

Charles F. Murphy, Who Sought Downfall of Governor Sulzer



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CHARLES F. MURPHY, leader of Tammany Hall, figured prominently in the Sulzer impeachment case. It was Murphy who started the fight to "break" the governor of New York state. Why did he do it? Because, Murphy's critics say, Sulzer refused to do Murphy's bidding. Because, Murphy's friends say, Sulzer was "a crook." So there you are. The boss of Tammany, as Murphy is frequently called, as were Croker and Tweed before him, revealed through his adherents in the state legislature many alleged shortcomings of Governor Sulzer with regard to campaign funds. Strong Democratic organization men hoped Murphy would win and "down" Sulzer, while those opposed to Tammany Hall said they would like to see Sulzer win, however indiscreet or forgetful he had been. The country watched Murphy's moves with interest.

POOR ROADS KEEP MILLIONS FROM SCHOOL.

Ignorance and Poverty Due to Unimproved Highways.

The following is an extract from a very interesting and important contribution to Farm and Fireside:

"Out of 25,000,000 children in the United States fewer than 18,000,000 go to school.

"Of those 7,000,000 children who do not go to school half of them live in the country, where bad roads—muddy roads, rutty roads, dangerous roads—not only prevent them from getting to and from school, but by their impoverishment of the farm prevent the existence of any good schools for them to go to!

"Many children are killed each year walking railroad tracks to school. Why? They have no roads to walk on. Many children each year have no schools to go to. Why? The roads are so bad there is no profit in farming, no money for schools, no progress, no growth, no ambition. Hundreds of thousands of children yearly have to do with a little schooling, a little part of a term at school. Why? Because father needs their help on the farm. He isn't making money enough to spare his children's time for school days, because he has to pay so much for hauling his crops to market he has no profit left for extra hired help!

"Isn't it your problem, too, Mrs. Mother? Isn't it worth your while to agitate the question? Isn't it worth your while to bring it up in church, in school, in society, in club, in neighborhood—to talk, to inquire, to agitate, to educate those who don't know and perhaps don't want to know, to understand that the expense of good roads is like the expense of a new threshing machine, plow or a pair of horses, sure to come back many fold in the course of time?"

ROADS RAISE PRICES.

One Instance of the Advantages of Better Highways.

A contrasting picture of the effect of good roads upon farm prices is painted by a daily newspaper of the grain belt in this manner: "A good farm on a bad road. Nice

farm for every mile away from town or shipping point. He has not put it any too strongly, for the market and facilities for marketing are large elements in the value of a farm. It is variously estimated that a farm in a locality where the roads are generally improved is worth from \$10 to \$25 per acre more than the same farm would be worth if the roads were unimproved.

Chum Saved Himself.

A little dog, unlicensed, had been found in the streets and taken to the pound. He was an affectionate animal and greatly endeared himself to all about the place. They called him Chum, and he joyfully responded whenever his name was spoken. As the days passed, other poor, homeless dogs were put to death. Finally came Chum's last day of grace, and no one had come to claim him. The next morning dawned, and the man who was to kill Chum called him into the yard. Chum danced and wagged his tail, no doubt thinking something good was in store for him. The man then said: "Well, Chummy, your time has come. You'd better say your prayers." Immediately the little forepaws were crossed, the little head bowed, and Chum said his prayers. As the little body was still in this attitude of reverence a step was heard. The attendant looked up and saw the superintendent standing there. There were tears in the eyes of each. Chum is still living, but instead of being "nobody's dog" he is now everybody's.—St. Louis Republic.

Proved His Profession.

In "Pierre Garat, Singer and Exquisite" is this story of the Parisian favorite: Out alone one evening in 1792 Garat was arrested by a patrol of national guards because he was unable to produce his card of citizenship, as decreed by the convention. And so he, Garat, "whose larynx was said to be a whole opera," was taken to the section house, and the officer in command began his interrogation as follows: "Your profession?" "I sing." "That," retorted the officer, "is not a profession. I also sing." "Possibly," drawled our hero, "but I sing better than you. The case is not the same." "Oh! You will have to prove that!" Garat, always fond of an innocent coat of theatre, immediately attacked one of the most florid romances of his repertoire—a thing of trills, roulades and "dying falls," a performance so astonishing in that grimy garbhouse that his captors not only released him, but escorted him home in triumph.

