

# Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI

## HAPPY FAR-OFF CHILDHOOD.

Where the primrose ways are wending  
And the live oaks cast their shade;  
Where the willow twigs are bending  
O'er the streams we used to wade;  
Where the oriole is swinging  
In his nest high up in air,  
And the mocking birds are singing,  
Don't you wish that you were there?  
Don't you wish—I'll bet you're dreaming  
Of the dear old scenes right now?  
Of the flecks of sunlight gleaming  
On the water, and of how  
You have sat along in June time  
And have watched the bubbles rise  
In the dripping heat of noontime  
Laid its spell upon your eyes.  
And until the west'ring shadows  
Like an amber mantle lay  
O'er stream and wood and meadows  
You have sat along in June time  
In that borderland of sleeping,  
Where the bird songs filtered through,  
And you felt the breezes creeping—  
Wish it? I just know you do!

You can see the meadows bending  
To a sloping grassy brink;  
You can see the willow bending  
Softly lowing down to drink,  
And the orchard and the wildwood,  
All the dear old scenes you knew  
In your happy far-off childhood;  
Don't they all come back to you?  
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

## Owing to Circumstances.

By Florence M. Bailey.

THERE were three of them in the playing of the little comedy—or tragedy. She—the first "she," the one most concerned—was dark-eyed and lissome and altogether lovable, with a name unmistakably Irish and a voice that was as absolutely "country born."

Frewin, being very much of a "griffin," did not hear this defect until it was explained to him later by the usual well intentioned female creature and then it was a little too late—for Rose.

Meanwhile he had liked it; there is a certain note of appeal in the accent when the speaker, who is also young and pretty, is pointing out to you the snows and the various peaks, and telling you to ride rather slowly down that narrow track, because for newcomers it is somewhat risky, and then takes it herself at a gallop, which displays alike her perfect form and perfect riding.

Frewin, town-bred and hardly across a saddle until he came to India, looked upon the girl who could do this thing, with the edge of the khud (the descending side of a mountain road) breaking with each thud of her pony's hoofs, as something superior even to himself, which was about the highest compliment he could pay. Piteforked into the C. S., with very little knowledge of the world in general and none whatever of India in particular, he had come out to be a small spoke in the great governmental machine. Happily—or otherwise—depends upon the point of view—he did not know his own magnitude even when posted to the Nazra station, which was a far cry from Simla and the upper ranks of the heaven born.

His almighty egotism, plus his superb ignorance of the small change of life and the ways of the world, caused his bearer to name him, within the second day's service, when detailing Frewin to a select audience of friends, the "Chota burra sahib" (the small great master), while the other C. S. men, with finer irony, had dubbed him the "Sub jantia" (all knowing); which, not knowing, Frewin went on his way, fulfilled his duties with a thoroughness almost praiseworthy in so young a boy, and occupied his spare hours riding with Miss Rowan—"Rose Mary"—it reminded him of convents and sweet simplicity and things like that—and at a later stage he wrote some scrappy verses to her as "My Rosemary," without apology to Rossetti.

Besides the dark eyes, the bright face that surely changed some twenty times a minute, the gravely gay temper, there was nothing Irish about Rose. She had never "been home"—that great journey which softens the lot of even the country bred.

Her father had been a typical regimental doctor, who died as he had lived, very gay and very poor. A sister, married to a wealthy tradesman of Lucknow, who came up to Nazra Hills for the hot weather, was Rose's guardian and supporter.

It may be placed to Frewin's credit that the knowledge of Miss Rowan's monetary position, common property in the narrow little station, did not influence him; he was a rather careful young man, and still suffering from the effects of having been too well brought up, but he was not mercenary. Moreover, as the cynics of Nazra would remark, there was an elderly brother-in-law, with many rupees and no children.

It was November when Frewin was gazetted to Nazra, consequently there were few people in the station, and the fact that Mrs. Burton, Rose's sister, remained up throughout the winter was an acceptable one to the new comer.

