

TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL.

By FRANK P. MAC LEANAN. Entered July 1, 1884, as second-class matter at the postoffice at Topeka, Kan., under the act of congress.

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HOME NEWS WHILE AWAY. Subscribers of the State Journal away during the summer may have the paper mailed regularly each day to any address at the rate of ten cents a week or thirty cents a month (in mail only). Address changed as often as desired.

Mr. Carroll D. Wright says the president's strongest epithet is "By George!" but he couldn't make some railroad magnates believe it.

Secretary Taft apparently first heard of his determination not to run for president from eastern dispatches in corporation newspapers.

The fall of a comet is supposed to have caused that hot spell in March. No comet better leave its fall around in this vicinity now, for the Fourth of July is coming, and tails frequently get something tied to them on that date.

The publishers of Nature Writer Long's books are rushing through a special edition of the wolf story that President Roosevelt specifically criticized.

Charles Blakesley notes that "the ceremonies at the League Island navy yard this week gave Governor Hoch the first chance he has had for several months to pluck choice flowers from the conservatory of his soul."

Ice sells at two-bits a hundred pounds down at Houston, and the crop is short every winter down there. Evidently the top of natural ice makes little difference with prices, for northern cities pay from 40 to 60 cents a hundred for ice and think they are getting off easy.

"Kansas," says the Chicago Live Stock World, "is able to contribute more hard-rod crop yarns than the general public supposed. Mr. Coburn's constituency is quite frequently a recorder-breaker, just as are some of our other crops. What's the use of doing anything by halves?"

The Ottawa Herald is evidently hot. In a moment of annoyance it says: "While the tribunal at The Hague is frittering away its time discussing the world's peace, the question of the world's comfort presses home in several million hot offices, and is given emphasis and reinforcement by several million starched shirts."

It isn't very often that Bent Murchock endorses anything Governor Hoch says these days, but this paragraph appeared in the El Dorado Republican a few days ago: "Governor Hoch, who was interviewed at every street crossing while in Washington last week," said "we haven't much to remember of Roosevelt and elected president, Hoch der Roosevelt."

M. M. Beck, of the Holton Recorder, puts it this way: "The Recorder-Tribune occasionally runs up against a question of very difficult solution. When it comes to deciding where we should bestow our sympathy in the controversy between the Standard Oil company and a sort of get rich quick concern like we fear the Rich Sam Oil company is, we haven't much to say. If we want to indulge in remark at all it would be 'hurrah for one, well done 't'other.'"

Both Fairbanks and Taft have supporters among Kentucky Republicans. Neither candidate was endorsed by name by the state convention Thursday, but it did urge the nomination of "a man who is in full accord and sympathy with the purposes of the present administration and will carry out its policies." No mistaking whom that means, as between Taft and Fairbanks, "No other can or should command the confidence and support of the people."

More trouble is breeding down in the Territory. At Collinsville a "beauty show" will be held on the Fourth of July, and a prize of \$75 in gold will be given to the most beautiful young

woman, \$50 to the second handsomest and \$25 to the third belle on the ground. There will be fifty contestants. The rules provide, among other things, that three bachelors shall be selected by Judges, and it is believed "woman haters" will be chosen. Titles will be allowed fifteen representatives, Bartlesville eight, Ramona five, Olatohgah four, Skiatook three and Collinsville fifteen. It is doubtful if Satan himself could hatch a more fertile plan for producing trouble than that.

NO CONVENTIONS WANTED.

The opponents of the direct primary are asserting that the recent Democratic primary in Oklahoma demonstrates that the system is an extremely expensive one to the candidates, and they are pointing to it as an object lesson against the primary. As has been pointed out in these columns, the candidate can spend much or little, the same as he can under the convention system.

There is one object lesson in connection with the Oklahoma experiment to not point, however, and that is one vindicating the defeat of the hybrid measure proposed by the Kansas state senate last winter. This hybrid measure allowed the politicians to have a convention whenever they desired, simply by "jumping up" enough candidates to prevent a majority nomination, and that is just what the people do not want.

