STUDYING A POLITICAL CAMPAIGN IN HAWAII

Edward P. Irwin of *The*

Journal's Staff Relates What He Experienced in Voting Centers of the Islands--Natives are Natural Orators--Impressions *of* a People Who Have Become Americanized in Short Period

By Edward P. Irwin.

IT was a strange assemblage that the moon looked down upon that night, gathered in Aala park, near the little river that flows through the center of Honolulu, the capital city of the Hawaiian islands. It was a political meeting, the last of the hottest campaign that the islands had experienced during the nine years of the membership in the number of the states and territories of the United States, but nowhere else in this ever-growing country of ours could another such political meeting be found.

In the bandstand—the park is used on ordinary occasions for baseball games, band concerts, etc.—sat the leaders of the party, a queerly mixed group of politicians. Some were white, some full-blooded Hawaiian, others hapa-haoles or half-whites. There was one part Chinese and several Portuguese.

The man who was speaking was a Hawaiian, one of the few aboriginal members of that race who are left in public affairs, for the race is a rapidly changing one. A new race is being developed, in whose veins flow the mingled blood of the Polynesian, the oriental and the Caucasian, a race for the most part well educated according to American standards, virile, intelligent and, along political lines especially, ambitious. This race is rapidly pushing the diminishing Kanakas out of politics, but some of the pure-blooded Hawaiians still take an active part in public affairs. And any man with Hawaiian blood in his veins takes to politics as naturally as does an Irishman to the police force.

The man spoke in Hawaiian, that curious language which can be as soft and musical as the murmur of a brook rippling over mossy stones or as harsh and raucous as the filing of a saw, the language that is equally adapted for making love or for pouring out invective and vituperation.

At the side of the speaker stood an interpreter who, after every few sentences translated what the orator had said into English. The Hawaiian talks largely in parables, sure sign that the language and the people are not yet so old that they have drifted away from nature and become entirely absorbed by the hard practicality of our hurried American life that has no time for anything but direct statements.

Spoke as Leader.

The man spoke as a party leader, urging the voters to support the ticket and stand by the platform of his party, pointing out how it and it alone could save them from calamity and give them the things they most needed. I heard something like this before on the platform of many another political arena.

But the speaker became more specific. He dwelt on the separate planks of the party platform and pointed out the wobbly condition of the platforms of the other parties. He didn't talk about the tariff. The need of legislation to prevent financial panics was a topic to which he paid no attention. He didn't even berate the trusts and the predatory corporations and urge legislation which should curb their depredations.

Such things have nothing to do with a political campaign in Hawaii. The speaker did devote a little time to praising one of the presidential candidates and pointing out how much superior he was to his opponent, but this was merely in a perfunctory way and was done as mechanically as he repeated several times the advice to the voters to "vote the straight ticket."

It was to other and more important matters that the speaker devoted most of his time. He pointed out that if the party which he represented won a decisive victory at the polls, which it undoubtedly would do if the voters did their plain duty, the laborers on the public roads would get an increase of a quarter of a dollar a day and fish and poi would be more plentiful in the houses of the Hawaiians. His party, too, would urge a modification of the land laws, so as to throw open to settlement by the native Hawaiians of more of the land now held in large lots by the big interests. Every Hawaiian would be able to have and own a home of his own, where he could raise his own taro, have his own banana patch, grow his own cocoanuts and have a little money besides to buy a pig and then for a luau. His points he illustrated by stories, metaphors, similies, all of the simplest, such as children at play might use. The other party, he said, was a big shark which was eating up and driving away all the fish so that the poor Hawaiians could not catch any. But his party was going to kill that shark and then fish would be plentiful in the halas of the Hawaiians.

The man spoke vigorous, using tongue, hands, feet, his whole body in his efforts, for much of the meaning of the Hawaiian language is embodied in gestures, facial expressions, intonations of the voice.

