Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE

IRONTON. : : : MISSOURI

SONG OF THE HAYFIELD.

Tis pleasant to see the meadows bow
 To the sweep of the modern mower;
The swaying fields to the long, keen knives
 Their plumes and lances lower.
But oh! for the sweet, prosaic past,
 And the scythe's old-fashioned song;
For the rare, rich smell of the grass which fell
 In the billowy windrows long!

Mayhap the haying is now but play,
 With the aid of modern skill;
Mayhap it takes but day and day
 The roomy old barn to fill;
But oh! for the scythe's old-fashioned swath;
 For the mower who went a-field,
And the muscles strong as they swung along
 That their brawny arms revealed!

What though it required a month or more,
 Instead of a day and day?
The hours were glad and the heart was strong,
 And the labor was as play;
Then oh! for the sweet, prosaic past,
 And the scythe's old-fashioned song,
For the rare, rich smell of the grass which fell
 In billowy windrows long!
—F. H. Sweet, in Farm Journal.

TRIED BY FIRE.

How Freckled Murphy Won His Juliet

BY MARGUERITE STABLER.

"I AIN'T 'lowin' I'm any better 'n the rest of 'em, but now say, Lou, I mean Miss Louise, ain't ye, that is, can't ye——"

But with each shambling word the straight shoulders of Miss Louise was straightening into a ramrod erectness.

"Will you never realize, Mr. Murphy," she interrupted, with a chilling accent on the mister, "that where there is no congeniality there can be no—ahem, esteem?"

And Murphy, whose plea had been just plain, old-fashioned love, noted the haughty shoulders before him, and his heart went into his boots.

"It isn't that I have ceased to like Mr. Murphy," the girl explained later to one of the summer boarders, "but before I went away I had never met any cultivated people, and didn't know how impossible he is. I was too young anyway to be engaged, and you can't think how his ungrammatical conversation grates upon refined sensibilities."

Murphy, meanwhile, had stamped around by the kitchen, out to the barn and through the corral to the canyon.

"'Taint no use, I guess," he said to himself, when hours later, remembering it was milking time, he pulled himself together and started off stiffly up the trail. Murphy had felt ever since Lou had gotten her certificate that the times were sadly out of joint for him, but could not quite fathom the cause. He could not see himself as Lou saw him in contrast with the people she had met at the normal school, the teachers' institute and the oddly assorted guests who filled the little Buck Valley inn. "The pity of it is that I ever encouraged him to think I cared for him," she repeated to herself whenever a reproachful qualm strayed into her conscience.

And Murphy, to be sure, was not a romantic figure as he swung along the Grizzly trail. His hair was undeniably red, and his face aggressively freckled, his frame was loose-jointed and shambling, and his usage of the king's English—most unpardonable of all his faults in Lucy's sight—betrayed a contempt not bred of familiarity. That many of the visitors who came up from the city found pleasure in his companionship for his keen wit, good hard sense, and woodcraft, had never touched Miss Lou. There was a young bank cashier from the valley, a callow, briefless barrister from the city, a well-set-up engineer from that, to her, vague and mysterious region called "back east," who lounged on the porch, fished up the canyon and supplied her ideals of manly dignity and quality.

It had been hard enough to bear with Jim's crudities when she first took the school, but when the vacation season opened and people from the towns sought out her mountain fastness, she felt it inconsistent with her calling to be followed everywhere by Jim; by a man who unblushingly described the swagger young cashier as "the feller I had took up the stream onct or twict last year," and announced loudly enough for every one on the porch to hear that the barrister was "the rummest shot I have ever saw."

But if Lou could have divined the struggle Jim Murphy was making with his unkempt English when he met her, the next day at the spring, she might not have flouted him quite so cruelly.

"Say, Lou," he began, in the old familiar way, but managed to correct himself before the flexible shoulders had reached the pinnacle of their disdain—"say, Miss Louise, y'ell go to the dance with me Sat'd'y, won't ye? An' say, now"—but fearing another word might involve his syntax still more hopelessly, and settle his fate forever, he simply fastened his eyes upon her and waited, dumbly.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Murphy," the girl answered, in cool, superior tones, "I can't give you a positive answer just now, but I will let you know by Friday." Whereupon Murphy gulped down a retort and backed off down the road.