Not that Frewin tried to convince himself that he frequented "The Deodars" for the pleasure of meeting fat Mrs. Burton, who perspired even in December, and whose conversation was strictly limited to the wicked ways of the servants, the shortcomings of her neighbors, and the weather. He owned, alike to himself and the club, that Miss Rowan was pretty and rode well, and could talk of India and its people even if all things English, and could not appreciate the difference between an M. P. and a county councillor. So he, in his heavy way, taught her a little concerning England, and she, unknowingly, taught him many things Indian, and society, as known in Nazra, having gone down to Calcutta there were fewer venomed tongues to wag.

Not that Rose would have cared if all Anglo-India had risen to forbid

her intercourse with this youthful civilian, who represented to her the whole glory of the British empire and the perfection of mankind. She adored with an unrestrained adoration which would have been foolish and superfluous in the heroine of a penny novelette.

She was only 20, and life so far had meant to her a convent school and Nazra, with occasional weeks at Lucknow, and one whole fortnight of dissipation in Calcutta.

Moreover, she had the nature of a saint rather than a flirt, and it was her amazingly angelic temper which most won Frewin. A man likes that sort of Griselda girl—until it palls, and he wants a change.

So they rode and danced and dined together throughout the four months' winter, while Mrs. Burton beamed propriety and conveniently went to sleep.

There was no definite engagement, but just mutual understanding which seems almost sweeter when you are young and foolish, and the world is gray—the state which versted sich von selbst, as the expressive German phrase goes.

Frewin wrote home fanciful accounts, in confidence, to his favorite sister (it is a curious fact that most griffins do this), and wrote Rose many chits when he should have been attending to the service of government. The spring wind blew rose leaves through their small partitioned world and made life a glad thing.

March brought back Nazra's summer population, including sundry of the heaven born, without whose guiding hands the station managed to do very well during the winter months, but who were absolutely necessary to the working of things there when it began to warm up in the plains.

Old C. S. men, with many rupees and few joys, owing to their touchy lives—or their wives; younger ditto, to whom Nazra meant little work, much gaiety, and many flirtations, and who voted India "immense," not being able to see from their comfortable place on the top rung that Anglo-India was situated chiefly at the bottom of the latter, in steaming plains, where there was small leisure and less heart for polo and lawn tennis; sick men who had been considerably set up by their firms in order to save giving them six months to England; men without their wives, longing for them daily; men with their wives, wishing them anywhere but in Nazra hourly; pallid, snarly-tempered women, with babies that were ditto, only more so; objectionable Anglo-Indian children, compared with whom the American genus is as an angel—all the miscellaneous, unwholesome collection, of varied color, which swarms up to an idyllic hill station and make it hades.

The Nazra crowd included the usual limited number of "just out" girls, brought out by their respective relatives as marriageable lots, under which heading came Miss Ethel Maynard. She was the most perfect specimen possible of the conventional English girl—tall, fair, well-dressed, warranted irreproachable in conversation and deportment, with a knowledge of all the polite accomplishments and no grain of originality or tenderness in her whole body—the kind of a woman a man marries because she suits his dining table and the family plate. He is never ashamed of her, but as the years go on he gets very tired, and generally he lives his real life apart.

It was at what the newspaper hack still continues to describe as a "minor function" that Miss Maynard met Frewin, naturally, Miss Rowan, being associated with trade, was not asked to the great functions.

"That is Miss Rowan?" in response to Frewin's directing nod. "Oh!" with a significant pause after it. "She is the—Miss Maynard almost said "person"—"the same who did that extraordinary thing last week—galloped a mile and a half at night, alone, to see some native?"

She was still honoring Rose with the stare known in vulgar English as polite, Frewin, not being a large-minded man, felt awkward under Miss Maynard's disapproval. Yet he had thought at the time, when Rose had shyly told him of the incident, how splendid it was of her.

"Er—it was a very old servant—her mother's ayah, I believe," he replied, "and she was dying, and sent a message to her missis baba," he broke off, lamely.