When he had finished, his place before the audience was taken by a white man. He spoke in English for the most part and the interpreter translated into Hawaiian, but frequently the speaker lapsed for a sentence or two, or perhaps only a word, into Hawaiian, which pleased the Kanaka part of the audience immensely. Few white men can obtain the confidence of the natives until they can speak the language at least in some small degree.

The white speaker spoke along the same lines as had his Hawaiian predecessor, and in the same simple, allegorical language. He made his appeal to the native voters, realizing, which few politicians in this country seem to understand, that few American votes are changed by oratory or even by argument. With the Hawaiian it is different. He is volatile and easily influenced and is liable to change his mind and politics several times during the course of a campaign. The difficult part of this is that the last speakers during the campaign have the advantage so far as the auditors whom they address are concerned.

The American speaker was followed by a Portuguese, who, speaking in English, addressed most directly his own countrymen, who form a very important factor in the political situation.

The speakers were numerous and not brief, but there was no inclination on the part of the audience to depart. A Hawaiian audience will sit all night and listen to speeches and never a one of them will think of going home until the last word has been spoken.

After each speech a native orchestra played and sang one of the beautiful, haunting Hawaiian melodies, their voices ringing out clear and soft on the evening air. Never a Hawaiian was born, I think, who could not sing, and there are few of them who cannot play the ukulele, the taro patch or the guitar. They are passionately fond of music and it figures in every entertainment, whether it be a political meeting, a church service, a luau or feast, or a funeral.

But it was the crowd I was interested in rather than the speakers or the purpose of the meeting. There were about 3,000 of them, and the full moon—the Hawaiian moon by the soft, brilliant light of which one can easily read a newspaper without any straining of the eyes—shone down on their eager, upturned faces.

It was like a congress of the nations. Several hundred chairs and benches had been provided and these were all occupied, while back beyond them was a dark circle of hundreds more, either standing or sitting on the grass.

In the front row directly in front of where I sat on the platform, was an old Hawaiian woman, how old one could only guess. She might have been 60; she might have been 100. She leaned forward, elbows on knees, chin resting in her palms. Her face was dark and wrinkled and like old parchment that has been smoked, but her eyes were keen. Her whole attention was given to the speakers, and each telling point she seconded with a snap of her jaws and a loud exclamation. "Wela ka hao," she would cry. "Sure kela," and "kokoa" the crowd would back her up.

Nearby a Young Woman.

Near her sat a young woman, a hapahaole or half-white, nursing openly and unashamed a tiny, black-eyed, black-headed keiki. Both women smoked assiduously, the older one a pipe, the younger cigarettes which she rolled herself. At intervals the stalwart husband of the girl took the child and held it awhile.

In the same row sat several white women, well dressed, handsome, and apparently as much interested in the speeches as were the natives themselves. Back of them I saw a Chinese girl, clothed in American costume and as pretty as you could ask of any woman to be. A Chinese woman can wear American clothes and look as if they belonged to her, and the change from the black silk trousers, gaudy loose jacket and greased, brass ornamented hair of her country works a transformation that must be seen to be realized. It is different with the Japanese. A Japanese man can wear American clothes and look well in them, but their women can't. When I see one of the mincing, parrot-like little creatures with her natural doll-like beauty spoiled and made ridiculous by an ill-fitting dress of the white woman and a hat which is sure to be decorated with the colors least adapted to her complexion, I can't help sighing for the discarded graceful kimono with the broad obi knotted around it.

All the men, young or old, wore leis or wreaths about their hats. Some were of feathers but most of them were of flowers—carnations, maile, ginger or ferns. It is the one attempt at personal decoration which the Hawaiian always makes, whether he be rich or poor. He may wear no shoes—usually doesn't, in fact—and his entire wardrobe may consist of a cotton shirt, widely open at the neck, and a pair of ancient overalls perilously held in place by a belt—but he wears a lei, whether it be to a dance or to work on the docks or out fishing in the sea. And many of the women wear leis not only around their broad-brimmed hats, but about their necks.