Down in Oklahoma a convention was held a few days ago to formulate a platform on which to nominate the primaries are to run. In the primaries the people had declared for prohibition; but did the politicians ratify that action in their convention? Not for a moment. They compromised with the liquor interests and placed the candidates on a platform that is not what the rank and file declared for in the primaries. Very likely the liquor interests will now look after the campaign fund.

That is the way a convention acts. If the proper pressure is brought to bear on it, it will not hesitate to betray the people and do something they are against. That is why the people are not for the convention system, or any form of it.

DON'T LET UP.

Now that the \$75,000 campaign for Washburn is nearing its close, necessary to work as hard on the proposition. This is not the case. Confidence on the eve of what may seem to be a victory is the cause of many a defeat. If the effort that has been made is to falter in the least, the hoped for end may never be reached. What is true of those in charge is also true of those who are still contemplating a gift to the institution. Those gifts that have not yet been made should be made soon. There are only a few more days in which to raise the money and there is still much to be raised. Let no one stop now in confidence that it is all over because the first \$10,000 bills of currency now all the \$10,000 bills of currency now out, explains Gomer Davies, and he adds: "We make mention of this fact at this time, so that the local grocers may understand why we may ask credit for two weeks, until we can get our bills changed into a smaller denomination."

Ottawa Herald: C. E. Reed, who brings in a wagon load of milk every day from Pomona, says the best horse in his town this morning on account of the mud. He has been bringing those gifts that have not yet been made should be made soon. There are only a few more days in which to raise the money and there is still much to be raised. Let no one stop now in confidence that it is all over because the first \$10,000 bills of currency now all the \$10,000 bills of currency now out, explains Gomer Davies, and he adds: "We make mention of this fact at this time, so that the local grocers may understand why we may ask credit for two weeks, until we can get our bills changed into a smaller denomination."

Match-it-if-you-can item from the Sabetha Herald: "Guess this will hold Kansas City society for awhile. A Nemaha county man is putting up his entire family at the hotel Marie Anderson in New York at the tune of five dollars a day apiece, and to attend the number four for a month, to attend the nuptials of his daughter. The wedding is to be held at his home, and he is to have a bride, trousseau, etc. There now."

QUAKER REFLECTIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.] A man has to have a certain amount of wisdom to realize what a fool he is. The fellow who turns tall must expect to be talked about behind his back. There are lots of men under a cloud who never stole an umbrella in their lives. The people who preach that honesty is the best policy have evidently tried both ways. One way to stand well with the women is to give up your seat to them in a crowded car. A girl can't always tell how much a fellow loves her from the way he looks to drink after she has refused him. A man feels cheap when he thinks he has been libeled until he brings suit, and then he places the highest value on himself. Mr. Buggins: "James, dear, wake up; I'm sure there is something moving down in the cellar." Mr. Buggins: "Oh, go to sleep; it's only the gas meter."

Magistrate: "You are charged with being drunk and disorderly; what have you to say for yourself?" Prisoner: "Your Honor, my only excuse is that my wife is cleaning house; can't you send me up for ten days?"

First West Philadelphian: "It takes me 35 minutes to get home every evening." Second West Philadelphian: "Why, I get home in 15 minutes, and I live right around the corner from you." First West Philadelphian: "Yes, but you walk and I use the trolley."

