ALONE" STILL AT IT.

Rep. MacDonald of Michigan announced that he will make an attack Monday or Tuesday upon Michigan parties, whom he believes to be responsible in a large measure for conditions existing in the Calumet strike district.

"I shall probably mention the Citizens' Alliance in this connection," he said. "But I shall not single them out for attack. Instead I will try to show up the whole situation and point at some individuals. I feel that the Citizens' Alliance is on the wrong side of this situation absolutely."

The above is from a Washington dispatch. It indicates that "I and I Alone" MacDonald has assumed the attitude of a Daniel came to judgment. After persistently misrepresenting his district and his home community, MacDonald would go still further. He would constitute himself a tribunal to try the issue.

There is no doubt MacDonald is in touch with the situation. Haven't Moyer, Miller, Mahoney, et al. kept him posted? Isn't that sufficient? And didn't he spend a day or so looking around in the copper country, at about the same time Governor Ferris conducted his thorough investigation?

But after all it is real generous of MacDonald not to single out the Citizens' Alliance for attack. Perhaps he realizes how many would stick such an attack would carry with immune men. The remark he is credited with using in connection, however, "I feel that the Citizens' Alliance is on the wrong side of the situation absolutely," indicates the impression he is trying to convey to his colleagues.

The Citizens' Alliance, made up of the best citizenship of the district, was instituted for the sole purpose of restoring peace and order in the copper country, and it has accomplished the desired results. How then can it be on the "wrong side of this situation?" It has forced no one into the all ess of the law and gives them protection. It has given the lawless element to understand that the substantial citizenship of the copper country is ready to rise as one man and enforce the law against violence such as characterized the strike before the days of the Alliance.

Before the advent of the Citizens' Alliance an era of fear and lawlessness prevailed throughout the district. Working men were assaulted on their way to or from work while law and order loving citizens stood idly by and lifted not a hand to help the victims. Men were murdered in their beds, a deputy sheriff was shot and beaten to death, trains were fired on and an attempt made to dynamite another. Houses were shattered by bombs and looting was general. It was a veritable reign of terror.

With the advent of the Citizens' Alliance an end was put to this lawlessness. Women were no longer molested and fear of attack gave way to assurance of protection. The authority of the law is now supreme, a condition of affairs for which the Citizens' Alliance is largely responsible.

SOCIALIST DICTATORS.

Here are some of the organizations which submitted petitions to the House committee on rules for an investigation in the copper country:

Chinese Federation of Labor; Socialist Party of Spokane; Central Labor Council of Seattle and vicinity, laboring men of Issaquah; Socialist Party of Seattle, Bellingham, Morlock, Rainier and Richmond District; Cleverleaf Grange, No. 529, of Okanogan; Local No. 13, International Union of Shingle Workers of Southwest and West Olympia; citizens of Wilkeson; Socialist Party of Tonasket; Socialist Party of Sedro Woolley; Local Union No. 2247, United Mine Workers of America, of Black Diamond; and organized labor of Spokane, all in the state of Washington.

All of these organizations, most of them Socialistic, are miles away from the copper country. They have no direct interest in the local situation and they ignore the fact that an impartial investigation has been conducted by the governor of this state. Why should an investigation, which is unnecessary, can accomplish no good and will prolong the unrest? It is coming to a pretty pass when a Democratic Congress can be dictated to by a lot of Socialists.

EFFECTS OF THE TARIFF.

One by one the results of the tariff legislation begin to manifest themselves. Most of them are of especial interest to the agricultural interests of the country, for they tend to reduce the price of the things the farmer raises while acting in no way to reduce the price of the things he buys—the "cost of living," indeed, for all of us does not seem to come down, but shows a disposition to go higher, if anything.

Shipments of Argentine corn have caused a break of ten cents a bushel at Chicago, with a resultant drop, of course, at the farms. These are to be supplemented by cargoes of Argentine wheat, which also comes in free, now that wheat is on the free list as the result of Argentina taking the duty off our wheat. The difference in price is favorable to heavy imports, and the American markets instantly reflected the fact by taking a sharp downward turn. Nor does the story end with wheat and corn. South American rockers are now making regular shipments of dressed meats to our Atlantic ports, and one large house in Buenos Ayres has acquired extensive terminal facilities at New York, apparently intending to secure a large share of the American dressed beef trade.

