

PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRAM CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

HOT PLATO

BO

ONCE UPON A

The Market Place of the People

To Reach the Society Editor,

Phone 2

Addresses a Letter to President Roosevelt Basing Sympathy.

APPEALS TO HIS PEOPLE.

ASKS MORAL AND FINANCIAL SUPPORT TO CARRY ON WORK OF BATTLING AGAINST CHARGES REGISTERED.

Guthrie, Okla., Oct. 1.—Governor C. N. Haskell, late Democratic National Treasurer, has had his pen in hand all day. In addition to a letter to President Roosevelt, increased last night to 2,500 words, he addressed a like amount to the people of Oklahoma, an appeal pleading with them to stay with him and to donate money to aid him in his fight.

He claims to be a poor man, fighting everything that is wealthy and powerful, which he says is backing Hearst and Roosevelt, and then makes his plea for money as follows:

"As for myself I am not possessed of wealth, and receive a salary but barely enough for the expense of my family and myself. I am giving my entire time to the welfare of Oklahoma. I can make the fight against all of these interests and win with the support of the people.

"I want to be frank with every honest man in Oklahoma and in that frankness it is proper for me to say that I not only want your moral support, but also want your financial assistance to pay the expense of this great conflict.

"I ask for your assistance, not in large amount, because a few thousand dollars will be ample for the fight, but I do ask that the multitude weigh this matter, realize the great odds against me and render such financial assistance as they deem proper."

Haskell's salary as governor is \$4,000 annually.

Mr. Haskell last night he will go to Ohio next week and deliver campaign speeches, beginning October 5.

Really Expected an Apology.

Expressing in the opening paragraph of his letter to the President surprise that Mr. Roosevelt had not before this apologized to him for charges made without hearing, Governor Haskell writes:

"The serious character of your charges should have suggested to you that as Chief Executive you should proceed with deliberation and certainly before making such hear-say statements your own declarations.

"I would have appealed to you a second time to designate some tribunal that might hear both sides of the question, investigate as to the truth and only condemn when guilt has been reasonably established but being interrupted by receiving a newspaper that contains your last statement, I lay aside my appeal for justice for the reason that I am convinced that no matter how dignified, great and honorable the office of President may be the present clearly demonstrates the fact that the occupant of that office may be without fairness, justice or integrity.

"You have clearly demonstrated, by hear-say, judgment and vacillating from one charge to another, by admitting that various of your charges were without information and therefore abandoned, and yet, without displaying the manhood to apologize for the former untruthful statement, you seek another issue.

"It leads me to assert that I shall seek justice from you before the people and in Courts not subject to your domination. Frankly speaking, I could have arrived at no other conclusion than that you, in your blind, reckless partisanship and disregarding the rights of others, would pack a Court or fix a jury.

"Your first charge was that I was connected with an attempt to bribe the Attorney-General of Ohio nine years ago, but that you have now abandoned General Monnett said that he knew nothing of my own connection with that case, except what C. B. Squires told him. C. B. Squires signs a written statement for the New York World that I never told him anything and that he never mentioned my name to Monnett, and that he did not know me except as a name occasionally seen by him in a newspaper.

Weakness of Charge Admitted.

"Charles P. Taft, brother of your candidate, in his Ohio State Journal, of Columbus, Ohio, says: 'There has been no evidence produced against Haskell that would be considered by any Court.' It remains for you alone to back the manhood to candidly admit that you accused me falsely.

"Waiter, get me a newspaper so I can hide my yawns. This concert is so stupid." "Yes, miss; I'll bring the largest I can find."—Berlin Journal.

State Officials Paid in Pelts.

Probably few people today know that the original name of the state of Tennessee was Franklin or that in 1788 the salaries of the officers of this commonwealth were paid in pelts, but the following is a correct copy of the law:

Be it enacted by the general assembly of the state of Franklin, and it is hereby enacted by authority of the same, that from and after the first day of January, 1788, the salaries of this commonwealth be as follows—to wit:

His excellency the governor, per annum, 100 deerkins.

His honor the chief justice, 500 deerkins.

The secretary to his excellency the governor, 500 racoon skins.

County clerk, 500 beaver skins.

Clerk of the house of commons, 200 racoon skins.

Members of the assembly, per diem, 10 racoon skins.

Justices of the peace for serving a warrant, 1 muskrat.

