

ished captive to a near-by cab stand, bade the cabman look in his pockets, find his address and take him home. So the youth was borne away protesting, while the good samaritan, after paying the fare, bowed him a stately farewell from the sidewalk. Once upon a time a female person was considered strangely wanting in delicacy and sensitiveness if she did not gather her skirts together and fly palpitatingly past any masculine on the streets whom she suspected of having dined not wisely but too well. It is no longer considered necessary to show a fawn-like timidity in order to prove that one is truly feminine.—Chicago Chronicle.

A RESULT OF DIRECT LEGISLATION IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

A great many skeptics who have been watching the operation, or apparent lack of operation, of direct legislation in this state, think it "no good because it is never used." That does not follow. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. The very fact that the people in this state have the power to command a vote on any bill is a wonderful deterrent of vicious legislation. No better evidence of this is needed than the defeat in the house recently of the infamous "negotiable instrument" bill, which passed the state senate by a big majority. This measure is one prepared by the National Bankers' association, and makes a plain promissory note equal to any cutthroat, Shylock mortgage ever prepared. The bill making it a law went through the senate by a good majority and apparently had the walk-away in the house, when it was announced that if it passed a referendum petition would pass it on to a vote of the people. As it is one of the worst "finch" bills ever presented in a legislature, the republican leaders did not want a state campaign made with it as an issue, and they refused to stand for it, notwithstanding their political indebtedness to the bankers' association. There is no doubt whatever that the power of the people to reject a statute enacted by the legislature defeated this iniquitous bill. And it has had a good effect on many other jobs. Even the republicans will in time admit the referendum is a good measure, for it may be used to restrain radical as well as vicious legislation. The people are naturally conservative, and the revolutionary parties will find at times that it will block their plans if they go too fast.—From the Dakota Ruralist.

A COMMON DEFECT OF REFORMERS.

The newspaper dispatch from Topeka, Kan., about Mrs. Charles M. Sheldon's hired girl has been very popular, and acres of comment have appeared about it. The story is that the hired girl, who was new, had read in one of Mr. Sheldon's the-world-made-over stories, that it was a good plan for the servants of a household to take their meals with the rest of the family, so she expressed to Mrs. Sheldon her willingness to follow that course, but Mrs. Sheldon dissented, and the girl left. This is thought to be a joke on Mr. Sheldon, but really it makes him appear in a good light as a reformer who respects the rights of others, and does not try to compel even his immediate family to share his social experiments. That is the way it is in the family of Tolstoi. He lives the ideal life, and goes barefoot, and cobbles shoes for recreation, but his wife and most of his children respect conventional customs, and live a life modified, but not stunted by his ideals.

A great and common defect about ordinary reformers is that they are not content to let their light so shine, but insist that every one whom they can control shall emulate their good works. Says the Women's Christian Temperance union to the army: "We think it's wicked to drink beer, and you shan't have any." Says Mrs. Carrie Nation to Apollo Belvidere: "It is an outrage that you have no trousers on. Let me smash you!" Mr. Sheldon's way is better. He goes in for precept, and, maybe, example, but not for constraint. If the Women's Christian Temperance union followed his example it might still distribute tracts to the army, but it would not legislate away the canteen, and Mrs. Nation, acting Sheldon-wise, would be content to say to Apollo Belvidere: "Wear trousers, like me."—Life of New York.

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

HE FEARS A CROMWELL.

Printed from the Original Manuscript.

Dear John: How do you like this reconcentrado business, anyway? I feel darn small, myself. Learnt it from the Spaniards, and I'm afeard you've caught it from me. Taught you bad manners, I guess. Every time I hear of a Filipino shot, or a Boer, I feel like wipin' my hands on the grass. I don't swear about it, like old Mrs. Macbeth, but jest feel that way.

This fightin' of women and chil-

dren is the cap sheaf. It tops the barbarians everywhere. I hear all your Boer children (reconcentrados) are a dyin' of measles—measles, John! Anglo-Saxon liars lead the world, don't they? Did you follow my press censors in Manilla? McKinley did, I swan! But I caught on to it in about a week. Mack's a nice, smug, church-goin' fellow; but his head is no paperweight—lets everything blow out the window. This is a great year for little fellows in the saddle, anyway.

Are you a follerin' my supreme court? Well, it's done it again! Turned out the Warner ranch Indians, 400 of 'em, off of land the poor creatures had lived on 60 years. Lawyers, too, some of 'em—th' supreme court. You know, John, 20 years gives title at common law. But I guess not now, unless a man's British, or rich.

Say! I've no further use for this supreme court. That's why I'll trade 'em for the Boer republics. We'd both get rich by the dicker. You'd get something to suit you, and I'd get something to suit me, prime. I don't want to press it, but that's how it strikes an old man. To tell you the truth, John, my supreme court has overturned the constitution, and the common law, the golden rule and the rule of three, and I'm mortal afraid that next thing some Cromwell 'll send a file of soldiers and turn 'em out the back door. Yours, for better times,

UNCLE SAM.

JOHN MORLEY ON ENGLAND'S "OUTLAWRY."

Extracts from an editorial in the London Speaker of June 8.

Mr. Morley's silence at the election was broken by a message to his constituents that will take its place in the literature of the nation. The boasting skippers with their cargo of Dead Sea apples" will be remembered long after men have contrived to forget the more homely phrases Mr. Chamberlain chose to describe his opponents. Mr. Morley at any rate has no need to recant or to whittle down a single syllable in that sentence. Do his opponents still stand by every letter of their assurances that the struggle was over, the enemy crushed, peace at our doors, and the fruits of the war only waiting to be garnered? What is become of those politicians strutting in khaki, those jackdaws in peacocks' feathers? Their miscalculations are passed into a proverb; their igno-