The St. Paul Globe

THE GLOBE CO., PUBLISHERS

OFFICIAL PAPER — ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL ST. PAUL — CITY OF ST. PAUL

Entered at Postoffice at St. Paul, Minn., as Second-Class Matter.

TELEPHONE CALLS

Northwestern—Business, 1065 Main. Editorial, 78 Main.
Twin City—Business, 1065; Editorial, 78.

CITY SUBSCRIPTIONS

By Carrier—Monthly Rate Only

Daily only	40 cents per month
Daily and Sunday	50 cents per month
Sunday	20 cents per month

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS

By Mail.	1 mo.	6 mos.	12 mos.
Daily only	.25	$1.50	$3.00
Daily and Sunday	.35	2.00	4.00
Sunday	.20	1.10	2.00

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RESULTS COUNT—
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SUNDAY, DEC. 11, 1904

AT THE SIGN OF THE SIMPLE LIFE

Charles Wagner has shaken the dust of this continent from his sturdy feet, but he has left behind the comforting thought that it is possible for Americans to be simple even when they are most strenuous. Mr. Wagner did not intend a paradox when he gave expression to his belief. He merely meant that simplicity was possible—and that he had found it—in the very heart of the big cities of this new world.

It is possible that the public expected a different verdict. Strenuosity has been emphasized so much recently that Americans have grown accustomed to regarding themselves as the very embodiment of it. Perhaps a few will feel just a trifle disappointed that the Parisian pastor found their pace not much more rapid than that affected by his own countrymen and even the slower English. Most people take pride in living up to a reputation, whether it has been thrust upon them or justly earned.

But Mr. Wagner himself has affirmed that his American hostesses took him down into their kitchens and their pantries and showed him the pickles they made with their own fair hands, and it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that conditions were "fixed" for the genial writer's edification. It is natural enough that any woman, and any man, too, for that matter, should wish to show so distinguished a visitor the mode of life he most approves. Hence his commendation of the life over here.

However, whether deserved or not, his opinion at least has the merit of originality. Other visitors to a man have conscientiously picked out our worst characteristics and the most deplorable features of the life over here and descanted upon them. Their "bread and butter" letter to the nation at large in the shape of a published article or book has generally been insulting. We may have no right to hang out, as Mr. Wagner avers we have, the sign of the simple life; we may, indeed, have played a role for the benefit of that unsuspecting gentleman, but it is impossible not to feel grateful for his kindly words. Moreover, they may inspire many to live up to them.

A PROGRESSIVE INSTITUTION

That the doxology should be voted a trifle "slow" by the faculty of the Chicago university will surprise no one who has followed the career of that eccentric institution of learning. It was a member of the faculty who criticised such Shakespearean bits as

> —the morn in russet mantle clad
> Steps o'er the dew of yon high Eastern hill,

and suggested, instead, the more colloquial form, "Say, here's the milkman." To be sure Triggs' resignation was demanded, but since eccentric utterances continue to emanate from the university it's fair to assume that the gentleman's up to date ideas in regard to English literature and the English language were not the cause of his resignation.

It is the desire of the faculty to substitute college songs for the old fashioned doxology. There is, of course, a large repertoire of these to select from and the public, naturally, will hope for the best, but, knowing the faculty, it will also, probably, fear the worst. The future visitor to the university who attends chapel may expect to hear it begin with a college yell and close with a bacchanalian college ditty. Such an opening exercise, certainly, is not outside the range of possibilities.

But there is such a thing as taking progress at too rapid a tempo, and this seems to be the university's trouble. Having no college traditions of its own to which it might anchor, it defies all and today the public is ready to believe anything and everything of its faculty. Long ago it questioned the literary fitness of any hymn, yesterday it derided Shakespeare, today it drops the doxology from its repertoire of song and tomorrow—well, any impertinence may be looked for. It is not difficult to imagine all the immortals turning uneasily in their graves.