Back of the rows of chairs I saw Chinese dressed in loose jacket, short, light blue overalls, and with queues either wound around their heads or hanging in silk braided magnificence down their backs. And there were Japanese, some in their native costume, which consists of a breech-clout, a cotton undershirt and a loose kimono with immense sleeves which can conceal anything from a knife to a stolen pig. Little Miss Nippon was there, too, with her cherubic smile. Not that she cared anything for politics, but she must be wherever Tani or Motamatsu or Moromoto or whatever his name happened to be, was. And scattered through the crowd I could see khaki-clad soldiers from the fort and white uniformed sailors from the battleship which happened to be in port.

I Wandered Into Crowd.

I left the bandstand and wandered out into the crowd and beyond—and there I found that there are more important things in life than politics. Dynasties may fall or rise; presidents may be elected, serve out their terms and be succeeded by others; trusts may ravage and reformers struggle to overturn the existing order of things—but the business of making love goes on forever, and moonlight and the stars and the light that lies in blue eyes or brown or gray or black are of infinitely greater importance and require much greater investigation than the platforms of parties and the qualifications of candidates.

Out beyond the listening crowd I found them—the lovers, wandering beside the river, standing together obvious of all but themselves, sitting in happy ignorance of conventions and chaperones on the grass, or leaning against the stone embankment of the river humming the sweet melodies of the land. And the lovers were of as varied nationality as the audience I had just left. Yonder under the lacey algeroba little Tsura listened to the whispered words of Matsuda; sitting on the stone wall, their arms entwined, Kalei and Kalapu murmured with their heads close together and told one another the same stories of love that their Hawaiian fathers and mothers had told when they themselves were engrossed in the most important thing in the world. Walking together along one of the paths Maria Querrerro and Manuel Garcia told the old story to one another with all the fire of their Portuguese ancestry. And even Ah Sing knew how to whisper sweet nothings in the shell-like ear of little Ho Tai.

The game of politics is still something of a novelty to the Hawaiian, but already he is proving himself an adept at the game. He takes to it naturally. He may not yet approve very strongly of annexation; he may still long for the good old days of the monarchy—but he has at least one compensation. When the United States took the islands the right of franchise was conferred on all citizens of the kingdom and the Hawaiian was given the joyous privilege of having three or four delirious months every two years.

It is true he cannot vote for president, for Hawaii is a territory and her citizens do not have any voice in the selection of the executive head of the government. Even the governor and the circuit court judges are federal appointees and there are no congressmen or senators representing the territory. Her only representation in congress is one delegate, who has the privilege of the floor in the house of representatives and can speak but cannot vote. But it is just as much fun electing him as if he were a Standard Oil senator willing to pay a few hundred thousand for his seat in the senate.

Besides there are territorial legislators, county supervisors, sheriffs and other small fry to be elected, so the voters of the islands are sure of plenty of excitement.

Hawaiian an Orator.

The Hawaiian is a born orator. There is hardly one of them who cannot on the slightest provocation, or no provocation at all, mount the nearest dry goods box and talk on any subject under the sun that he ever heard of. He may know much or little about his subject. It is all the same to him—and to his audience. He may be rich or poor; a sugar baron or a hack driver; it makes no difference. He is an orator, anyway.

There are three parties represented in the island—the Republican, Democratic and Home Rule. Socialists, Prohibitionists and Hearst Independents have not yet invaded the territory politically.

However, the parties are little more than names. Politics in Hawaii are almost entirely personal. The voters cast their ballots for their personal friends or for the candidates who they think will most advance the particular interests of the voter. National issues cut little figure in a Hawaiian campaign. The tariff is mentioned sometimes by the white speakers, but it is a question that arouses no interest. The average Hawaiian voter doesn't care whether bank deposits are guaranteed or not, for he has no deposit. He may have his personal preference as to the presidential candidates, but that is all, and it makes no difference, anyway, as he does not vote for members of the electoral college. But he is interested in the leprosy question, in the land laws, the assessment and disposition of territorial taxes, the imposition and collection of fishing and commercial licenses and such other matters as concern him directly and personally. This, of course, does not apply to all the voters, but it does to the majority. There are men in the islands who are as well posted on national politics as the mainland politicians, and they have the advantage, too, of looking at the campaign in perspective. But they are comparatively few in number.

