

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-

rance is the laughing-stock of their own press; their cowardice has sought shelter in concealments and perversion of the truth which their own followers have resented; they have made war barbarous without making it decisive; they have punished with the rigors and injustice of martial law a colony they have failed to protect from three invasions; they have organized famine because they could not garrison the country; and they have thrown women and children into prison because they could not conquer with a quarter of a million of men a people on whose necks they expected to plant their heels after a single skirmish. Mr. Morley described to his audience on Tuesday the gradual development of this tragedy of failure and wrong. He speaks with the authority of a statesman who warned the country of its danger when the bribed press began its sinister campaign. That is an authority which, unhappily, few of our statesmen can divide with him. . . .

Mr. Morley spoke of a "second war," the war that is raging to-day for objects repugnant to civilized men. It is that war that has lost us, as Mr. Edmund Robertson said in his powerful speech on Wednesday night, the moral leadership of the world. Farm-burning and the imprisonment of women are the accessories not of war, but of conquest. "Whatever Mr. Morley may say," argues the Times, "the nation are as frankly resolved as ever they were to insist upon ending the war in their own way. . . . They are resolved to fight it out to the bitter end." "A fight to the finish"—"unconditional surrender," "no shred of independence"—these are the phrases, strange to the ears of free nations, for which we are fighting by methods civilization had agreed to renounce. There is no precedent, as Mr. Morley says, for refusing to treat with a beaten enemy. It is that refusal that proclaims our outlawry.

England in thunder calls: "The tyrant's cause is mine;"
That hour accurst how did the fiends rejoice,
And hell through all her confines raise the exulting voice;
That hour which saw the generous English name
Linked with such damned deeds of everlasting shame!

"How many army corps is it worth for the nation to have it known that it is an honest nation; that it is a nation that loves freedom, that loves justice even though justice

should do it some seeming temporary disadvantage? How much do you think that credit is worth in the world?" Many men will return a decisive answer to Mr. Morley's question; there are others, and they belong to all parties, who are as sensitive as was Robert Burns for the honor of the "generous English name;" and who, whilst ready to run the risk of foreign displeasure in a noble cause, do not welcome these odious dreams of conquest more kindly because they have won for us the black looks of an astonished Europe and the righteous curses of mankind.

TOURISTS, ATTENTION!
TRY THE CHICAGO & ARCADEE R. R.
Vacation days are at hand, and the weary brainworker, putting behind him the mad roar of traffic and the unremitting hum of industry, flies like a child to its mother, and reposes for a space upon Dame Nature's breast—

Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, where one may keep the noiseless tenor of his way; far from the clanging cable train and eke the rattling "L;" far from the thousand ills that city flesh is heir to when Old Sol relentlessly pours down his enervating rays, and Gen. Humidity, with Assyrian hosts, sweeps down like wolf upon the (see page 4), tired humanity may find surcease of mental and physical toil and be at rest.

Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

Take the Chicago and Arcadee!

From a soporific seat in one of our palace cars the traveler may see the cattle on a thousand hills, and witness Plenty smiling on a peaceful land. Unto the willing ears of Corn the summer breezes sing a slumber song, and Corn nods drowsily to the unsleeping trees that stand like sentinels along the field edge; trees that have kept a watch and ward through the long centuries, through whose summer draperies and winter lacery the smoke of the red man's council fire has filtered lazily to heaven.

We give a sample of the glories of this unsurpassed highway to Mother Nature's heart:

SILVER LAKE.

A famous watering place. This beautiful sheet of dimpling aquapura is three miles long and one and one-half miles wide. Kaleidoscopic beauties fringe its pebbled shores. Como were a frog pond to it. Splen-

did hotels (rates five to six dollars per week) dot the greensward that slopes amphitheatrically from the fair lake's crystal rim. Volcanic rocks, thrown out in some far distance, unremembered aeon by a mighty throb of Mother Nature's heart, contribute a picturesque note to a landscape as smiling as has ever cracked a grin. The drives are the finest in the state. Farm houses, presided over by gentlemanly farmers, offer a retreat for those that give a preference to the pastoral; and countless nooks by babbling brooks, or by the crystal rim referred to, allure the pleasureseeker that finds in canvas life the joys that are not in hotel or farm house.

The waters of Silver Lake teem with trout, black bass, pike, muskellunge and salmon. (No German carp allowed.) Enormous strings are taken out daily.

On the shore of Silver lake is the far-famed "Lover's Leap," a spot so beautiful that one, in viewing it, is affected by a melancholy sadness, and ponders on the sweet and bitter cup of unrequited love. (We publish the legend of "Lover's Leap" in a separate folder.)

P. S.—Silver lake is a veritable paradise for devotees of the wheel.

Other famous resorts for the angler are Crystal lake, Tranquil lake, Goldbrick lake, Bunko lake and Lake Con. The waters of these lakes—

Teem	} with {	Trout,
Swarm		Bass,
Are stocked		Pickarel,
Seethe		Muskellunge,
Are crowded		Salmon,
Boil		Shiners,
Abound		Sunfish.

Send for supplementary folders.
—The "Line o' Type or Two" Man in the Chicago Tribune.

A "LIBERAL" VIEW OF THE SITUATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

An extract from an editorial in the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian, of June 15.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has sometimes been accused of speaking with two voices on the subject of the war. We have never thought the accusation fair, but no one will complain of weakness or indecision in the condemnation of the present methods of conducting it which he pronounced last night at the meeting of the National Reform union. Mr. Morley himself could not have spoken in more emphatic language. The liberal leader is on strong ground. The more the facts about the utter devastation of the country come out the more surely will the public repudiate what is be-