LOBSTERS I HAVE MET.

A Bad Hour for Busse.

For The Public.

"Here comes Gershaw."

"I'll bet he's got a Busse button on."

"That's a cinch."

"He's lined up with a dead one this time."

Gershaw and the others always have the corner table at the restaurant where I go for lunch.

Gus, the waiter, had just brought in the things the others had ordered.

"Do you think Busse stands any show?" asked Brumbaugh.

"I think he's got a very good show," answered Gershaw.

"Show to be postmaster," put in Herman.

"He's got a show to be mayor, too," came back the other.

"Where did you get your tip?" chimed in Hollabeck.

"I think the people have had enough of Dunne," asserted Gershaw.

Brumbaugh was getting the best of a lamb chop.

"Do you think they are sore at Dunne because he didn't turn the streets over to the traction ring?" he asked.

"No, but they're sore because the question ain't settled. We're riding in the same stuffy cars we had when Harrison was mayor," replied Gershaw, as he started to give Gus his order.

"Bring him a lemon, Gus," interrupted Herman.

"And a few prunes," put in Hollabeck.

"What would Busse do to make it any better?" asked Brumbaugh.

"He'd have the ordinances passed, for one thing."

"Would he have them passed if the people voted 'No' on the little ballot?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Well, I do think so. Now I'll tell you why some people are against Dunne. It's because he's kept his promise to give the people a chance to approve or reject any settlement of the traction question agreed to by the city council and the companies."

"Pass the mustard, Gershaw," commanded Herman.

"Do you know," queried Hollabeck, as he reached for a potato, "that the ordinances we are asked to accept now are not in it with the one passed in 1859?"

"No, I can't say that I do," answered the now thoroughly occupied Gershaw.

"Well, it's a fact," went on the other. "The ordinance of 1859 required the companies to have the cars clean, heated in cold weather, run as often as necessary to prevent crowding, and use cars of the most modern type."

"Well, it's the best we can get now," commented Gershaw.

"That's a hot one coming from a business man," put in Brumbaugh. "Do you mean to tell me if these streets belonged to you that you would lay down on that proposition?"

"That would be different; you must remember in dealing with the city there are a lot of people to satisfy."

"And you think they ought to be satisfied with any old thing."

Having finished their lunch, Brumbaugh, Herman and Hollabeck proceeded to light cigars, while Gershaw occupied himself with a slice of guglehuph.

"What is the objection to the ordinances, anyway?" broke out Gershaw, after a stillness of about three minutes.

"Oh, nothing much," replied Brumbaugh. "They only require the city to pay five millions for the cables the companies have just scrapped, and nine millions for the franchises after they have expired, and four millions for the worn out pavements, and forty-one millions for the junk Arnold valued at twenty-six, five years ago; nothing much the matter with them, only the Mayor thinks he can do better."

Gershaw gulped down his coffee.

"Of course, aside from those little matters, there are a few others," went on Brumbaugh. "The companies are given the right to charge five cent fares; they don't have to give universal transfers; they give no guarantee of good service; and this bunk about paying the city 55 per cent. of the net receipts in lieu of all other taxes is a grand thing. The city wouldn't get even a pleasant look out of that."

"Why not?" gasped Gershaw.

"Gee, but you're innocent, and so many free schools around, too. If it was going to be a square deal, which would you rather have, 55 per cent. of the net receipts, or 8 per cent. of the gross receipts?"

"Fifty-five per cent. of the net receipts, of course."

"Well, the companies refused to agree to 8 per cent. of the gross receipts, instead of 55 per cent. of the net receipts. Does that look good to you?"

Everyone laughed but Gershaw. He chewed his cigar nervously.

"Now let me tell you something," continued Brumbaugh. "Dunne has stood up to his guns on every question that has come up since he became mayor. He has been for the people, and against the corporations, every minute. He got us 85 cent gas, and would have gotten us 75 cent gas, if the Council had backed him up. He settled the telephone company's hash on the unlimited service charge. He got us a decent water rate, so that all the big firms and corporations pay the same rate as the poor man in his cottage. And he's brought the traction ring around to where they've got to fish or cut bait. Now if you're ready to turn down a man like that for Busse, you don't know the phoney from the goods."

M. J. FOYER.

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THE CHARM OF PROFUNDITY.

From the Western Teacher for March. The Western Teacher Is Edited and Published by S. Y. Gillan, at Milwaukee.

Commonplace or even meaningless statements when couched in the phraseology and form of proverbial philosophy will sometimes win the approval or even the admiration of an audience of school men. Many a speaker, banking on this well known fact, when addressing teachers deliberately concocts phrases that have a profound appearance and which when spoken with a solemn, sonorous intonation

sound to the ears of the schoolmaster like oracular wisdom.