STREET SWEEPING

The St. Paul public feels inclined to agree with Dr. Ohage in his violent criticism of the effects of street sweeping by machines under present conditions. These conditions are, of course, abnormal. We have gone well on toward the middle of December without any snow, with steady dry weather and more or less high wind. The result is that all of our streets are covered, some of them thickly, with a deposit of dust and of filth ground to powder. The usual snow blanket is not available. To sprinkle the asphalt streets with the temperature at or below freezing would be to make them impassable. No other substance can be used satisfactorily in lieu of water. If we do not sweep the streets, this dust coating grows ever thicker, and on windy days fills the air and becomes intolerable. If we do sweep them, we simply toss the stuff about without any improvement whatever.

Nobody is able to suggest a remedy, and for the present there is none. We cannot readjust all our street cleaning system to a condition that is both temporary and unusual. It seems to The Globe that it might, however, be made to conform partially. There is but one system of street cleaning that can do us the slightest good under existing circumstances. This is sweeping by hand; where the sweeper takes his section of the street surface, gathers the stuff together, shoves it into a bag and deposits it in a waiting cart or other receptacle to be carried away. The process is slow and expensive, but it is effective. Now why not dispense with or suspend machine sweeping for a time, and employ the money so spent and the men so engaged in hand sweeping until snow comes?

The street surface covered in any one day would be small, but the work done would be effective. The streets that could not be taken care of would be practically in no worse condition than they are after the machines have gone over them; while the portions of streets swept by hand would remain in better condition than they are now until the street force should get around to them again. This is but a suggestion and may be open to objections which do not occur to us now. It is agreed on all sides, however, that the present system of street sweeping is worse than nothing when the streets cannot be sprinkled and there is no snow, and the people would not be averse to having this experiment tried.

THE MODERN BUCCANEER

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson's fierce attack on the methods of some of the men who exploit the public by what the Boston man has described as "frenzied finance" seems to have had something more than mere sentiment behind it. The attack culminated Thursday, and Mr. Lawson is credited with having made a huge fortune by his successful raid on stocks. Incidentally, some hundreds of people were ruined—most of them speculators like Lawson—and property values were depreciated to an enormous extent—more than one hundred millions, on paper. Which is not bad for an individual who has been inveighing against frenzied finance.

The conditions which permit Lawson and his kind to manipulate apparent values should be remedied. This financier of the moderns helped to make the conditions which permitted his raid. He attacked with virulence and vigor the holders of certain stocks. He attacked the methods by which these men obtained control of the stocks—and it is only just to say that these methods were reprehensible in the extreme. But in making this attack he was simply framing his support for a raid that was not criminal only because it is justified by usage. The properties Lawson attacked are worth exactly as much as they were a week or a month or a year ago. There has been no change in their earning capacity. The people who have actual securities representing those properties are probably just as well off as they were a week ago—unless they should be compelled to realize on their holdings. But the raid shocked the financial world. It demoralized apparent values. It added some millions to the pile of Mr. Lawson and supplied spending money to the piking brotherhood who took his tips.

The occurrence points inevitably to the necessity of protecting investment values against the modern buccaneer in the stock market. The situation should command the immediate attention of those gentlemen who are engaged in adjusting economic conditions. A curb should be put upon the capacity of the Lawsons for doing evil on such a very elaborate scale.

POPULARIZE THE REFERENCE ROOM

The library board's decision to keep the reference room open until 10 o'clock in the evening and to keep it open on holidays has done much to popularize what it rightly considered the most important department of the library. Another much needed improvement, the adequate lighting of the room for the workers who patronize it, is now being considered by the board. The table lamps which have been placed in the reading room down stairs have proved entirely satisfactory to the readers there, and, except that they are more expensive than the drop lights, there is no reason why they should not be installed in the reference room.

A drop light that swings above a table is a nuisance and a source of danger, too, to the man or woman who reads or studies by means of it. Moreover, the accumulation of cords or wires overhead, such as the drop lights necessitate, will be an ugly disfigurement for a room that, at its best, cannot boast much in the way of beauty of line or decoration. Between the cost of the table lamps and of the drop lights there is a difference of something like one hundred and eighty-five dollars only. The former would, by all odds, be the more lasting economy, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the lamps will be installed.

