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THE MINSTREL BOY.

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him,
"Land of songs!" said the warrior hard,
"Tho' all the world betray thee,
One sword, at least, thy right shall guard—
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"
The minstrel fell—but the foe-man's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under,
The harp he loved he spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder;
And said, "No chain shall stilly thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!"
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

WHITMAN THE BI-PARTISAN

GOVERNOR WHITMAN of New York, concerning whom for a time there was presidential talk, seems to be much the same sort of a bi-partisan as Barnes and Murphy.
Whitman is now being fiercely grilled because of his behavior toward four Tammany Hall members of the public service commission of New York. At the time of his election the commission was assailed for being subservient to the corporations they were supposed to regulate.
At the present governor's instigation an investigation was made and William Hayward, attorney and personal friend of the governor was chairman. The committee brought in a fearless report finding the public service commissioners guilty of "misconduct, inefficiency and neglect of duty."
After such a showing by investigators of his own choosing it was supposed the governor would take quick action to correct affairs. He has not done so. On the other hand he has supplanted a man who is credited with having been the most efficient on the commission,

the only man not condemned by the investigators.
Having gone that far Whitman has now dismissed the charges against the other men, thus leaving the four Tammany men in control. They are named by Boss Murphy and dominated by Ryan and Belmont.

This action is looked upon as showing Whitman does not measure up to the calibre of a big governor. He is charged with playing hand in hand with the big business forces that dominate New York through which every partisan machine may have control.
Ryan and Belmont are both democrats but at the Baltimore convention Bryan openly denounced them and flatly declared he would support no democrat nominated for president with such backing. Whitman's action in sustaining these men will be no asset in his presidential campaign.

HELPING THE WOOL BUYERS

HOW much the Portland Oregonian knows about the wool business is shown by the following display of editorial wisdom regarding the present market:
"Prices are low, except for the choicest lots and they are not high enough for the finest grades to excite any great enthusiasm among the growers.
"Last year the market was good—so good indeed that the heavy imports of raw wool from Australia and elsewhere appeared for a time not to be having a serious effect."
The cold facts are that prices paid for mixed and coarse wool this season have been approximately 50 per cent higher than the prices paid for the same wool a year ago. One large eastern Oregon clip that sold at 19 cents last year was recently sold at 27 cents.
This same advance has generally prevailed wherever coarse wool has been sold. Advances recently received here from Salt Lake showed a million pounds of Utah and Idaho wool had been sold at prices ranging from 26 to 28 cents. Last year it brought from 17 to 19 cents.
Fine wool which the Oregonian ignorantly presumes to be the most expensive brings much less per pound than coarse wool. The same was true last year. Prices for fine wool now range approximately the same as a year ago though some growers have been offered more for their fine wool than they were given last season.
The deadlock over wool is not due to the fact prices are low but because they are not as high as the growers believe they should receive under world market conditions. In other words they fear the buyers are going to take the most of the cream and leave the growers less than their just share.
If this is the purpose of the woolbuyers they have a valu-

able ally in the Oregonian. If they can get that paper to continue its pessimistic falsehoods they may be able to bear the market and thus reap further profits at the expense of the grower.

TRAGIC WORK AND TRAGIC END

MOST recent reports of submarine operations have dealt with their successful use against merchant vessels. With new victims added daily to their list it cannot be denied that the German submarine has proved effective as a warrior.
But there is another side to the story and it tells of the destruction of submarines through the use of nets and in other ways. According to news from London a total of 34 German submarines have been sunk since the beginning of the war. A report from Copenhagen places the number at 17.

Nets are being extensively used by the English in trapping undersea fighters. The U-29 with Captain Weddigin in command was trapped by a net in the Firth of Forth. In many cases the English do not know the actual results of their work because the submarines are sunk without their identity becoming known. Boat and crew go to the bottom to remain forever. The world may not even know anything has happened, but when a submarine fails to return to its base after an allotted time there is usually but one answer.
The submarine deals in tragedy and no fate could be more tragic than the one that constantly threatens the submarine commander and his crew.

CURRENT THINKING

THE SEA SWEEPERS.
There was an old lady who swept back the sea,
And she was as busy as busy could be.
We laughed to observe her industrious style,
But she kept at her task with a song and a smile.
"It's better," said she,
"To work, you'll agree,
And it pleases my fancy to sweep back the sea."

A neighbor of hers gathered fabulous gain,
He sought for repose, but the quest was in vain.
He coveted fame with ambition sincere,
But for every good word came a critical sneer.
"Dear madam," said he
In a manner quite free,
"You are wasting your time as you sweep back the sea."
"Ho! Ho!" she made answer, "You toll year by year,
"Mid the ebb and flow of despair and good cheer,
Your task is like mine, only hardly so wise.
Since I get the fresh air and some fine exercise,"
And he answered, "Ah, me!
If you like, I will be
Your partner and help you to sweep back the sea."—Washington Star.

