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Noting that Mack P. Cretcher was awarded the first prize for the best write-up of Topeka by one of the editors attending the meeting of the state editorial association, and that he also got the first prize last year in a similar contest for the best write-up of Wichita, the ElDorado Republican remarks: "Cretcher is becoming one of the best writers of fiction in the country."

Tells of Jackson.

Topeka, Feb. 28.—The house finally refused to investigate Mr. Jackson, late attorney general, thus putting another club in the hands of the Democrats. Mr. Jackson's perspiration was not, therefore, shed in vain. When the matter first came before the legislature, the house voted by a very large majority for an investigation of the records of the attorney general's department. But the administration forces speedily got busy and finally landed enough votes to stop the inquiry. Probably Mr. Jackson's records are all right, but these newspaper explanations fall somewhat short of explaining and they are of variance with the court records. Representative Orr, who was pushing the investigation had sworn statements from officials in Wyandotte and Leavenworth counties showing that Jackson and his assistants had been allowed fees aggregating more than \$31,000 in Wyandotte and something in excess of \$11,000 in Leavenworth. It was also shown that Wyandotte county still is liable for fees to the amount of \$40,000, and that Jackson personally rendered an opinion to the effect that they must be paid. The suspicion that the attorney general's office was a gold mine to Jackson and his associates is strengthened, rather than weakened, by the opposi-

tion to an investigation which they succeeded in developing. And it will rise up to plague the Republicans in the campaign two years hence. It will also be a burr under Mr. Jackson's saddle when he comes up for a re-election to congress in the Fourth district.

The writer does not mean to convey the impression that Jackson and his associates did anything criminal. There is no doubt that they kept inside the law in the collection of their fees. But all of the evidence in the case seems to indicate that they were in the business of law enforcement for the money there was in it, and not from any special enmity toward the liquor traffic. If a full and free investigation of Jackson's office had shown the collection of enormous fees there would have been very little indignation about it. The money came out of the pockets of the law violators, or out of the treasuries of counties that had permitted violations of the law. No tears would have been shed over that. But the fact that the inquiry was beaten by Mr. Jackson and his associate Republicans furnishes ample ground for suspicion. And a suspicion is inevitably more dangerous to a political party or a candidate, than an established fact. Jackson should have credit for one thing. He was the first attorney general in all the line to see the fat fees and the tremendous personal prestige that would accrue to the official who should go out with a brass band and close the saloons in Kansas.

One of the amusing features of the present legislative session is the spectacle of the Kansas City Star engaged in the act of clubbing the Kansas house. Here tofore the Star, when it had clubbing to do, has specialized on the senate, the house always having been amenable to its "argument" and wax in its hands. But the house went out this session and passed a utilities bill without first asking the Star to O. K. it, a breach of discipline unheard of in recent legislative years. The Star, grieved at this trampling under foot of its authority, is swinging on the house with both hands. Just what is wrong with the house bill is not apparent, nor has the Star made it so. Jno. Dawson, who trains with the Star crowd, says both the house and senate bills are all right. So, the logical conclusion is that the Star is mad because it wasn't consulted.—Jay E. House, in Hutchinson News.

To plant trees to grow in Kansas. See AUG. GARLING or write in English or German, box 645, Great Bend.

A Trip to the Orient on the Steam Ship "Cincinnati"--- by Peter Brack

Following is the third installment of this story, which will be continued weekly until completed.

Friday, 18th. Went ashore to look for the post-office and took the car for the park. The park is on a very high hill planted with palms and many other foreign trees, water cascades, walks and stairs and the view of the lower city is fine. I walked back to the ship passing many statues Victor Emanuel, Columbus and others. The bay of Genoa is a beautiful horse shoe shape harbor by break waters running out at two angles with the entrance at the center. After lunch I went ashore and visited the Cathedral built in 1415-16th centuries, there are some very fine paintings, two of them were carried to France by Napoleon 1st but returned to Genoa. There was pointed out to me a carved coffin said to contain the bones of St. John, and the chain that he wore in captivity. Outside it is built of alternative layers of black and white marble. There are many twisted columns and stone lions on either side of steps in front of the building. I went up to the park again, it is wonderfully constructed, I do not think it is more than 400 yards square at the bottom and about 100 yards at the top, the pathways wind around the hill and every part is used to the most advantage. The paths are wide and well kept, on top there is a large supply of water let down the whole hill in cascades, supplying ponds everywhere, where in floating about are water fowl of many kinds, and in grottoes are many animals. It is covered by vines, orange, palm trees and many other kinds of shrubs, and very rocks are dressed in vines and moss of many kinds. The view from the top is fine, the bay and nearly all the whole city can be seen. You see few or no chimneys on the building, but a sort of pipe like ventilators. Many of the houses and buildings can be entered by the roof from an upper street. On the whole Genoa is a very beautiful and clean city, with a large and clean population. We left Genoa at 10.30 Saturday morning.

