

Editorial Opinions of Affairs.

"While the republic endures let us advocate what the great masses of the people believe in."—GOVERNOR JOHN M. PATTISON.

Who Comes to the Rescue?

For some years the ancient Uncle Sam, has been stranded with the old ship of state and being washed ashore, stands shackled on the rocky reefs of monopoly. In the distance, on the horizon of the great sea of turbulent waters, there appears a sturdy old ship, at the helm of which stands a man of determination and love of country, piloting the battle-scarred craft to the rescue of Uncle Sam, pinioned mid the rocks of monopoly. The effort is a momentous one, most hazardous. The craft may be dashed to smithereens upon the shoals of the mighty millions, but that pilot plys the wheel to the rescue, and the old ship will bear him on to strike the shackles from the imprisoned, suffering saint.

That old craft to the rescue is called "Democracy" and strange it may seem the pilot is President Roosevelt. This country is held in the grasp of monopoly and the President is making a war on wealth, to save the country from a financial panic. The great rail-road companies have combined and pushed the freight rates so high that the small dealer is squeezed out of business, making monopoly possible and the people helpless in the face of high prices. President Roosevelt is waging war on this state of affairs, and his champion on the floor of the senate is that matchless democratic leader Senator Tillman. The democratic party is fighting with the president for the people, and his own party leaders are the enemies to his hopes. Democracy, piloted by a Republican must save the country from revolution against the oppression of capital.

Speed the rescue. May the president be successful, and may Democracy stand to his aid in this noble work, until the breast-work of the enemy is surmounted with the waving flag of the people's rights.

Intellectual Honesty Is Demanded In Official Life

By VESPASIAN WARNER, United States Senator from Missouri

THE demand of the hour in official life is INTELLECTUAL HONESTY, a demand for officials to act right, as well as to think right; officials who bow to the line of duty as God gives them light to see their duty, letting the chips fall where they may.

The president's efforts to secure legislation clothing the interstate commerce commission with POWER TO INSURE A SQUARE DEAL between common carriers and shippers have my unqualified support. The rebate evil, which gives the dishonest dealer an unfair advantage over the honest one, should be driven from the channels of commerce under the lash of the law. If this is not done it will be because the HONEST carriers and the shippers of our country fail to co-operate with the national administration in enforcing law.

Life insurance companies are to a great extent the savings banks of the people and should by legislation be placed under as strict surveillance as national banks, and the misappropriation or embezzlement of funds by their officials should be declared to be a felony PUNISHABLE BY IMPRISONMENT in the penitentiary.

IF WARRANT CAN BE FOUND IN THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES FOR SUCH LEGISLATION BY THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT, OF WHICH THERE IS GRAVE DOUBT, IT SHALL RECEIVE MY SUPPORT.

Too Much Femininity In Literature

By Dr. LUDWIG EULDA, German Author and Playwright

IN the latter day literature the trend is toward femininity—HEROINES INSTEAD OF HEROES—and an atmosphere of delicacy tending to the effete. This is so in my own country, I feel convinced. It may be, and I suspect that it is, more true of America.

In America the men are prone to go in for mercenary pursuits. That naturally DRIVES the women into the study of the fine arts. They become the students, the appreciators of literature and in the end the exponents of it also—THE AUTHORS. Now a man who writes in these latter days soon discovers this. He discovers that the WOMEN ARE THE READERS. If he would sell his books he must cater to their tastes. That tends to effeminacy.

AMERICAN WOMEN TAKE A MORE PROMINENT PART IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS, MORE PARTICULARLY THOSE TENDING TO CULTURE, THAN DO OUR WOMEN.

Most Rich Men's Sons Are Worthless

By RABBI EMIL G. HIRSCH of Chicago

FROM my personal observation and acquaintance I am convinced that 95 per cent of ALL RICH MEN'S SONS are practically worthless. Among this great majority are some who observe ordinary decency and even conform to the appearance of elementary virtues, but even THEIR good qualities are of a negative sort. Often they receive praise, not for good they have accomplished, but FOR EVIL THEY HAVE REFRAINED FROM.