Ever since the St. Paul public library was moved from the city hall into its present quarters there has been a steady growth in the number of its patrons, and an encouraging feature of the growth has been the fact that every year more and more of those patrons discover for themselves the opportunities which the reference department represents. Here gather in constantly increasing numbers the workers of the city, representatives of widely different classes, but united temporarily in one class through their desire to make the best use of what the city offers them. This department's great need—that of an efficient and interested superintendent—is supplied. In adding conveniences and making improvements the desire to exercise what might be termed a long distance economy should govern the board. The important thing is to make the room a well lighted and well equipped workshop for the public that needs and uses it.

THE RIGHTS OF ENGLISH PAUPERS

A distinguished member of the English house of commons declared recently that unless something practicable was done to relieve the sufferings of the unemployed in London, the half-starved mob would seriously menace the safety of the well to do this winter. A writer in a recent number of the Westminster Review, discussing the English pauper problem, described at length the union system of relief which is at present in vogue in England. He stated that the union believed that the standard of comfort of the pauper ought to be lower than the lowest laborer, since "to make pauperism comfortable is to encourage indolence and vice." Then he gave some figures which showed that in January last relief was given to 112,616 able bodied paupers.

In view of the fact that those able bodied ones were not made comfortable by the relief doled out by the union, it is permissible to believe that a large per cent of them, since they were neither criminals nor tramps, were forced by industrial conditions into the pauper class. They were not paupers at all, therefore, but the unemployed. Doubtless those who were aided in January last, or a part of them, at least, form the nucleus of the great army of the unemployed that is menacing London today.

It is impossible to avoid wondering, therefore, why England, instead of considering the problem a pauper one and of endeavoring to solve it by giving aid so grudgingly and in such small measure that it will not further pauperize, does not consider it an industrial one and treat it accordingly. The writer in the Review, to be sure, did attempt to treat it as an industrial problem. He suggested that knowledge relating to the selection and cooking of the cheapest foodstuffs be spread; that labor schools be established; and that encouragement be given to the study of political economy. Great encouragement this for the army of the unemployed!

Since the growth of the pauper class in England is the direct result of her own industrial shortsightedness, the members of the class would seem to have some rights that she is bound to respect. With her colonies seeking for immigrants, there seems no good reason why this army of the unemployed should continue to menace her. Instead of doling out such alms as will make pauperism uncomfortable and discourage indolence and vice, a small investment per capita that would fit the ablest of the unemployed to begin life afresh in one of the growing colonies would seem to be the best and most lasting measure of relief she could adopt.

ZANGWILL AND ZIONISM

The movement known as "Zionism" is one that must appeal irresistibly to the individual whose imagination is of a quality that permits him to dream splendid dreams. It is not remarkable that a man like Israel Zangwill should be carried away by it and that he should consider not impossible of accomplishment the task of arousing in this country a general enthusiasm for the movement. Not a Jew in the world probably who has heard of and who understands its purpose but has enjoyed for a brief space the golden vision of a nation remade and been thrilled by its promise.

Yet to persuade the Jews of this country to make real this vision would require a greater man than the enthusiast, Zangwill. Here they are not an alien people. They are the fellow countrymen of all those various other peoples that comprise the American nation. They are united to these by the closest ties of friendship. They are attached to the country by the strong bond of genuine patriotism. They are prosperous, contended, happy. There is nothing to persuade them to assume the leadership of a Zion movement but the "flash of a vision." And the power of this to move any people in the present day and age will be doubted by many.

Unless the American Jews do assume the leadership a new Jerusalem will not arise in East Africa. If every Jew in Russia today was to declare in favor of the new Zion it would still remain an improbable achievement, for it requires for its success the closest cooperation of the Jews of all countries and of all classes. In America and in Western Europe are to be found the most self-reliant, the best educated and the brainiest of the race. But these who could furnish the necessary leaders are most averse to the movement.

What the future holds for the Jews no one living knows. If the old prophecy is realized in its literal sense a new Jerusalem is possible in this world. It may be that a man will some day rise who will have the power to stir his people to their very depths and compel them to forget everything else and follow him to another Zion. But the average man realizing that political conditions are changing in those countries most unfriendly to the Jews and that the changes must inevitably benefit them, and appreciating their comfortable condition here will see little prospect of success for the present Zangwill mission.