It sounded really absurd now, and Miss Maynard's light, cold eyes were disconcerting.

Then he did a foolish thing, even more of a griffin with no tact—he introduced Rose to Miss Ethel Maynard. There was the usual stiff five minutes conversation, and as Rose moved away, Miss Maynard, with Rose barely out of hearing, asked briefly: "Country born?"

Only that—with the exquisite inflection of the most refined and utter contempt natural to a pucea "girl from home."

"Er—yes—I believe so," said Frewin, in a vague tone, as if he wished he could deny it, and completed his confusion by adding, "She's really Irish, you know."

Miss Maynard laughs the Englishwoman's little laugh of polite incredulity.

"Yes? Funny thing, isn't it? They are generally Scotch."

Luckily Frewin's Indian experience has not been sufficiently lengthy for him to appreciate the insult applied.

But when he rides with Rose next day, the soft stecco voice jars on him for the first time, the many trifling ignorances strike him in a new light, and she quivers at his irritable tone.

The idyllic ending was swifter than had been its beginning. Miss Maynard was only one of many who, with the very best intentions—was there ever yet a woman who did harm without these same good intentions?—told him more or less candidly that it was simply impossible that he should think seriously of "that Rowan girl." His chief's wife, who had a peculiar aptitude for managing other people's affairs, reasoned with him urgently; the owners of the marriageable lots, viewing Frewin as a young man likely to come on in the service, asked him to dine; while the lots themselves,

observant that he was quite a nice looking boy, and would probably have a comfortable billet later, flirted with him to a degree that simple-hearted Rose had never attempted. The long solitude a deus was ended, and even when it was possible to renew it Frewin showed no eagerness to do so. A place was made for him in Nazra society, by virtue of his position and its probabilities, and his eminently respectable relations at home, but there was no room for Miss Rowan in the same circle.

She missed Frewin, and being young and foolish did not understand. Out of the fullness of her loving heart she wrote him notes which made him frown and put on his judicial look—the same look which in later years he gave subs when he told them that "this course must be immediately discontinued."

He wrote replies that were vague excuses at first, and stiffly formal denials later.

Rose cried over them, and the strange pain that had come into life grew greater with each letter. She wrote a last appeal, full of loving foolishness and angelic forgiveness, and went up to the little Catholic chapel to petition that the answer might be as she would have it.

And Frewin wrote back that "owing to circumstances—circumstances over which neither of them had any control—he had been forced to the conclusion that any more intimate relations than those of friends would not be wise for either," etc.

It was a long, semi-official letter (to justify a position of which even Frewin had the grace to be ashamed; but the long words and careful phrasing were lost on a girl whose heart was broken.

"By the way, Frewin," says a man at dinner in the after years when Frewin is high in the service, and the former Miss Maynard is presiding over his house and name with all the chill dignity of which she gave promise, "who do you think nursed me when I was in the hospital with typhoid fever last month? That pretty Rowan girl who used to be at Nazra when you were there. Went into a convent, and is a hospital sister now. Funny thing for her to do, wasn't it?"

The speaker's tone is light. The matter is only a dinner table topic to him.

But Frewin responds, "Yes—I should think so," so absently, his eyes looking back on life's yesterday for a moment, that his wife tells the kitchen maid rather sharply that the bouza sahib is wanting champagne.—Black and White.

## A JICALILLA BOY HUNTING.

The Jicarillas are a tribe of the Apaches who terrorized the southwest for so many years. The present home of the tribe is in New Mexico. There are now but about 800 of them left, and they are the poorest Indians in the United States, and if it were not for the rations issued them by the government they would starve. The Jicarillas are devoted to their children, probably more so than any other of the American Indians. The youngsters are expert shots with the bow and arrow, and help very materially in providing the family with meat by hunting expeditions into the foothills. The reservation which the tribe occupies is practically a desert.



Find His Father.

## MARRIAGE IN RUSSIA.

The Unlimited Power of Parents Withdrawn, and That of the Husband Substituted.

