

Graft at the Bottom Of All Law-breaking

By JOSEPH W. FOLK, Governor of Missouri



WHATEVER a dramshop is open when the law says it shall be closed, you will find that some one IS GETTING GRAFT. When the dramshop law is not enforced, the gambling law cannot be, and, the seed once sown, the evil grows until it envelops everything. This republic is not a government of men, but A GOVERNMENT OF LAW. When a law is odious, repeal it. Don't let it be a dead letter. I am not an alarmist when I say that if the laws of the country are not enforced THE REPUBLIC WILL FALL through the props of the laws on which it rests becoming decayed.

You often have heard that the dramshop laws cannot be enforced, but they have been in St. Louis, St. Joe and Kansas City, and THEY WILL BE AS LONG AS I AM GOVERNOR. They said grass would grow in the streets of St. Louis. It hasn't. The city is more prosperous than it was when the dramshops were open on Sunday. The difference between now and then is that now FAMILIES HAVE FOOD WHERE THEY DID NOT HAVE IT BEFORE, because the working head of the family spent his earnings in Sunday debauchery.

I received a letter from a woman who thanked me for closing the saloons on Sunday. She said it meant BREAD FOR HER FAMILY where they did not have it previously. One such letter from a good woman more than compensates for the curses from ten thousand outlaws.

No state can be hurt by the enforcement of the law. Everywhere you hear it said where officials are uncovering rottenness that "they will injure their states." There has been 25 PER CENT GREATER INCREASE OF IMMIGRATION INTO MISSOURI SINCE CORRUPTION WAS EXPOSED three and a half years ago than in any similar period of the state's history.

There has been 33 per cent greater increase in the price of land in the same length of time than in any similar period. Revenues have increased to such an extent that I shall recommend A REDUCTION IN THE TAX RATE TO THE NEXT LEGISLATURE. You see, it pays to enforce the law even from the sordid standpoint of business.

In Kansas City real estate has gone up more in the four months since the dramshop law has been enforced than it had in as many years. St. Joe is becoming one of the most thriving municipalities in the country. WE HAVE PROVED THAT IT DOESN'T HURT A CITY TO BRING ABOUT A REIGN OF LAW.

The free railroad pass is one of the greatest impediments to honest government. Many a public man begins his downward career BY ACCEPTING A RAILROAD PASS. Corporations have a right to send their representatives to represent them before legislative committees, but when lobbyists get through with their argument THEY OUGHT TO GET OUT OF TOWN. If you would remove a great source of corruption, the thing to do is to scourge lobbyists from your state capitals.

A BOODLER is one who breaks the law by taking a bribe. A GRAFTER is one who stands on the other side of the law and reaches over it for money.

WHEN ANY ONE HAS A SPECIAL PRIVILEGE, THAT IS GRAFT. IF A NATION GIVES TO CERTAIN PERSONS THE RIGHT TO GET MORE OUT OF THE PEOPLE BY KEEPING SOME ONE ELSE OUT, THAT IS GRAFT.

Mr. Lawson of Boston has been out west telling us some interesting things about graft, but Lawson is all wrong in his remedy of beating them at their own game. The best way, if the game is illegal, is to PUT A STOP TO THE GAME. As long as you permit the laws to go unexecuted, then you will have government by the few.

Men are willing to die for their country, but they won't live for it. Patriots of war are traitors of peace. THE MAN THAT WILL LIVE FOR HIS CITY EVERY DAY is the man the country needs.

THE LAWLESS MAKE A NOISE AND CURSE, BUT THEY ARE SILENT IF YOU STAND AND FIGHT THEM.

When bad men get a bad man in office THEY SUPPORT HIM with all the evil he does. When good men get a good man in office, they too often leave him TO WORK ALONE.

Money is not now the only thing in life. Even now the richest man in the world is a BEGGAR FOR SYMPATHY.

The easy nullification of laws by executive officers is one of the greatest evils of our time. The officer does not take an oath to uphold public sentiment, but HE DOES TAKE AN OATH TO UPHOLD THE LAW.

ANY MAN AFRAID TO SHOW HIS COLORS IS OF NO BENEFIT TO GOOD GOVERNMENT.

