

niversary comes round, and this notice of the Intermountain Catholic is no exception to the rule.

The paper is impressive in every way. One doesn't have to enjoy membership in that body to see the excellence of the paper. And yet a bigger thing than this special issue is the Intermountain Catholic of every week. Its especial mission, of course, is service to and guidance of persons confessing that faith, but there has never appeared in any column one line less than clean and wholesome and uplifting.

One always can flog the energies into special effort for a big newspaper number. But the steady, consistent, sustained labor which produces matter of merit every week is the rarer, the higher quality. And that is the Intermountain Catholic's distinction. It makes for a better manhood, for a loftier citizenship, for a nobler race.

NO MORE KINGS.

By the blood of Father Adam, first of men to toil and perish,
By the sword and scales of Justice, where the hope of nations clings,
By the memory of the Christ-man, that all human souls still cherish,
We have sworn it, we will have it, that there shall be no more kings.

In the vast and splendid dawning of the world's assured tomorrow,
If the people be not sovereign, if the nations are not free,

Let the sands blot out the cities as died Sodom and Gomorrah,
Cut the dykes and raze the sea-walls, and o'er all let flood the sea,

Aye, we mean it—we, your masters. Have you then so soon forgotten

How the condor, Revolution, spread abroad his mighty wings?

By the dripping head of Louis, the reviled, the misbegotten,

We assert it—who denies it—that there shall be no more kings!

God of Hosts and God of helpless, you shall yet be God of battle,

In the future do we seek you, in the distance do you come,

Not forever will the people wait the ax like driven cattle;

Not forever will the visage of the mystic sphinx be dumb.

No! By torch, and sword, and rapine, by our hearthstones, wives and daughters,

By the whistling winds of prescience that the gathering tempest brings,

We have gnawed our last of black bread, drunk our fill of bitter waters,

Hear it! Heed it while we say it—that there shall be no more kings.

—Ernst McGaffey.

THE MCKINLEY INTERVIEW.

In his recent speech on the proposed tariff law, Senator Sutherland spoke of William McKinley as the "gentlest and best beloved of Presidents"; and it reminded me:

Along in January, 1897, Mr. McKinley, president-elect, came to Chicago on his way west, as I remember it, and the newspapers were feverishly anxious for an interview with him. Jimmy Connell, Jimmy Holland, Bob Boylan, one other man and myself were sent to South Chicago to meet Mr. McKinley's train and get a talk. The echoes of that exciting 1896 election had scarcely died away. We all knew the conditions that had existed, and the evidences of industrial and commercial revival already to be seen. We had seen a procession of ten thousand men march down State street yelling: "We want work!" And we had seen the breadline at

H. H. Kohlisaat's bakeries night after night—seen them come hungry and go away filled, until the spectacle had lost the power to startle. McKinley's election had been won on the pledge that the period of industrial paralysis would pass, and that prosperity would come. And we knew that the promise already was being redeemed, although inauguration was still months away in the future.

We boarded his train when it pulled up before the shabby little South Chicago station, and some guardian of his car carried in our cards. Mr. McKinley—funny, by the way, but we still called him "Major"—sent word that we were to come in at once. He was in a sort of combination car, with half of it devoted to the usual sleeping arrangement, and half to buffet or dining purposes. He was sitting in one of the sections, with a table before him, and a heap of papers so high they were disturbed in his rising. Some of us he remembered, for he was a genius against forgetting; and the others he greeted with that perfect cordiality which bred love and faith and loyalty in every one who clasped his hand.

We told him what we wanted, began that inevitable firing of questions at him—but he stopped us.

"Boys," he said—and his voice was gentle as his smile—"you see the correspondence I must get through. I am awfully busy. Now, you know me, and I know most of you. I am going to trust you. What is my present view of conditions in the nation? Well"—we were passing the big plant of the Illinois Steel works, its tall stacks emitting smoke for the first time in more than three years. "Well, that is my view. The last time I passed here that plant was idle. The place is humming with well paid industry today. Boys"—and he leaned forward with a most winning smile—"go on and make your interview. I am not afraid you will misquote me. And excuse me. Will you?"