THE LIFE OF A PLAY

An American manager declared not long ago that, to be a permanent success, love must be the strongest motif in a play. His statement has been criticised and his critics have pointed to a number of the season's "successes" to prove how mistaken is his judgment. It is true that the theater-going public of today seems to have a craving for sensationalism on the stage and patronizes liberally the plays which pander to the craving. But when one recollects that the season's successes are not always the permanent successes and that the play which owes its vogue to sensationalism seldom outlasts the season and is never honored with a revival, he is apt to credit the manager with perspicuity.

Yet if he had said that that play stands the best chance of permanent success, which, if it does not itself exalt love, evokes in the audience something akin to that emotion, he would have more exactly expressed the truth. "Rip Van Winkle," the permanent success of which no one can now question, is not built about the love of a man and a woman. But no one can witness the play without becoming conscious of a kindly tolerance for the foibles and the weaknesses of all mankind. It provokes the emotion of love, using the word in its broadest and best sense.

Comparatively speaking no play has a long life on the stage. The average theatergoer is so constituted that he feels the closest sympathy for the play and the players that depict his own period. The further back in history the playwright goes, the more archaic are the manners and the costumes, the more apt is he to view the scenes as pageants, the less apt is he to be stirred by the emotions that dominate the players.

But the plays, whether historical or modern, that come back season after season are the ones that stir the kindliest feelings in the audience. Without pointing any tangible moral, they are the moral plays, for they temporarily, at least, make the spectators kin and they emphasize their kinship to the world at large. A play which is soon to be seen at one of the local theaters and which, though only a melodrama and crude at that, has lived on the stage for thirty years, is an excellent illustration of the truth of this.

THE EXAMPLE OF THE MERELY RICH

A New York judge in passing upon the case of E. R. Thomas, a young multi-millionaire who had been arrested for scorching in his automobile, remarked:

"The more millions a man has the more he ought to be an example to us poor devils who haven't been so well blessed."

Knowing by report something of the career of Mr. Thomas, we have little hope that the homily that the police judge read him will avail at all in his case. But the court room sermon is worth giving the widest publicity. It strikes fairly on the nail. It was not uttered in a spirit of captious criticism, as most sermons to the rich are—for the judge discharged Mr. Thomas. It points in language plain to the point of baldness the duty that wealth imposes on its possessor.

Mr. Thomas is very young, almost as young as he is rich. And he is inordinately rich. He got his wealth by reason that he was the son of his father, who did things. Since he came into his millions he has been fairly successful in finding means to get rid of the unearned increment, and then some. He has a string of horses, a garage full of motor cars. He paid $125 a day for his apartment at a swell hotel. He was so utterly regardless of expense that he even married the actress he liked. He has lived under the spotlight of yellow journalism and he likes it. He cannot be charged with having hoarded his money, but neither can he be credited with having made any good use of it. He has apparently gained but one lesson by the possession of all his wealth, and that is the idea that his millions make him immune from the ordinary penalties of life. He is reckless as a driver, he has crippled more than one person with his automobile. He is utterly and totally indifferent to public opinion and is convinced that the processes of the law cannot operate in the case of a man who clogs its machinery with rolls of bills.

Yet he is by no means bad. He has simply gotten a wrong view of life through being shown the giant power of wealth. He is so far, at least, a bad example for those persons who have no moral perceptions and who regulate their regard for the law by the limit set by prominent members of society.

The submerged ten thousand do not make the moral pace for a people. It is rather the Thomases who make the pace. If the New York judge had supplemented his sermon by sending Mr. Thomas to the Island for a month as a maliciously mischievous misdemeanant the example might have appealed to many who should be exemplars in public morals.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES

The story relative to Russia's efforts to purchase warships from certain South American governments is interesting in its account of tortuous methods to reach forbidden objects, principally as it places the governments of Europe or one of them at least in an unpleasant light. The tale is that the Argentine and Chile feared to sell these battleships directly lest they should be liable for damages. It was arranged that Turkey should buy them, but still the South American governments wanted a guarantee against future liability. Russia abandoned the project, and then Great Britain, it is alleged, offered to advance to Turkey the necessary funds if she was permitted to establish fortifications that would give her command of the Red sea. This has alarmed Russia, who is now as keen to prevent the deal as she formerly was to promote it.