Miss Edna Johnson was hostess for a card party at the Country club house yesterday afternoon. Bridge whist was played at five tables. The prize was awarded to Mrs. Fraser of East Orange, New Jersey. The guests were Mrs. Florence Lodwick, Mrs. Rudolph Leeds, Miss Juliet Swayne, Miss Marie Campbell, Mrs. George Williams, Mrs. Will Campbell, Mrs. Clarence Gennett, Mrs. Henry Gennett, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. John Lantz, Mrs. E. Van Hensen, Mrs. Harry Jay, Mr. E. B. Grosvenor, Miss Edna McGinn, and Miss Georgia Cole.

Mrs. Ella H. Hackett, Mrs. John D. Hackett, B. Weber entertained in a delightful manner yesterday afternoon at home of Mrs. Hackett, 14 South 11th street. The charming function was complimentary to Mrs. Hackett's house guests, Mrs. T. M. Norton, Mrs. Thomas Kelly and Mrs. Thomas G. Anderson. The house was arranged in an attractive manner with ferns and pink carnations, smilax being used to entwine the chandeliers. Paint euchre was played at six tables. Mrs. Cates was presented with the guests' prize. The first prize was awarded to Mrs. John Fitzgibbon. Mrs. Harrington won the second prize while the consolation fell to Mrs. Paige. After the game, a luncheon in several courses was served, the color scheme, pink and white, being carried out in the menu. The guests who enjoyed the hostess's hospitality were Mrs. J. H. Shofar, Mrs. John Fitzgibbon, Mrs. J. H. Luker, Mrs. J. Harrington, Mrs. John Zissler, Mrs. Timothy Rader, Mrs. J. E. Davis, Mrs. Kate Paige, Mrs. J. E. Foley, Mrs. T. H. Conroy, Mrs. Will Reese, Mrs. John Horner, Mrs. George Horning, Mrs. J. M. Hoser, Mrs. John McCarthy, Mrs. Daniel Broomehall, Mrs. Henry Weber, Miss Rosella and Clara Luker, Misses Mary and Alice Harrington, and Miss Clara Censan.

The Women's aid society of the First Presbyterian church will have its initial meeting for the season Friday afternoon at two-thirty o'clock in the church parlors. A large attendance of members is desired as important business matters will be attended to at this time.

The ladies of the Macabees will give a dance this evening in the Odd Fellows' hall. All members and their friends are invited to attend.

Miss Eva Doughty of Pasadena, California is visiting in this city.

Mrs. Horace Kramer was hostess for a meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary society of the Grace M. E. church yesterday afternoon at her home on North Seventeenth street. This was the first meeting of the fiscal year and was largely attended. Mrs. T. A. Nott led the devotional exercises. Miss Blanche Cunningham sang a beautiful solo. A reading was read given by Mrs. G. H. Hill. The hostess, assisted by Mrs. Harry Hodges and several others served refreshments during the social hour which followed. The society will meet next month with Mrs. R. C. Lockwood at her home, 214 North Fourteenth street.

The Home Missionary society of the First Methodist Episcopal church met yesterday afternoon with Mrs. Ray Langnecker, at her home, 105 South Fifteenth street. Mrs. Charles McCrea led the devotional exercises which were followed by a very pretty musical program. The numbers were given by Miss Ella Luring, Mrs. Ray Langnecker, and Miss Ethel Patton. Mrs. Seifert gave a musical monologue accompanied by Miss Hugo. Mrs. P. A. Brown read a paper entitled "Individual Schools and Settlements," which had been written by Mrs. Marlatt. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Frank Bell on North Twentieth street. It will be membership day and each member will be requested to add a new name to the membership roll.

A card party was given last evening at St. Mary's hall by the Young Men's Council of that organization. Progressive euchre was played at several tables. Prizes were awarded. At the conclusion of the game, luncheon was served. The affair was a very successful one.

The wedding of Miss Mary Quigley and Mr. William Ellis was celebrated this morning at St. Mary's church. The young people will make their future home in Williamsburg where Mr. Ellis is engaged in business. A number of social functions have been given for Mrs. Ellis during the past few weeks.

The Epworth League of Grace church, held a poster social last evening. Over fifty persons were present and enjoyed guessing the posters. Each one present was also requested to "draw" a picture illustrating a popular song. This was also very interesting. Refreshments were served. Arrangements have been perfected for a monthly social during the winter season.