Nor is South America to be reckoned with alone, or even chiefly. Up to date, Canada, which spurred our overtures for reciprocity, has been the largest beneficiary of the new Democratic tariff. Her exports of cattle and other articles to the United States have more than doubled since last October. Cattle and oats have been the principal gainers so far, but if Canada follows the lead of Argentine in taking the duty off our wheat, the great wheat fields of the Canadian northwest will have an open market on this side of the line. The Canadian wheat fields are virgin land and cheap land, and wheat growers in the United States cannot compete with them on equal terms.

The country as a whole possibly would not complain of these conditions were the consumer getting the benefit, but so far there has not been even a dent in the high cost of living. And the Democratic secretary of agriculture warns the public not to expect lower prices.

TAUGHT US A LESSON.

When President Roosevelt sent the American battleship fleet around the world the thing it demonstrated above all others was the fact that, without the help of foreign navies, it never could have made the circuit or one-half of it. The tour was intended to impress foreign nations with our naval power, what it actually did demonstrate was that our ships were helpless when not considerable distance from home. What we lacked was an auxiliary fleet, without which our battleships would be helpless in time of war, if not within reach of this country's bases of supplies, which were few and very far between.

Since that memorable tour Uncle Sam has been slowly remedying the weakness developed on the world-famous cruise. Whereas our battleships formerly in foreign waters were compelled to depend upon foreign ships for fuel supplies, supplies that would be denied them in time of war under the laws of nations, they no longer would be helpless. The United States navy now has a fleet of twenty-five fuel ships, thirteen of which represent the highest type of colliers, costing a million dollars each. These modern colliers are capable of carrying either oil or coal. Each carries more coal than is stored at any one of the government's eleven coaling stations and each is capable of supplying two battleships at one time with fuel at sea.

Consequently, the battleship of the future is to be driven by steam from petroleum-fired boilers. Secretary of the Navy Daniels has said as much.

At a hearing before the House committee on rules, C. E. Mahoney, vice president of the Western Federation of Miners, made it plain that his organization was seeking publicity. The Western Federation of Miners seeks to make capital out of the proposed congressional investigation in the copper country, which it would manage to do no matter what the facts brought out by the probe. In conducting an inquiry Congress will be simply lending itself to the publicity campaign of the federation.

Another absurdity has been dumped into the discard. Wisconsins eugenic marriage law was recently upset by the courts. The Wisconsin law was in some respects so ridiculous that it

Press Comment on the Strike Situation

Prior to the last general election at least a respectable minority saw in Congressman McDonald's ascendency one of those unfortunate political accidents to which an enlightened majority sometimes inadvertently contributes. But to the erstwhile friends of the Hon. W. J. MacDonald, who ought to know him better than the rest of us, should be given all the honor that is due them for enlightening all of us as to just how bad that political accident is.—Munising News.

—w—

The United Mine Workers' delegate who denounced the American Federation of Labor as reactionary, fossilized, worm-eaten and dead and declared it would take a man as great as Washington, to get a progressive resolution through it would probably be fairly well satisfied, however, with the Industrial Workers of the World or the Western Federation of Miners, and would be proud to belong to the structural iron workers.—Saginaw Courier Herald.

—w—

The men in this vicinity who gave their support to W. J. MacDonald, who is now endeavoring to fill the seat formerly held by such men as Jay Hubbell, Chas. Seymour, Sturdy, Sam Stephenson, Carl Sheldon and H. Olin Young, should certainly feel proud of their congressman, for he is now a full fledged supporter of the Western Federation of Miners. He is doing everything in his power to get the government to make an investigation of the copper country strike, but so far has been unable to accomplish very much along that line. It looks very much as though the strike had petered out and there was nothing to investigate. The output of rock is about normal and many of the operations are working full crews, and hence the absurdity of MacDonald's position is apparent to anyone at all familiar with the strike situation. MacDonald is being repudiated by supporters all over the district, and his only hope now lies in sticking to Moyer, Mahoney and the rest of the Federation bunch.—Iron River Reporter.

—w—

That there will be a strike of the members of the Western Federation on all the iron ranges of the Lake Superior country in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, to be started within two weeks, is the latest statement of the officers of the federation. This is, we believe, all a bluff, in an attempt to bolster up the courage of their rapidly deserting dupes in the copper country. Mr. Moyer and his gang will find short shift in the iron mining regions, if they should endeavor to stir up trouble there. Our people know their record, from the west to the copper country, and they do not propose to be driven from their homes by this sort of a gang. For this is what it means, as you will find that the business men and law abiding people of the copper country make free of their statement that they will leave that district if the Western Federation should ever gain a foothold there. They have enough of their work so that they would rather leave their homes and their business than to attempt to live in a district which was dominated by this crowd. Knowing these circumstances, the iron country will take ample measures to protect itself from this sort of a calamity.—Ironwood Times.