PLACE IN THE SUN FOR EATHER

(Chicago News.)
At last the titular head of the household has been recognized. He has long had it coming to him.
Among the resolutions presented to the Illinois congress of mothers held this week in Ottawa were a number deploring the extravagances of dress indulged in by schoolgirls and recommending that simpler attire be adopted. In the furtherance of this laudable recommendation the heroic mothers there assembled agreed that precept must be accompanied by example. Therefore they urged all others to avoid extreme styles and to work for simplicity.
A preamble to these resolutions set forth that they were being promulgated for the benefit of father so that he might have "the opportunity to enjoy the full measure of his privilege and responsibility in regard to his children."
It will be noted that father is thus distinctly recognized as having privileges. Heretofore he has revealed only in responsibility. Father would do well to accept his recognition at its face value and delight himself in it, bearing in mind that it is neither wise nor polite to look a gift horse in the mouth. Besides, there may be no ulterior purpose behind these resolutions. If mother and daughter wanted to save on the wardrobe in order to buy an automobile or make a trip somewhere and back they would say so. Or would they?
So let father rejoice in the public and official recognition he has won on his merits from the duly constituted mothers of this great commonwealth, not seeking to go behind the returns, whatever it may cost him.

Dodging An Argument.
Crawford—How do you get your wife to believe what you say when you come home late.
Crabshaw—I first listen to what she accuses me of doing and then I own up to it.—Judge.

THIS MAY ENTERTAIN

THE PEACEMAKER.

It was the last half of the ninth inning and the score was tied. There were two out, but with three men on bases and Demon Dick, the pinch hitter, at the bat, the fans felt that there was still hope.
Dick struck at two of the pitcher's offerings and missed. The next three were wide of the plate and the umpire called them balls. The pitcher sent over a fast one on a level with the batter's eyes. Demon Dick dropped his bat and started for first base. "Striker out!" yelled the umpire as the ball thudded into the catcher's glove.
The pinch hitter stopped in his tracks. Breathless with suspense, the fans watched him turn and walk toward the umpire, his hands clenched and his face black with rage. "He won't do a thing to that cross eyed mutt," chortled the bat boy gleefully.
And, as it happened, the bat boy was right. Demon Dick did not do a thing to the umpire. For just as Dick opened his mouth to intone his song of hate a woman leaned over the railing of a grandstand box and screamed:
"Richard! Don't you dare talk back to him. You know what he did to you yesterday. I'm not going to have you fined again. I want that ten dollars for a new hat."

THEIR LONGEST RUN.

Your show was the worst we have ever had here," said the manager of the Hickville Opera House, as he handed the manager of the Fly-by-Night Company his share of the box office receipts.
"That's queer," said the manager of the company. "Why, when we played in Chicago we had the longest run in the history of the city."
"I'm sorry," replied the manager of the opera house.
"Sorry about what?" demanded the manager of the company.
"Sorry the audience abandoned the chase," replied the manager of the opera house.—Youngstown Telegram.

CUTTING IT SHORT.

Bacon Judbrother was a busy man yet the busier he grew the more devotedly he seemed to love his charming wife. It really came to be quite a problem. It took time away from his work, especially when he was traveling and had to read his wife's 22 page letters.
But as soon as he took up the study of efficiency all was made clear.
"Himalaya," he explained to her, "there is no reason on earth why love, as well as anything else in life, can't be boiled down, compressed and economized, according to the rules of scientific economy. Now, in the future, when you send me letters, think hard and put all you have to say in

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as short a space as possible. I know of work," the lady said.
"No, ma'am, I ain't," the beggar agreed. "How could I be? Work's wot killed my wife."
—
Pa Knew from Experience.
"Is the man your sister is going to marry rich?"
"Name: pa says: 'Poor man!'"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
It wasn't until a messenger boy brought him a bill for \$200 that he realized the letter meant: Bought Saturday duck of dress—two hundred. Having bill forwarded to Crickforks.
"I'm afraid you are not overfond of work," the lady said.
"No, ma'am, I ain't," the beggar agreed. "How could I be? Work's wot killed my wife."
—
Pa Knew from Experience.
"Is the man your sister is going to marry rich?"
"Name: pa says: 'Poor man!'"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
DANGEROUS PRACTICE.
Breathlessly he rushed into the barber shop and sprang into the chair.
"I want a shave and a haircut and I only have 15 minutes," he said.
Old Fritz stopped to consider, and asked, "Vich do you want the most?"
"A shave."
The shave took about 11 minutes. As Fritz removed the towel from his customer's neck, he said: "Mine friend, don't neter again ask a barber to cut your hairs and shave you in 15 minutes, because some time you might find a barber vat would do it."
—Youth's Companion.

JESTS.

Selfish As a Government.
"The naive, frank selfishness of warring nations—it makes me think of the beggar," said Andrew Carnegie at a luncheon in New York.
"A beggar, muscular and well-fed, asked a lady for a nickel."

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