February 19, 1910. Left for Villifrancia 85 miles west of here along that beautiful shore called the Riviera with towns and villages every few miles having beautiful houses and large fine hotels, on the side of the hilly coast with the mountain for the background. We arrived at Villifrancia about 3.30. I did not go ashore till after dinner. I took the steam railway and went up to Monto Carlo about twenty miles east up the hills, we reached there about 9 o'clock. It would take a ready writer to describe Monto Carlo, and I am not that. The mass of lofty and beautiful buildings, the grounds and the surroundings are a poem. The crowds of well dressed men and jeweled women in every direction. Money poured out like water at tables cards and lotteries. The vast halls and reception rooms were furnished and decorated like king's palaces. There was a ball and charity lottery going on, with all other kinds of play. I returned to the boat about 12 p. m. without making a hit or placing any money at Monto Carlo.

Sunday a. m. I went ashore after breakfast and took a car for Nice, France, four miles to the west. Although it was raining and the shops (the best) closed in Nice, yet I enjoyed the ride all along the shore, the rugged rocky hills are cut and carved for roads and villas lots, with beautiful gardens terraced up and up the hills covered with shrubs and grapes. Here morning and evening it is very chilly and it penetrates your clothes, and I do not feel too warm during the day, and I feel the cold chill in the evening. Nice, is a town of considerable size with open streets and squares and they say fine shops. It has a small unprotected harbor. At the present time at Villifrancia there are a number of vessels and six Man-of-Wars, French. The Riviera is a narrow strip of coast stretching from Spezia, Italy, to Nice, France. It bounded by the Appennines and Maritime Alps while on the south lies the Mediterranean Sea. Nice lying in a hollow formed by circling hills, has one of the most delightful situations on the Riviera, owing

to its sheltered position and warm climate. It has been a favorite winter resort for invalids from all over the world, in fact, the whole coast is a spot of beauty, and a lovely Paradise. We left Villifrancia at 8 p. m. for Syracuse, Italy.

Monday, Feb. 21. Arose at 7.15 went on deck, the beginning of a beautiful day, with a calm sea. The ship was passing between two islands that to the east, Elba, and that to the west, an uninhabited island, like a great ball half out of the sea, about a mile long. The day was spent on board, writing letters or reading, sitting in the sun. We expect to pass the Straits of Messina tomorrow between 7 and 8 o'clock. This is where the great earthquake was last year. We will not go ashore here until we are coming back.

Feb. 22nd. We reached Syracuse at noon today. This city is on the Island of Sicily, once the greatest of the Hellenic cities, and now since the Saracens destroyed it in 1878, containing 21,000 inhabitants instead of half million it formerly had. It has a beautiful bay horse shoe shape, in it we found three Italian Man-of-War and several torpedo boats. We went ashore and drove to the Latoine (quarries) of Syracuse; they are so immense one can easily lose his way in the caverns and grottoes. We descended a zigzag path hewn in the rock, leading down 150 feet below the level of ancient Syracuse, to one of those vast quarries. In these old Syracuse caverns the massive and fantastic figures are found, not freaks of nature but the work of men, wrought more than twenty centuries ago. It is known that the rock quarries here are used in building ancient Syracuse, but it is difficult to understand why the excavators left these wonderful shapes and figures. The walls are from 10 to 20 feet out of the perpendicular, sloping inwardly to the top. Here and there solitary shafts and obelisks over a hundred feet high. Some of these caverns are hewn in the shape of tents and pavilions, in places the rock is quarried to within a foot of the surface of the earth, leaving a bridge of natural stone spanning an artificial gulf. The bottom of these vast quarries are now planted in oranges and lemons, the walls bridges and shafts are festooned with vines. The Latioine Del Paradiso contains the celebrated "Ear of Dionisius" a grotto hewn in the rock in the shape of a human ear. This vast expanse of ear is over two hundred feet long, seventy four feet high, and thirty feet wide. It is said to have been constructed by Dionisius, whose tyrannous nature led him to devise means whereby a prisoner's faintest whisper could be heard by the guard and reported to him. The acoustic properties of the ear grotto are certainly remarkable, the softest sound can be heard from one end to the other, over two hundred feet distant. The custodian clapped his hands and the sound magnified a hundred fold. A hundred yards away from this place are the Roman and Greek theatres, both better preserved than some ruins, from the fact that their amphitheatres are not built by putting on a layer of stone on the other, but are hewn from the solid rock. We then proceeded to the Christian Catacombs, we were conducted through them by a bare headed Monk, carrying an oil-dip as a light, all the time talking to us in a mixture of English and Italian, it was a gruesome sight with a nasty and earthy odour. We then visited the old Cathedral, that is said to have been built on the ruins of the temple of Diapa, all that can be said about it, is that it looks very old. The city is dead, there appears to be no work going on, and no shops of any importance. We returned to the boat at 5 o'clock. We leave here for Malta at 8 p. m. Malta is about eight hours run from Syracuse.

Feb. 23rd. We arrived in Malta at 7 a. m. This is supposed to be the Island that St. Paul was ship-wrecked on as well as the place, where according to Homer, the nymph enslaved Odysseus, and if you don't believe it, they will show you the cavern.