Friday was a safe distance off, Lou reasoned, to give either the cashier or the barrister time to ask her, and as she had only thanked Mr. Murphy and not told him he might hope for any favor at her hands, she felt she had managed the affair with rare diplomacy.

"Do you see how the little schoolma'am is playing the fellow?" the boarders began to ask each other as they watched the play going on, and saw the big, good-hearted fellow getting the worst of it. And many there were who longed to take her in hand and shake those flexible shoulders till her teeth turned to castanets.

Everybody at the hotel was planning to go to the dance, for the Divide was only ten miles distant; so every cart, spring-wagon and buckboard was hauled out the shed, greased and put in order for the trip. As the people came to these dances from 20 miles around, the trip had to be accomplished in daylight, so the entertainment began when the sun went down and lasted until it arose again. Consequently, in order to give the dancers and musicians an occasional rest, the programme was interspersed with songs and recitations.

On this occasion the notices posted at the surrounding post offices announed that the well-known Billy Winks twins, Ruby and Pearly, were to speak a dialogue; that Dick Van Horn would give a selection of coon songs with a cork accompaniment, and that Miss Eloise Adelaide Smythe would render the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

The herders and ranchmen of the vicinity, who pulled up their horses and threw on their brakes to gossip over the coming event, hailed with pleasure the prospect of hearing the twins and Van Horn in their respective specialties, but all were "dinged if they knowed who t'other one was," until by dint of much canvassing and caucusing the identiy of Eloise Adelaide was sifted down to Lou—"little Lucy Smith, old Tom Smith's little girl"—then with a meaning twinkle, "been away to school, haw, haw!"

But it was not Lou, nor Lucy, nor even Miss Louise who appeared at the dance escorted by the dignified cashier, but in very truth Eloise Adelaide who floated in Shakespearean state across the floor to the place of honor reserved for the performers. To the town-bred eyes of the visitors the scene was not of such importance as it appeared to the ambitious Juliet pro tem. And strange as it might have seemed to her, it had a humorous side. Each man, as he paid his admission fee, was decorated with a red badge of courage to exonerate him from being dunned a second time, and as the floor filled, a more motley assemblage would have been hard to find. There were trim, shirt-waist suits worn by the town women, limp finery worn by the native belles, khaki suits, knickerbockers, and tweeds worn by the men—everything, in fact, whirled across the floor but the accepted dancing garb—always excepting the flowing robes of the Lady Juliet.

However, in the eyes of the town people this occasion was also of moment, for "its almost too much of a good thing to have a country dance," the barrister in khaki confided to the cashier in knickers, "on the same night there happens to be a forest fire up the canyon. It's a pity we can't take in both."

Murphy, who had arrived upon the scene late because he had not intended to go, but somehow could not stay away, joined the pair, and explained to them that the fire was too far away for them to reach, and that the south wind was carrying it still farther away.

The sound of revelry waxed high as the evening wore on. One caller after another grew husky and retired from the field, but the flying feet of the dancers were indefatigable. Then the Winkses did their turn, and were thereafter treated to pink lemonade by every gallant in the house, till they must have been internally soaked. After another several hours of dancing, Dick Van Horn picked his banjo and sang his coon songs till everybody in the room was humming an accompaniment. Still the dancing went on with unabated zeal. Then, after clearing his throat several times, and stamping on the floor for attention, the floor-manager announced, with much mouthing of the name, "Miss Eloise Adelaide Smythe will now favor the assemblage with the balcony scene from 'Romeo and Juliet,' by Shakespeare."

The women occupied the benches, while the men leaned against the walls; and after what she deemed a proper delay, the impassioned Juliet leaned from her imaginary balcony and proceeded to thrill her audience.

Murphy had not danced much that evening. He made frequent trips to the bend, where he could look down the canyon, and Eloise Adelaide noticed, with a mild surprise, that he seemed to avoid her. She also noticed that he looked strangely pale, which made his freckles show more aggressively than ever.

The Buck Valley audience was being duly electrified by the glowing eyes and tender tones that seemed to play chiefly in the cashier's direction, and just as he was being assured, "My bounty is as boundless as the sea, my love as deep," Hank Redhead, the blacksmith, at a sign from Murphy, waved his fiddle aloft as a signal for attention, while Jim, regardless of the confidences going on between the Juliet on the stage and the Romeo in the audience, sprang to the front, and began: "Ladies and gents," in firm, measured tones, "I don't want to scare nobody; in fact, there aint no need fer gettin' scared; but the wind has turned to the north, an' the fire is comin' our way, an' if it jumps the ravine we'll all have to vamose."