GEORGE SHIRAS.

George Shiras, formerly an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was born in Pittsburgh, Jan. 26, 1832. After completing a public school course in his native city he entered Yale college and was graduated in the class of 1853. The following year he finished the law course at Yale and was admitted to the bar. For many years he practiced law in Pittsburgh and was recognized as one of the leaders of the Pennsylvania bar. In 1892 President Harrison appointed Mr. Shiras an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1903 a desire to return to private life induced Justice Shiras to resign from the supreme bench, after a service of eleven years. At the age of eighty-two the former justice is in the enjoyment of excellent health for a man of his years. In addition to a permanent residence in Washington he maintains a winter home in Florida and a summer home in the Michigan lake region.

Rt. Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, the presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States, 77 years old today.

George T. Oliver, United States senator from Pennsylvania, 68 years old today.

Rt. Rev. Arthur F. W. Ingram, bishop of London, 56 years old today.

Benjamin F. Kieth, who originated the present form of vaudeville entertainment in America, 67 years old today.

James C. Al Laughlin, representative in Congress of the Ninth Michigan district, 56 years old today.

Prof. George F. Atkinson, head of the department of botany of Cornell university, 60 years old today.

COMETARY.

It is said that Delevan's comet is rapidly approaching the earth. It would seem to be high time for Delevan to call his comet off.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ADVANTAGEOUSNESS.

One advantage of those swagger

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

Subscribers Are Invited to Contribute to this Column. A communication should be signed by the writer's own name, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

Calumet, Mich., Jan. 24.

To the Editor:

Please give space to a few lines to call attention to the system of petty coersion practiced by labor leaders.

In a recent edition of the "Miners' Bulletin" the workmen were told that I was an enemy to them. I sent by registered mail the following:

"Editor Miners' Bulletin, care Western Federation of Miners, Calumet, Mich.

"Sir—In your Bulletin of January 6 appears an article clearly intended to do me an injury. As I am not accustomed to fighting under cover, I request that this letter, together with the names and addresses of both the instigator and the writer of the article referred to, shall be printed in your next issue of the Bulletin. Failure to do so must be taken as proof that they wish to stand self-confessed cowards, liars and white-livered character assassins.

"F. S. CARLTON."

No notice has been taken of this letter, hence it is to be presumed that they acknowledge being cowards, liars and white-livered character assassins, and I defy them to show where I have ever been other than a real friend of the working man.

Truth is mighty and will prevail, and the sooner labor organizations recognize this fact, by kicking out the liars and loud mouthed agitators, instead of elevating them to office and leadership, the sooner they will make peaceful and permanent advancement, make their organization command respect by the honesty, truthfulness and justice of their officers, then will they have the aid of the strongest tribunal in the world, public opinion.

I have not and never will agree with the policy of intimidation, falsehood and lawlessness put forth by Moyer and his cohorts, for their own selfish ends.

I believe in a fair day's pay for a fair day's work under decent living conditions. I believe that any man has the right to go on strike, but he has no right to prevent another man from working who desires to work. I believe in truthful statements, and the upholding of law and order, this for the ultimate good of the entire community, which includes the laboring man.

If these things make me an enemy of labor, then I must plead guilty, for this is my stand and I am not ashamed of it. Thanking you,

F. S. CARLTON.

—w—

Calumet, Mich., Jan. 25, 1914.

Dear Sir—On behalf of hockey enthusiasts of this locality I would be pleased if you would publish this article.

There is general dissatisfaction on the general admission price asked for admittance to hockey games in the league which Calumet and Portage Lake are connected with. Fifty cents to many of us, particularly the younger element is quite a sum for an hour or two of pleasure. There are many people who keep away on this account, who otherwise would be on hand to boost the game along if the general admission price was a quarter.

I understand that at the time professional hockey held forth, the prices were the same as they are now—50 and 75 cents. And as I also was given to understand, hockey players were paid exorbitant salaries which necessitated the higher admission price. I've taken into consideration that the management has gone to a great of expense to get players also to equip them with necessary hockey paraphernalia, but I firmly believe that if the general admission price was cut to 25 cents the real hockey fans—the crowd that makes the noise which goes a lot toward inspiring confidence in the players—would be there in such large numbers to make it more profitable for the rink management than the present general admission price. Here's hoping that Calumet wins the pennant and that it will float from the flagstaff of our new rink. Yours truly,

A BOOSTER.