Mrs. Thomas Dolloff has gone to Marion for a few days' visit.

The wedding of Mr. John Nolte and Miss Louise Retzler took place last evening at the First Baptist church. The Rev. H. Robert Smith performed the ceremony. The young people will make their home in this city.

The members of the S. E. G. B. club were entertained by Miss Lenora McNellis at her home on South Thir-

teenth street, last evening. The following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year:

President—Miss Minnie Burris.

Secretary—Miss Goldie Dadisman.

Treasurer—Miss Nora Wettig.

After a short business session a social hour followed. Refreshments were served.

Miss Alma Pfaffin entertained in a delightful manner at her home, 188 North Sixth street. The affair was complimentary to Miss Kathleen Shaugnessy of Madison, Indiana. Progressive euchre was played at several tables. Miss Shaugnessy was awarded the guest prize. Other prizes were captured by Mrs. George Hodges and Miss Ada Kuhn. After the game a luncheon was served by the hostess. Those present were Miss Kathleen Shaugnessy, Mrs. Dorothy Kirkpatrick, Mrs. W. E. Davis, Miss Bessie Broomehall, Miss Ada Ehenback, Miss Lucille Carney and Miss Julia Lichtenfeld. Messrs. Robert Luker, Burle Debow, Frank Lichtenfeld, Roy Denham, Jesse Starr, Elmer Fleming, Leo Gard and George Hodges.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Dentster of Cincinnati, have returned home after having visited with Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Keplinger and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hiatt.

Mrs. J. E. Green of Columbus, Ohio is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Selthaus of South Twelfth street.

The Lutheran Home circle of St. Paul's Lutheran church will meet tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the chapel. The women are requested to bring fruit for the orphan's home.

A dancing party will be given for Miss Shaugnessy Friday evening at the K. of C. hall.

A pleasant surprise was tendered Mrs. Elizabeth Wilkemyer yesterday afternoon in honor of her seventy-ninth birthday anniversary. The afternoon was spent in social conversation. A luncheon in three courses was served. Those present were Mrs. Fred Pardeck, Mrs. Henry Gausepohl, Mrs. Agnes Muggenberg, Mrs. William Tubeling, Sr., Mrs. Harmon Wilkemyer, Mrs. Joseph Werner, Sr., Mrs. Joseph Werner, Jr., Mrs. Henry Schumaker, Mrs. Edward Ramler, Mrs. Albert Pardeck, Mrs. Harmon Pardeck, Mrs. John Brannon, Mrs. Frank Geers, Mrs. Fred Wilkemyer, Mrs. Will Thomas, Mrs. John Darnell, Mrs. Fred Schumaker, Mrs. Harry Walls, Mrs. Clyde Renk, Mrs. Forest Shook of Milwaukee, Misses Alvina Taube and Katherine Schumaker.

The Musical Study club will open the season Friday evening, October 9, with an evening recital. It will be held in the auditorium of the First Presbyterian church. Mr. Tebbis of Dayton, Ohio will be the vocalist for the occasion. Miss Edith Stanton Brown, who has spent two years in study abroad will be the violinist. Each member is permitted to invite ten guests.

An interesting session of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Fifth Street M. E. church was held yesterday afternoon in the parsonage with Mrs. J. Cook Graham as hostess. There was an unusually large attendance. Business matters of interest to the society were discussed. It was decided to give a Halloween party the Wednesday before that day. The society meets the last Wednesday in the month.

The Francis Willard Woman's Temperance Union will not meet tomorrow afternoon. The meeting has been postponed one week. A called meeting of the organization will be held this afternoon at four o'clock in the East Main Street Friends' church.

Mrs. Leroy Mansfield was hostess for a meeting of the Penny club yesterday afternoon at her home on South A street. Matters of interest to the members were discussed. The society meets in two weeks with Mrs. Louis Stough, 305 South Sixth street.

SAVED HIS BOY'S LIFE.

"My three year old boy was badly constipated, had a high fever and was in an awful condition. I gave him two doses of Foley's Orino Laxative and the next morning the fever was gone and he was entirely well. Foley's Orino Laxative saved his life." A. Wolkus, Casimer, Wis. A. G. Lucken & Co.

He is one of those gawling old beaus who think that the key to favor with the gentler sex. The other evening he was at a reception with his wife, and they met the handsome Miss Blank, at whom he fired a whole battery of compliments. Then, turning to his wife, he said, "It's a good thing I didn't meet her before I married you my dear."