THE MIND OF THE MOB. Should someone make a collection of all accounts of assaults on umpires during a baseball season, and showing it would make? The baseball fan, although he may be a peaceable and order-loving citizen in the daily affairs of life, appears to be extremely subject to brain storm while occupying the bleachers, and if the umpire makes a decision that does not appear right to him his rage is unbounded. The recent episode at Wichita is by no means unusual, for the mobbing of an umpire is an almost daily occurrence in the American game. The enthusiasm of the crowd is the trouble indigenous to baseball. In England, at the derby, a bookmaker is in danger of his life should he happen to go broke. In France conditions are even worse on account of the excitable nature of the French people. "We sometimes poke fun at the average college youth because of his vociferous tendencies at intercollegiate games. He appears to waste his energy in blasting holes in the atmosphere with his lungs. But the college youth really is not as foolish as is the excited mob at a league baseball game. He may yell his head off—metaphorically—but a college boy has rarely assaulted an umpire, no matter how great the provocation. All enthusiasm at college is organized and under the leadership of some particular person or persons. This is not so at professional athletic games. The enthusiasm is self-organized. It is simply hit or miss. The crowd is tyrannical in its relations to the officials, players and its own members. One minute a player is worshipped, and at the very next there is a roar of denunciation for the same individual. The umpire risks bodily injury if he makes a radical mistake or loses his temper at a critical time. A pitcher's arm plays out, and with that the consideration he is cursed by the crowd because of that fact. The mob will divide over a decision and almost come to blows in its discussion. Professor George E. Vincent has a striking lecture on "The Mind of the Mob," in which he takes up this ten-

dency of even the staid and sober citizen to become wildly excited over our national game. It is one of the prerogatives of the vigorous American. Yet if carried too far this spirit deteriorates into rowdiness and nothing will kill the game more quickly than that. Enthusiasm is all right, but assaults on umpires and abuse of players are not.

JOURNAL ENTRIES.

This is the time of year that the college graduate and the chigger both get busy.

Only a short time now till the surgeons and doctors will have to work overtime picking the powder out of little Johnny's anatomy.

Rev. I. L. Hicks claims a portion of the limelight on the ground that he has discovered another spot on the sun. The mother of the average boy discovers so many spots on her son at this season of the year that Rev. Mr. Hicks' claim should not be considered for a moment.

"Kissing knoop go," emphatically declared Dr. Knopf before the annual conference of Quakers and Corrections. If the learned doctor were younger he might discover that it goes now with a good many girls.

Henry James' new novel is called "The Preparator." One would hardly expect Henry to use "that short ugly word."

JAYHAWKER JOTS.

Accident recorded by the Holton Signal: While doing his wife's work last Friday, J. F. Jarrell cut the end of his thumb off. He was mowing the yard.

Rattle-snakes have been discovered near Wichita. Thus does Providence again provide for those who simply must have an excuse for snake bite medicine.

Judge Andrews, whom the Populists elected district judge out in Rush and adjoining counties for several terms, has turned plutocrat. He is a banker and has just built a three-story house.

Terrific idea suggested by the Holton Recorder: Suppose the teams for the driving the brewers' beer wagons in Kansas City, Kan., should conclude to strike, who would be responsible for those who would furnish them with beer?

Secretary Cortelyou has called in Washburn's bill of currency now out, explains Gomer Davies, and he adds: "We make mention of this fact at this time, so that the local grocers may understand why we may ask credit for two weeks, until we can get our bills changed into a smaller denomination."

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FROM OTHER PENS.

WHERE CANNON IS UNPOPULAR. Speaker Cannon is now low in his appreciation of the Jamestown exposition. He had not been so obstinate in selling on the park commission and had allowed the appropriation bill to come to a vote in due season, everything would have been finished in an apple-ore time, and the day. The people of this section feel that they owe Mr. Cannon nothing for the aid the exposition received from the government—large majority of the members of the house were ready and anxious to vote for the bill from the moment of its introduction, and they were not to be balked by a flank movement from the senate. We have no interest personally in the burning of gunpowder and salutes by blank fire in Apple-ore, but we think we should like to see dead. Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

A TRUSTEES TRUST. A merger of the State Fair's association and the Ananias club would be regarded at the White House as a formidable combination of undesirable citizens.—Hartford Times.

DEMENTIA BOODLEIANA. Mr. Delmas has gone to San Francisco to defend some of the men indicted in connection with the wholesale graft unearthed by the city. These clients there will be no question of "ansel children" or "Sir Galahads." They are mostly charged with being just plain, practical boodlers.—Baltimore American.