As a daughter the Russian woman is under the absolute sway of her parents. The coming of age makes no alteration in her position. Until the day of her death, if she remains unmarried, the place she occupies in the family life is a place of dependence upon the will of her parents. When a woman marries she changes the authority of parents for the less unequal authority of husband. As the Russian statute suggestively puts it, "one person cannot reasonably be expected to fully satisfy two such unlimited powers as that of husband and parent."

The "unlimited" power of the parent, therefore, is withdrawn and that of the husband substituted. She cannot leave him even to pay a visit to a neighboring town without a "pass" from him. He names the time she is to stay, and at the expiration of the term she is bound to return or get it renewed. A husband may appear in a court of law as a witness against his wife, but a wife is not permitted to appear against her husband. A woman's evidence is regarded also as of less weight than that of a man. "When two witnesses do not agree," the code runs, "the testimony of an adult outweighs that of a child, and the testimony of a man that of a woman."

According to the tenets of the Russian church, marriage is a sacrament, and is theoretically indissoluble. There is no such thing as a civil marriage, and divorce, except in one case, is practically unobtainable by a woman. The exception is the deprivation of civil rights and banishment of the husband. If the wife chooses she can follow her husband into exile, and Russian literature is full of pathetic stories of women, tenderly nurtured, braving the terrors of the long Siberian march. All children, however, born in exile, are regarded as belonging to the lowest class of society. If, on the other hand, the wife seeks, on the plea of her husband's banishment, divorce, the church in this case relaxes her discipline and grants the plea. Although the statute recognizes adultery and desertion on the part of the husband as grounds for divorce, the law is beset with such difficulties that it is never resorted to except by the wealthy, who can always make the tardy wheels revolve more swiftly.

While divorce is difficult to obtain, there are other means resorted to which reach the same destination, only by a different route. Laws in Russia are made not to be broken, but to be evaded, and both the civil and ecclesiastical authorities have learned the art of evasion to perfection, says a writer in the Westminster Review. Marriages may be annulled if any informality has occurred in them, and if parties are willing the rest is only a question of money. In some parts of the empire the marriage service is enacted with this contingency in view. The certificate may be left undated, or the age of the contracting parties omitted. In some parts of Little Russia a relative, during the ceremony, gives the bride a slap, to prove in case of need that she has married under compulsion. Women who succeed in obtaining a separation from their husbands on the ground of informality are received into society, are allowed to marry again, and may even be separated again without loss of position. There is, however, a more healthy public spirit arising, which tends strongly in favor of an adjustment of the present laws.

## FACTS ABOUT MARRIAGES.

Genealogist Sets Forth Some Interesting Observations Bearing Upon Matrimony.

"The marriages of a family are a good business to go by in determining its characteristics," said a woman, whose business it is to hunt up pedigrees, according to the Chicago Inter Ocean. "I should warn any girl who has many old maid aunts and bachelor uncles not to dally with her first proposal if she would not be an old maid herself. Likewise, I believe that a girl's chances for remarriage, if widowed early, can be judged pretty accurately from the annals of her family in this respect."

"When in the course of my work I am in doubt about the identity of a family I am guided a good deal by the character of the marriages set down. For these illustrate the dominant family traits which govern as much in love matters as in other concerns of life."

"In some families early marriages predominate. The men invariably marry before they are 25, and the women at a correspondingly early age. Again, late marriages will be the rule with members of either sex."

"Some families show few second marriages, and rarely a third marriage no matter how soon the married state came to an end. Other records are replete with second and third and even fourth marriages on the part of widows and widowers."

"Often it occurs that in families of nine or more brothers and sisters, only two or three have married, and the descendants of those two or three displayed a similar proneness to bachelorhood and spinsterhood."

"Our family are not great on marrying," a girl, one of four single sisters, remarked to me lately regarding the family likeness she was showing all grouped together on one wall panel.

"And I could not but feel that that array of contented-looking single entities among her kinspeople must exert some influence on her own matrimonial prospects."