Now England is supposed to be Japan's ally in the conflict in the East, and is so far at odds with Russia that only a reference to a court of inquiry prevented a declaration of war. Yet England, apparently, is not above taking advantage of any chance to turn an honest penny or to gain a political advantage. If there is money to be made on a big deal in warships, Great Britain wants her slice. If there is an advantage to be gained in the control of the seas, she is right up to the front. Could the lid be lifted from all the commercial proceedings incident to the war now in progress, we should probably be amazed to find how active Britain has been in furnishing to the combatants, irrespective of their relation to herself, anything that they needed on the basis of a big profit.

In one sense, of course, there is nothing severely reprehensible in this. In another it is a discouraging exhibition of the insincerity and lack of honor among governments in their dealings with one another. There is not a country in Europe today which is swayed by anything even as noble as the old theory of preserving a balance of power; not one of them that rises to the conception of the centuries when they were trying to cut one another's throats. Now each has in mind the amount of money it can make regardless of humiliation. Not without reason do we deplore the spread of commercialism in our own country. We have to acknowledge none the less its unqualified supremacy among the nations of Europe, to the detriment of tradition, honor and international obligation.

Let us pause to contemplate the blessings of poverty in these days when the merely rich are engaged in burying money in sequestered nooks of which Mr. Lawson wots not.

And the question is will Booker T. Washington forget his religious training and ask the Hon. Thomas Collier Platt to take dinner with him?

Contemporary Comment

Absurdity Of the Fine

Cotton Broker McCormic, arrested and fined $25 for endangering lives by scorching in his automobile, threw $100 at the court clerk, crying "Keep the change!" in his haste to get back to the gambling 'change. Isn't a fine rather absurd in such cases? When will New York justice begin imprisoning men for this offense?

One Democrat Left

An exchange tells us that Col. Jack Chinn was elected a member of the Kentucky legislature. It is certain, therefore, that the country is not unanimously Republican.—Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.

Literary Genius Rewarded

A newspaper man named Leupp, who wrote a book eulogizing Mr. Roosevelt, has been appointed Indian commissioner, which pays just as well as if he could sell the book.—Newport News Times-Herald.

Will Appreciate a Soft Answer

President Roosevelt's boxing lessons will help him to appreciate the gentle sentiments expressed by foreign powers in their acceptance of his call for a simple life convention at The Hague.—Baltimore Sun.

Just an Oversight

It must have been an oversight that the British ambassador was not invited to the unveiling of the portraits of those twelve Maryland judges who repudiated the stamp act.—Washington Post.

Relics in Restaurants

Prehistoric pies have been discovered in the ruins of Pompeii. They have also been discovered in some of the restaurants in this country.—Atlanta Journal.

Can Use One of Those Jobs

If Senator Cockrell doesn't care for both of those jobs which the president has offered him he might pass one of them this way.—Atlanta Journal.

No Cure In His Libraries

Mr. Carnegie has the lumbago, and cannot find in all his libraries a book of recipes that offers a sure cure.—Washington Evening Star.

Will Outweigh North America

When the weight of William H. Taft is put down on the isthmus, North America may be expected to fly up.—Atlanta Constitution.

Not Even Distant

Evidently there are no relatives of Alphonse and Gaston in the French chamber of deputies.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Her Eye Put Out

The South is solid, and when her "I" is blacked out we feel that she's sold.—Macon Telegraph.

Nearly Changed the Tune

"Maryland, My Maryland," came very near being translated into "The Lost Chord."—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Current Verse

A BALLADE OF STRONGEST NOVELS

Now, here's a book will make a stir
Because it scores Society.
The innuendo and the slur—
Do we resent them? No, not we!
A bit of Grub Street botchery,
Untrue, unjust, verbose and drear.
Yet 'twill be rated, I foresee,
"The strongest novel of the year!"

And here's a wild romance that purports to be based on history.
This being so, let me aver
That fiction pure shall have my fee.
But spite of skewed chronology
And characters absurdly queer,
This, too, is (we'll read presently)
"The strongest novel of the year."

