

dint becomes a human bein' again an' more like Lincoln. He suddenly observes that th' cabinet is on alister terms with him thin before—an' he knows what that means. Wan mornin' he goes into th' cabinet meetin' an' notices that th' Postmaster-Gin'ral an' th' Secrety Iv Agriculchure are laughin' over a funny pletcher iv him in

th' pa-apef. 'Did ye see this?' says th' Postmaster-Ginral. 'It's crool, but there's gr-reat humor in it.' 'Gintlemen,' says th' Prsident, 'we will take up th' question iv breedin' pink alfalfa. Wan iv my policies that I think will pass into histhry.' 'By jimminy,' says th' Secrety iv State, lookin' out th' window, 'it's snowin'. If we don't have a thaw to-nighr there ought to be good sleighin' tomorrah.' 'Oh, boy,' says th' Secrety iv th' Treasury, 'where is that tellyphone boy? Here yu, call up Mithser Sil-

"Verstein at his office in New York."
 "As 'I was sayin', th' Prisdident goes on, 'my policies—'
 "'Well, I must be goin', says th' Attorney-Gn'r'l. 'I have an important engagement with th' Prisdident-Hlct. How dull these meetin's are since Bill dropped out.'
 "'Won't ye all stay fr' lunch?' says th' Prisdident timidly.
 "'I'm sorry.'
 "'I've got another engagement.'
 "'I never eat anything in th' middle iv th' day.'
 "'Good Lord, it's wan o'clock. I

leaves 'th' Prisdint with a feelin' that he's loved fr' himself alone an' not fr' his job or theirs. 'Tis a good feelin' an' has made manny a man wurruk hard fr' his family.

"Well, sir, I looked to see Tiddy Rosenfelt go out iv office with all th' evidences iv respect beettin' his station as a man about to lose a good job. I thought to read in 'th' pa-papers: 'Th' Prisdint yisterdagh giv a tea in honor iv Sinitor Tillman. He was assisted in pourin' be Jawn D. Rockefeller, Chancellor Day, E. H. Harriman, Bellamy Storer, Joseph Poolitzer, Joe

lock iv his hair to complete th' collection already in th' Prisdint's possession. Befure leavin' th' White House th' guests gathered around th' Prisdint under th' leadership iv Mister Harriman an' sung 'Fr' He's a Jolly Good Fellow Who Nobody Has Denied.'

"But it isn't so. Instead iv fadin' out iv office like a shrinkin' violet, he's goin' out th' way a big fire goes out, injurin' him that are in a hurry to put it out an' causin' disappointment among th' spectators. They're afraid th' next fire may be a false alarm.

ers' Assistants an' th' Wan Hundreded an' Third Delaware Light Artillery, an' after I'd took th' oath iv office an' made a few brief remarks, I'd take a sudden leap into a fast automobile, rush back into th' White House an' lock up th' dure. I wud so. An' I wudn't announce any iv me policies till I found out fr'm Mombasa whether th' lions were biting good."

"D'ye think he made a good Prisdint?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I'll have to wait an' see what William Taft does," said Mr. Dooley.

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Wallis Nash, a Former Neighbor of the Great Naturalist, Writes of His Home and Family.

The first time I saw Charles Darwin was about 29 years ago. Living then at Beckenham, a village about nine miles southeast of London, I used to ride out for a few miles almost every Fall afternoon or evening. About a mile from the

Their house stood behind an ivy-covered wall, and looked from the garden front over an English landscape of green fields, high hedge rows and ancient trees. At the left of the view was a small grass field surrounded by a gravel walk, where it was Mr. Darwin's habit

File of Municipal Police
Grand Marshal—Col. John
Aids—Sam'l B. Parrish, Lieut. Will
Tracy, L. H. Lew
First Division.
Mechanics' Brass Band.

McCraken. "Ham Kapus, E. W. is, he pleased to see termination. When a meeting and appointment of a the idea."

our citizens join in its successful
o will take initiatory steps in calling
ving the subject proper form by the
head? We are decidedly in favor of

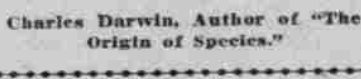
Many years elapsed before he became known to his countrymen. But before he died, full of years and honors, so general was their faith in him and their pride in him and his achievements, that it seemed the most natural thing in the

The fier on my brow!
I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high
I used to think their slender tops
Must close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Interesting Excerpts from The Daily Oregonian, Describing Scenes in Memory of the Great President.

Many years elapsed before he became known to his countrymen. But before he died, full of years and honors, so general was their faith in him and their pride in him and his achievements, that it seemed the most natural thing in the

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Charles Darwin, Author of "The
Origin of Species."