THE ATLANTA GEORGIAN (AND NEWS)

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THE GEORGIAN AND NEWS prints no unclean or objectionable advertising. Neither does it print whisky or any liquor ads.

OUR PLATFORM: The Georgian and News stands for Atlanta's owning its own gas and electric light plants, as it now owns its water works. Other cities do this and get gas as low as 60 cents, with a profit to the city. This should be done at once. The Georgian and News believes that if street railways can be operated successfully by European cities, as they are, there is no good reason why they can not be so operated here. But we do not believe this can be done now, and it may be some years before we are ready for so big an undertaking. Still Atlanta should set its face in that direction NOW.

Persons leaving the city can have The Georgian and News mailed to them regularly by sending their order to The Georgian office. Changes of address will be made as often as desired.

Are we to infer from The Houston Post that Texas is to be considered a last resort for paragraphers, when both of the other places are closed to them? We never anticipated quite as condign punishment as that.

If The Houston Post doesn't stop talking about "Coosie" river catfish, the genuine Coosa river piscatorial delight will perish of shame at such ignorance of the correct spelling of the name.

"Pete," the white house bulldog, won some degree of publicity by taking a bite out of sundry ambassadors and government clerks, but when he tried it on a mongrel canine he got a drubbing that has made him the target for countless paragraphic gibes.

If there is the least cause to suspect that all is not as it should be in any department of the city government or in any organization affecting the membership of such department, prompt steps should be taken looking to a thorough investigation. Neither personal considerations nor a false sense of deference to the feelings of any official, high or low, should retard action in such a matter. The welfare of the majority and the integrity of the administration of the affairs of any and all municipal branches is of more importance than personal or political considerations.

The Dallas Times-Herald has some views of Mr. Bryan's candidacy which seem to fairly represent the sentiment of the great state of Texas. Here they are:

Mr. Bryan will not surrender his individual views and it is and ever will be impossible for radical Democrats and Democrats of the Thomas Fortune Ryan type to think alike or act together. Mr. Ryan is the real leader of the Eastern wing of the Democratic party and he stands for the same ideas and the same policies Mr. Harriman represents in the Republican party. Mr. Bryan's Madison Square Garden speech anent government ownership of railroads was a most unfortunate declaration for the reason that 5,000,000 Democrats in this nation who have been loyal at all times to the Nebraskan are opposed, first and last and all the time, to government ownership of public service corporations Mr. Bryan's latest declaration, that government control of railroads will be a failure, is a humiliating admission that the Creator can not control its creatures. Mr. Bryan is mistaken, that's all. The American people are not going to buy the railroads or other public service corporations. They are going to control them.

GORDON AND HIS PLACE.

If on Saturday we voiced an implied question of the right of John B. Gordon to monopolize so large a portion of the state's regard as his portraits and monuments might suggest, today we answer the question in the affirmative.

Measured by mere material questions of economics and industrial life—by legal acumen or constitutional grasp, the soldier statesman might not be ranked with some of Georgia's public men more closely linked to a material age.

Hill was a greater debater, Stephens a more constructive statesman, Toombs a more brilliant publicist, and Joe Brown a stronger figure in material lines.

But statesmanship at last must be based upon the capacity to meet the peculiar conditions and demands of the times in which one lives—and by this standard, John B. Gordon holds his own with the best of them. His was the day of sectional suspicion—of sectional self-assertion. And who is there that thinks will deny the full measure in which Gordon met the South's necessities in his stormy day? There was a time when it was worth more to have John Gordon stand with that scar—an epic poem—on his cheeks and look the American senate in the face, than to hear the ablest constitutional argument that could be spoken from the South within that august assembly. Not a statesman of our history could have answered for us better, or as well, in those times when men were more than arguments, and personality more potential than reason. No man in the seventies could have answered for the South of the sixties but a soldier with a record and a brave man with a brave heart in his bosom and a noble tongue in his head.