A Novelty in Strikes.

The management of a traveling theatrical company demanded 2 shillings for admission. The visitors did not propose to pay more than 1 shilling and after a hasty consultation outside the entrance formed a "theater goers' union." Pickets were stationed, and within a few minutes 278 people—practically all who were there—had agreed not to pay the 2 shillings. The manager appeared at the doorway and refused to make the required reduction. "I'll give you till I count twenty," said the newly elected president of the new union, "and after that our price will be sixpence instead of 1 shilling." He counted slowly to nine, and then the manager capitulated. The strike was declared at an end, the quondam strikers trooped into the hall, and the union was dissolved after an existence of about twenty minutes.—Sydney (Australia) Mail.

The Eskimo Mind.

The difficulty of conveying the true idea of Christianity to the Eskimo mind is related by Vilhjalmur Stefansson: "Now it seems that in Kotsabe sound, where the Christian doctrines of the Colville people had originated, fishing is by nets only. As fishing is practically the only work done there the missionary had probably said to them, 'Do not put out your fish nets on Sunday,' meaning thereby 'Do not work on Sunday.' However that may be, the prohibition came to our community in the form 'God has said you must not use fish nets on Sunday.' Accordingly the entire community pulled their fish nets out of the river Saturday night, fished with hooks all day Sunday and put the nets back into the water Monday morning."

Her Name.

One needs patience to succeed as a teacher of the young, as this brief dialogue in one of our elementary schools may show: Scholar—I've left home now, ma'am. I'm living with my auntie. Teacher—What's her name? "She's called after me—Fanny." "Yes, but what's her other name?" "She has no other." "But what does the woman next door call her?" "She doesn't speak to the woman next door."

Helped With Advice.

Footman—There's a poor fellow downstairs who wants help. He says the wolf is at his door, sir. Mr. Richleigh—Dear me, that's bad. Tell him to be careful not to open it.—New York Mail.

"A Very Monstrous Great Ship."

In her "Life of James IV," Miss I. A. Taylor says that James was utilizing in his efforts toward the realization of a good Scottish fleet. In 1511 the building of the St. Michael, "a very monstrous great ship," was completed. "All the woods in Fife, save one, had been laid waste to build her," and material was also imported from Norway. According to Lindsay, this wonder ship, which was 240 feet long and 30 broad, "cumbered all Scotland to get her to the sea." Her sides were ten feet thick within walls of oak, and she cost the king, all told, some £40,000. He paid her daily visits when she lay in the roads, often dining and supping on board, and exhibiting her to the lords and ladies he brought with him. Henry VIII, was covetous of her, but when the singular request was preferred that James "would grant Henry the loan of the apple of his eye, the great St. Michael, the king's reply was to the effect that if he would make peace with France he might command all his ships." Six months after their king's death the Scottish government sold this desirable ship to Louis XII.

A Mystery of Diplomacy.

Of disappearances, most mysterious was the case of Benjamin Bathurst, who vanished on Nov. 25, 1809, while engaged on a secret mission for the British foreign office. Vienna was the young diplomatist's objective and, with a friend and valet in a post-chaise, Perleberg, a small posting town in North Germany, had been reached. Here Bathurst supped and slept, awaiting the arrival of fresh horses. Waking, he asked if the horses were ready and passed out of the inn door to make inquiries. Eight people saw him go out, but none ever set eyes on him again. Various theories were set afoot—Napoleon's spies, robbers, illness. About three years ago, in the forest near Perleberg, a skeleton was discovered with a hole in the skull as from a heavy blunt instrument. Was it that of "the English lord," as Perleberg people surmised?—London Tatler.

