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F. C. TILDEN - C. J. ARNOLD

Editors

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BRYAN AND KERN.

Nebraska and Indiana have shown their faith in the Democratic leaders by electing Democratic houses in the legislature. On joint ballot both the legislature of Nebraska and Indiana are Democratic. It is altogether fitting that the demand of the people of these two states, and the demand of Democrats of all the states that Bryan and Kern be selected by the joint houses of each state to represent the people of Nebraska and Indiana in the senate of the United States should be obeyed. They have won the honor and deserve it. Further, these two men, who have fought the fight for the people of the country, should have the right and the chance to fight still further that battle in the upper house of the nation. We need them there. Their states have made it possible to place them there, and with their consent, the Democracy of the country demands that they go there.

And now comes the Indianapolis Star and repudiates everything it has been saying about Marshall, declares that he won on his merits, that Watson went down to defeat because he was the machine candidate, and states further that the brewers contributed nothing to Marshall's success. It will now be time for those far-seeing politicians in Greencastle, who followed the Star's lead in denouncing Marshall, to revise their opinion in harmony with the facts. A number of men who knew Watson's record for political buncumbum, his eyes twinkling with good humor, "and I'm not trusting to men to get it out again, but to mules."—Philadelphia Press.

Vanity of Men.

In a woman's club, over tea and cigarettes, a group of ladies cited many, many instances of the foolish vanity of males.

"Take the case of bees," one said. "Because the queen bee rules the hive, because she is the absolute mistress of millions of subjects, man up to a few hundred years ago denied her sex. He called her the king bee."

"Pliny wrote somewhere, 'The king bee is the only male, all the rest being females.' And Moses Rusden, beekeeper to Charles II, stoutly denied, in order to please his royal master, that the large bee, the ruler of the hives, belonged to the gentler sex.

"Even Shakespeare couldn't bear to think that the bee of bees, the largest and wisest and fairest, the hive's absolute lord, was a female. No, all the proofs notwithstanding, Shakespeare called her a male. Don't you remember the lines—

"Creatures that by a rule in nature teach The act of order to a peopled kingdom, They have a king and officers of sorts."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Casualties Expected.

During one of Speaker Cannon's bitter political fights in his district in Illinois the opposition resorted to desperate tactics. Among other things friends of Uncle Joe were summarily dismissed from positions they held in the public service. Some of his friends became alarmed at this, and one of them called on the speaker at his residence and said, somewhat excitedly:

"Joe, Smith and Jones have just lost their lives in the postoffice. What are we going to do about it?"

Uncle Joe took another puff at his cigar and then answered, with a benevolent smile: "Nothing. If you go into battle, you have got to expect to have some dead and wounded."

A Precaution.

"Young man," said her father, "I don't want you to be too attentive to my daughter."

"Why—er—really," stammered the timid young man, "I had hoped to marry her some."

"Exactly, and I'd like to have you marry her, but if you're too attentive to her you won't have money enough to do it."—Liverpool Mercury.

F. C. Tilden.

Matrimony.

Youngly—Did you ever notice that the matrimonial process is like that of making a call? You go to adore, you ring a bell and you give your name to a maid. Cynicus—Yes, and then you're taken in.—Boston Transcript.

The Extremes.

Lobster and champagne for supper—that's high jinks. Sawdust and near-coffee for breakfast—that's hygiene. Between these two eminences, however, there's room for some genuine living.—Life.

Watched Fifteen Years.

"For fifteen years I have watched the working of Buckland's Arnica Salve; and it has never failed to cure any sore, boil, ulcer or burn to which it was applied. It has saved us many a doctor bill," says A. F. Hardy, of East Wilton, Maine. 25c at the Owl

Von Bulow and Sarasate.

In one of his letters Von Bulow refers to Sarasate as follows: "He has enchanted me beyond measure, particularly in his concert of yesterday, when he played a splendid work, 'Symphonie Espagnole' by Lalo—played in so genuinely artistic a manner that today I am still intoxicated with it. His playing also of the Saint-Saens concert piece for violin is an entrancing as interesting. It is a shame that he cannot come to see me. N. B.—I have purposely avoided his personal acquaintance. Perhaps he has tried to see me, for over my door stands the notice:

"Mornings—not to be seen.
Afternoons—not at home."

"But perhaps he did not ring the bell. (He never plays under 1,000 francs—he received this sum here at a private musical.) For secretary he has Otto Goldschmidt, who sent me a pass, which I returned with the remark that for such an important concert I could certainly afford to buy my ticket. Six marks was in no way too much to pay."

Bulow did make his acquaintance, however, as he refers in a later letter to Sarasate coming, quite unexpectedly, to a "conference with Johannes" (Brahms), at which he himself was present.

He Preferred Mules.

One of the pet hobbies of Senator Christopher Magee was his newspaper, the Pittsburgh Times. He kept the paper well to the front, and it was a credit to modern journalism. One morning the Times had been scooped on a railway wreck.

"Senator," asked an intimate acquaintance, "how do you console yourself on the loss of that wreck story this morning?"

"By congratulating ourselves," he answered quickly, "that we are among the number who missed that ill-fated train."

On another occasion as the senator was approaching the Times building on Fourth avenue he noticed a crowd gathered about a wagon which was filled with huge rolls of newspaper. A wheel was caught in a deep rut in the pavement and could not be budged.

"Senator," laughed a friend, "they managed at last to get your paper into a rut."

"Yes," answered Mr. Magee, his eyes twinkling with good humor, "and I'm not trusting to men to get it out again, but to mules."—Philadelphia Press.