"Indeed it is," she smiled sweetly. "For her, I congratulate Miss Blank!"—Exchange.

Art of "Dressing."

The art of consummate dress is not the gift of all or even the majority of mankind. One who possesses this gift knows all the subtle effects on angles from the style and tilt of his hat to the exact width of the point of his shoe.—Outfitter.

At the Foot.

Pater (sadly)—I don't know what to do with that boy of mine. He's been two years at the medical school and still keeps at the foot of his class. Perrins (promptly)—Make a chiropractist of him.

Out of the shadows of night the wheel rolls into light—Longfellow.

UTTER

At a meeting of the new Democratic club, held at the person club, Har-

which he attacked the plan of the army and navy, and the necessity for a strong navy for the country to show how Uncle Sam with his thousands of miles of coast line, besides his numerous island possessions, could protect himself with a weak fleet against the attack of a strong sea power.

William Jennings Bryan addressed the club members and the arguments of the Progressives were received with wild enthusiasm. It should be stated that Mr. Bryan did not address the audience in person. Henry Walteman turned loose on his phonograph two or three of the Democratic leaders' "canned" speeches. Although the Progressives were deprived of the pleasure of feasting their eyes on their idol they, nevertheless, had the satisfaction of hearing his silver-tongued oratory.

Next Wednesday evening the club will hold another meeting and the members will hear addresses from all the candidates on the Democratic county ticket. The club had already begun making arrangements for the meeting to be held at the collection on the evening of October 16 when John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, Democratic leader in the national house of representatives, will deliver an address. Nearly all the Democrats in the county are expected to attend this meeting.

THE SWISS PENSION.

Peculiar Manners at the Boarding House Table d'Hôte.

The distinctive thing about a Swiss pension is the table d'hôte. The table d'hôte has its own set of conventions. You can always tell an old pensionnaire by the way he sputters when he eats his soup, by the way he stabs a piece of bread from the bread basket with his knife and by the keen eye he has for picking out the best piece of meat. By some mysterious system, known only to the maid, she always offers you the platter with the fork seductively placed in the smallest poorest portion. Your skilled pensionnaire is never caught by this trick. He always removes the fork from the piece indicated and takes over everything till he finds the best. This is not impolite—in a pension. "It is the conventional thing."

In order to prevent any undue advantage the maid has a system of rotation. First she begins at the head of the table and works down the right side. With the next course she begins at the foot and works up the left side. If she forgets where she stopped and begins wrong there is an immediate howl from those who are getting cheated. This causes many bitter and stormy arguments.—Albert Edwards in Outlook.

Equal to the Occasion.

Michelot, the famous comedian, suffered a great deal from the spite of his colleagues and found it necessary to be on the alert at every performance. On a certain occasion he had to scold a servant in one of Moliere's plays, where the "claque," which had been bribed by his rivals, began to hiss.

Michelot, by no means discouraged. Giving the servant a couple of blows on the ear, not included in the part, he extemporized as follows:

"You vile scamp of a varlet, there is nothing you think of! There you stand quietly listening to the vermin squeaking in the house and never trouble yourself to get the rat poison!"

The effect of this sally was striking. The audience broke out in loud applause, and no subsequent attempt was made to hiss the actor.

Helping Him On.

The somewhat elderly but still handsome and well preserved bachelor had long been an admirer of the young lady, but never had dared to tell her so. At last, however, he mustered courage to say:

"Miss Jessie, I wish I were twenty years younger."

"Why so?" she asked.

"Because then I should be bold enough perhaps to ask you to marry me."

With a charming smile she shook her head.

"I should have to tell you no, Mr. Baxter," she said. "If you were twenty years younger you would be—er—great deal too young for me."

He took the hint and a little while later the young lady too.

Horticulture Versus Theology.

Small Johnny had on his best clothes, and his mamma told him not to play in the dirt with them on.

"Don't they have any dirt in heaven to play in?" he asked.

"No, of course not," replied his mother.

"Then what do little boys do up there?" queried Johnny.

"Oh, they play harps and sing and sit under beautiful trees," was the reply.

"Well," said the little fellow, "I don't see how they can have trees if there ain't no dirt!"—Houston Post.

His Record.