THE MONEY GETTING FACULTY, THE DESIRABILITY OF WHICH MAY BE DEBATABLE, IS ONE OF THE MANY QUALITIES THAT DO NOT SEEM TO DESCEND FROM FATHER TO SON.

Champ Clark's Letter

Republican Factions Battle In Many States—The Spooner-La Follette Feud—The Senate's Young Men

[Special Washington Letter.]

IN several states the Republican factions are carrying on such Kilkenney cut fights as are likely to put the G. O. P. out of commission, temporarily at least. In West Virginia, New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Delaware, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri and Iowa the battle of the factions is fiercely waged. Sometimes, as in Massachusetts and Iowa, it is a question of principle on which they divide. In others, as in Ohio, New York, Missouri and Delaware, it is the bald and unsavory question of spoils. Some of these contests, notably those in Ohio and Iowa, are likely to attract national attention because in both cases the presidential aspirations of certain more or less eminent Republican statesmen figure. In the Hawkeye State it is Cummins versus Shaw, each in his mind's eye a presidential nominee in prospect. The same is true in Ohio, with the chief characters changed, from Cummins versus Shaw to Foraker versus Taft. But, when all has been said about the contests in the states aforesaid, the Republican factional fight which is destined to be of most intense and widespread interest is that now on the tapis in Wisconsin. In that state spoils, principle and presidential ambitions all are ingredients in the cauldron now seething and bubbling. To this must be added the personal animosity toward each other of the two chief figures in the state, Robert M. La Follette and John C. Spooner.

A fact which adds fuel to the Wisconsin fire is that Messrs. Spooner and La Follette face each other daily in the senate chamber, rivals there, as they are at home. In the Ohio and Iowa cases the combatants are not cooped up in the same chamber day after day, week in and week out. Sometimes Foraker in the senate can think of something else or of somebody else besides Taft at the other end of the avenue. Ditto as to Taft reflecting upon Foraker. Ditto Shaw as to Cummins. Ditto Cummins as to Shaw. But, as Dr. Edward Everett Hale is praying for the universe in general and the senate in particular every morning, La Follette is wondering what Spooner is up to and Spooner is wondering in the same manner as to La Follette. Talk about the Kentucky mountain feuds! They are not a marker to the Spooner-La Follette feud in Wisconsin and in the senate. Both are able men—brilliant and belligerent. Intellectually, they do honor not to Wisconsin only, but to the whole country, and unconsciously and unintentionally they are rendering the country good service by their feud, because they are producing a situation in Wisconsin which must inevitably place that state in the Democratic column once more, a consummation devoutly to be wished. Truth to tell, they would have done that already had the Democrats of Wisconsin been united for the last decade, but the Democrats are getting together, but the Republicans get farther and farther apart. Both Spooner and La Follette are exceptionally strong speakers. A joint debate between them all through Wisconsin would attract nearly as much attention as the Douglas-Lincoln debates; but in all human probability we will be deprived of that rare treat, because they dislike each other so cordially that perhaps both would decline the stunt.

A Tale of Two Colonels.

Bold, brilliant, belligerent and bizarre are the adjectives which perhaps most aptly describe the minds of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States, and Colonel James Hamilton Lewis, once a representative in congress from the new state of Washington, now corporation counsel of the city of Chicago. These two are personal friends, both having served in the Spanish American imbroglio. They are both much in the limelight, because nature, generous to each, fitted them for the center of the stage. Colonel Lewis has been in Washington recently, where he is always received with the glad hand because in his two years of service in the house he made a mere indelible impression upon men and things than an ordinary member would have done in a decade. While here he gave out an interview in which he hauled his friend in the White House over the coals at a lively rate because of his speech on "the man with the muck rake." Like all the rest of Colonel Lewis' utterances, the interview constitutes what Horace Greeley would have denominated a mighty interesting reading.