Naturally the cosmopolitanism of the island population is a considerable factor in politics. The islands have a problem to deal with which no other portion of the United States has. The population of the islands is something over 150,000. Of this number fully 70,000 are Japanese, 30,000 are Chinese, about 45,000 are Hawaiians and part Hawaiians, between 8,000 and 10,000 exclusive of Portuguese and Spanish, are white citizens and the remainder are Koreans, Porto Ricans, South Sea Islanders and scattering.

Under the organic act by which the islands were annexed to the United States, any one of whatever nationality, who was a citizen of the monarchy, became, if he so wished, a citizen of the United States. This let in a large number of orientals—Chinese and Japanese—who otherwise could not have obtained citizenship, as the federal laws do not permit of the naturalization of orientals.

But any child born on American soil, whether of oriental parentage or not, who so elects has the privilege of becoming an American citizen. There were a good many thousand Chinese and Japanese in the islands when Hawaii was annexed to the United States, and of course many of them had children. In addition, there have been many thousands of Chinese and Japanese children born in Hawaii since annexation. These children are growing up and it will not be many years until they will be eligible to vote. What the result is going to be is what is beginning to puzzle not only the white and native Hawaiian population of the islands, but also the heads of the government at Washington. For in a comparatively few years, unless there is in the meantime a sudden and unexpected influx of immigration from the states, the majority of the voters in the islands will be Japanese and Chinese.

What will they do then? There is no one, who knows the Japanese, who believes for a minute that he will overlook such a brilliant opportunity. What then? Are we to have an oriental territory, governed largely by Japanese, with a Japanese legislature, Japanese county officers, clerks in the county and territorial offices, etc.? There seems no other thing possible so long as Hawaii remains an organized territory.

The Organic Law.

It is this situation, apparently, which has given rise to the rumors from Washington that the heads of the government are considering the advisability of having congress revoke the organic act, thereby taking away from the citizens of the territory the right of franchise. This would certainly be an extreme measure, and it is doubtful if the remedy would be any better than the disease.

What foundation there is for the rumor the writer is unable to say, but it certainly is being taken seriously by the people of Hawaii, as is indicated by the utterances of the press of Honolulu. And, strange to say, the newspapers seem to be not only resigned to the idea, but even mildly to approve of it.

But the proposition is looked upon by the native Hawaiians only as an another effort on the part of the white man to take from them the right of franchise. Ever since annexation the Kanaka has been suspicious of the haole—for the overthrow of the monarchy rankles and will not be forgotten as long as the generation of 10 years ago is still alive. They are always afraid that the whites will manage in some way to deprive them of the ballot. And it is but fair to say that a good many of the white people of the islands regard the natives as unfitted for the right of franchise and would be glad to see it taken away from them. So the Hawaiians have some grounds for their suspicions.

It is the feeling that Hawaii should remain the land of the Hawaiians that gave rise to the third party some years ago, the Home Rule party, the motto of which is "Hawaii for the Hawaiians." This party five years ago was very strong and elected not only nearly all the members of the legislature, but also many other officers of the local government. But since that time it has gradually been wasting away, and though the feeling that gave it birth is still prevalent among the natives, their interests have become too much divided for the party to have much strength. Nevertheless, it still remains a factor in Hawaiian politics.