"The late Admiral Balch," said a Raleigh man, "used often to complain of the increasing cost of national armaments. The armaments, he would say, continually cried out for money, money, nothing but money. They were like the shopkeeper's son."

"When did James last write to us?" the shopkeeper asked his wife one day.

"Look in the cash book," the wife replied.

Stanton's Bone Crusher.

Some officer had disobeyed or failed to comprehend an order.

"I believe I'll sit down," said Secretary Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind."

"Do so," said Lincoln; "write him now while you have it on your mind."

stumped North State with Judge Can candidate for All the white Democrats to hear Vance, and publicans to hear Settle.

He stepped down from the platform and kissed a dozen or so of the pretty young women, who he stopped long enough to turn around to his competitor and shout, "I'm kissing my girls, Settle; now you kiss yours."

"Anno Domini."

When Senator Vest was old and broken in health he once compared his state to that of a very old negro he remembered back in Kentucky.

"See here, Sam," asked the negro's friend, "what's the matter with you?"

"Don't know, boss," said the old darky, "but I think dat I am a sufferin' in 'wir anno domini."

The Indispensable Man.

When old Zach Taylor came into the presidency, persons in Washington soon began to tell him there was one person servant the government couldn't do without. They said they had come to express the hope that the old general was rather inexperienced president would permit them to inform him of it. This piece of information and advice was systematically dropped into his ear at frequent intervals. At first he paid little attention to it, but finally took note of the fact that a certain John Hobby, who for twenty odd years had held the important office of assistant postmaster general, was the official the government couldn't get along without. The communications became so frequent that one day as the last man disappeared old Zach broke out with this question:

"Captain Harry, who's the devil is this man Hobby everybody is saying we can't get along without?"

The general was informed about the official.

"We must attend to the case at once. We are liable to be in trouble about him any day. We must be prepared. He is liable to die on our hands, and then the devil will be to pay! Seem to me the man who can't be spared is the one to turn out while the government is in a condition to meet the emergency. Turn Hobby out, Captain Harry, and don't wait! We'll see whether or not he can't be spared. Attend to the business at once, captain!"

Nature Study.

With a heart attuned to "nature study," a little Hungarian girl in the Canadian northwest exclaimed, "Yah, teacher; it's certain beautiful on our prairie, where the birds and the small sheep run about raw." It is this girl's brother who states, "Plumage is the foliage of a parrot or hen."—Century.

The Humorous Governor.

When Wolcott was governor of Massachusetts his youngest son, Oliver, was in one of the primary classes of a school. The teacher was one day asking questions of her little pupils, to give them a chance to show what they knew about one thing and another, for the entertainment of a lady who was visiting the school, and she finally inquired:

"Can any one tell me who is the governor of Massachusetts?"

No one could tell, not even little Oliver.

The teacher then told every one of the pupils when he got home to ask his father, so as to be ready to tell her the next day. Accordingly when the class assembled the following morning she gave out the question, calling on Oliver to see what he might have to say about it.

Oliver answered:

"Pa says he's the governor. But I don't believe it, 'cause he's always making fun of everythin'!"

He Won the Pie.

When Barham, the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends," was a boy at Canterbury, he, in company with a juvenile companion, entered a Quakers' meeting house, and looking around at the grave assemblage, held up a penny tart and said solemnly, "Whoever speaks first shall have this pie." "Go thy way," said a drab colored gentleman, rising, "go thy way and"—"The pie's yours, sir," exclaimed Barham, and hastily dropping it before a speaker, made his escape.

Not For Him.

A quiet and retiring citizen copied a seat near the door of a crowded car when a masterful stout woman entered.

Having no newspaper being which to hide, he was fixed and disgusted by her glittering eye. He rose, still without thanking him—she exclaimed in tones that reached to the farthest end of the car:

"What do you want stand up there for? Come here and sit on my lap."

"Madam," gasped the man as his face became scarlet, "I beg your pardon, I—"

"What do you want?" shrieked the woman. "You know very well I was speaking to my niece there behind you."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Host Could Not Leave.

At a large evening party one of the guests stood in a corner yawning.

"Are you very much bored, sir?" asked his neighbor.

"Yes, dreadfully," was the answer.

"And you?"

"Oh, I am bored to death too."

"How would it do, to clear out together?"

"I am sorry I can't. I am the host."

Stanton's Bone Crusher.

Some officer had disobeyed or failed to comprehend an order.