An instant's hush fell upon the house, then a stampede ensued for doors and windows. Almost as the speaker finished, a light began to glow down the bend. A grave apprehension seized the hearts of the mountain people at Jim Murphy's words, while the sensitive shoulders of Eloise Adelaide cringed at his superfluous negatives.

"It can't possibly jump the ravine," the engineer raised his voice to say to the huddled women.

"At any rate, don't start out now till you see whether the wind is settled in the north," some one else said, to allay a stampede.

The blacksmith grabbed his fiddle and began on his one waltz tune, but "Sober Last August" had lost its charm. White faces turned, spellbound, to the windows, and fear-palsied limbs refused to move.

"We'd better git out," Murphy commanded, and all instinctively waited to follow his commands. "Them sugar pines in the ravine is tall, and the gorge is narrow at the bend," he explained in undertones to the engineer.

"Why don't you stop here and backfire?" asked a "timber-cruiser," who knew nothing of its terrors.

"Because the wind is with us," Murphy answered, as a faint roar was heard in the distance, and the faint glow became a ruddy light.

"Hawkins' clearing is only a few miles away," Murphy went on, keeping his eye on the advancing light as he spoke; "we'll have to make for that."

The teams were quickly hustled together, the snorting, rearing horses backed into their shafts, while men swore and women fainted, and the faraway roaring came nearer.

Murphy waited until the last panic-stricken man was stowed into a vehicle, and the terrified horse lashed into a run; then vaulting onto his balky little cayuse, he dashed back to the bend to gauge the time between Hawkins' and destruction. The wind, now due north and rising with the advancing night, was whirling firebrands into the canyon. "God!" the man breathed, deeply, "God A'Mighty!" but the tones were not irreverent. "It's all right, boys," he called when he again overtook the fleeing party. "Don't hurry, the' aint no danger 't all." But reaching the side of the foremost driver he leaned out of his saddle to say into his ear, "Run 'em, Dick; run 'em for all you're worth."

The flames now reached the bend, leaped from tree to tree, catching the giant pines and flinging its flames aloft, crackling, roaring, hissing, surging. Now a towering mast crashed into the canyon. Murphy saw it. A moment its light was lost in the black depths below. A moment only. Sparks flew upward and outward as twigs along the side ignited, resinous branches fed the flame, and fierce, forked little tongues of fire licked out and lashed the rising trunks.

The moon that, like a pillar of fire by night, had been guiding their flight, was soon lost in the rolling clouds of smoke. Hawkins' clearing, Murphy knew, was on the river, but in his murky chaos, where?

"Keep it up, boys. You're winners. We're almost there." He spurred his horse to shout, "You're almost there; keep it up!"

"Has the fire reached the canyon?" the "cruiser" called, feeling the heat increasing.

"No, ye fool, its miles from it. Ye aint skeered, are ye?" Murphy taunted in disgust at his want of consideration for the women.

The horses, maddened by the instinct of the wild, wheeled and plunged at every crash, while Murphy pulled alongside and cut them into blind fury. The roar was too loud for the occupants of the wagons to hear his reassuring "Don't git skeered," but his commanding tones kept them at least from jumping out. Impeded by fallen tree-trunks, tangles of deer-brush and chaparral, their progress was slow. Ashes rained thick upon their uncovered heads as fresher gusts of wind arose, flinging firebrands after them, while every soul cried "God Almighty!" and every heart beat "Hawkins!" Nobody swore now, and nobody fainted. White, pinched faces stared vacantly before them, or hid their eyes from the horror of it all.

"Hold 'em! Don't jump, blame you!" roared Murphy; "cut 'em! Hold 'em!" And his tones, ringing out of the darkness, still firm, still commanding, still reassuring, fell like the voice of a delivering angel. Then, almost like another comet, a black figure whizzed past them, and again the firebrand, barely lodged, was hurled through the air and stamped out, and again the frantic horses were lashed forward. Lashed until the whip fell from the burned and blistered hands that held it. But the voice still rang the assuring "Here we are right at Hawkins'. Just a few more steps." And the panic-stricken people were too dazed to wonder that half an hour later it was still "just a few more steps" in the same cheerful, encouraging tones. But the stifling heart between breaths pumped "God, we're lost!"

