

HON. ALBERT O. ALLEN will be renominated for State Auditor without opposition. A deserved compliment to a most faithful and worthy public servant.

WE learn on good authority that J. F. Mitchim, of the De Soto Press, has purchased an interest in a newspaper at El Paso, Texas, and will in the near future make that place his home.

MR. FOLK is daily and hourly getting farther and farther away from the Democratic nomination for Governor. In the language of one Nelson W. McLeod, the "thieves, thugs and tricksters" are having affairs their own way.

SENATOR MARCUS A. HANNA, chairman of the Republican National Committee, and the most powerful man in the party, died in Washington Monday evening, after an illness of several weeks. He had but recently been re-elected to the United States Senate for a term of six years.

THERE will be no lack of daily war news from now on until Japan and Russia shall have concluded their unpleasantness. The syndicated press will furnish forth battles by flood and field, regardless. Every reader will get his money's worth at the low and easy price of one penny. More printer's ink than blood will flow, for which amelioration may we be daily thankful!

THE jury in the Butler case refused to believe the witnesses who sought to save their own hides by their testimony against the defendant. In this the members demonstrated their intelligence and sense of the fitness of things. If, as the folk shouters claim, the verdict left Justice lying a-bleeding, it needs not even her bandaged eyes to discover the incompetency which left her naked to the lash.

Among the Capitalists.

I roused me right early last Saturday morning to take the 6:15 train which came along about 7:15—a clear loss of an hour's rest and sleep. Happily, I had associates to divide with me the tediousness of the wait between schedule and actual time, and it was made bearable in the consciousness that my loss could not be converted into any other person's gain. There was consolation in that thought, and so Time's leaden feet bore less heavily on the corns of my impatience.

All things—even delayed trains—come to him who waits, and at the hour and minute above given the welcome whistle of No. 7 warned us to grip our grips and lunch-baskets and hand-boxes, etc., and stand in readiness. A minute later we were comfortably seated in one of the company's new, electric-lighted coaches, the bell rang, and we were speeding along. Nothing of interest to the reader occurred on the way to Poplar Bluff, though to me the varied and ever changing scenery of mountain and valley, farm and woodland—the bright, rushing waters of rivulet and brook, rock-bound and roughly bedded, and the stately and placid flow of the river winding its fertilizing course through the broader valleys—all these gave no time for vain thought or yawning discontent.

At Poplar Bluff we had "twenty minutes for dinner"—a clear waste of time, so far as we were concerned, excepting the three minutes it required to visit the lunch counter, and purchase a sandwich or two, or maybe three or four, with a fried "drum-stick" to round out the lunch with elegance. I had some notion, also, of blowing in a pot of coffee for the party, but the eighty-five cents demanded for that luxury aroused my combativeness, and I flatly refused. It was, I thought, too much in the nature of a hold-up to be countenanced by law-abiding travelers. Yet in this I may have erred. All the time we lay awaiting the passing of the twenty minutes aforesaid, our ears were regaled and our systems invigorated with the inspiring whangs of a dinner gong dealt out by the muscular and untiring arm of an athletic son of Ethiopia. Such skill and energy are not to be cheaply purchased, and no doubt other costly appurtenances, not perceptible to the immediate understanding are required by all well regulated lunch counters, and must be paid for. So, perhaps, after all, eighty-five cents for three moderate cups of moderate coffee is not excessive. Anyway, I would rather err charitably than write hypercritically.

The way down to this town was unmarked by accident or other incident than attaches to the ordinary railway journey. I kept the party with me well in hand, and though the duties attending my chaperonship were arduous and incessant, they not only deserved success but attained it. I drew a long breath of grateful relief when at length I surrendered my charge into the hands of the kind friends who met us at the station here, and, with anxious thought relaxed of its strain, determined to devote myself to myself for my own amusement, recreation and in-

struction—"combining the pursuit of knowledge with pleasure," as the show-bills say.