Let us not forget that Gordon led Georgia out of the uncertain perils of reconstruction into Saxon supremacy and the safety of a restored democracy.

Let us not forget that it was Gordon who saved South Carolina from the rule of the carpet-bagger and seated Wade Hampton in the state house at Columbia.

Let us not forget that it was Gordon who wrested Louisiana from the grasp of the scalawag and made the solid South of 1876.

Who among our statesmen, with all their eloquence and learning, have done greater deeds than these?

Gordon held the respect of the American senate while he sat there, and modified every partisan consideration of his section and his state.

Gordon, the commander of the surviving host of the Confederate veterans, preached the evangel of fraternity and won by his eloquence what he failed to conquer by his sword.

Gordon before the people defeated Benjamin Hill and Alexander Stephens for the United States senate, and was never defeated for a public office in his life.

Gordon fought through the greatest war in history, and with a record without a blemish mounted from a captain of rangers to a lieutenant generalship, in the greatest army and under the greatest captain in the history of war.

In the long years of a gallant and strenuous life, the only failure that he recorded and the only criticism that he incurred is in the failure to get rich.

In his lifetime he created more enthusiasm, and received more thrilling tributes of love and admiration than any citizen of his state.

And in his death he evoked the tenderest tribute, the most imposing funeral and the stateliest monument that Georgia ever gave to an illustrious son.

Who shall say in view of such a record that Gordon is not worthy of his honors, and deserving of his monuments?

AN INTERNATIONAL FIGHT AGAINST THE GREAT WHITE PLAGUE.

It is significant at once of a growing public danger, and hopefully suggestive of a general arousement of self- protection when so conservative a paper as The Charleston News and Courier begins to consecrate its columns to the crusade for remedy and defense.

The Charleston paper is much impressed with the coming assembly in Washington at an early day of an international congress to discuss tuberculosis, and calls it a "splendidly inspiring event, significant of the orderly marshaling of the forces of science to combat the fell disease."

Until comparatively recent years there was little co-operation among medical men in fighting the great enemies to health and life. The physician was an individualist and a general practitioner, but with the advance of his profession he has become more a specialist. It is a natural phase of this advancement that physicians should concentrate their learning and systematize their experience against particular diseases, and so when they meet to study tuberculosis it is to attack that chief one which is the center of all the ills to which flesh is heir. The congress in Washington should, and we believe will, arouse the widest and profoundest interest, and it will be successful in a high degree if it shall do no more than awaken the American people to the immediate gravity of the consumption curse and stir them to an organized and intelligent warfare against it.

The congress will be of especial importance to the South. Formerly the people of the South deceived themselves with the notion that the mild climate of this region would forever force consumption into a secondary place among diseases, and they fancied that the problem was one to be left to the dwellers in higher latitudes while they devoted their attention for the most part to malarial and other fevers. Statistics, however, have exploded this ignorant opinion and it is now well understood that the Southern American States have no advantage in immunity from it over their Northern sisters.

Attendant upon the rapid expansion of transportation facilities has been the spread of the contagion of consumption in the South. It comes in the sumptuous tourist train of palace cars to Florida from Massachusetts within thirty hours, and whatever village or city is touched by a railroad is exposed to the danger no less than are those communities peculiarly conditioned for its germination.

Besides, the negro population of the South causes the whole population to be especially menaced. The enormous increase of the disease among the negroes since the abolition of slavery is well known. Uncleanliness is the disease's next friend, and when the boon of freedom came to the negro he lost the protection of enforced sanitation. Every white family dependent upon negro washerwomen is in more or less peril of contagion, and this peril is constantly enlarging. As time goes on it is inevitable that tuberculosis will increase among the negroes if they be left to themselves to oppose it, and the danger to the white race is proportionately involved.

The exceeding importance that not only the physicians, but those laymen who are leaders in their communities, should interest themselves in this congress scarcely needs to be emphasized. There are cities in the South now whose commercial prosperity is suffering because they are known to be consumptives' resorts and every community is open to the acquisition of the same baleful repute.