But surely there is a late resuscitation of his White House friend which Colonel Lewis ought to commend—I mean the one in which the president exonerates Judge Humphrey of Chicago for his decision in the beef packers' cases. That ought to warm the cockles of the heart of Colonel Lewis, for it was this same Judge Humphrey who recently sentenced Colonel Lewis to sixty days in jail for bringing a certain suit in a state court. Colonel Lewis purged himself of contempt by dismissing his suit. As his friend and admirer I wish he had gone to jail and served out his sixty days. John Bunyan wrote "Pilgrim's Progress" while in jail, and Colonel Lewis, in that length of time could have immortalized himself by writing two books, both sadly needed, one entitled "The Proper Limitations of the Theory

and Practice of Contempt of Court," the other entitled "The Sub-relevancy of the Federal Judiciary to Great Corporations." By so doing he would have rendered a vast public service and incidentally would have achieved imperishable renown.

Exit the Old.

When Galileo said, "The world moves," he was not thinking of the United States senate, but nevertheless his celebrated dictum applies to that body which is sometimes styled "the most august." In it via mortua is at the maximum, but even it moves. For decades—in fact, an upheaval—had been the rule until late years that new senators should experience a novitiate, should for a certain period remain silent in the presence of their seniors, take a back seat and tarry at Jericho till their heads were grown, under penalty of being sent upon heavenly errands if they violated the holy tradition. But change is written on all things human, and in course of time even that consecrated rule had to give way. Just who was the first to infract it may not be stated with precision. Perhaps it was John Griffin Carlisle, once of Kentucky, now of New York. Whoever was the pioneer in breaking it, it is now only a reminiscence. New senators in this year of our Lord and Master 1906 enter the senatorial lists at once, and they move them, and, truth to tell, they appear to hold their own with the patriarchs, Joseph Weldon Bailey of Texas, though still in his first term, looms large on the senatorial horizon, leading the Democratic contingent in the railroad rate bill, a momentous question. He now ranks among the great constitutional lawyers, not of this era only, but of all time. Ex-Attorney General Philander C. Knox spoke like a veteran on the same bill, or to use a popular newspaper phrase, like "an old veteran." This is the second senatorial year for the Pennsylvania Senator Rayner of Maryland and his castor into the ring and won immense applause. He is just beginning his second year. Senator Francis G. Newlands of Nevada, bright, graceful, scholarly, philosophic, the father of the freight bill, spoke as though he was seasoned to senatorial maneuvers.

Then came ex-Governor Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, who demonstrated how completely the old senatorial rule has fallen into "innocuous desuetude" by speaking somewhat more than two days on the rate bill! The fact that the conscript fathers treated him with such scant courtesy that most of them left the chamber when he began only drew the more attention to the pugacious Bob. Up in Wisconsin the Spooner faction think that his speech was a "Robert Lee Double." I heard him for an hour of his three days' speech, and that hour demonstrated thoroughly that he is master of his subject and if the Republicans do not look out he is liable to be master of their side of the senate. It was during that hour that La Follette called attention to the fact that his senatorial brethren were giving him the marble seat by temporarily vacating their seats, which he intimated might be permanently vacated, so far as the present occupants are concerned, and soon as the people come to understand the true backwardness of the situation. This was received with uproarious applause by the crowded galleries, which so outraged the tender feelings of Senator Keon of New Jersey that he asked that the galleries be "cleared." They were not "cleared," but simply "diminished." By actual count there were exactly ten senators present during that episode, but others came trooping in. Evidently Hon. Robert M. La Follette brought his nerve with him to Washington.

Republican Doctors Disagree.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat is a Republican organ of the staunchest sort. So is the Washington Star. Here is an editorial from the Star commenting on a Globe-Democrat editorial, which furnishes much food for reflection:

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat thus facilitates its party:

"Orthodox Republican doctrine will be heard on the stump in all the western states in the coming campaign. No speaker who will appear before the people or the legislature is 'Robert Lee Double.' I heard him for an hour of his three days' speech, and that hour demonstrated thoroughly that he is master of his subject and if the Republicans do not look out he is liable to be master of their side of the senate. It was during that hour that La Follette called attention to the fact that his senatorial brethren were giving him the marble seat by temporarily vacating their seats, which he intimated might be permanently vacated, so far as the present occupants are concerned, and soon as the people come to understand the true backwardness of the situation. This was received with uproarious applause by the crowded galleries, which so outraged the tender feelings of Senator Keon of New Jersey that he asked that the galleries be 'cleared.' They were not 'cleared,' but simply 'diminished.' By actual count there were exactly ten senators present during that episode, but others came trooping in. Evidently Hon. Robert M. La Follette brought his nerve with him to Washington."