The Illegible Writer.

A protest which Michelangelo once made to his nephew against his sending letters in illegible handwriting will afford a great deal of sympathy in the breast of modern sufferers from the same form of endemic. It is contained in a letter given in the "Life of Michelangelo."

"I never receive a letter from you without being thrown into a fever before I can read it. I am at a loss to know where you learnt how to write! Little love here! I believe if you had to write to the biggest ass in the world you would take greater care. I throw your last letter into the fire because I could not read it. I cannot therefore reply. I have already told you, and constantly repeated, that every time I get a letter from you fever attacks me before I succeed in reading it."

Insurance and Assurance.

They were talking, the little group of agents, about the words insurance and assurance, some claiming that the first and some that the second was the better word to use. But with a scornful laugh a Boston agent in gold rimmed spectacles said: "You are all very ignorant. Insurance is no better and no worse than assurance. Each has a special significance, and each is equally good in its place. The place for insurance is where precaution is taken against a certainty—against that, is death. Life assurance, we should say if we spoke with perfect correctness. The place for insurance is where precaution is taken against an uncertainty, such as fire, shipwreck, burglary. Fire insurance, marine insurance, we should say."—Exchange.

When Macaulay Was a Boy.

At one period of his boyhood Macaulay's fancy was much exercised by the threats and terrors of the law. He had a little plot of ground at the back of the house marked out as his own by a row of oyster shells, which a maid one day threw away as rubbish. He went straight to the drawing room, where his mother was entertaining some visitors, walked into the circle and said very solemnly, "Cursed be Sally, for it is written, 'Cursed is he that removeth his neighbor's land mark.'"—From G. O. Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay."

Considerate.

Clubbing at midnight—My wife is very ill, and the doctor says she must have no sudden shock. Clinton—Then what are you doing here at the club at this hour? Clubbing—I'm afraid to go home before the usual time lest I give her a shock.—Boston Transcript.

Supreme per Commence.

"Nothing ever seems to disturb his self satisfaction." "I know it. He could wear a silk hat in the presence of his boss and be perfectly at his ease."—Boston Transcript.

GOOD ROAD GRIST.

We can't deny that we are far behind the rest of the world in good roads, but we are willing and expecting to go ahead. The people are more willing to be taxed for good roads than for almost any other public improvement. This is a big country, but the nation is big enough to construct a system of national highways. The mud tax is the biggest tax of all, and sometimes some of it is between the farmer's front gate and the barn door. Good roads to merchants mean a direct benefit in sales and a decreased expense in deliveries. Good roads salvation costs money, but you will not regret the money when you reach the other end of the good road.

WHAT BETTER ROADS MEAN TO THE FARMER.

The Only Thing Needed Now to Help the Agriculturist.

If I were compelled to say what I thought was the most important phase of agricultural life I would say roads. A writer in the American Agriculturist. To take the drudgery away from the rural life and give the farming community a chance to enjoy life and make money while it is hard at work I do not know of any one thing that could be of more real benefit than good roads. I believe that bad roads more than any other one thing have been responsible for the exodus from the country to the city. People cannot be happy unless they are contented.

The people on the farms are like other folks—they like to visit their neighbors, go to church, go to the amusements and see the sights and take part in all these things. But they are prohibited from doing these things and many others, for the reason that the roads often are so bad they cannot travel on them for fear of accidents and trouble; hence they stay at home until they become so dissatisfied with the farm they quit and move to town.

If this were remedied by good roads, so they could go and see their neighbors and spend an evening with them, or go to some entertainment at the nearby town and see a good show, or attend some public meeting and have a chance to take part in what is going on in the world about them, they would be better satisfied.

This is not all nor the best side of good roads. The farmer living in the community where the roads are good is prosperous, for the reason that he can keep in touch with the markets.

With the R. F. D., parcel post, telephone, he needs only good roads to make farm life the most complete and most desired on earth. The exodus from the country to the city will end when good roads come, and the reverse will then occur—from the city to the farm.