THE BANQUET TO GOVERNOR TERRELL.

It is eminently in order that the friends and admirers of his excellency, Governor Joseph Terrell, should tender him a banquet at the approaching close of his administration.

When Governor Terrell lays down the responsibilities of public office on the 15th of June, he will close one of the longest and most logically conservative political careers among the younger public men of the state.

The governor has simply climbed the ladder of fame round by round. He has worked his way from the ranks, step by step to the chief office of the state. With diligent industry, with unfailing tact, with capable administration of every trust, he has mounted from one station to the next above it, easily, logically and almost without opposition. Few men have pursued in Georgia politics a public career along more natural, progressive and logical lines than the present governor of the state.

That Governor Terrell has grown intellectually, and in all the elements of public repute during his years of public service no man will deny. He has never fallen below the level of the great occasions in which he has figured, and he closes his career a larger and lovable figure in the hearts of his friends and in the estimation of the state.

No man has deserved more of his friends than Governor Terrell. He has been loyal always to those who have helped him upward, and has not turned his back upon a friend or ignored an obligation.

The governor is the best of comrades and the rarest of companions. His generous temper, his genial nature, and his native wit, have made him the soul of many a gallant company, and as he goes out from the capitol to take his place among the honored and useful names in Georgia's history, it is proper that his host of friends should fill their glasses and pledge their grateful loyalty to a gallant gentleman and a distinguished statesman of the commonwealth.

THE PASSING OF A GENTLE WOMAN.

When the shadows began to slant eastward, Sunday afternoon, in the town of Canton, Ohio, the spirit of a gentle woman whose years had been fraught with much physical suffering, found surcease from sorrow in the sleep that knows no awakening.

In the death of Mrs. William McKinley, widow of one of the greatest presidents in American history, the country pays willing tribute at the bier of a woman whose essentially feminine personality had kept sweet, tender and true the heart of her distinguished husband through periods of bitter political turmoil, and in times of splendid success, when temptations eagerly await the man who triumphs.

Because of his never waning devotion to his wife, Mr. McKinley became an ideal in the hearts of the American people. Men and women who widely differed with him, as to political tenets and public policies, forgot those differences and antagonisms in their appreciation of his wonderful and cheerful fidelity to the woman whom he had loved and honored from his early manhood even to the day of his tragic death.

No matter what were the personal and political achievements of President McKinley, to the average American his greatest claim to the affectionate loyalty and regard of the country will rest upon his spotless record as a husband, to whom neither exacting demands nor hopeless invalidism brought weariness or indifference, even though he stood for years in the glare of that white light which beat with compensating glory about his pathway.

Since the untimely going of President McKinley, his gentle wife has quietly awaited death in her home at Canton.

The passing of each monotonous day was to her but the tolling of so many hours which brought her nearer to the time when she would fall asleep to awaken in the sweetness and beauty of a reunited love.

That sleep came Sunday in the home at Canton, and as tired eyelids closed upon tired eyes, and tender lips murmured "Why should I linger? Since he is gone, life is dark to me," Mrs. McKinley's spirit made its happy, eager flight into the splendor of a Light, where there are no shadows, and where well-nigh perfect human love found an eternal fulfillment in an eternal reunion.

Mrs. McKinley was a woman of intelligence, of well-rounded character and of essential womanly attributes, who in her younger years had cultivated the mental and artistic side of her attractive personality. The daughter of a sucessful banker, she had an ambition to accomplish something by individual effort, and proved, while health and strength were hers, a fitting helpmeet for the aspiring young lawyer whom she married.

But ill health and the sorrow incident to the loss of children soon separated her from an active participation in the struggles and triumphs of her distinguished husband. As the wife of the president, she made many friends at the national capital, each one of whom keenly realized the pathetic physical limitations of her life.