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STAGE SCENERY.

Modern Settings Tax the Ingenuity of the Builders.

The big scenic artists do little actual painting beyond making the model, unless they have a panoramic effect. That they do themselves, standing on the paint bridge, many feet from the floor, while the canvas is raised or lowered. The panoramic effects are hard to handle. One difficulty is to avoid fluttering when a draft sweeps across the stage. Mountains that tremble hazily are not conducive to illusion.

With the elaborate productions of late years the importance of the builder of scenery has increased, says Everybody's Magazine. Formerly, when the scenery consisted merely of canvas stretched over a wooden frame, it was simple enough. But the struggle for realism and sensational effects has developed difficult problems for the builder of stage scenery to solve. Every piece of scenery must be made so that it can be folded into strips five feet nine inches wide, because the doors of the baggage cars in which it is transported are only six feet in breadth. Also every piece must be light and so constructed that one can be removed and another put in place within ten minutes. It may take thirty hours of continuous work to get the scenery "set up," to use a technical expression, after it is brought into the theater. After that the work of changing a scene is comparatively easy.

A DOGS' CLUB.

London's Luxurious Resort For Aristocratic Canine Pets.

London is the only city in the world boasting a dogs' club. The club is in a pleasant suit of rooms near the Trocadero and close to Regent street. Hand-some rugs cover the floors, the windows are veiled in lace and silk, and luxurious sofas are ranged against the walls, while a profusion of soft pillows are scattered about for the comfort of aristocratic dogs who prefer the floor for a nap. Dainty satin lined wicker baskets are provided for the smaller pets. The membership fee is half a sovereign, but this does not include meals, baths or tips to the attendants.

Ladies going shopping or to the theater leave their pugs and poodles at the club and give the attendant in charge at the time a few shillings for looking after it, but if the dog is fed half a crown is charged. This pays for a nut-chop and milk. A whole crown provides the little animal with minced chicken. For a half sovereign Fido is bathed, brushed and perfumed, and if he is a French poodle his hair is carefully curled. A veterinarian is attached to the club to see that only dogs in perfect health are admitted, all sick members being quarantined in a separate room. Blankets, boots, collars, harness, soaps and brushes and all the accessories of a fashionable dog's toilet as well as dog medicines are sold at the club.—New York Press.

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A Candid Critic.

"A criticism that has helped me a great deal in my work came from a man to whom I took a picture to be framed," said a young woman who speaks much of her time copying in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. "As the picture progressed my friends told me it was fine. Some of the other copyists said it had value, character, good coloring and all those things, and even one of the guards in the gallery got real friendly one day and remarked that it was the best copy of that picture he had seen. I began to think that maybe after all, my several years of study were beginning to bear fruit. At the framer's I picked out a nice frame, and the framer began to figure on the cost."

"I'll tell you, miss," he said, "that frame will come to \$3.98. If I were to get it for \$3.98, I would have to pay something cheaper for that picture!"—New York Sun.

Setting the River on Fire.

In old English times, when each man was obliged to sift its own hair, it sometimes happened that an energetic man would turn his sieve so rapidly as to cause it to catch fire. The style of sieve used in those days was called a "temse," and it became a customary saying that a lazy man would never set the temse on fire. Now, it happens that the name of the river Thames is pronounced like the name of this old flour sieve, and after many years, when the old fashioned temse was forgotten, it was thought that setting the temse on fire meant setting the river on fire, and that is why to-day we say that a stupid person will never set the river on fire.

Esperanto.

"When I first started out hunting apartments I went through a long, polite dissertation," said the woman with a haughty look and weary feet. "Now, I go in and say to the elevator man or janitor: 'Apartments?' 'Rooms?' 'Price?' 'Keep 'em?' I get along just as well, and it saves lots of time. Try it!"—New York Times.

Almost Qualified.

"Help you!" scoffed the irate housewife. "Well, I guess not. I only assist Invalids."

"Well, mum," responded Beefsteak Ben as he tried to remove the bulldog from his shins, "I'll be an invalid if I stay here much longer."

The Poor Milkman Again.

"Help you!" scoffed the irate housewife. "Well, I guess not. I only assist Invalids."

"And you mean to say my milk don't look right?" he snapped. "Why, lady, this can of milk is a picture!"

"Ah, yes," laughed the keen housewife; "a fine water color."—Exchange.

Restless.

Caller—So your cook has passed away to a better place? Hostess—Yes, but I don't know if she'll stay. Poor Bridget was very hard to suit.—Boston Traveler.

The poet is born, not made," sayeth the proverb. In other words, it isn't his own fault.

Better Left Unsaid.

Caller—So sorry to hear of your motor accident. Enthusiastic Motorist—Oh, thanks! It's nothing. Except—Oh, I trust not!—London Tit-Bits.

Noble discontent is the path to heaven.—Higginson.

NANCY'S PROXY.

By EPES W. SARGENT.

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"Nancy, it's awful to go to school."

Nancy Hartman nodded a solemn assent to the statement, for she always agreed with what Bobby Seaton said.

In this instance her own views were reflected, albeit those views were somewhat prejudiced at the moment by the fact that she had been kept in after school, and Bobby had had to sit on the curb and wait for her. He had done his best, too, to be kept in, and so share her punishment.

"I'll be glad when I'm married and don't have to go to school," he continued solemnly. "Married people don't have to go to school."

"Mr. Scarritt did," reminded Nancy.

"He was a minister," explained Bobby.

"Right now?" demanded Nancy, with a glance at her soiled dress.

"That little ink stain don't matter," assured Bobby