SUGAR SHOE BLACKING.

Other Curious Applications Revealed by the "Lancet."

Sugar, according to the Lancet, has in the industries many valuable applications which have nothing to do with its role as an ailment. It is, for example, the foundation of common shoe blacking. Sugar enters largely into the composition of copying inks, and printers' rollers are made up of a mixture of glue and glycerine or sugar. It is used in the manufacture of transparent soaps.

For a long time sugar has been employed as a hardware and strengthener of cements and is mixed with mortar to give it permanently hard qualities. Some of the most ancient masonry of the world has been found to contain very appreciable quantities of sugar.

FINANCIAL NEWS.

The comptroller of the currency says that every man, woman and child in the United States has 22 cents more this year than last. Probably so, but it has come at the sacrifice of many a ham sandwich.—Charlotte Chronicle.

HERE'S A HINT.

We think it about the proper time to begin corresponding with com

ART OF WEIGHING

Wonderful Scales that are not made of anything.

The art of weighing has expanded into a comprehensive science and can no longer be called a mere art. Scales are made of metal, but the set herein described is not made of anything. Scales are in hourly use that can weigh a pencil mark whose length is one-fourth of an inch; or a section of a hair of equal length. The usual practice in weighing runs from grains, ounces, pounds up to tons, usually one ton, and then up to fifty or more tons in railroad weighing, costing hundreds and thousands of dollars.

But humans would find it quite difficult to make scales that would weigh millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions, quintillions, sextillions, septillions, octillions and nonillions of tons, or decillions. An instrument able to weigh a decillion tons can now be purchased for one cent—a pencil. The scales are not made of metal; instead a set and fixed specific speed is the next to all powerful engine used. But it is far more easy to run a locomotive or steamship without knowing a single law of these complex machines than to even attempt to use the speed-scales without knowing every minute detail of every velocity law of moving bodies.

Let a street car start from rest and keep moving faster and faster until its rate of motion is, say, twenty miles per hour at the end of one minute. If the speed of the car increased uniformly during the entire minute its average speed is ten miles per hour, because it started from rest and increased to twenty miles per hour. If a body moves during one minute at twenty miles per hour the distance traversed will be speed multiplied by time, or twenty miles multiplied by one-sixtieth of an hour, or one-third of a mile; but the average speed in case of the car is ten miles per hour, so that the distance moved over is half as great or one-sixth mile. This is a fundamental law of nature and is of enormous importance.

Law: For uniformly increasing speed, starting from rest, the velocity increases with the time, but the distance traversed is that moved over by the moving body with its average speed, or one-half.

If measuring the distance fallen through by a body let fall at the rigidly exact beginning of one second of time to the rigidly exact end thereof is difficult, what shall be said of finding how fast it is falling at the end of the second. Go try; work from the ages of twenty to sixty years daily and you will fail. The fact is, the time required to find the mathematically exact specific speed of a falling body in still air was almost that required to measure the distance of the nearest star, about 120 years.

Then Atwood invented his machine, and this finally came to some near approach to accuracy. But this instrument of precision fell far short of the electrical chronographic apparatus. When all of this very complex mechanism is in perfect order it releases the ball at the exact beginning of a second and records the absolute time on the cylinder of a chronograph electrically and repeats the process at the absolute end of the second so far as human hands are able to do rigidly accurate work.

The moment that those supermen, Newton and Liebnitz, discovered that mighty power, beside which all else human pales into insignificance—the stupendous calculus or differentials—every mathematician saw immediately that one of nature's most magnificent laws was found in falling bodies. And then began the relentless and arduous self imposed work of more than a hundred years to find the set specific speed acquired by a falling body at the instantaneous and absolutely exact end of the first exactly measured second of time since man appeared.

The result is one grand, all potent, all powerful mean or average of a century of world wide measures, the diamond of diamonds, the most valuable number in possession of man, the astronomical balance:

Sixteen and one-tenth feet fallen to end of the first second; 32.2 feet per second speed at end of first second.

That is, a body let fall will, under the action of the earth's attraction of gravitation, fall 16.1 feet during the first absolute second of time, and at the absolute end of the second will be in motion with a velocity of 32.2 feet per second. These numbers constitute the most accurate and all powerful scales in existence.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

Diameter of a Fine Wire.