Now that the yearned-for release has come to her, the country pays willing tribute to the woman who sick or well, happy or depressed, was the inspiration of the life of one of the greatest men who has guided the destinies of the American people. It fell to Mrs. McKinley's lot to develop and make manifest the soft, loving, loyal side of an ambitious and successful statesman and politician. Her gentle hand led a president close up to the hearts of his people, and now that rest has come to both, they will forever remain in the annals of the country as the ideal lovers. As husband and wife, the memory of their domestic virtues should prove an example and an inspiration to present and future generations.

COTTON GOODS DROP OFF IN U. S. EXPORT TRADE

Washington, May 27.—Iron and steel exports from the United States in the fiscal year which ends with next month will aggregate approximately $175,000,000 in value, against $57,000,000 a decade earlier and $16,000,000 two decades earlier.

Figures issued by the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor show the value of iron and steel manufactures exported in the ten months ending with April, 1907, at about $150,000,000 and these figures seem to justify the estimate of $175,000,000, speaking in round terms, as the value of iron and steel exports for the year 1907.

Cotton manufactures were a close second to iron and steel during a couple of decades ago, but now stand fourth in the list of great groups of manufactures exported, iron and steel ranking first, copper second, wood manufactures third and cotton manufactures fourth.

IS GRUMPINESS MOST AGGRAVATING THING IN MARRIED LIFE?

By DOROTHY DIX.

What is the most aggravating thing in married life?

Is it grumpiness?

A large and vociferous body of married ladies will rise up in response to this question and emphatically declare that the man with the grouch is the meanest, the orneryest, the most cantankerous creature on earth.

"Don't tell me about the troubles of the woman who is married to a man who comes home raving drunk once or twice a year and breaks up the furniture, and gives her a black eye, and is so sorry for it the next day that he apologizes all over the place and behaves like an angel until he goes off on the next bat. I tell you, she's got nothing to stand compared to the woman who has got to live with a man who is glum mad all the time, and who would as soon be caught robbing a hen roost as saying a real pleasant thing to his wife, or entering into any family plan without having first thrown so much ice water over it that it's taken all the starch and ginger out of it.

"What are a few bruises on your body that you can arnica up and rub with witch hazel to the hurts that your heart gets that are too deep for any poultice to reach?

"Now, my husband comes up to all the outward specifications of what a good husband should be. He's moral, and industrious, and sober, and a good provider, and I infer that he would regret to see me die, as when I am sick he is solicitous about providing me with good doctors and trained nurses. I am also led to believe that he is not in love with any other woman, as he never goes out of a night, and, putting these two facts together, and arguing by deduction, I presume that he still entertains some sort of affection for me. But that's the only way I know it.

"From the day we were married he has never told me he loved me, or given any indication of it. On the contrary, he has passed into a sort of a frozen trance that I have never been able to break up, though, Heaven knows, I have tried hard enough. I don't even know what he thinks about most things, as he only growls, and I was never good in interpreting the language of the lower animals.

"Conversation at our house runs about like this: At the breakfast table I say:

"'Are you ready for your coffee now, or will you read your paper first?'

"'M-m-m-m-mmm.'

"I say (trying to be pleasant and entertaining): 'Anything startling in the news?'

"'M-m-m-m-mmm.'

"I say (still bent on being agreeable): 'I'm going down town today, shall I get you those handkerchiefs that you wanted?'

"'M-m-m-m-mmm.'

"I say: 'Do you like this corned beef hash. I wrote to Vermont to your Aunt Sallie and got the recipe that you are always talking about and made it myself to try to please you.'

"'M-m-m-m-mmm.'

"And that's all the satisfaction I ever get for humoring my lord and master. When he does speak it's to find fault. If I make a hundred cakes that are as light as feathers, and wild horses couldn't draw a word of approbation out of him; but if I make one cake that is heavy he demands to know, sarcastically, if I have gone into the manufacture of armor plate, and why I don't sell it to the government instead of trying to assassinate my family with it.

"So far as I know, he has never noticed the millions of buttons I have sewed on his clothes and the darns that I have executed, but every time there is a button missing, or a rip in a pocket, I have to stand for a lot of withering speeches about women who gad around to bridge whist parties and women's clubs, and waste their time reading novels, while their husbands, and children, and homes are neglected and left to shift for themselves.

