

But in the shout of laughter that welcomed the play she hurried on to the next girl, and the next—and there, sure as summer, was that same young man again. He knew the value of momentum, and leaned toward her as she came from her last caress on girlish lips, and almost conquered.

But she flashed a look of keen detection, flashed a smile of roguish recognition, spat at him to the accompaniment of a general peal of laughter, and kissed the other girls.

Well, they can't beat that. Youth and health and lifelong friendliness, the moment's impulse that excuses the instant's breach of convention—and the instant retreat at even an innocent plot to take her one step farther.

The girl isn't any the worse for having kissed the boys. And the boys don't think a whit less of her. And they all love her better because of the red blood in her veins, the warm heart in her body, and the quick little sense that tells her where to draw the line.

"I would rather see women naked going about the streets than dressed in the styles they are wearing today," says Rev. Charles H. Fitzwilliam of Pittsburg.

But why waste those words of evident surplusage: "than dressed in the styles they are wearing today"?

BIG LEGISLATURES, AND LITTLE.

Not nearly enough attention has been directed to that phase of the recent Governors' convention which dealt with the small continuous as opposed to the big occasional—legislature. In Alabama they have one session in four years, and get the worst laws outside of York State. Governor Hodges suggested—and no man argued him off the floor—something like a city commission; a group of five expert men who would remain in session all the time, and run the state as Mr. Jackling runs his mines: First, by knowing all about it; and second by doing it capably.

Indeed, the scheme looks so good that the Saturday Evening Post says, editorially:

Within a very few years we expect to see Kansas lead the way with a constitutional amendment for a small continuous, one-chamber, expert legislature. And, once the example has been set, other states will quickly follow.

Little by little, you see, the wise man realize that one good man can do a better job of governing than a whole assembly room full of fellows who don't know the game. It isn't alleged Progressive method, and it isn't the Democratic method. Each of these doctrines tends to enlarge the governing crowd, while distributing representative body than the one they botched.

Something of the same problem is found in the quarrel about the caucus in congress. The Democrats are in control at Washington because so many Republicans refused to obey an organization they couldn't control. And now they—and the nation—are controlled by an even less representative body than the one they botched.

It may be tyranny. It may be novel in a land of universal suffrage. But the smaller the number, the more likelihood of getting things done.

THE CHANGE IN THE HERALD-REPUBLICAN.

There is something in the old cry: "The king is dead. Long live the king!" It means a willingness to pass from the dominance of one to the tyranny of another. Some people, to whom the wish is father to the thought, pretend to believe that the recent change in the Herald-Republican internal economy, means a difference in policy. True, as the public press has stated, Mr Callister assumes the duties of general manager formerly capably discharged by George Hale, who is pretty likely to blossom out as publisher of the Telegram before the expiration of his option on that post-meridian possibility. But Mr. Callister will not be any more general manager in future than he has been in the past. He may sit at the desk a little longer each day, and he may meet a little more familiarly those people and problems constituting the general manager's scheme of troubles. But if any gentleman employed on the paper, from top to bottom, shows signs of acquiring the idea that there is any difference in the quality of the Callister "must" then the friends of such gentleman should take a club, and argue with him.

Mr. Callister's hostility to Governor Spry, and his dislike of the governor's friends are perfectly understood in Utah. And there is a current rumor to the effect that the collector has seen a great light since the return of Senator Smoot and Senator Sutherland to the state, pending the coma stage of the tariff bill in Washington. The rumor insists that the collector has agreed to reverse himself to the extent of being for the governor, and at least not opposed to his friends. Which position might prove important to him. Not even Sam Park cared to have the Herald-Republican against him.

But the better informed men insist that Callister is an irreconcilable, and that, once having committed himself to an opposition, he is to be counted on as an enemy entirely through the show, with the certainty of finding him under whatever may be left of the tent while the succeeding concert continues. Which means that Ed is like God in at least the one particular that he is "the same yesterday, today and forever." Understand, I am not saying that the resemblance stops there. To be frank about it, for the past six years or so Ed has been speaking as one having authority. To one man he has said: "Come!" and he cometh; and to another "Go!" and he goeth. You can prove on paper no man can do the things Ed has done. But he has done them.

Of course he hasn't gained any vantage ground by becoming general manager of a great morning paper, and inserting himself in the payroll, for he has in the past enjoyed all the power the position possesses. But it hasn't changed his nature any. And, indeed, if a man has been revenue collector as a profession, and power behind the newspaper managerial throne as a pastime, and should hate another man while so hooked up; and then should cease to be collector and cultivate the austere habits of a newspaper general manager alone, I fancy he would be a bit more hard to handle in the new relation than in the old. It has no restraints, you see. It feels the checking influence of an official obligation. It leaves a man so happily indifferent to any wishes but his own.

You know, when Wayne MacVeagh went out of President Arthur's cabinet—by request; and when some Garfield admirer asked him if he

looked for reform in the new occupant of the executive mansion, the astute Mr. MacVeagh said: "No man changes his nature after he reaches the age of forty." And Mr. Callister long ago reached that age.

I look for the Herald-Republican to be just as good as it can be in future—and mighty little different in its likes and dislikes—than it has been in the past.

History (almost) repeats itself at Concord. There the embattled lawyers will stand and fire the shots that fill their lockers.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Anything juicy appeals to California people. They can't let go of the Diggs and Gaminetti case. Having convicted the men, they persistently follow the girls. If there ever was a chance for these young women to begin right—and surely they were entitled to it—the action of some church ladies, and the attitude of Sacramento's city commissioner would almost certainly damn them. The latter official says: "Those girls wrecked homes, and they deserve punishment."

Yes, they did! Two men wrecked girls and homes together. This notion that women go out and charm a man away from his duty, cozen him into abandoning wife and child and business, employ some magic which transforms him from a good citizen to a helpless victim—is all drivel. Women aren't that easily won. If they were, blind men would have to bear the banner of rectitude alone. And you would have to import new blind men, to offset desertions, even then.

The one chance the Caminetti girls had was to leave them alone at the conclusion of the trial; forget the escapade; treat them as if you never heard about it—just as you do a man next day after his moral lapse becomes matter of public knowledge.

And it is the more saddening to observe that the most pitiless persecutors of the young women in question are women who have been shielded from temptation all their lives.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF!

"United States Mint is robbed of \$30,000—Counting of the gold belonging to the government at San Francisco results in the discovery that one sack was filled with iron washers.—Newspaper headlines.

If it wasn't for one thing I could give the authorities a tip as to the possible culprit in the case. And thereby hangs a tale.

When the United States government, in the winter of 1873-4 finally told me it would try and maintain its army without further service from me, and I walked out of Fort Bidwell, up in the northeast corner of California, another discharged soldier whose name may be Bowen went along with me on the road to Reno. I had a little over a hundred dollars in good red gold and pale silver, and carried it in a buckskin "poke" as we journeyed side by side through the awful wastes of state-line desert. And Bowen didn't have any money at all. Any way, he so reported his exchequer at the close of business on the day we hit the trail. And he only faced the tramp to Reno because, less fortunate than myself, he didn't have an honorable discharge. But why he quit "bobtailed" would make another story.

We got a lift for the last fifty miles of the journey, for the founder of the fortunes of California's borax king was taking his samples to San Francisco, with a view of organizing the