This year a new party has arisen, called the Labor party. The name, however, is misleading, suggesting as it does, a concerted movement on the part of organized labor. There is no organized labor in Hawaii. It is doubtful if a labor day parade could muster much more than a score of men holding union cards. The name chosen is simply a name, nothing more. The leader and organized of the party is Charlie Achi, a hapa-pake, or half Chinese, half Hawaiian—lawyer who, notwithstanding the fact that he is ignorant of the law, almost entirely uneducated and of a more or less shady reputation, yet has great influence over the Hawaiians. It is a fact worthy of note that the admixture of the Chinese blood with the Hawaiian gives rise to a generation more intelligent than the Hawaiian and more virile than the Chinese. There are many of these half-castes in the islands and they will undoubtedly prove a very important factor in the development of the territory.

Chinese Voters.

The pure blooded Chinese voters themselves are no unimportant factor in the politics of the group. There are a considerable number of these, and they go into politics intelligently—but no one can tell what they are going to do. Who can read the mind of an oriental, anyway. But it is certain that they will all stand together, so all parties try hard for their votes. They have their own organization and listen to speeches by both Chinese and American orators. Then they go and vote as they please.

The present delegate to congress from Hawaii is Jonah Kuhio Kalanianaole, once a prince of the royal family. Although not brilliant as a statesman, he holds the love and respect of most of his people, partly on account of his own qualities, partly on account of the innate reverence of the Hawaiian for royalty. Remember, it is only 10 years since the annexation of the islands to the United States, and Queen Lilioukalani is still living. It cannot be expected that the loyal subjects of the monarchy have thus soon forgotten their allegiance to their former rulers, even though they have sworn allegiance to the new government.

At the election two years ago two candidates opposed the reelection of Prince Cupid, as the delegate is commonly called. McClanahan, a white man, ran on the Democratic—so-called—ticket, and Charles Notley, a Hawaiian, on the Home Rule ticket. Both were easily defeated. This year Notley is again in the race, and the Democrats are represented by Link McCandless, a white man who has lived many years in the islands. The strong effort being made to defeat Kalanianaole is looked upon by the Hawaiians as an effort to wrest from the royal house of their blood the last vestige of authority, and they are greatly exercised thereby. Consequently the race question this year enters even more strongly than usual—and it is always an important factor—into Hawaiian politics.

WIDOW TIPPERARY AND HER COUP

By M. Wyckoff.

WHEN Michael Tipperary went skyward on a blast, he left behind him a widow, $500 in life insurance and three children. For awhile the Widow Tipperary was inconsolable; then she returned to her looking glass. But the children! That was the pity of it. Coogan, the saloon man, paid his addresses for a spell and was seen no more. Dinneen, the district leader, called a few times and never came again. That they admired the widow, she was more than certain. That they were ready, willing and anxious to ask her to name the day, she had no doubt. That the latter event did not transpire, she blamed upon her incumbrances. For who—'twas thus she reasoned—would care to wed a widow, however desirable, when such venture involved the simultaneous annexation of three obstreperous and unkempt "kids?" So the widow continued to gaze sorrowfully into her mirror and bewailed the fate that robbed her of her prospects.

It was in September that the Eighth District Chowder association held its annual picnic. The widow was there—alone. In due time she was introduced to Ossifer Mulligan, a handsome bachelor. Ossifer Mulligan was smitten at first sight. For the remainder of the day he scarce took eyes off the buxom lady. Together they nibbled nectar in its picnic aspect of hot frankfurter sausages; together they sipped ambrosial chowder; together they wandered by the sands of the sea and watched the ships as they flitted to and fro over the sun-kissed waters. Ere long Ossifer Mulligan by dint of close questioning, learned that his partner was a widow and therefore matrimonially eligible. She also divulged her address and he asked permission to call. In an evil moment she told him she was alone—all alone in the world with a soul. Whence this tale.

The next morning the Widow Tipperary held converse with her neighbor, Mrs. Dorgan, anent the events of the preceding afternoon. "It wor a foine time," said the widow coyly, "an' I met yer frien' Mulligan, a foine mon. Bechune the two of us now, he had oyes fer no wan but me from the time we met. An' what's more, he's asked permission ter call. He's comin' Froiday night."