A striking illustration of this was presented by one of the speakers at the meeting of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association, recently held in Chicago. Hon. James H. Eckels, a well known banker, in a strained and pitiable effort to present an apology for the possessors of swollen fortunes, finding that he was making but little headway in getting the sympathetic attention of his audience, halted in his rambling remarks, struck an attitude, waved his arms, and with all the impressiveness of tone which he could command heaved out the following: "To an honest man there —is—no—such—thing—as—dishonesty!" Then he made the usual conventional pause, which invites the endorsement of applause. And he got it, albeit it was neither hearty nor general; but the score or more who applauded were evidently impressed by the solemn profundity of the phraseology, for it would be a serious reflection on their intelligence to assume that they applauded the statement on its merit.

"To the honest man there is no such thing as dishonesty." What does it mean? It must be interpreted either objectively or subjectively. Does it mean that to a man who is honest there is no such objective fact or quality as dishonesty; that is, that he shuts his eyes to dishonesty and regards it as non-existent? If so, then this oracular utterance means that the honest man is a fool, a babe in the woods, an ostrich with head hidden, denying the existence of danger or evil.

The only other interpretation is the subjective: that there is no such thing as dishonesty to (attaching to, pertaining to or in) an honest man. O, wonderful wise man to discover the profound truth, the awe-inspiring, soul-uplifting fact that an honest man is not dishonest, and to phrase the grand conception in such form and utter it with such gusto as to win the plaudits of two dozen school superintendents! Selah.

Similar proverbs can be spun off by the yard when you get the swing of it: To the well man there is no such thing as sickness. To the fat man there is no such thing as leanness. To the homely man there is no such thing as beauty. Turn them end-for-end and they are just as good and the suckers will bite as quickly when you are fishing for applause. To the dishonest man there is no such thing as honesty, to the white man no such thing as black, to the black no such thing as white, etc.

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WASTING OUR NATURAL RESOURCES

For The Public.

It is said that "just now the genius of our people is for the development of the resources of the country. We are using government energy and money to conserve the forests, to build irrigation dams and to do a variety of other things that help to promote the amazing prosperity which the country is enjoying." No country on the face of the earth is so prolific of natural resources as ours. The most magnificent and extensive forests stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf. Vast deposits of coal abound. Immense deposits of iron are found in various States. Oil and gas are prolific in many places. Of the precious metals, it is said that we have only fairly begun to scratch the surface of the possibilities of their development. Nor has agriculture been behind the procession. It has gone forward with leaps and bounds. In fact, railroad development has not kept pace with the increase of agricultural products sufficiently to handle them well and expeditiously. All signs point to a continuance of the great prosperity our nation has enjoyed the past few years. It is wise, however, for a nation to frequently take an inventory and find out "where it is at."

The foregoing sentiments are those of the optimist. Those who have made a study of that national problem—the wasting of our natural resources—are alarmed when contemplating its effects upon the future.

James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railroad, in addressing the farmers and business men of Minnesota at the State fair last September, sounded a note of warning. Among other things he said: "The highest conception of a nation is that of a trustee for posterity. The savage is content with wresting from nature the simple necessaries of life. But the modern idea of duty is conservatism of the old and modeling of the new, in order that posterity may have a fairer dwelling place and thus transmit the onward impulse. The ideal of the prudent, loving, careful head of every family is the true ideal for a nation of rational men. The people of the United States, as far as any perhaps, have meant to follow this pattern. It is worth while to consider how far they have been successful, and where they have failed."

Going into statistics from the immigration records of the past four years, and estimating the yearly increase at 750,000 a year, together with the excess of the birth rate over death rate at fifteen per cent. every decade, "our population will show these totals: in 1910, 95,248,895; in 1920, 117,036,229; in 1930, 142,091,663; in 1940, 170,091,663; in 1950, 204,041,223." Mr. Hill says: "The startling quality of these figures is the magnitude of our problem. It is not even a problem of to-morrow, but of to-day." He further says: "Within forty-four years we shall have to meet the wants of more than two hundred million people. In less than twenty years from this moment the United States will have one hundred and thirty million people. No nation in history was ever confronted with a sterner question than this certain prospect set before us." Of our potential resources he says: "The forest, once a rich heritage, is rapidly disappearing. Its product is valuable, not as a food, but for shelter and as an accessory in the production of wealth. Its fate is interesting here rather in the role of an example. For we have done with our forests already what we are doing just as successfully with the remainder of our national capital. Except for the areas on the Pacific coast, the forest as a source of wealth is rapidly disappearing. Within twenty years perhaps we shall have nowhere east of the Rocky Mountains a timber product worth recording, and shall then be compelled to begin in earnest that slow process of reforesting."

He goes on to say that in coal a century will exhaust the available supply, and in iron that forty