"But I don't mind the speeches. It's the dead, cold, frozen, petrified silence that gets on my nerves. Lord, I'd simply enjoy it if, when my husband gets in one of his rages, he would only get up and take a chair and break open the piano and swear a blue streak, and then have the thing over and done with, I could sweep up the pieces of furniture and forget what he said, and we could settle down and be cheerful again. A great, big outburst like that is like a thunder storm that clears the air. You may be surrounded with debris when it is over, but you at least know that the worst has happened and where you are.

"Not so with the man who is too much of a gentleman to break up the furniture and swear at a lady, but does things a million times worse. And that's what I'm up against—a man that sits up and sulks for days at a time, and who keeps everybody in the house in an agony of dread. That's the way we are at our house. I spend my life trying to please a man that I know isn't going to be pleased, no matter what I do. I'm always dodging—I don't know what. I'm always trying to stand from under, and never doing it. When my husband puts his latch key in the door the temperature of the house falls to freezing, no matter how cheery and bright it had been the minute before. My own heart beats with apprehension and the children cease laughing, and the cat takes to the cellar, and that's the reason that I say that there is nothing so hard to have to live with as grumpiness."

What say you, gentlemen?

VETERAN SHOOTS WOMAN TO DEATH

Cleveland, Ohio, May 27.—Mrs. Mary Steadman, wife of William Steadman, the proprietor of a hotel by that name, was shot three times and instantly killed yesterday by William Brown, a veteran of the Spanish-American war.

Army-Navy Orders —and— MOVEMENT OF VESSELS.

Army Orders.

Washington, May 27.—Leave of absence:

Captain Lewis S. Ryan, coast artillery, seven days: First Lieutenant Ralph H. Leavitt, Twenty-fifth infantry, extended one month; Lieutenant Colonel Charles G. Ayers, Fourteenth cavalry, six months; Lieutenant Colonel William A. Mann, Sixth infantry, to August 10; Captain Nathan K. Averill, Seventh cavalry, extended to July 1; Lieutenant Colonel Frederick Marsh, coast artillery, fifteen days.

Brigadier General Earl D. Thomas is relieved from temporary command of the department of the Missouri, and will proceed to Denver, Colo., and assume command of the department of the Colorado. Major John T. French, jr., quartermaster, is relieved from treatment at Hot Springs, Ark., and will return to his station. Major Ernest Hinds, adjutant general, to San Antonio, department of Texas, for duty.

First Lieutenant Samuel W. Noyes, Thirtieth infantry, upon the completion of his examination by the army retiring board at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, to his proper station. Captain Charles F. Humphrey, jr., Twelfth infantry, is relieved from treatment at the general hospital, Washington barracks, and will join his company.

Navy Orders.

Captain T. C. McLean to duty in attendance on the course of instruction at the Naval War College, Newport, R. I. Commander J. J. Knapp senior member of board, navy yard, Charleston, S. C., and upon completion of this duty to return to Washington and wait orders. Lieutenant Commander C. M. Stone to duty in attendance on the course of instruction at the Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

Lieutenant A. W. Johnson, to command Shubrick. Assistant Surgeon F. X. Koltes, to duty at navy yard, Mare Island. Passed Assistant Paymaster E. H. Cope, to duty at the navy yard, Portsmouth, N. H., as assistant to the general storekeeper of that yard. Professor of Mathematics W. W. Hendrickson, retired, to home. Assistant Civil Engineer S. S. Furber to Troy, N. Y., for a course of instruction in civil engineering at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at that place.

WATER BOARD MEETS TO TALK OVER PUMP

The joint committee, composed of the water board and seven members of council, will meet at 4 o'clock Monday afternoon to take action on the report of the sub-committee relative to the employment of an expert to settle the pump question.