Work and Serenity The Secret of Long Life

By RUSSELL SAGE, Financier

WORK is the best recipe for a long life. My happiness lies IN ACCOMPLISHING THINGS, and so long as I am permitted to live I shall continue to work. THERE IS NOTHING IN MONEY ITSELF worth struggling for, after one has enough for his needs.

In the beginning I DETERMINED NEVER TO GET EXCITED about anything, to preserve a serene disposition and a cool, clear brain, and to this and to hard work I attribute not alone what success I have attained, but MY HEALTH AND STRENGTH at an age when most men who attain it may be considered useless.

I do not believe in quitting business. THE OLDER A MAN IS, so long as he retains his faculties, THE MORE VALUABLE IS HE to the community. I enjoy life and shall until I die. The business outlook for the country seems to me encouraging, though I do not like the return of the spirit of speculation.

RECKLESS SPECULATION IS LIKE OVERINDULGENCE IN LIQUOR—THE REACTION IS BOUND TO COME.

OUTSIDE THE WARD

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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Nurse Humphreys was hardly what would be termed popular. Tall, handsome, in a dark, cold type of beauty, she was much admired, and the doctors all respected her clear, keen intelligence and executive ability. But the patients regarded her with evident awe. No one urged her to come and sit for a moment by his bedside.

Nurse Humphreys herself regarded the patients as so many human machines to be tended and cared for. It was her work to superintend the doing of this. What more could be required of her? And then one day a tender, helpless little morsel of a child was carried into the ward, and Miss Humphreys experienced a strange sensation. The blue eyes looked appealingly into hers; the thin little arms were extended. "Molly lonesome," murmured a baby voice. And Miss Humphreys, rather shamefacedly, bent and kissed the tiny face.

From that day a new life began for the nurse. All the pent up tenderness of years, all the starved affection of the woman's heart, sternly repressed for so long, were unstintedly lavished upon the child. It was a bad case. Miss Humphreys flung herself with tireless energy into the battle with death. Molly could not die; she must not die. And love won. The fatal crisis was passed; the little life began to tighten its hold on existence. Miss Humphreys rejoiced until one day came a sudden, most unwelcome thought. Molly was out of danger; Molly was growing well; Molly would soon leave the hospital and go home. Miss Humphreys started and tried to banish the thought. But it would not go. It pursued her, obsessed her, became a nightmare.

Outside the big ward was a small room where Miss Humphreys sometimes sat. Late one afternoon she was there, still haunted by the thought of Molly's departure. It seemed terribly near. How could she let Molly go back to that aunt—that narrow faced, hard eyed woman—from whom the child palpably shrank upon the occasions of her rare visits? Was she unkind to the little thing? Miss Humphreys wondered.

A sudden sense of discouragement possessed the nurse. Molly was nearly convalescent, yet to the doctor Miss Humphreys had dilated at length upon unfavorable symptoms, inherent weaknesses, and this morning, this very morning, she had deliberately altered the temperature line on the patient's chart. That was unpardonable. She had fancied that the doctor had looked at her rather oddly as he returned the chart. Did he suspect anything? Must she let her go—this child with Tom's name and with Tom's own blue eyes? Where had Molly found them? The aunt, a dry, uncommunicative person, only said that the child's mother was dead. Molly babbled of a daddy almost always from home. The idea had once flashed across Miss Humphreys' mind that Tom himself might be this daddy, but she had dismissed the suggestion as too improbable. There were doubtless thousands of Brennans.

It brought the man to her mind, however. Tom! Where could he be? He had loved her once. Why had she let him go? Miss Humphreys looked about the plain little room, thought of the ward beyond. She had sent Tom away, had left her home, come to New York and entered the training school, worked, denied herself, suffered, inspired, sustained by no ignoble ambition.

Well, she had succeeded. She had achieved her goal. Was she not head nurse in this busy hospital ward? Again her eyes traveled around the dreary little room. Was this then what her ambition meant, a solitary woman growing old alone? Miss Humphreys, tired and depressed, knew that she was morbid; sought to shake it off, but the feeling was too strong for her. The reaction from the years of effort had set in, and all at once a wave of heart-sickness seemed to submerge her in its depths, forcing the unaccustomed tears to her dark eyes. Miss Humphreys uttered a little sob. Was what she had won worth the sacrifices demanded? Did life hold no more than this?