But possibly you will prefer
This chronicle of oversea.
Such liaisons as never were
It lays to folk of high degree.
The parlance of the Bowery
Sounds strangely from a splendid peer!
'Twill be pronounced, undoubtedly,
"The strongest novel of the year!"

We have not passed, it seems to me,
The Age of Miracles. 'Tis here!
When such sheer weakness comes to be
"The strongest novels of the year!"
—Edward W. Barnard in Book News.

RAINBOWS

When a lad I chased a rainbow
Searching for the pot of gold
Hidden far across the hilltops—
So I had been told.
And I toiled o'er many a crest,
Following up the fruitless quest.

When the shadows of the night
Wrestled with the sun's last light,
And the twilight slipped away
With the golden bier of day,
Home I crept.
Home through swamps where fireflies
Danced like tiny demons' eyes;
Home without the sought for prize—
And I wept.

Then my mother kissed the brow
That is seamed and hardened now—
Kissed away the tears that came;
"Child," said she, "you're not to blame.
Millions of explorers bold
Strive to find the pot of gold
Hidden near the rainbow's source,
But they waver in their course,
Waver, then despair, my son,
Quite the same as you have done."

Dear old mother! In a dream
I beheld the winding stream
That I crossed in days of old
Searching for the rainbow's gold.
Never did a rainbow gleam
Like the rainbow of my dream.
And methought I journey far
Seeking for the priceless jar—
Seeking for the rainbow's end
Till at last I found it, friend—
Till at last I ceased to roam,
It was in my boyhood home!
Every lovely tint was there
Kissing mother's silvery hair;
Every color seemed to start
Joyously from mother's heart.
Then I woke to rail at Fate—
Ah, the gold we find too late!
—William F. Kirk in Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE KINDELY WINTER

The snow lies deep upon the ground;
In coat of mail the pools are bound;
The hungry rooks in squadrons fly,
And winds are slumbering in the sky.

Drowsily the snow-flakes fall;
The robin on the garden wall
Looks wistful at our window pane,
The customary crumbs to gain.

On barn and thatch and leafless tree
The frost has hung embroidery,
Fringe of ice, and pendants fine
Of filigree and crystalline.

Pile up the fire! the winter wind
Although it nip, is not unkind;
And winter days, though dark, can bring
As many pleasures as the spring.

If not the floweret, budding fair,
And mild effulgence of the air,
They give the glow of indoor mirth,
And social comfort round the hearth.

The winter is a friend of mine,
His step is light, his eyeballs shine;
His cheek is ruddy as the morn;
He carols like the lark in corn.

His tread is brisk upon the snows,
His pulses gallop as he goes,
He hath a smile upon his lips,
With songs and welcome, jests and quips.

Pile up the fire! and ere he go,
Our blessings on his head shall flow,
The hale old winter, bleak and sear,
The friend and father of the year!
—Charles Mackay.

What the Editors Say

We advise Republicans who have delayed purchasing their winter supplies of coal and woolen goods until after election, expecting that their party would at once abolish the tariff on coal and reduce it on woolens, to purchase their supplies of these articles at an early day, as the Republicans in congress will not pass a tariff bill until after the holidays anyway, and possibly not for the next four years.—Faribault Pilot.

The efforts of a few Republican spoilsmen to prevent Gov.-elect Johnson from appointing the employes at the new capitol border the ridiculous They admit Mr. Johnson's ability to select competent men to fill some of the important offices in the state, yet pretend to doubt that he is able to select a few reliable janitors and engineers for the new capitol.—Perham Enterprise.

For state officers, it is about time that men were chosen who have not already fed at the public crib from infancy. Hereafter the chronic officeholder and office seeker, who attempts to force his carcass upon the people should be quartered and buried in the sands of the sea at low water mark.—Houston Signal.

The Republican party has got so large and bulky that it cares very little for sentiment, and in Utah, for morality. Smoot, the Mormon senator, is to keep his seat, and thus the trade between the Mormon polygamists and the leaders of the Republican party is ratified.—Wright County Times.