THE PENSION ROLL. The pension roll is the exponent we resort to to make unnecessary a large standing army. It makes for patriotism in time of peace and in time of war. It will serve the stead of a million recruiting sergeants in our next big war, and we may have such a war on hand most any fine day when we feel most secure from its consequences. It is money well spent.—Washington Post.

UNDER SURVEILLANCE. Just now the city of San Francisco is affording considerable amusement to the outside world, but by and by the practices which prompt such glibbing will be attentively studied and then persons whom he knows for wiser than our critics, and that the safest plan is to keep scoundrels in office. There is one advantage attaching to this method of governing a municipality. There is no chance for the people to be deceived because the rascals have already been found out.—San Francisco Chronicle.

IDENTIFYING THAW. "Let's see—who was Harry Thaw?" asks a contemporary. What's the matter with you, man? Harry Thaw is the man who shot Mr. Patterson, an actress, in a cab, and came very near losing his job as president of the trust on consequences. He was only a few years ago.—Kansas City Journal.

A CROSS LIBEL. Boston greeted Kuroki with cries of Beansall.—Minneapolis Journal.

KANSAS COMMENT.

EDUCATION THAT HELPS. Western states are beginning to pay attention to the sort of education that will improve the state. Colorado is proper a mining state and large appropriations are made to help extend the work of the School of Mines. Missouri's natural industries are diversified, and, besides supporting a competent school of mines, a great deal of attention is given to the State College of Agriculture. For two years this college has been working on a plan showing the details and various soil types of every township in the state. This mapping is to be followed by careful chemical examinations, and field experiments on each particular type. The object is to help the farmers to cultivate their land more intelligently, and raise more crops from the land. In one locality the yield of wheat has been increased fifteen bushels per acre by proper treatment of the soil. Just think what a great benefit this work will be to the farmer when it is completed. The Kansas State Agricultural college has in recent years made special effort to educate the farmers to a more intelligent handling of their land and crops. Many farmers turn up their noses at this scientific farming, while others take advantage of the free education and profit by it. The State Agricultural college is the King of the roodroad several years ago, but it can not make those farmers believe it is to their advantage to use it. This is a sad state of affairs. The best seed that is fertile, and will produce a good stand all over the field. There are sensible improvements every day in every part of the world, but no reason why there should not be improved ways of farming.—Atchison Globe.

IMPROBABLE. In the first place, the story that the president yelled at the Georgia orators to "cut it out" lacks plausibility. And, in the second place, such as the president is not—knows that the habit of the public speaker, when aroused, is not to cut it out but to stomp it out. The president can hardly be charged with having ignored the customs of the animal.—Ottawa Herald.

KANSAS CITY'S DEPOT. The new depot grant in Kansas City is good for 999 years. By the time the grant expires Kansas City will, it is believed, be ready to build a new depot.—Ottawa Herald.

SHOWS GOOD SENSE. A Howard, Kansas, boy of 19 years, sent out here as a waif from New York, in a few years, has fallen heir to a fortune of half a million dollars through the death of his father in Cape Town, South Africa. The boy's investment, he says, will be in Kansas farm which will be fixed up to suit him, and this shows that he has the sense to take care of his money.—Concordia Blade.

MARK AS AN ADVERTISER. The best object lesson in advertising is Mark Twain. A man of little ability, he had written himself out years ago. He had written his books any more. And yet Mark Twain is in the fore front of public attention. He is a first class advertiser. With him it is a business and he makes it pay.—Lawrence Journal.

POSTMASTERS DO IT. They are already discussing the candidate for postmaster of the sixth district. That is one thing they do not have to bother with in this district—the postmasters take all that trouble out of our minds and settle it for us.—Concordia Kansas.

MODERN ELOQUENCE.

Be wise, my son, but do not turn from ways well worn to look for something that you didn't learn in your old copy book. The world will cheer with one accord if you can only get the words. That virtue is its own reward, triumphant in the end.

Do not explore through statesmen's lore for economic truths. Be a man of o'er and o'er. The precepts of your youth. Recite them loudly, one by one. They'll make a hit. Be wise, my son, but do not be too smart.—Washington Star.

