

END MAN STRATTON—Oh, rats! Why the very crows in the trees and the woodchucks in the fields know that we get the stuff from the school-book crowd. You may bunco Brother Dewart, and Brother Spencer, and other easy marks with your referendum guff. They're easy and are willing to believe that forty rod whiskey is water from the well, if you show them that party necessities require it, but it's different with the average voter. You can't make them believe that our machine is one of them roller-bearing ones that run without oil, or that our "Cap" Sullivans and Tom Lewises work for their health. Why, everybody knows the rings and grafters divy with us, and we get credit for being a government of good level-headed business men in consequence.



PROF. ROSS—I wasna' referrin' tae the fact, Jimmie, but tae the inadvisability o' proclaimin' it sae loudly. Man, it wad dam us mair—if I may be allowed the expression—tae tell aboot our doings wi' the school-book fowlk than if we were tae make a clean breast o' a' our dealings wi the grocers an' pulpwood chaps, an' a' the ithers. Fowlks dinna care that muckle if we let a friend, like Rowell noo, grab a few hunner miles o' timber that they never saw an' ken naething aboot, but they'll no stan' robbin' the school weans, for