The sound of voices outside the door roused her. The doctor was speaking. "So I thought it best to send for you yourself and explain matters," he was saying. "She is one of our best nurses and has worked night and day to save your child. Indeed, that the child lived at all is largely due to her untiring vigilance. But there is no reason now why Molly should not leave the hospital. It sometimes happens, however, that a nurse takes a fancy to a patient and tries to keep him overtime. Therefore I preferred that you yourself should come and remove Molly. I would not wish to hurt Miss Humphreys' feelings," he added kindly, for he was a humane man and could sympathize with the dullness of the nurse's life. "We all think so much of Miss Humphreys."

"Miss Humphreys," repeated the man. And at the voice the woman started and clasped her hands over her heart. "Miss Humphreys, you say? Could—could I see her?"

The doctor considered a moment. "I hardly think that she is on duty now," he said slowly. "Oh," with a sudden recollection, "she often sits in that little room. Possibly she may be there now."

As Brennan entered she sprang up, facing him, and for a moment they

both stared in silence, the woman struggling to control her uncertain breathing.

The man started forward. "Margaret!" he cried. Miss Humphreys nodded.

"Yes, it is I," she answered, trying to speak in a commonplace manner. "I belong to this hospital." But he did not seem to hear her.

"Margaret, oh, Margaret!" he repeated below his breath. She was far more lovely than he had ever seen her, with that new, softened expression, the tears still clinging to her long black lashes. She lifted her head.

"So you have come to take Molly away," she said simply. The man started. He had quite forgotten the child.

"Why—she cannot stay here—the doctor says that she is well," he stammered confusedly. "He said—"

"Yes, I know," responded Miss Humphreys. "She is quite well." She was staring straight ahead, her dark eyes filled with a blank, unseeing look. He would go away again. Molly would go away. What was there left for her? The doctor knew what she had done. She might have to leave the hospital. But she did not care about that. Brennan took a step forward.

"Margaret," he cried; "oh, Margaret, why did you send me from you?" There was a whole lifetime of pain and yearning in the man's voice and Miss Humphreys' heart gave a sudden throb. He had not entirely forgotten her then. The image of that other woman had not entirely obliterated her own.

"I—I don't know," she faltered, feeling like a silly schoolgirl. Her usual calm self-possession was gone. The doctors would not have recognized their cool, capable nurse.

"You—don't—know?" echoed Brennan. A sudden well known gleam sprang to the blue eyes. "You—don't—know," he repeated. "Then—might there be a chance for me after all?" he asked squarely. Miss Humphreys, sobbing, had sunk into a chair. The man bent over and with soft fingers reverently touched the shining hair.

"I—I loved my wife," he said loyally. "She was a dear, sweet soul. But you were my first love and I could never quite forget. You have saved Molly for me," he added unsteadily, "but she needs you still—we both need you. Won't you come and make us happy, sweetheart?" a sudden intensity deepening the strong voice.

"Won't you, dear?"

And Miss Humphreys whispered "Yes."

Suspected of Murdering Girls.

New York, Sept. 25.—A newspaper clipping found in the room of Joseph Girard, who is accused of killing Augusta Pfeiffer, near the Haunted Oak at Pelham road, leads the police to suspect that Girard may know something about the murder of Elizabeth Davis, at Middletown, N. Y. Detective Sergeant Price said that the body of Miss Davis was found in Walkill river near Middletown on March 30 last year. It bore evidence of having been maltreated as had the body of the Pfeiffer girl, and physicians said it had been in the water about two months.

Right Negro Lynched.

Little Rock, Ark., Sept. 25.—From responsible citizens of Conway at which place the negro Frank Brown was lynched last night, say today that there was no mistake that he was the man wanted. Mrs. Lawrence positively identified Brown as the man who as scouted her some days ago and killed her two-year-old child. The coroner's jury today returned a verdict that Brown came to his death at the hands of unknown parties.

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