"Some families display a marked tendency to marry their kinsfolk, or the connections or relations of their kinsfolk. Others again seem by common impulse to have gone as far from home quarters as possible in search of mates."

"In records that go back only a few generations, there are instances of men who have taken three sisters successively to wife, and of women marrying their brothers in law and cousins in law, or their stepfathers, the same tendency to race affiliation cropping out again and again in the line. In other families living in the same neighborhood and environment not a single instance of marriage with relations or relations in law occurs."

"One comes upon families in which an unmarried member of either sex is a great rarity and families in which marriage seems to have come easily and as a foregone conclusion, and in which none of the widows or widowers stayed single for any length of time."

"In studying out relationships in quaintly old-fashioned communities one runs upon families that seemed bound to marry at cross purposes, as it were, both as to age and standing of the mates chosen. A widower takes for a third wife his son's stepdaughter or a widow marries the son of the man whom her daughter married. Just as again are family records in which a marriage at a very advanced age or with a partner of lower rank socially never occurs."

"I think fortune tellers could add to the effectiveness of their prophecies in love matters if they could have the advantage of scanning the family annals of the applicants."

"There is no phase of genealogical research so fascinating as noting the record implied by the marriage on a family tree. But the genealogist of the future will have more complicated work in tracing out lines and traits than exists now on account of the divorces figuring in the matter."

## COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

Senator Allison's Iowa idea is that the republican revisionists in his state are easy.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

It is a pity that the face of Washington on the two-cent stamps failed to influence those unblinking falsifiers of the post office department.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Manila used to seem an awful long way off, but with the new cable in operation it will be just the same as next door—with some tariff restrictions.—Indianapolis News (Ind.).

A plea of guilty once made permanently precludes a man. The prejudice remains, though the plea be withdrawn. The Iowa republicans have confessed that the tariff schedules afford shelter to monopoly. Modification or obliteration of that confession will not diminish its effect upon the country.—Elmira Gazette.

Postmaster General Payne, it appears, has issued an order to all postal employees, high and low, enjoining "strict secrecy" henceforth concerning past, present and future developments in the department. This order comes rather late. Strict secrecy now would simply confirm public suspicion that the worst is yet to come.—Providence Journal (Rep.).

The republican platform says that "the protective tariff has made the United States the greatest industrial nation." It neglects to state, however, that the natural resources of the country are so great and the land so fertile that the people are able to bear tariffs which would crush people less fortunately situated. But this is no excuse for the injustice of a high tariff.—The Commoner.

Mark Hanna feels confident that Postmaster General Payne "will not re-tire under fire." We had supposed that Payne was doing the firing.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

## A READER'S BLUNDER.

Rejected a Story That Became Popular and Later Had to Be Reminded of It.

"John Inglesant" was one of the great books of the last generation. The author, John H. Shorthouse, had published an edition of 75 copies, and then, at the request of admiring friends, he submitted a copy to the publishers, Smith & Elder, in the hope that they would introduce the book to a wider public, relates the Youth's Companion.

James Payne, who was reader for the house at that time, advised declining the book. It seemed to him dull.

Years afterward an American newspaper, in a character sketch of Payne, accused him of lacking literary perception, and cited, as an instance of his obtuseness, the fact that he had rejected "John Inglesant."

Payne was furious. He went to Mr. G. M. Smith, the kindest and shrewdest of publishers, and avowed his purpose of bringing a suit for libel against the persons who had accused him of such gross unfitness for his post. Mr. Smith heard him out, and then kindly said, with a twinkle in his eye:

"I should let it alone if I were you. What does it matter?"

Payne insisted; but finally the telltale expression of the other man's face arrested him.

"Is there any reason," he asked, "why I shouldn't contradict this man?"

"Well, yes! The fact is, we did reject the book."

"What! Do you mean to say I rejected 'John Inglesant'?"

"I am afraid so. At any rate, we did it among us. I don't blame you. Even now I think it's a dullish book."

