

elled down. In taking their cars through crowded sections of the city they have to save every possible second in making the crossings—all the time watching out to see that they harm nobody.

WE passengers can help make the service what it ought to be. And, in this connection, I suggest to all teamsters that they, too, co-operate with car men by not being slow to get off the track and let a car get by. Teams are not run on so close a schedule as street cars—the car men are workmen, just as the teamsters are—in fact, all of us are working men and women.

So let's all help the car men to help US get the best possible street railway service. Treat the conductor and motorman as your friend and brother. Treat them like human beings. Apply the Golden Rule. We'll all feel better for it and we'll all profit by it.

And if you get hot under the collar and want to damn the company, don't take it out on the conductor or motorman. They'll do the best they can if you meet them only half way.

SHORT ONES

The Manchester Guardian declares the British have lost the power to tell the truth regarding the war. The British may have lost it, but we see no evidence that any of the other countries have found it.

This is the one time in the year when the man with the receding chin becomes an object of envy; roasting ears fit that kind better.

There are two sides to all questions. For instance, did you ever ask a dentist about the fellow who says he suffers in silence?

We are curious to know what the lawyers will do now to keep the Thaw money in circulation.

May't has to arise and have a little revolution just to prove it is just as civilized as Europe.

THE PUBLIC FORUM

I WANT TO GO A-FISHIN'

By Roswell F. Connor

Gee, I want to go a-fishin',
But the "crick's" too muddy now.
I thought I'd go tomorrow,
But it won't clear up, I 'low.

It just keeps on raining, raining,
Will it never, never stop?
But dad is not complainin',
Says it's good for our hay crop.

Gee, I'd like to go a-fishin'
In that big pond-illy hole.
I'd like to geel the tuggin'
Of a pick-erl on my pole.

The bullfrogs now are croakin'
Down in the pasture lot.
We will get another soakin',
Fer it's muggy an' so hot.

And them mourning doves are
croonin',
In that dear old illum tree.

They make me kinder lonesome
When they're all gone but Tige an'
me.

Gee, I want to go a-fishin',
If that crick will ever clear.
It keeps so gosh darn muddy,
The fish can't see or hear.

CRIMINAL NEGLIGENCE.—The five lives that were snuffed out Sunday afternoon at the Cornelia avenue beach were due to the awful indifference—it is criminal negligence?—of some one charged to protect and administer that portion of the city's playground. On a treacherous beach no ropes, no life preservers, no signs of any kind, save for two little boards one-third of a mile out in the lake in deep water far beyond the area visited by persons bathing in low water, were provided to guard against accidents. The two or three guards charged with the care of several thousand people at this spot is laughably inadequate protection against accidents. And that accidents do happen nearly every day can be verified