Why, if he had asked us to uncouple his car and haul it up to the lake front, we would have done it. We shook hands with him again, laughed with him at the humor of the situation, wished him good luck from the bottom of our hearts, and batted into the next car. A glance back as we passed the door saw the Major elbow deep in his letters, saw him dictating, directing, listening—keeping forward the march of that prosperity his election had ushered in.

We talked it over. The afternoon papers might have carried one story, and the morning papers another. Good faith to the man who had trusted us demanded that, so far as that interview on the train was concerned, our stories must in the main be alike. Newspaper rivalry was lost in loyalty to the work-burdened man who had put us upon our honor.

So, when the train halted at Twelfth street we were still debating as to the things we should say. I think it was Holland who solved the problem. He led us to the Auditorium Annex, a little way down Michigan boulevard, and there in the buffet he stood us up in a line and counted some Irish gibberish over us, much like the "Eany, Meeny, Miny, Mo" of childish games, and declared I was "it." I had to watch while they took a drink of Amos' serving, and then I had to tell them what Major McKinley would have said.

Looking back from this day, there is something of sacrilege in it. But with the man living lately with us, with the issues of the campaign

fresh in our minds, with the triumph of his cause already abundantly assured, and with the fervent hope to utter sentiments that would not discredit him—I essayed the task.

There were Republican and Democratic and Independent papers represented in that room, and each took what he wanted, and omitted what he knew would not get past his city editor. But the essentials were preserved by all, and that appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober—from industrial paralysis to industrial prosperity as shown in the Illinois Steel company's plant, was made the framework, the core and convincing element in our story.

My own version, written from memory after I reached the office, was in line with theirs. Days afterward I met Mr. Kohlisaat, owner of my paper, and he told me Major McKinley had related to him the circumstances of that "interview," on the train, and paid a welcome compliment to the Chicago newspapermen who had so loyally kept faith with him.

I have lost track of all of them—the boys who were present at that time, but wherever they are I know they cherish with pleasure the memory of a day when they did a service to one of Nature's Noblemen—"the gentlest and best beloved of Presidents."

THE ROSE-BUSH IN AUTUMN.

I know, and the sunset-angel knows,
Painter nor palette could paint the rose,
The bush that tall by the border grows
And waves in the wind today!—
Ruby and brown where the green has fled,
Bronzed, and brightened with gold and red,
Purple and amber, so lit and wed
By the sun in the soft blue overhead
And the light wind's careless sway,
That the perfect bloom of its summer
flowers
Is poor to the wealth of these autumn
hours,
And the richest jewels of Asia's mines
Are pale to the hues of its pendent vines
And the tints of its topmost spray!
—Edna Dean Proctor, in
American Magazine.

"AND HE FOUND A CROOKED SIXPENCE."

By Winifred Black in Chicago Examiner.

It's all there—every bit of it—in the Mother Goose book. The little boy showed me the pictures this very morning.

"There was a crooked man and he went a crooked mile." Of course he did, poor man; he never could walk a straight one to save his life. "And he found a crooked sixpence"—crooked to be sure it was. If it had been straight it would have been in a good, sensible, straight purse somewhere or in a till or anywhere else where the straight money goes. And it lay "against a crooked stile."

"He bought a crooked cat which caught a crooked mouse"—that's the only kind the poor, crooked cat ever does think of catching. "And they all lived together in a little crooked house"—poor, crooked things, poor warped, twisted-out-of-honest-proportion creatures! I wonder if they thought they were happy, living in their way in the little crooked house?

I suppose so. I know a crooked man who's so proud of being crooked that he never lets you forget it for one minute. He is always talking about "fools" and "easy marks" and something he calls "come .s." By these names he means, I have discovered, honest men and