Should you ever find it necessary to obtain the diameter of a fine wire, it may be done in this manner: Wind it carefully around a piece of pencil in one layer for an inch or so, that each turn is touching the previous one. Then measure exactly an inch along the wire and count the number of turns in the inch. You then have the information. Thus, if there are eighteen turns the wire is one-eighteenth of an inch diameter.

Gas In Trees.

An interesting phenomenon, says a writer in American Forestry, is the escape of gas from cavities at the base of hardwood trees in the Ozarks, when the trees are cut down. "When the cavities are cut into the gas escapes with a whistling sound, and if lighted it will burn with a faint yellow flame." Decomposition of the heart wood of the tree is supposed to cause the formation of the gas.

A Mean Man.

"I never was so embarrassed in my life. I came face to face with my first husband."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing much. He just looked up at me, smiled and then said, 'Who

Mongo Got Quite a Bit Ahead.

Daddy's Bedtime Story—The Race Between the Secretary Birds.

"THE secretary birds had planned to have some field races," began daddy, "and the afternoon of the races had come. You know, the secretary birds have very, very long thin legs. Their legs are so thin that you can hardly see how it is they can support such big bodies, for the secretary birds have really fat bodies."

"Well, on the afternoon of the races they all entered, and you never saw such running in all your life! They simply went like the wind, but the chief race of all was between one bird named Sandy and one named Mongo. They were considered the fastest runners of all. They had raced often and often before and had always come in a tie. But this time Mongo had been practicing very hard and had been very careful not to eat anything to hurt his wind. Sandy had been practicing every day, too, but he thought it was absurd to give up things to eat. However Mongo had always heard that all athletes were very careful of their eating, and, as he had never been able to beat Sandy yet, he was bound he would try everything he could so as to win.

"The prize was to be a fine, great, big snake which had been captured and killed a few days before the races were to take place."

"Do secretary birds eat snakes?" asked Evelyn.

"Yes," said daddy; "they practically live on them."

"I shouldn't think that would be nice food," added Evelyn.

"No; we don't think so," answered daddy, "but you know we eat bacon and like it, so probably the secretary birds think it is as funny for us to eat pigs as we do to hear of their eating snakes."

"No," said Evelyn thoughtfully, "I suppose not. They sound so horrid, though."

At that moment Jack, who was growing very impatient, not caring what the secretary birds ate, chimed in: "Daddy, please hurry and tell us who won the race. I can hardly wait to hear. I am sure Mongo did, though."

"No," said Evelyn; "I think Sandy did because he wasn't such an old fuss as Mongo."

"Well," continued daddy, "during the race all the secretary birds shrieked in their cackling voices: 'Go it; go it! Win, Mongo! Win, Sandy.'

"For a few moments Mongo got quite a bit ahead, but Sandy succeeded in catching up with him, and they passed by the goal side by side.

"It was a splendid race, but it showed that Mongo and Sandy were really absolutely evenly matched, so they gave a funny cackle, which meant a laugh, and each, taking an end of the prize, said, 'We'll all have a taste of the prize, as neither of us can win it.'

"So they all sat down to a very jolly supper party."

THE SCRAP BOOK

CHIEF BACON RIND.

Maybe He Was an Indian, but One Man Thought He Wasn't.

Not long ago the Oklahoma Editorial association visited Pawhuska, which is the capital of the Osage Indians. The Indians put on a corn dance for the editors, and everybody had a good time. The editors elected Pete Duffy, mayor of El Reno, Okla., for their chief, and the time came for an interchange of views between the Indian chief, Bacon Rind, and the editorial chief, Mayor Duffy.

The Osages are the richest Indians in the world. There are but 2,000 members of the tribe, and they have some $10,000,000 on deposit in Washington in the treasury on which they draw interest. They own 1,500,000 acres of land, and each member of the tribe gets a good sized sum each year in oil royalties from a company that operates in their territory.

Chief Bacon Rind talks little English, and his remarks were interpreted by a brave, who talks but little more. However, the editors got the trend of the chief's speech. He said he advocated happiness on the part of his people, and for this reason he was sternly opposed to manual labor by any Osage brave. In his opinion no man could be really happy who had to work, and, as the Osages are rich, if any work is to be done it is easy enough to hire white men to do it.