"I believe I'll sit down," said Secretary Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind."

"Do so," said Lincoln; "write him now while you have it on your mind."

Make it sharp. Cut him all up. Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a bone crusher that he read to the president.

"That's right," said Lincoln; "that's a good one."

"Who can I send it by?" mused the secretary.

"Send it," replied Lincoln; "send it! Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters. I never do."

A Discrepancy.

Two sailors, one Irish, the other English, agreed to take care of each other in case of either being wounded in the battle of Trafalgar. It was not long before the Englishman's leg was shot off by a cannon ball, and Paddy took him up to carry him to the doctor, according to their agreement, but had scarcely got his companion on his back when a second ball struck off the poor fellow's head. Paddy, through the noise and bustle, had not perceived his friend's last misfortune, but continued to make the best of his way to the surgeon.

An officer, observing him with the headless trunk, asked him where he was going. "To the doctor," says Paddy. "The doctor?" says the officer. "Why, the man has lost his head." On hearing this the Irishman laid the body down and looked at it attentively.

"That's strange," he said, "more than strange. Why, he told me 'twas his leg."

The Shah at Newgate.

While the shah of Persia was on a visit to England he wanted to see how the English executed their criminals. The sight of torture is a favorite entertainment of eastern monarchs. Accompanied by a numerous suit, he went to Newgate. Great was his disappointment upon learning that the rope caused almost instantaneous death. However, he decided upon seeing how the apparatus worked, and desired the governor of the prison to be good enough to execute a prisoner on the spot. It was represented to him that there were no criminals under sentence of death just then. He was about to lose his temper when, recollecting himself, he cried: "That's no objection. I will let you have one of my suit."

Kentucky Pride.

Two passengers were sitting in a smoking compartment of a train crossing the Ohio river at Louisville. "Are you from Indiana, sir?" inquired one. "Hello! I'm a Kentuckian," the other replied indignantly and added after some meditation, "I've been sick; that's what's the matter with me."

He Kept Cool.

A man and his wife were once staying at a hotel, when one night they were aroused from the slumbers by the cry that the hotel was afire.

"Now, my dear," said the husband, "I will put into practice what I have preached. Put on all your indispensable apparel and keep cool."

Then he slipped his watch into his vest pocket and walked with his wife out of the hotel.

When all danger was past he said: "Now you see how necessary it is to keep cool."

The wife for the first time glanced at her husband.

"Yes, William," she said, "it is a grand thing, but I wear you I would have put on my trousers."—Boston Herald.

Oglesby's Pappe.

Governor Oglesby went down to Joliet to inspect the state prison. One of the cellwails was very noisy man. "How did you do in here?" asked Oglesby.

"Abduction," was the reply. "I tried to run off with a girl and they caught me."

"I'll pardon you as soon as I get back to Springfield," said the governor. "I don't know how you could expect to get a widge any other way."

EVER TALK BACK.

Never talk back; such things are reprehensible. Only hurts himself that talks back. In that's hot.

In a quarrel if you'll only keep your mouth shut and act sensible, a man that does the talking will get worsted every shot.

Never talk back to a feller that's abusive; you'll just let him carry on and rip and snort and swear.

And when he finds his blarney and defiance is just amusing you, you've got him clean kerkumfirmed, and you want to hold him there!

Never talk back and wake up the whole community. And call a man a liar over law or politics.

You can lift and land him funder and with graceful impunity. With one good jolt of silence man is half a dozen ticks.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

He Remembered.

A restaurant keeper hung out this sign:

Coffee: Such as Mother Used to Make. A customer asked, pointing to the sign:

"Is your coffee really such as mother used to make?"

"It is," replied the proprietor.

"Then," said the man with a reminiscent look, "give me a cup of tea."

Politeness.

At a dinner given by a high official at Washington a distinguished Frenchman, who was visiting this country as a delegate to a certain industrial conference, gave expression to extravagant praise of his beloved France. His neighbor at table, on the right, would smile and bow in polite acquiescence every time the visitor would mention an instance of France's superiority above every other nation.

HONEYMOON TRAIL MUSIC

"The richest," exclaimed he, "the politest people on earth."

The neighbor at table again smiled and bowed.

A little plucked by the other's silence, the Frenchman asked, "Americans admit, do they not, the superiority of the French in politeness?"

"Oh, yes," came the reply; "that's our