"And you never told me!"

"No. I thought it might distress you. I shouldn't have told you at all but I was taken unawares."

## Open to Persuasion.

"Is your husband a strong-willed man?" asked Mrs. Sampson of her neighbor, Mrs. Towne. At a moment's reflection Mrs. Towne replied: "I don't know," she said, dubiously. "I always thought it was, but the other day he went into a department store to get a new rug for the sitting room, because he said he wouldn't go another day with our old shabby one."

"He happened to get off on the wrong floor, and he came home with four new-fangled flat-irons and a porcelain kettle and no sign of a rug. So you see I don't quite know what to say about him since then."

"All he told me was that you never knew just what you needed till you saw it right before you."—Youth's Companion.

## No Sense of Proportion.

The young man who had spent his efforts for several years without result in studying art was talking with his practical uncle, who had patiently paid the bills.

"Of course," said the young artist. "I know I haven't made much of a go of it, but I don't think you ought to advise me to try something else. You know it's best to put all your eggs in one basket and watch that basket."

"Um! That may be, Charlie, but did you ever think how foolish it is to put so many baskets around one bantam egg?"—Youth's Companion.

## Not Quite Landed.

Edyth—Is it true that you are engaged to Jack?

Mayme—Yes, but you are not to mention it. I'm not quite sure that Jack knows it as yet.—Chicago Daily News.

## A Lawyer's Duty.

The El Reno lawyer who asked for a new trial for his client on the ground that one of the jurors had fallen asleep did not receive much encouragement from the judge, who ruled that it was the lawyer's business to keep the jury awake instead of putting them to sleep, and refused to grant a new trial.—Kansas City Journal.

## Horse Rode in Automobile.

Breaking away from a wagon at Rheims, France, a horse dashed into a passing motor car and leaped into the back seats. The chauffeur was struck by its forelegs and thrown into the road. Passers-by were treated to the novel spectacle of a horse driving alone in an automobile.

## A Vast Difference.

"It's a shame," said one lady.

"What is?" asked the other.

"The way Bliggins treats his wife. He lost money playing cards instead of giving it to her to buy progressive euchre prizes."—Washington Star.

## Quick Consumption.

"The Stickit Minister" was begun late one evening, and the bulk of it was written in less than a week. Then, as the author himself said afterward, he "ignominiously lost hold." But after a little time he was seized with fresh inspiration and the rest of the book was written in 40 hours' actual working time.

## Balloon Explosions.

Certain balloon explosions are attributed by W. de Fonville to electric sparks as the aeronaut grasps the valve-rope. The use of gloves in stormy weather is suggested.

## SCANDALS ARE THICK.

Every Department of Government Rotten with Grab Games and Looting.

The pickings and stealings that have been partly exposed in the investigation of the post office scandals are but a sample of what has occurred and is taking place in every department of the government. Already an inkling of the corrupt state of affairs has come to light in the agricultural department, and an investigation would doubtless discover much more serious branches of trust than the short weight of seeds purchased for free distribution and the change from high-priced seeds to those worth much less. The secretary of agriculture and assistant secretary are both responsible for this defalcation, the change having been made on their express order.

In the war department the letting of contracts to favorite bidders has been partly exposed, and involves Gen. Ludington and the quartermaster's department and Congressman Littauer, who President Roosevelt says is his most intimate friend and closest political adviser. This Littauer contract for gloves, with a profit of \$90,000, is but a trifle compared to other scandals that will develop when a thorough investigation is had.

The purchase of supplies for the treasury department has so far had no light thrown on it for some years, but it is well known that favored bidders have a pull that outsiders cannot overcome, and the prices paid are far in excess of what the same class of articles can

## IOWA ALSO "STANDS PAT."

Republicans of That State Conclude to Let the Trusts Revive the Tariff for Them.