The First Enlisted Union Man. A contest for the honor of being the first man to enlist in the army of the north during the Civil war has been in progress in congress and in the war department bureaus between William M. De Hart, of Logansport, Ind., and Charles W. Rand, of Washington, both doctors. The claims of De Hart have been in the hands of Senator Albert J. Beveridge and Congressmen De Hart and Rand. His champions have been fighting to gain for the Logansport man an honor that has already been bestowed upon the Washburn man by act of Congress. They are fighting to secure for Indiana an honor which they claim has been wrongly appropriated, by act of the legislature of Albany, as a prerogative of the state of New York.

Within an hour after the news of the fall of Fort Sumter had been flashed over the wires, De Hart had enrolled himself in the first company of an army that, all told, subsequently consisted of 2,778,304 men. The records of congress and the records of the War Department, however, do not show Rand to have been the first. These same records also show Rand enlisted two days after De Hart. Documents sent to Washington by the War Department of De Hart at a o'clock, April 13, 1861. The honors Rand has been given were based on official records showing he enlisted April 13th and was mustered in May 13, 1861. Meanwhile, De Hart, according to his supporters, was already on his way to the front, arriving in time to participate in the first battle of the Civil war—at Phillipi, June 3rd.

De Hart's documents indicate he enlisted two days before Lincoln's call to arms. He was the first man to simply to have been "the first man to volunteer after Lincoln's call," and this honor awarded him by congress. It is claimed, makes no recognition of the fact that he was the first man to bring the nation's peril, volunteered before the call was issued. In Albany's state house Rand's picture is hung, with the name of De Hart, as the first volunteer among the 448,850 men the state sent to the war. Honors have been showered upon Rand by England, Russia, Germany, France, Italy, and Japan. The war department has given him a large pension; the senate records devote six pages to his services in the Arlington cemetery, Washington, has been presented to him to shelter his remains when caps sounded. De Hart is a sickle and a disgrace to one triumph of Rand, but demands recognition as the first volunteer of the northern army.—A. R. Keesling in Leslie's Weekly.

Did He Plan to Assassinate Lincoln? In Harper's for June, Col. W. H. Crook, who was Lincoln's personal body guard, tells how a mysterious stranger offered him \$50,000 to help in an attempt to reach President Lincoln at City Point.

"Not long before the final assault upon Petersburg," says Col. Crook, "a man came on board the River Queen and asked Captain Bradford if he could see the president. He was referred to me. I told him I believed he was a spy, but I would not say so. He then offered me \$50,000 to help in an attempt to reach President Lincoln at City Point.

"I went to the president and carried out at first, 'Smith is, of course, an uncommon name,' and then he asked me, 'If what he says is true, I would know him. But I do not. The man is an impostor, and I won't see him.'"

"The man who told me this," says the president's answer, "the man was very much disturbed, and again begged to be allowed to see him. When that failed he tried to bribe me to take him to the president. I ordered him to leave the boat at once, and when he delayed told him I would have him arrested if he did not. He turned to Captain Bradford and said, 'I know you will know me damned soon after he does see me.' He went on shore, and the moment after he had crossed the gangplank he disappeared. I searched him, but could not see where he had gone.

"After the death of Mr. Lincoln, every one was anxious to discover the assassin. The man who told me this was tried so hard to be admitted to Lincoln's presence at City Point. It was known that Surrat had been at City Point at the time of the assassination. I went to Surrat and see if I could identify him as 'Smith.' I went to court, and Taddie went with me. I had seen Surrat before the war, and he lived in the same county in Maryland. I think 'Smith' and Surrat were the same man. It was impossible for me to be absolutely sure. For 'Smith' was ragged and dirty and very much sunken, but he looked like a tramp. While Surrat, at the time I saw him, looked like a very sick man, pale and emaciated. In every other respect they looked alike. The difference in appearance might easily have been brought about by circumstances or by a slight disguise. I shall always believe that Surrat was seeking an opportunity to assassinate the president at this time."