Hot Words in the House.

As the sap rises in the trees, the temper of members of the house of representatives rises also. At first blush there would seem to be nothing in the subject of restricting immigration to arouse personal animosities. Nevertheless it engendered such heat betwixt Mr. Hopkins of Kentucky and Mr. Bennett of New York that the house squandered two hours of valuable time expounding from the record a half dozen personal remarks made by Mr. Hopkins. On the expounding resolution Hon. John Sharp Williams of Mississippi was so wrought up that he delivered some remarks touching Mr. Bennett so personal that after two or three days' cooling time he voluntarily asked that they be stricken from the record. Mr. Small of North Carolina and Mr. Macon of Arkansas said such bitter things to each other in a debate about the appropriation for the Southern railroad that in the good old days they would have pistolled each other at Bladenburg. Likewise, in a running fire debate concerning certain alleged abuses at the St. Elizabeth's Lunatic Asylum, General Grosvenor of Ohio and Mr. Clark of Florida used such heated words that Mr. Williams of Mississippi urged that they be stricken from the record, which was done by mutual consent.

It Appears to be the general consensus of opinion that the president's oration touching "the man with the muck rake" is likely to rank with his most notable performances, not, however, because of anything he said on his subject, but because of what he said about taxing the large fortunes of dead men. It will be remembered that during the discussion of the income tax feature of the Wilson tariff bill that illustrious orator, Hon. William Bourke Cockran of New York, declared that it would drive the very rich of Gotham into the habit of committing perjury. The president's plan has one advantage, for dead men cannot commit perjury—in fact, according to the old proverb, "Dead men tell no tales."

Dr. Barthold of St. Louis has won a wide reputation by his connection with the international peace parliament, so much so that all the Quaker societies in the country invite him to address them, but they will not let him wear his spade hat coat when so doing. He has put the good doctor into the dumps, as he dotes on that sort of gear. Still he will survive it. Good for the doctor!

As the guesses of experts as to the time within which the isthmian canal can and will be built vary all the way from five to 500 years, Mr. J. J. Hill will probably adhere to his opinion that it will prove to be only an expensive toy.

What if the Philippine tariff bill failed? The president and the house agree also as to that, but the senate objects. Mr. Lodge so far has not been able to get the bill sent out of committee. If the session ends with nothing done on that subject the Republicans will be held accountable. The rate bill may turn out a snag, it may turn out a stream. If a

song, if it meets popular expectation and passes muster in the senate, the Republicans are bound to benefit. If a sermon, if it becomes a law in a shape to disappoint the public and invites the criticism of the courts, it may serve as a reason for a rebuke at the polls.

But the Globe-Democrat speaks only of things done and things attempted. How about things avoided? It may be there that the Republicans will find their greatest embarrassment. They haven't even attempted to do anything with the tariff, and so far there is nothing to show that even if they carry the next house revision will follow. The weight of opinion is the other way. If the stand patters continue their hold, only a panic or a Democratic victory will insure a readjustment of schedules.

We must wait awhile before forecasting the coming campaign. Mere partisan jollying is unsafe and even prejudicial at this time. Better face the actual situation and help improve it.

Democrats of Ohio.

Ohio has only one Democratic representative in this congress—Hon. R. C. Garber. He is also chairman of the state committee, and much of the credit of electing a Democratic governor last year should go to him. He is an indefatigable worker and a skillful organizer. He has just returned to Washington from Ohio and brings with him splendid accounts of Democratic prospects in that state. According to Mr. Garber, the Democratic administration has been and is a pronounced success notwithstanding the sickness of the governor. The Democrats in the legislature appear to have done what they promised to do and have left undone what they said they would leave undone, or to use the usual formula, they have redeemed their ante-election promises, a good thing to do always. The chances are that Ohio, instead of having only one representative in the Sixtieth congress, will have much nearer one dozen.