The "Iowa idea" was vanquished on its native beach. The demand of the Iowa republicans made two years ago for a radical revision of all the Dingley schedules that "afford a shelter to monopoly" was whittled down to the vanishing point, says the New York World. The new platform says:

"We reiterate our faith in the historic principle of protection. Tariff rates enacted to carry this policy into effect should be just, fair and impartial, equally applied to foreign control and domestic monopoly, to national discrimination and individual favoritism, and must from time to time be changed to meet the varying conditions incident to the progress of our industries and the changing relations in our foreign and domestic commerce. Duties that are too low should be increased and duties that are too high should be reduced."

This eminently "tactful" declaration means anything or nothing, according to the individual interpretation which any Iowa republican chooses to put upon it. That is its obvious purpose. But whatever success it may have in satisfying the republican farmers of Iowa that they can safely trust the monopolies to revise the schedules that shelter them, the country at large will not mistake the meaning of this "compromise."

It completely demoralizes the "Iowa idea." It abandons the brave demand for such a reduction of the Dingley duties as would deprive the trusts of the power to extort prices from 20 to 40 per cent. higher for their products in Amer-



"DIVIDING THE SPOILS."

be purchased for in the open market. The contract for ink for use in the bureau of engraving and printing has long been noted as a steal of great magnitude. Secretary Shaw is so occupied with protecting the interests of Wall street with his refunding and other operations, that of course he has no time to give to the minor details of his office, and the looting goes on right under his nose without an attempt to stop it.

The republican members of the appropriation committees of both houses of congress are dined and wine'd by those interested, and their eyes blinded to the waste and robbery of the vast sums they authorize to be expended. The republic is in the "commercial" stage of its existence, and officials and the favored few are nearly all interested in the crying evil of the day, making money easily. The get-rich-quick schemes are not confined to those who advertise for dupes in the newspapers, but others are being industriously worked to loot Uncle Sam's treasure box, which is continually kept filled by the taxes that a generous and long-suffering people pay under the contributions that their representatives force from their pockets. In the aggregate one-fourth of all of the money paid for taxes and appropriated by congress is wasted or stolen, and nothing but a reform of the system that has grown up in the past few years will bring about retrenchment and a return to honest government.

## THE IDEA NOT REPUBLICAN.

That Protection Fosters Trusts is Something Republicans Want to Keep Quiet.

The idea that protection is the mother of trusts and a shelter of monopoly is not and never was an idea of Iowa republicans or any other protectionists. To speak strictly, it never was an idea that they wished the people to get into their heads, says the Chicago Chronicle.

It is not so much an idea as a fact which is perfectly well known to the beneficiaries of protection as it is to free traders, but the former would rather not have the people know it.

Mr. Cummins and some other republican leaders in Iowa saw that the farmers and many others suspected the fact, and turned what they saw to their own and their party's political profit. But they were careful all the while to protest that they were protectionists of the strictest Pennsylvania sect. They were, therefore, in a position to keep the suspicious protectionist farmers in line by pretending to oppose a tariff which sheltered monopoly while, at the same time, magnifying protection.

In short, they have been confiding the plain republican people of Iowa who were getting their eyes open to the fact that protective tariffs necessarily shelter monopoly and that they are contrived and enacted for no other purpose under heaven.

It is time to stop talking about this as an Iowa republican idea. It is giving the devil ten times his due.

—Uncle Hanna declares that he visited Uncle Morgan in Wall street the other day "entirely for recreation." What a jolly time Uncle Hanna and Uncle Morgan must have had exchanging jokes and funny stories.—Chicago Chronicle.

## THE TROUBLE WITH THE OHIO REPUBLICAN PLATFORM CONCERNING THE TARIFF IS THAT IT MEANS THAT THE TRUST MAGNATES WISH AND ONLY APPEARS TO MEAN WHAT THE CONSUMERS THINK IT MEANS.—THE COMMONER.

—In asking Mr. Hanna to manage the republican campaign of next year, Mr. Roosevelt pays a high tribute to the value of the professional coach.—Boston Herald.

—Even the octopus is subject to the freaks of fortune. The shipping trust was a failure.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat (Rep.).