"Why, Ossifer Mulligan is the p'liceman on this very beat," said Mrs. Dorgan. "A splendid ossifer he be, too. Shure, and the girrls is half crazy over him. And money! They do say he keeps his savins' in three banks, one not beln' enough to hold all of them."

"He's handsome, too," sighed the widow. "He has the foinest oyes. He has a foin way of carryin' hisself, too—looks like a sojer."

"But the childer," said Mrs. Doogan, "I suppose you know he hates childer. He hates 'em worse nor poison. It was only last week he arristed thim Dooley kids fer obstructin' the sidewalk. He jes' dispises childer."

The widow sighed wearily. "I knew that. So I told him I wor alone."

"How can you kape thim when he comes to see you?"

"I'll send thim away."

"But if he's really serious he'll come often—and unexpected," said the practical Mrs. Doogan.

The widow sighed again and went sorrowful.

Presently Mrs. Doogan smiled. "I hov it!" she cried in triumph. "I hov a scheme that'll do the business. Listen. If the ossifer ever catches sight of the childer, and he's shure to do that, tell him they're not your childer at all. Tell him you kape a school. Tell him they're somebody else's childer that are sint to you to git an eddication. You must coach the childer, of course. Tell Tom my his name is not Tipperary at all. It is Cassidy. You are not his mother at all at all. Willie can be his brother, another Cassidy. As fer Maggie, her name is O'Brien."

"I'll do it," said the widow.

In furtherance of the scheme Tommy was duly informed that evening as to the new facts concerning his existence. Tommy was a bright boy; 14 years on the city streets had equipped him with wisdom far beyond his years. He at once comprehended that there was something behind such precipitate orphanage. "My name is Cassidy?" he repeated with a smirk. "So you're not my mother, is it?" Willie is me brother and Maggie isn't? I knew the last half of that before. We're all booplis are we. All right mother—that is to say, Mrs. Tipperary. You're the boss and if you said my name was Dinnie I'd have to take it with thanks. Only please let me know when the game is over."

Maggie refused to accept her new lineage and threatened to run away. In the meantime she wept copious tears. As for Willie, the 6-year-old, he received tidings with stoic unconcern. Tommy was still his brother; that was all he cared about.

That night Tommy stood in the hallway when Officer Mulligan, resplendent in the blue uniform and brass buttons of his calling, entered the vestibule and rang the Tipperary bell.

"That cop is off'n his beat," commented the astute boy. "If the rounds comes around he's in fer it. But my name is Cassidy."

The next night the visit was repeated; and yet the next; and yet many succeeding nexts. His courtship was progressing smoothly. The widow's ruse was working like the proverbial charm.

Only once did discovery threaten. That was during one of the ossifer's visits when Maggie placed her mouth just outside of the keyhole and called through the door, "Ma, Willie says his name's O'Brien and I am Maggie Cassidy. Which am I, please?"

"Unrooly poopils thim," said the lovelorn ossifer.

"Turrible," said the widow shyly. "But you know something must be done to pay the rint."

In the hallway below stood Tommy smoking a cigarette. "That's a fancy stunt," he mused. "He's been six times off'n his beat and six times he's been up to our floor. Guess he's keepin' company with my mother—I mean Mrs. Tipperary as used to be my mother. But my name is still Cassidy. He rushed me outen the way tonight. I guess he don't like kids. It's all in the game, though." So Tommy smoked away and patiently awaited developments.

Three days afterwards the entire flat learned that the Widow Tipperary was engaged to be married to the handsome Mulligan. Tommy alone disapproved of the alliance. "This school business is n. g." was his comment. "He don't like us, that's plain. I doesay when ma, meaning Mrs. T., is married, they'll be turnin' us out and tryin' to send us Home. Home! I wonder where the Cassidys live. As for Mulligan, I'd give a nickel to call him 'pa' jes once, and see how he'd take it."

The next day was Friday. Tommy's recollection of the exact time is distinct because he remembers it marked his fifteenth summary dismissal from school. This time he had been caught in the act of carrying a caricature of a policeman on the top of his desk. He was marched out of the school and commanded never to return.