When Chief Bacon Rind concluded his address Duffy said to the interpreter: "Have the old boy slip it to me how he does it. What is his recipe that permits his tribe to live like kings while we editors have to chase our meals after working eighteen hours a day? Tell him that, as chief of the editors, I am crazy to get his recipe, and ask him what he thinks about dividing with me. Just ask him if he will not split up with a brother chief who knows all about the high cost of living?"

The interpreter had some difficulty in transmitting Duffy's talk to the chief, but finally the chief understood and replied through the interpreter as follows:

"He say he like Chief Duffy and welcome him. He like his talk—yes. He believe in dividing—yes. Use to be Indian he take buzzard and white man he take turkey, or white man he take turkey and Indian he take buzzard. He say he divide with Meester Duffy. He say he take bacon and give rind to Meester Duffy, or Meester Duffy take rind and he, big chief, take bacon—yes."

"Huh!" said Duffy when the interpreter had finished. "That old sport isn't an Indian, he's a Kansan."—Saturday Evening Post.

Promptness.

Promptness is a grand leader, while procrastination limps behind. Today is master of the situation. Tomorrow is an impostor, who is almost sure to bring failure with him.—James T. Field.

No Division.

Some time ago, a congressman said, the teacher of a public school was trying to impress matters of finance on the youthful mind, and after questioning several of the pupils she tried Jimmy Smith.

"James," said she, "tell me the denominations in which the money of the United States is divided."

"I don't know, Miss Mary," replied James after much thought and much squirming.

"Don't you know, James," persisted the teacher, "how the money your father brings home on Saturday night is divided?"

"Tain't divided, Miss Mary," was the prompt reply of the trank James.

FACING THE CAMERA.

Its Effect Upon a Man Who Didn't Take Things Seriously.

Writing on "Familiar Incidents" in the American Magazine, Stephen Leacock describes his experiences having his photograph taken. The following is an extract:

"The photographer rolled a machine into the middle of the room and crawled into it from behind.

"He was only in it a second—just time enough for one look at me—and then he was out again, fearing at the cotton sheet and the window panes with a hooked stick, apparently frantic for light and air.

"Then he crawled back into the machine again and drew a little black cloth over himself. This time he was very quiet in there. I knew that he was praying, and I kept still.

"When the photographer came out at last he looked very grave and shook his head.

"'The face is quite wrong,' he said.

"'I know,' I answered quietly, 'I have always known it.'

"He sighed.

"'I think,' he said, 'the face would be better three-quarters full.'

"'I'm sure it would,' I said enthusiastically, for I was glad to find that the man had such a human side to him. 'So would yours. In fact,' I continued, 'how many faces one sees that are apparently hard, narrow, limited, but the minute you get them three-quarters full they get wide, large, almost boundless in'—

"But the photographer had ceased to listen. He came over and took my head in his hands and twisted it sideways. I thought he meant to kiss me, and I closed my eyes."

Resolution.

To think we are able is almost to be so. To determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself. Thus earnest resolution has often seemed to have about it a savor of omnipotence.—Samuel Smiles.

No One to Stop Him.

Thackeray used to enjoy telling of one experience he had in New York. Wishing to see a specimen of the red shirted Bowery boy and volunteer fireman of that period, of whom he had heard so much, both before and after his arrival in this country, he wended his way to that thoroughfare and soon saw one of the species seated on a hydrant. Approaching him, he politely said:

"Please, sir, I want to go to Brooklyn."

"Well," answered the Bowery boy, "why the —— don't you go?"—From Wilson's "Thackeray In America."

Cause of the Coldness.

In his reminiscences James Stuart, a former lord rector of St. Andrews' university, tells a story of a Fifeshire man who was helping him with some engineering work in an English town.

One day he mentioned to Mr. Stuart that he had changed his lodgings, and Mr. Stuart asked why.

"There's a kin o' cauldness sprung up between me an' the man I was lodgin' wi' afore," he said.

"How is that?" Mr. Stuart asked.

"Weel, they hae some very curious words here," he said.

"What kind of words?" Mr. Stuart asked.

The man explained that in Fifeshire they spoke of "the ribs of a grate," not "the bars," and he went on: "It jest come aboot this way. I was sittin' wi' a bit chisel in my hands afore the fire, and I wanted to soften it in the fire, so I said to the wife, 'Will ye just let me put this in yer ribs?' And wi' that she gied a skirl, an' in comes her man, an' she says tae him that I want it to pit