L. A. Rosing, of Cannon Falls, Goodhue county, is to be next chairman of the state board of control. The position is an important and lucrative one and, while Mr. Rosing will no doubt give entire satisfaction, he is certainly well taken care of.—Scott County Argus.

The great and distinguished family of Smith begins to be alarmed over the encroachments of the prolific family of Johnson. They never had reason to doubt their undisputed supremacy until after the election returns in this state.—Austin Weekly Herald.

When the prohibitionists begin to send representatives to the state legislatures in any considerable numbers King Booze will be likely to sit up and take a hand in the game.—Dodge County Record.

This electing a speaker six weeks before the legislature meets is what they call modern politics.—Anoka County Union.

A boy in the house is worth two on the street and a girl on the street ain't worth a last year's bird's nest.—Le Sueur News.

"Jim" Martin is the only political manager so far heard of who lost two fights for the same office in the same year.—Wabasha Herald.

Among the Merrymakers

The Reporter Killed Him

The police officers entered the newspaper office.

"We want that reporter who wrote up the article about that man who fell from a window in the Skyscraper building," they said.

"Why?" asked the city editor.

"Well, the man's dead, and the reporter is responsible. You see, the fellow tumbled from the first floor and landed in a soft place. That should not have killed him. But the reporter made him fall from 'the seventeenth story, striking the hard pavement with a crash.' We want that reporter."—Cleveland Leader.

Reward of the Righteous

Nice Old Lady (to little boy)—How is it I never see you at Sunday school?

Little Boy—Nothin' doin'.

Nice Old Lady (aghast)—What do you mean?

Little Boy—Christmas is too far off.

Nice Old Lady (comprehending)—And do you mean to tell me you only attend Sunday school in order to receive a box of candy?

Little Boy—Yes'm; that's all they gives us.—Brooklyn Life.

An Unmannerly Act

"Well," said the man who had hit on a fake lot scheme, "I'm took in all right. Th' lot ain't worth a continental. But as soon as I get through my dinner, I'm goin' to th' office of the feller that made out that plat, an' I'm——"

"In brief," said his companion, "as soon as you are through eating you'll lick the platter."—Baltimore American.

An Incentive

"What a beautiful lawn you have?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Nagley's wife, "my husband keeps it that way."

"He must be very industrious."

"Yes. He never misses a day with his lawn mower; although I could scarcely get him to touch it until the neighbors began to complain about the noise it made."—Washington Star.

Seeking Information

A five-foot man with a six-foot sense of his own importance ran into a tall youth standing at a corner. "Are you a lamp post?" asked the five-footer in his most sarcastic tones.

"Me? No, I'm not a lamp post," replied the tall one. "What are you? A subway?"—London Tid-Bits.

Lightened the Burden

Several women at the reception asked young Mrs. Wisely why she had discharged her hired girl.

"The reason is plain enough," she replied. "It is easier to do the work for Tom and me than for Tom and the hired girl and me."—Detroit Free Press.

Suggestion of Others

"Van Slick is very thoughtful."

"How so?"

"Why, he has arranged an automatic atomizer on his auto which sprinkles perfume along the street and overcomes the odor of the gasoline."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Occupation

Jones—What business are you in now?

Smith—I am in the meat business.

Jones (incredulously)—Where is your shop?

Smith—I haven't any shop. I am the ham in an advertising sandwich.—Minneapolis Times.

The Beef Strike

Dar ain' no prospect of relief,
De trouble seems to thicken;
I guess I'll have to quit roas' beef
An' jes' fall back on chicken.
—Washington Star.

Wouldn't Mind It

Chauffeur—You'd better be a little careful, sir. My machine might make your horse run.

Farmer Oatmeal—Do tell! Well, it'll be the first time in thirty years.—Chicago News.

Neighborly

"How much better Thompson's lawn looks than ours."

"I don't know why it should. He borrows my lawn mower and I borrow his hose, and we both use Simpson's roller."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not In Danger

He—A little learning is a dangerous thing.

She—Yes, the man who knows it all is in no danger from that direction.—Yonkers Statesman.

With Hopes

A charming young woman named Hope,
With freckles attempted to cope;
She tried lots of lotions,
And queerly made potions,
And all sorts of odd looking dope.
—Cleveland Leader.