Two bids have been submitted, one to install a centrifugal pump and the other a vertical. There is a difference in price of more than $50,000 in favor of the former, but there is doubt in the board as to whether a centrifugal pump can fill the requirements of the waterworks.

The sub-committee recommends the employment of Dabney H. Maury, of Peoria, Ills., an expert hydraulic engineer, to pass upon the question. The joint committee will probably adopt the recommendation.

The water board will also determine at the meeting Monday afternoon, which day is most advisable to hold the investigation of Commissioner Thomas F. Stocks.

President W. T. Brown, of the Ragland Coal Company, on whose letters the charges are based, has written that he can be here Thursday, Friday or Saturday.

SOUTH ARMY WINS IN SHAM WARFARE

In the presence of a great host of spectators the Fifth and Second Georgia regiments of infantry, the cadets from Athens and from Marist college, assisted by three troops of cavalry, a machine gun battery and a battery of artillery, fought out the greatest sham battle at Piedmont park Saturday afternoon that has been witnessed in Atlanta in many years.

For over one hour the contending forces stormed and charged, retreated and charged again, and when dusk ended the conflict and the smoke of battle cleared away, the north army, which was stationed on the hill, had been driven off the paddock and beyond the terrace by the south army, which formed in the ravine along the lake.

The north army was in command of Major Dozier. It was composed of the Governor's light artillery, commanded by Lieutenant King; the Athens artillery, commanded by Captain Jones; the Marist college cadets, commanded by Captain Eugene Schmidt, and the Athens cadets, commanded by Lieutenant Kimbrough.

The south army was commanded by Major V. H. Shearer, and was composed of the Fifth regiment, under command of Major Pomeroy, several troops of cavalry, under command of Colonel Cassells, several companies of the Second regiment, under command of Colonel Walter Harris, and the machine gun battery, under command of Captain Wilson.

MAN DIES FROM INJURIES RECEIVED MANY YEARS AGO.

Special to The Georgian.

Sparta, Ga., May 27.—Charles J. Friese, of this place, died Friday shortly after the noon hour. In his early boyhood Mr. Friese suffered an accident to his left leg, which in the last days of his life gave him so much trouble that it was necessary to have it amputated, which was done several weeks ago, and he was improving so rapidly that a complete recovery for him seemed assured, but he commenced having convulsions and never regained consciousness. Mr. Friese was 50 years of age and leaves several relatives.

FORMER MEMBER OF GUARDS IS DEAD IN MARIETTA.

Special to The Georgian.

Marietta, Ga., May 27.—George Ernest Blair, 21 years old, died at the residence of his father, Hon. D. W. Blair, Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock. While doing military duty in Atlanta during the riot, it is said that he contracted a severe cold, which affected his lungs, resulting in consumption, from which he died. He is survived by his father and mother, two brothers and two sisters. Funeral services and interment occurred here today.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

How easy it is to suggest a remedy for other people's ills.

If you have anything to say to a mule, say it to his face.

Fortunately for the average man, his brains are not on exhibition.

Tempted and tried, won and tied—then divorce proceedings and alimony.

It's time to stand from under when the man who knows it all starts to tell you all he knows.—Chicago News.

4%
On Your Savings
Compounded Twice a Year

Through the facilities afforded by the United States mails, it is safe and practical for the people living remote from Atlanta to choose this strong bank as their depository.

Write for information on Banking by Mail.

MADDOX-RUCKER BANKING CO.,
Atlanta, Ga.

What Is Whisky?

It is estimated that Attorney-General Bonaparte's pure food answer to the question, "What is whisky?" will affect 90 per cent of the stuff sold under the name of whisky over the bars of the United States. This leaves a submerged tenth presumably without the legal shelter of a truthful label and reduces by so much the task of suppression set up by zealous prohibitionists.

Mr. Bonaparte's classifications are both generous and simple. Whisky is whisky when it is a single straight; it is a blend when it is two or more straights; it is a mixture when it is a straight and an ethyl alcohol; it is imitation whisky when it is—an imitation. And the label must always say what it is. Making allowance for men's difference in taste, the venerable Kentucky maxim is left thus officially undisturbed that "there ain't no bad whisky, only some is better than others."