When he reached home he found the 6-year-old Willie in tears.

"Cheer up, old sport," said he reassuringly. "Get a smile on, Mr. William Cassidy. I'm off for the day. Let's take a walk."

Hand in hand they meandered toward the river front. Suddenly, as they walked they espied the looming figure of a policeman. It was Officer Mulligan.

The bluecoat approached. "De yez know this is school hours?" he asked gruffly.

"I do that," said Tommy.

"Why aren't you at school, at the widder's school, where yez belong?"

"None of your business," said Tommy curtly.

"Punch him," whispered Willie who had an abiding faith in Tommy's pugilistic potentiality.

"A good chanst to get rid of thim while we're on our honeymoon," thought the officer. Aloud he added, "I'll arrist both of yez. Come along."

Tommy went smiling. Seeing that, Willie smiled too. The latter young gentleman was certain that Tommy's apparent docility was feigned and that at the psychological moment when Mulligan had been lulled into unwariness, he'd soke 'im yet."

Nothing of the kind happened, however, and they soon reached the station house. A sergeant received them. He was large and fat and he paraded gilt galore. But Tommy did not care; he had resolved upon his course of action and was careless as to his fate.

The sergeant turned to Tommy. "Is that little feller your brother?"

"Sure, can't you see?" said the boy. "We've the same shade of freckles. His name is Bill, W-i-l-l-i-a-m."

"And yours?"

"Thomas Tipperary."

"That's a lie," shouted Ossifer Mulligan. "His name is Cassidy. He's a poopll at the Widder Tipperary's schogl. I caught them playing hookey."

"Is your father livin'?" asked the sergeant.

"No, sir. He's dead. He was shot dead in the service of his co—contractor."

"Mother livin?"

"Dunno. I guess she is. Anyway I used to think her name was Tipperary. We live at 26 Blank street."

"Go and fetch Mrs. Tipperary," said the sergeant.

Tommy felt that his time had come.

"Just a minute," he said. "Sergeant, when a ossifer is a ossifer he's under p'lice rules?"

Mulligan glared savagely.

"Yes sir," answered the sergeant.

"And when a ossifer goes out he goes out on a beat?"

"Yes, sir."

"And if he goes off'n his beat, he's punished?"

"Yes—fined and dismissed."

"And if he goes off'n his beat six times it's worse?"

Mulligan fled. Soon afterwards he returned and informed the sergeant that it was all a mistake.

"I've found the parents—both of thim."

But he omitted to explain that one of those parents was a new one and wore brass buttons. When they emerged from the station and Tommy looked up at him and called him "Pa," he slapped the youngster on the back and told him he was all "roight."

HIS GLOOM SHOP RUNS DOUBLE--By J. A. Jayne

OF A CERTAIN man who is forever looking on the dark side of things and complaining that there is neither beauty nor blessing in the world, it is said: "He runs his gloom shop all the time."

When this man speaks his sentences fall on the air like the dismal croaking of carrion crow. When he lifts up his voice there is in it the melody and the magic of the "hee-haw" of the mule. Wherever he goes the air is as full of blackness as the sea is full of vile-smelling ink after the squid has passed that way.

Every hope that comes to this man's life withers and turns bitter and sour. Every accomplishment when finished is like dead sea fruit, full of ashes and dust within. For him there is no pleasure, peace or prosperity. He is a calamity howler and howls the loudest when there is the least to how about.

This man is a success as manufacturer of gloom. His smokestacks are fed from the fires of discontent and blacken and darken the atmosphere for miles around.

Nothing that is done in the world suits him. If he happens to be a member of a church and on its official board he makes the life of the preacher and his fellow members bitter, through his perpetual recitations of how things were done in former pastorates, and how the new times are not equal to the good 'old times, when he was a young man climbing life's hill. It matters little how well the church choir sings, how much time a committee has spent on arrangement of a program for an entertainment, how much visiting the pastor does, or the sermons he preaches, the smoke from the factory of the gloomy man fills the eyes, obscures the vision and turns life from a place where are many springs of sweet content into valleys of weeping and wales of Hinnon.