Election Expenses.

Hon. William Sulzer of New York rendered the country a valuable service by giving the sums spent by national campaign committees through a series of years. Where he dug up his figures this deponent saith not because he knoweth not, but he says they are reliable, and we all know that they are interesting. They show, what many intelligent persons have always believed, that the great Republican victory of 1896 was bought just as one would buy a calf in the open market. Critics sneer at the idea of purifying elections, but they have not read the history of English elections. In the days of the Duke of Newcastle a seat in parliament sometimes cost \$500,000. In our day we have seen a member of the house of commons unseated for giving a voter his dinner! Surely what the English have done we can do in the way of curtailing election expenses. Otherwise we must acknowledge our inferiority, which no genuine American is willing to do.

Jefferson's Idea.

Joseph Jefferson was a strong believer in early marriages, and he never missed an opportunity to impress his convictions upon young men. In an address at Yale once he said:

"I abominate bachelors. The older they grow the more conceited they become. I was talking to one and I asked him why he did not marry. He parried the question by telling me about different young women he had known, finding some fault with each one. But it appeared that all of them had married.

"You are in danger of getting left," I said to him. "You had better hurry up before it is too late."

"Oh," said the bachelor, "there are just as good fish in the sea."

"I know that," I said, "but the bait—isn't there danger of the bait becoming stale?" —Everybody's Magazine.

May Be Rewarded Hereafter.

A child is born in the neighborhood; the attending physician gets \$10. The editor gives the loud lunged youngster and the happy parents a sendoff and gets \$0. When it is christened the minister gets \$10 and the editor gets \$0. It grows up and marries. The editor publishes another long winded, flowery article and tells a dozen lies about the "beautiful and accomplished bride"; the minister gets \$10 and a piece of cake and the editor gets \$0. In the course of time it dies; the doctor gets from \$25 to \$100, the undertaker gets from \$50 to \$100, while the editor publishes a notice of the death and an obituary two columns long, lodge and society resolutions, a lot of poetry and a free card of thanks and gets \$0,000. No wonder so many editors get rich.

—Meade (Mo.) Globe.

Magic Figures.

"The most remarkable arrangement of numbers that I know of," said a local business college man who takes a delight in solving curious problems and digging up mathematical oddities, "is the combination of the six figures 142,857. Multiply this number by 2, and the answer is 285,714; by 3, and the answer is 428,571; by 4, and the answer is 571,428; by 5, and the answer is 714,285; by 6, and the answer is 857,142. Each answer contains exactly the same digits as the original sum, and to cap the climax, multiply the number by 7, and up comes the answer 999,999. Try it and see if it is not so."—Philadelphia Record.

MOVABLE TYPES.

The Honor of Their Invention Belongs to the Far East.

China, the "cradle of the arts," claims the honor of the invention of printing. Away back in the year 593, nearly 1,000 years before Gutenberg issued the first volume of his famous Bible, the Chinese were using the "block system" of printing, and in the tenth century, 400 years before Europe had become acquainted with the "art preservative," the almond-eyed Celestial types were better versed in the science of setting movable types than were the American printers of the days of Benjamin Franklin. The "block system" of printing, which was so well known in the Flowery Kingdom less than six centuries after the birth of Christ, did not find its way to Europe until about the first of the fifteenth century, when "devotional manuals," each bearing a portrait and a few lines in printing, became popular. These cuts and printed lines were taken from engravings made on a single block, the very earliest dated specimen of that character made in Europe bearing date of 1423.

There is still a question as to who was the first European printer to use the movable types. It is not a question as to what European invented movable types, for it is known that the honor belongs in the far east. The honor of being the first to adopt the system appears to rest between Laurentz Coster of Haarlem (died 1440), John Faust and John Gutenberg. In the above list some include the name of Peter Schoffer, a son-in-law of Faust. Dutch authorities claim that Coster was the first to use the movable types and that Gutenberg, who was at one time a workman in Coster's shop, stole the idea from him. The Germans give Gutenberg the honor and set the date of his first successful practice of the art at 1436. The first entire European book ever printed from movable types bears the name of Johann Faust on its title page. It bore the name of "Tractatus Petri Hispani" and was printed at Mentz in 1437. As Gutenberg did not put his name on all of his books or the date when they were issued, there is some doubt when the first appeared or how many were issued. Gutenberg's great work was his Latin Bible, which appeared in 1456 and which is often catalogued as the "first book ever printed on movable types."