His Strongest Expression. In his weekly lecture to the students of Clark college, President Carroll D. Wright, who was former commissioner of labor in Washington, today spoke of the characteristics of President Roosevelt whom he has known for twenty-five years. Among other things, President Wright said: "He is impulsive, vigorous, and full of action; so that he is sometimes very indiscreet in the point of being indiscreet; impulsive in speech, but not in action; a man who has his faults, yet one who will not help to bring out the indiscreet in his judgment of strangers."

President Wright also told of the only swear word ever used by Mr. Roosevelt. The latter said to him during the big coal strike: "Well, get into this coal strike if it takes a hell of a long time." Wright replied: "Yes, we'll go into it if it takes a life." "Yes, we will," responded the president.—Worcester Dispatch to Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE EVENING STORY.

Behind the Choir Curtain. (By Virginia Blair.) There had been an immense amount of irreverence in the choir before the new soprano came. The tenor and the contralto and the bass and the old soprano had flirted from the opening of the season, the benediction, and as they were hidden from the congregation by a green baize curtain there had been no scandal, although certain members of the season had complained of weird sounds that had seemed to echo from the organ loft and die in the steeple.

With the advent of the new soprano, however, came a different state of affairs. Both the tenor and the bass fell in love with her at sight, and the contralto, being 40 and fat and fair, submitted comfortably to the new singer's conquest and smiled on her in a way unbecomingly complimentary to the green-eyed monster is supposed to rage rampant.

The new soprano was not irreverent, and hence it came about that romance and devotion by religion, and the tenor and the bass paid strict attention to the responses and to the sermon, and bent their heads during prayers; although so earnest were the soprano's devotion that she was constrained now and then to glance at her, and after intercepting the tenor's ardent observation would again seem wrappled in his devotions.

At the time of the opening prayer the sun came through the rose window. A white dove spread his wings against the stained glass background, and as their practice "how he got to be so seemed to hover over her head, and her shining hair made a golden halo.

"Oh, she's too good to be true," the bass murmured, and they went home together one Sunday in May.

"She is perfect," the tenor declared, fervently; "we are a lot of sinners, and she has come among us like a little angel to make us ashamed of ourselves."

It was discovered after three weeks that the bass had given up smoking. In the week the tenor signed the pledge, and in the week the contralto stopped bleaching her hair and came to choir practice with her head tied up in a veil to hide the inevitable discrepancies as to color.

"She's a dear little thing," she confided to the bass. "She is poor and takes care of her mother."

"I'll take care of them both," the bass declared, ardently, "if she will let me."

The tenor having made the same statement, the contralto carried the news to the soprano. "You are both in love with you, my dear," she whispered one Sunday morning when the green curtain had been drawn and the congregation had sat down comfortably to hear the sermon.

"I'd rather not talk about such things in church if you don't mind," the soprano said, gently, and the contralto agreed with her and gave her earnest attention to the preacher.

"But tell me one thing," the tenor said to the contralto, confidentially, "did you agree with me when we went to ask her? Her mother walks home with her after all the services, and she hasn't asked us to call, and she won't talk about secular things in church, and she's a dear little thing."

"Is love a secular thing?" the soprano questioned, sentimentally.

"She says it is," the tenor stated, "but I think it is something of a climax when the soprano's mother was taken sick."

"Now is your chance," said the contralto in a flutter, as she leaned toward the tenor.

But the bass was already begging the privilege.

"Had hoped you might let me," the tenor said, as he stumbled over two chairs to get to her.

"Why not both of you?" said the soprano, "it's on your way home, and you'll be back for each other the rest of the way."

"Oh, the aggravation of her," groaned the tenor, as he went to get his hat, and the bass said things to himself in a low voice.

The soprano invited them in, and they found her mother sitting up in a big chair, and they had tea and muffins served by the angelic hands of the soprano, who seemed more desirable than ever in this setting of domesticity.