The man who keeps his gloom shop in constant operation never sees the sun, shining behind possible clouds that enrich the earth, watering it and making it full of blessing. For him clouds are possible harborings of other floods that shall devastate the earth. He does not know that in every cloud hangs a rainbow, that behind every cloud there is always a silver lining.

When the needs of the country demand that men shall talk and act in a spirit of confidence, he finds that the country is between the devil and the deep blue sea, and that without doubt it is going to the "bow-wows." He is a second Esau selling his happiness for a mess of pottage and then growling because happiness is not to be found by him. He is another Ishmael whose hand is against every man and against whom every man's hand is turned.

The man operating his gloom factory has had his innings very decidedly in the last few months. He fails to realize, however, that much of the cloud that has been hagging over the country is only heavy smoke that has come from his own factory. That it is a smoke that does not point back the manufacture of things that the country needs, that its product is worthless, useless, and carries with it no consideration.

The man who keeps his gloom shop running all the time looks down the line of the weeks and months and believes that harder and still harder times are in store for the eighty-five million people who are scattered in America between the rocks of Maine and the sands of California. Tell him that a mill has started he will reply that "it's all done for political purpose, that it will close after election." Tell him that a great corporation has received orders enough to keep its factories running for a twelve-month, he'll reply, "the goods are being sold at less than cost of manufacture, wages are low, and other concerns are thereby compelled to shut up shop!" Tell him that the world is growing better, that young men are truer, nobler and more intelligent than formerly he will say, "things are not what they seem." Tell him that the spirit of the Good Samaritan is abroad in the land as never before, he will reply, "all gifts given by rich men, or poor as the case may be are given from selfish and ulterior motives, from a desire for notoriety and a purpose to hoodwink certain people whose influence they desire," tell him that intelligence is more abundant, that knowledge is being disseminated to a greater extent than ever he will reply, "to what end all this dissemination of knowledge, it only gives men greater desires for things they cannot attain."

And so it goes, mention any subject you will, the manufacturer of gloom has a bunch of his product to shove into your face, hoping thereby to bring you to his way of looking at things.

The fact of the matter is the manufacturer of gloom has failed to get the right perspective on life. He wears blue glasses. He has mental myopia. He fails to see straight. The truth is the country is coming to a greater season of prosperity than it has ever known. Crops are abundant, millions of cattle are on the hills, factories are beginning to open their doors, prosperity is on the way. Spite of all the gloom shop man can say or do there are good times coming, there are good times coming!

Woman and Her Paper.

From the New York Times.

Did you ever notice how a woman opens a paper? It is as different from the method of a man as her skirt is from his trousers.

If she is in her own home, with plenty of space and sitting in a capacious rocking chair, she has room enough to do it successfully. If she is anywhere else, she becomes a public nuisance.

A man opens his paper sharply, keeping the sheets close together, folds it lengthwise in half, then doubles it, making it into a flat pamphlet, and reads it comfortably. He doesn't gouge any one's eyes out, or knock off their hats, or tickle the back of their ears and necks.

But a woman! She opens the sheets and then spreads out their entire length in front of her, up in the air, with both arms extended at full length to hold the edges. The fact that she is reading the first column on the first sheet does not prevent her from keeping the paper spread out in this position during the whole time she is reading.

When she turns another sheet she takes the whole thing a bit higher in the air, makes as much of a breeze as she can when she is turning it, and then readjusts it again in spread-eagle position.

The fact that she is taking up most of the space allotted to each person around her never enters her mind.

A Ferris wheel in an amusement park at Waterloo, Iowa, large enough to carry 24 passengers, is driven by falling water on the old principle of the overshot mill wheel. The water is pumped to the top by an electric motor.