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Everybody Was Quiet.

Back in the seventies of the last century a report reached army headquarters that the Indians had squandered down on a little village in Idaho and murdered every inhabitant. A second lieutenant, who had just received his commission, was dispatched to the scene to ascertain the authenticity of the rumor. A few hours after his arrival in the village he sent this dispatch to the commanding officer:

"Everybody is quiet here."

Whereupon the commanding officer replied:

"Your report is unintelligible. We have it from responsible source that Indians have massacred every inhabitant."

The lieutenant answered:

"Report is correct. Everybody has been massacred. Everybody is quiet."

He Struck It Wrong.

When Tommy was about ten years old he was taken to see his grandfather, who was very rich, but extremely parsimonious. One day the old gentleman asked Tommy if he had a pocketbook. Receiving a negative answer, he said: "That's too bad. If you had a pocketbook I would give you a quarter to put in it." The next time Tommy went to see his grandfather he took care to have the pocketbook. As before, he was asked if he possessed the article mentioned, and he hastily answered affirmatively, at the same time producing it. Much to his chagrin the old miser said: "Well, now, and so you have a pocketbook, have you? I was just going to give you a quarter to buy one."

ACROBATIC DANCING.

It Was Regarded by the Ancient Greeks With Contempt.

A passage in Herodotus tells us with what contempt the Greeks treated mere acrobatic dancing and how inferior it was considered to be to the higher art. A certain Hippocleides, having been asked to show one of the many accomplishments which entitled him to become the husband of the daughter of the tyrant of Sicily, proceeded to display himself in the dance, and having commenced with a stately measure he then wished to show his wonderful agility, and so well did he succeed that Clisthenes, the tyrant, angrily exclaimed, "Son of Tisander, you have danced away your marriage!" refusing to have a son-in-law who was so little of an artist that he could make a boast of his mere skill. Socrates, too, had great dislike to the "wonderful tricks" which dancers could perform with their bodies and thought them very ugly. What would have been his disgust could he have seen some of our modern contortions? As in all great art, the Greeks in their dancing made use of mechanical means only in so far as they could assist in carrying out the artists' inspiration. The true artist should not be so hampered by any technical difficulties. He must be an absolute master of "technique," but never should he allow that "technique" to be the end and aim of his art. By so doing he forfeits all claim to the title of artist in the real and highest sense of that much abused word.

Looking, then, at the subject from this point of view, we can see the gulf which separates modern dancing from the Greek dancing. The modern term denotes something entirely mechanical, however pretty and pleasing our dancing masters contrive to make it by having rhythmical acrobatic feats performed by beautiful executants. Dancing in the Greek sense must be interpreted quite differently. It is rhythmical movement—and so far it is mechanical—but it is also pantomime. It is the imitation of forms by gestures, the bodily expression of a feeling.—Nineteenth Century.

Siberian Loneliness.

Mile after mile as you travel along there is no break in the monotony of this great frozen land. Everywhere is snow, everywhere the vast white plains. In the perspective of distance the very ridges melt into the general level, and as you look around you are met everywhere with the same mantle of unbroken snow. The country lies before you as an earth that is dead, so still, so motionless, so rigid is the landscape. Life has fled before the icy winds that draw out of the north, and the land you traverse is surely the land of death. There is scarcely the cry of a single bird to break upon the ear in this unattended wilderness. The very streams are motionless masses of ice. Land there is none, and you may wander east, west, north and south without landmark to set you right. Day after day and week after week your deer will gallop along their frozen way, and your compass or, if the gray clouds will lift for awhile, the stars in the heaven above will be your only guide.—A Winter Journey.

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