Fearful perhaps lest his dry definitions of grades induce somewhere an improper thirst, the attorney-general glides from them to the psychological tests of whisky. He cites men's memories of liquid colors, of pervasive savors, of distinctive flavors—memories that awaken expectations. If the expectations are met, that which meets them is whisky, psychologically considered, although scientifically it may be nothing of the kind.

While the pure food opinion may make the burden less, as indicated, for prohibitionists, it is likely to complicate matters for the W. C. T. U. That excellent body is revealed as having spent great anti-whisky energies on stuff that was real whisky's bitterest foe.—New York World.

SANTIAGO STRIKE MAY END SOON

Havana, Cuba, May 27.—It is hoped that arbitration today will end the strike of dock workers at Santiago, which has already resulted in two clashes between police and strikers, costing two lives. It is believed the strikers will return to work pending settlement.

CAROLINA DOCTOR COMMITS SUICIDE

Special to The Georgian.

Charlotte, N. C., May 27.—Dr. David G. Thompson, a well-known physician, living at Fort Mill, 16 miles south of this city, committed suicide this morning at 2 o'clock, using a razor with which he severed his throat almost from ear to ear. The deceased was 29 years of age and leaves a family. He had threatened to take his life, it is said, several times previously.

FAMILY ADOPTS CHILD ABANDONED ON TRAIN.

Special to The Georgian.

Meridian, Miss., May 27.—The Alabama Great Southern passenger train No. 3, arriving in Meridian from Chattanooga Sunday afternoon, brought a white baby of apparently about three weeks of age that had been left in the first-class passenger coach at Akron. A woman boarded the train with the child at Birmingham and is thought to have proceeded to Greensboro, Ala., from Akron. The police are investigating the matter. The infant was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Haynes, who say that should the mother ever attempt to claim it, nothing less than an order from the courts will force them to give it up.

Organize for Campaign.

Special to The Georgian.

Valdosta, Ga., May 27.—The anti-prohibitionists of this county have formed a Business Men's League and opened headquarters in this city, from whence the campaign against prohibition will be waged.

His Idea of Equipment.

The morning after the wreck of one of the fast trains running between New York and Chicago, an old farmer was standing on the bank of the river into which the train had plunged, intently watching the water. A stranger approached, and naturally the conversation reverted to the wreck and the fortunate escape of all the passengers.

"It was the costliest train in the world," informed the stranger.

"Yes," grunted the other, still watching the stream.

"And also the best equipped," the newcomer continued.

"No doubt about it," assented the old farmer. "I've fished a dozen bottles out of the water already."—Harper's Weekly.

He Hadn't Changed.

The Smiths had invited the minister to dinner. As the last course was reached little Willie, who had been closely watching the guest almost continually through the meal, looked over at him once more and said:

"You haven't changed a bit since you started eating, have you, Mr. Curtis?"

"Why, no," laughed the minister. "Why do you ask that question?"

"Because," blurted Willie, confused by the pairs of eyes focused on him, "because I heard pa tell ma you'd make a big hog of yourself as soon as you got your eyes on the corned beef and cabbage."—The Bohemian.

One Kind of Man.

At a dinner at Newport, Rear Admiral Evans spoke with scorn of a young man who had married an old woman for her money.

"That chaps calls himself a man, I suppose," said the great sea fighter, "but there are various definitions of the word man, and the definition that would fit our friend best is the Peebles one.

"A Scot of Peebles said to his friend MacAndrew:

"'Mac, I hear ye have fallen in love wi' bonny Kate McAlister.'

"'Weel, Sanders,' Mac replied, 'I was near—verra near—fleein' it; but the bit lass had nae sillers, so I said to myself, "Mac, be a man."' And I was a man, and noo I pass her by wi' silent contempt.'"—New York Tribune.