The morning of the day I landed—last Saturday—Little Rock claimed to have sixty thousand souls within its metes and bounds, but as the sun went down that day she was poorer in human units by ten thousand, or thereabouts. For this diminution I hasten to explain that my coming—momentous as it is was—in no way responsible. The blame or merit belongs solely to the Supreme Court of Arkansas. That "inherent" body at one fell blow lopped off from the parent trunk one of its most flourishing branches, and this town to-day is about as lop-sided, and disconsolate looking, governmentally considered, as a front yard tree after the destruction of the home dwelling by fire. Argenta lies across the Arkansas, but has been a corporate part of Little Rock for a number of years and is closely knitted to it by four bridges. Of course the police and fire departments and all the other governing interests made them of one bone and one flesh, but now, alas! the wayward sister has gone her wilful way—and taken her yearly \$20,000 contribution to the revenues with her! The real Little Rockians, with true Southern politeness, cry after her, "Success and Prosperity," but I am inclined to think it is voiced with about the same heartiness as is felt by the rejected lover when he sighs "God bless you" to the sweetheart who wants to be a sister instead of the real thing. Yet why should Argenta not branch out into another municipality. Now, there will be two Mayors, two Boards of Aldermen, two Chiefs of Police, two Fire Chiefs, and two a whole lot of other Official Things, instead of only a measly one. Some writer on economics has truly said, "He that makes two blades of grass to grow where there was only one before is a benefactor to his race." As holes for official pegs are scarcer than either grass or bulbs, the Argentians must stand justified before the world as they did before the Supreme Court. They certainly are standing by their rights as they see them. The evening of the day on which the court's decision was rendered a Little Rock policeman attempted to arrest an Argentinian on his native heath, but was prevented by the populace. The officer then phoned for the hoodlum wagon and a posse, which were despatched immediately to the seat of war to be in turn overpowered and placed under arrest. So the story goes, but I can not vouch for its being the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Its currency, however, shows more of the real state of feeling existent than do the soothing, "God-be-with-you" editorials of the local press.

I like Little Rock. It is a busy, clean, well paved and lighted city. Its street car service is good, and the general demeanor quiet and law-abiding. An air of ease and comfort prevails, with an apparent minimum of extreme poverty. There is plenty of "go" and the town is rapidly extending its limits. A number of fine business buildings and residences have been erected during the past year and the future promises well. As to its salubrity, statistics show it to be one of the most healthful cities in the Union, and neither you nor I will have the temerity to attempt a different showing. "Statistics" often knock out the bottom of speculative theory—if the term be permitted—and in this instance theory and fact and "figures" go hand-in-hand. Little Rock is "healthy," and a desirable town, whether considered merely as a place of residence or viewed from the standpoint of business. The defection of Argenta—made possible by one of those fool enactments which Legislatures sometimes put on the statute books—has given the city a temporary black eye, it is true, but time will rapidly clear its extravasation, and no doubt, before many moons have darkened, the prodigals on (or daughter, if you prefer) will be knocking at the parental portal, willing to take the husks, where he (or she) now refuses in disdain spices of meats and red wine.

The weather, though fine, is cold for this latitude, but politics are "red-hot and still a-heatin'." The first day of my sojourn I was puzzled not a little to understand the big wooden button ornamenting the coat lapel of about every third person I met on the street and in the cars and other public places. At length I ventured to inquire the meaning of the outward sign, and was reminded that a hot political fight was on in this land of cotton, fruits and color. It is a very pretty scrap, and as strenuous as our negro-dining President could desire if he were in it. Nearly all the newspapers are for Wood and they score his opponent day after day without mercy or ceasing. Now, I have always had a liking for Davis ever since he as Attorney General let the "foreign" insurance companies know that they didn't own the State of Arkansas, "body, boots and breeches," but, being a stranger in a strange land, my proper place is to stand aside and view the merry war, observant but silent. However, I do feel constrained to say that the almost unanimous voice of the city papers against him cuts no ice with me. In my beloved commonwealth, he who looks to the big dailies for guidance is mighty apt to tumble into the ditch of political adversity, far from the straight and narrow path of true Democracy. With which lamentable because truthful observation, I bid you *au revoir*.

E. D. A.
Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 12, 1904.

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The eyes of all the world will be turned toward St. Louis during the year 1904. Everybody will want to get, from first hands, the news of the greatest World's Fair which the world has ever seen. Our readers are advised, therefore, to subscribe for the greatest St. Louis newspaper—a newspaper which acknowledges no equal or rival in all the West, and which stands in the front rank among the great newspapers of the world. Subscribe for the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* and get all the news of the World's Fair, all the news of the national campaign, and all the news of all the earth. See advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

Weather Report.

Meteorological report of Voluntary Observer at Ironton, Iron county, Mo., for the week ending Tuesday, Feb. 16, 1904.

Days of Week.	Temperature.		Precipitation.
	Highest.	Lowest.	
Wednesday.....	10	32	20
Thursday.....	11	33	13
Friday.....	12	37	14
Saturday.....	13	56	25
Sunday.....	14	38	30
Monday.....	15	33	16
Tuesday.....	16	23	14

NOTE—The precipitation includes rain, hail, sleet and melted snow and is recorded in inches and hundredths. Ten inches of snow equal one inch of rain. "T" indicates trace of precipitation.

W. H. DELANO, Observer.



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