"We might as well meet it like men," the bass told the tenor, as they went home afterwards. "We both love her, and if we are ever going to get a chance to ask her, one of us will have to stay away next Sunday night, and the other one can take her home."

"Well," the tenor agreed, "but how shall we decide who will take her?"

"Heads I win," and he forthwith flipped one, and it turned up tails.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"My friend Greathead has actually invented a flying machine, you know, 'In deed?' Has he given it a practical test yet? Oh, no; he's still alive."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Going out of town this summer?" "No; but I'll have my regular relaxation." "What's that?" "Planning to go next summer."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Bowles—Surely no one questions that charity covers a multitude of sins. Thomas, will you not give me a list of the sins that it does not infrequently expose a great number of sinners.—Smart Set.

"Your digestion is badly out of order, madam," said the doctor. "You will be some days." "Yes, some days, if you are a reasonable doctor," asked Mrs. Nurich in a bored manner.—Punch Bowl.

Hicks—One result of race suicide is that the science of genealogy is going to get scarce and expensive in the next generation. Wicks—You forget about the increase of divorce.—Somerset Journal.

Convict No. 1144 crawled out noiselessly through a drainpipe that had just been connected with the sewer, and he said: "This," he said, as he looked cautiously around and then hiked through the darkness for the hole in the wall, "if you might call a new thing in criminal procedure."—Chicago Tribune.

"You really should be more economical," said Wiseman. "Oh," replied Galley, "I'll be some day." "Yes, some day, you'll have to be." "All right; if I have to I won't mind it so much."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"And so, young man, you wish to marry my daughter?" "Yes, I do, if you love each other, and—" "Of course. But are you sure that you can give her the alimony which she has been accustomed to?"—Cleveland Leader.

"Mamma, why don't you want me to play with that Kuder boy?" "Because, dear, I know the family. He hasn't good blood in him." "You mean he's not vaccinated twice, and it wouldn't take either time."—Chicago Tribune.

"So your daughter intends to pursue her studies abroad?" "Yes," replied the self-made man, "she prides herself on it, but between me and you I don't believe she stands the least show of overtaking me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Don't you think," said the candid member of the board of trustees, "to open the door and take the public in on this business?" "But, my dear colleague," returned another, "if we open the door, we can't take them in."—Baltimore American.

"John," why are you raising that window? Don't you know I will be unable to see the paper this morning?" "Yes'm."—Houston Post.

"Did Bulker say anything unkind of me when he visited you?" "Yes," said the Boston girl, "in a sorry, but he did. He called you an epidermal."—Herald.

"We have left undone the things we should have done, and we have done the things we should not have done, and we have worshipped." "It's all right, dear," whispered a motherly soul in the pew back of her. "It's all right, dear, if you support her in the style of cars to which she is accustomed."—Brooklyn Life.

"You're not so strict with that youngster of yours as you used to be." "People are a lot better than we are, and I'm not," replied Poppley. "Every month I used to have to buy a pair of pants for my slippers and my new pair of pants."—Philadelphia Press.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

(From the Atchison Globe.) A real young girl is frequently about as foolish as she talks.

You wear a good deal of growing old gracefully. Do anyone ever do it? How people economized in the old days! But not many people do it now. When a man gets an idea he is a poet, you can't do much with him until he wakes up.

"His brain is so important as being about the only evidence that Thaw has a brain. The most desirable chaperon is the woman who is so young she really needs one herself.

A knacker never has enough matches to make a man resist an opportunity to steal a few more.

You can prove anything by an expert, since they don't agree any better than ordinary mortals.

The trouble with a job secured by a "pull," is that a man is likely to be pushed out at any time.

Almost any man can talk seriously about faith cures until he gets something to matter with him.

When you have it in for someone and let yourself go, you have taken a long stride towards the insane asylum. No matter what church you join, your future outlook isn't very bright to the members of the other organizations.

The children of a novel reading mother usually have a good deal to contend with, besides the names she gives them. The man who feels he isn't getting enough exercise is usually willing to take it at anything which doesn't resemble work.</