It has for a hundred years been a crown colony for Great Britain. The noble harbor of Valletta, the capital, together with its central position in the central sea, makes its possession indispensable in keeping open the world's highway to India and the East. In the city founded in 1566 and ruled for 2688 years by the grand master of the Knights of St. John. There is much to be seen of interest, the interior of the Cathedral is one of the most beautiful in the world, of marble and bronze, its paintings and tombs are wonderful. After visiting the Cathedral, we went to the Governor's palace, Museum, Fortifications. We then returned to the boat for lunch as we had been warned to take no food or drink on shore, as it appears there is a fever on the Island. I went ashore and visited again the Cathedral and sat a half an hour almost in that vast building, looking at the wonders around me, the arched ceilings with its wonderful groups of painted figures, the inlaid marble tombs formed floor. I sat on until I began to feel cold, altho' out in the sun it was quite warm I then went to the Governor's palace, the building occupied by the old Knights. I was very fortunate to be introduced to the custodian and he was pleased to show me about, passing through long halls on either side, old suits of armour as bright as the day it was done by the old Knights. Then we passed into the old Counsel room with the old desks then into the dining room, its walls covered with valuable tapestry representing all the then known world, then into the Throne room, and then into the ball room, with portraits of the Kings and Queens of England, since the occupation of the Island by the English. I then went to the Chapel of the skulls, this I found was a small Chapel built in the lower part of the town. I found in charge a priest who bowed low to me, as I entered the door, he locked the door and led me out of the first Chapel across a back garden and then down into a low constructed chapel, on unlocking the doors, and letting the sun and light flow in, the whole of the Chapel was decorated with 3,000 skulls, and all the other bones of the human body, a most ingenious and gruesome decoration. I found the skulls and bones largely belonging to small men, the bones belonged to the French men who fell in the Napoleonic wars in that Island. The priest informed me that he only received \$50.00 a year as his salary, but he did not tell me how much he received in tips from the 600 people who visited the Chapel that very day as there was another large steamer in the bay with 690 American passengers. I was informed by the policeman that the whole city was honey combed by Catacombs but I did not seek them. I then went to the highest point of the fortifications about 500 or 700 feet high and there drank in that beautiful view of the bay, filled with boats of all kinds, Man-of-war steam ships and thousands of small boats and all the surroundings. Finding it was cold, I returned to the ship at 5 p. m. We sailed from Valetta to Alexander at 8 o'clock p. m.

Feb. 24th. Thursday was a beautiful sunny day, warm in the sun and cool in the shade, we walked on the decks, lounged

about and read. I had a bilious attack, been too free at the table but must be more careful in the future.

Friday 25th. Another beautiful day. All our talk is about Egypt, what we shall see and what we shall do and where we shall go. Saturday 26th. Arrived at Alexander at 7 a. m. After breakfast went ashore in a tender, our ship was surrounded by boats that carried the cross sail as well as ours.

Alexander has a beautiful harbor well protected by breakwaters; its extent I would say is about two miles in crescent form filled with all kinds of ships, steam and sail, one British battle ship came in during the day.

There were also two yachts one belonging to the Gould family, the other an English one. The harbor is surrounded by a wall with large gates here and there leading into the city and at these gates are custom house officers, inside the walls are docks and custom warehouses. On our landing the quay was crowded by all ranks and conditions of men, by people of all races and all colors, shouting in all languages and gesticulating in all manner of ways, who contended for the honor of taking us (three) to show our honors the beautiful things in Alexander. We selected our carriage and a guide and after passing inspection of the guard at one of the gates to the harbor, we passed into the city, we found it full of life and bustle, the streets were filled with a motly crowd composed of all colors and classes Levantine, Egyptians, Nubian, Italian, Spaniard, Greek, Jew Turk, Infidel, and heretic. Alexander is a fine city but it surprised me to find so little of interest in it. We visited the Catacombs, Museum, Pompey's Pillar, the market place and the sweet water canal. We returned to the ship and next morning took the train for Cairo. It was a day of deepest interest. From the railway we had our first view of the Nile, whose dark waters can never be seen for the first time without pleasure akin to awe as the memories which it awakens comes thronging to the minds. Here was the river of Egypt lowing in a calm and copious volume, through the flat and fertile plains, the fields on either side with the fresh green corn, and the banks of the river traversed by men and women on foot or on mules, camels and jack asses. How much Egypt owes to the gracious influence of this river. No wonder that in olden times it was regarded as sacred and worshipped as a god. We saw not only the Nile in its fertilizing course, but its waters continually rising through wheels worked by mules, oxen, camels, and sometimes by swarthy men, and then running in rills through plots of dark and rich soil. As we approached Cairo the Pyramids came in sight, rising in the other side of green plain at a distance of five or six miles, lifting themselves upon the edge of the desert. It thrilled me to see those Pyramids of Ghozeh, the greatest and oldest monument in the world. Cairo is a beautiful city the largest in Africa, and traces its origin to the Arabs. It is invaded now by hotels, cafes and houses that would emulate those of a European capital and the mark of modern taste or want of it is doing all it can to turn the ideal city of the Arabian Nights into a Paris, but when

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