TEXAS COUNTY ISSUES BONDS

\$50,000 to Be Spent in Midland For Better Highways.

A wealthy ranch owner of Midland county, Tex., was opposed to a proposed \$50,000 bond issue for good roads. On the day of the election he started for the county seat determined to vote against the bonds. Fortunately for good roads, it had rained the previous night, and the highway was in terrible shape.

After several hours of fighting water holes and mud up to his axles he reached town converted, announcing that any man opposed to better roads in Midland county was a particular brand of fool. He voted for the bonds, and the issue carried by a large majority.

The movement was started last winter by the Midland Commercial club, and a vigorous campaign of education was carried on. There was a small but determined opposition which fought the proposition very earnestly. Mass meetings were held and speakers brought in by the Commercial club from other counties to tell of the benefit of good roads in neighboring communities. Automobile excursion trips were also got up to other counties where roads had been built so that a practical lesson might be taught to skeptics and scoffers.

Colorado's New Road Laws.

Colorado has done away with the old "pork barrel" methods of expending state road funds. Its present legislature has lately enacted two laws, the passage of which has been strongly advocated by good roads enthusiasts, commercial associations and the business and motor interests of the state for several years. One of these laws creates a state highway commissioner, with an advisory board representing the five sections of the state, to have general supervision of state roads. The

Frank Morrison Is Prominent In American F. of L. Convention



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SECRETARY FRANK MORRISON of the American Federation of Labor is an important figure in this year's national convention of the organization, which was scheduled to begin at Seattle on Nov. 10. Mr. Morrison, who is a printer, belonging to the Chicago local of the typographical union, has been secretary of the national body of union delegates for many years. He has stood shoulder to shoulder with President Samuel Gompers in fighting many important battles for union labor, and he has aided greatly in winning many victories. Together with Mr. Gompers he is still the defendant in litigation over contempt of court proceedings in the District of Columbia arising out of a labor fight.

ELEPHANTS IN A TEMPER.

When Enraged They Are Apt to Tear Their Victims to Pieces.

An elephant uses several original and effective methods of exterminating its victims. It may rush upon a man, seize him in its trunk, beat him to death on the ground and before leaving tear up the foliage for yards about. There are many instances of elephants literally tearing their victims to pieces. The story is told of an English official in Uganda who on noticing a "safari" passing stepped to the door to inquire of the head man the whereabouts of his master. In response the black awing a human arm before the official and replied that a few days previous his master had been torn to pieces by an elephant and that he had brought back the arm in proof of his assertion.

Automobile Runs.

A French automobile will run entirely under water. The mechanism is thoroughly enclosed.

An English patent has been granted for a fender to be suspended in front of an automobile wheel to brush obstructions away.

New automobile headlight brackets are so arranged that one turns to throw the light in the new direction as a car rounds a corner, while the other points ahead in the old direction until the turn is completed.

"Perival," she said, looking up at him shyly, "mother says you mustn't stay later than 11 o'clock."

"Why, Mildred," he gasped, "I had no intention of staying later than 9."—Chicago Tribune.

France now has an aerial post, but cynics who desire answers to their letters doubtless will continue to send them by railroad train.

The tax on chewing gum has gone up instead of down, the idea of the new tariff being to get revenue only from those who have wads.

The Prince of Monaco shot an elk in Wyoming. Those officers will provide a novel game decoration for Monte Carlo's gilded halls of chance.

Horsehair is quoted on the market at \$2.50 the pound, which is considerably more than horseflesh brings even in the most expensive butcher shops.

"Only one woman out of a thousand can whistle," says a contemporary. Sure, brother; she doesn't stop talking long enough to get the right pucker.

MR. HENRY PECK AND HIS FAMILY AFFAIRS - By Gross



HENRY JR. SAYS

YES AN' IF PAW HAD A BROKEN LEG AN' TWO BLACK EYES HE'D STILL DO IT HENRY PECK JR.