Still the blind leading the blind rushed madly on anywhere, for no one thought of questioning Murphy's generalship.

Gradually, however, the jolts and jars seemed to grow fewer, and looking up through a rift in the clouds of smoke and ashes, the sky seemed open.

"Here we are at Hawkins'!" Van Horn shouted. "Are we really there?" the "cruiser" shouted to their deliverer.

"Hanged if I know!" Murphy groaned, inwardly; but to the "cruiser" shouted back, "'Course, whar d'ye think we've been headin' fer?"

His right arm, he noticed, didn't seem to work, but all the time he was getting so easy and comfortable as the numbness grew upon him, that he did not care what happened. At least he thought he didn't care until he opened his eyes and saw Juliet tearing up her classic draperies in order to bandage his arm. Others seemed to be bothering around, too, saying things.

"Is he dead?" he heard them ask, and felt big tears falling on his face. So, considering how much pleasanter it was to lie with his head on Lou's lap, with Lou's arms around him and Lou's tears falling on his face, Murphy stayed dead. But when the cold lips of the erstwhile tragedy queen bent down and kissed his freckled forehead, the time seemed ripe for him to revive. And when he looked up into the smoke-begrimmed face above him, and saw that it, too, was scratched and bleeding, he forgot his own disabilities. But it was not the tragedy queen, nor Eloise Adelaide Smythe, nor even Miss Louise, who laughed at her burns; just plain, little, long-ago Lucy, as she bent low and assured him "'taint nothing, dear."—San Francisco Argonaut.

An Expensive Education.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the venerable author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," who received the degree of LL. D. recently, listened philosophically the other day to the complaints of a woman whose son's education at Harvard was costing a great deal of money.

"Many sons' educations cost a great deal of money," said Mrs. Howe. "And yet it is the most expensive education, usually, that is the least valuable.

"I had this fact brought home to me a short time ago. I was visiting a certain family, and one morning at breakfast the father said, as he handed his son, a sophmore, a $10 bill:

"'Your studies are costing me a great deal.'

"'I know it, father,' the son answered. 'And I don't study very hard either.'"

Filipinos at St. Louis World's Fair

Wonderful Music Rendered Daily by Islanders on Plaza of Philippine Building.

THERE are some people who still assert that the United States obtained nothing, through the annexation of the Philippines, but a lot of naked savages. In spite of the government's display at the World's Fair, which shows, in addition to the four wild tribes, the refined Visayans with their beautiful fabrics and their delicate embroideries, the loyal brown soldiers of Uncle Sam and the cultured commissioners and officials, there are some purblind individuals who refuse to see that the Filipino is anything but a nuisance and a menace to our country.

That he could be capable of civilization and uplifting seems utterly ridiculous to—those who have studied him? No, to the class who dare not visit the Philippine reservation at the World's Fair for fear of being convinced against their will. That a great many of the natives of the islands could already be cultured and refined would be set down as utterly preposterous by this class.

The soreheads need not be bound and carried by violence across the facsimile Bridge of Spain, through the Walled City to the heart of the most wonderful section of the entire exposition. They should only be enticed to listen for an hour to the playing of the Constabulary band. No man with an ounce of appreciation in his soul could hear that band without being convinced that the 81 men who compose its membership are far above the ordinary in both intelligence and sentiment. A nation or a race may be judged by its music. A natural feeling for rhythm and harmony is not an attribute of a chaotic or unbalanced mind. It is discord that leads the way to senseless vandalism and causeless rebellion.

In behalf of the Filipino it must be said that he is a natural musician. Even the savage head-hunters, in their peculiar tribal dances, manifest a remarkable feeling for rhythm. There is none of the Indian's wild noise and broken time in their beating of brass tomtoms and their somewhat monotonous singing. They possess the musical instinct that, with time and training, may be developed into just what the members of the two Philippine bands already possess.

The Scout band is an exceptionally good military band, such as we have heard before. The Constabulary band is in a class by itself. It is not to be compared with any of the other exposition bands. Its concerts are held daily in the large bandstand in the Philippine plaza, and those who have heard one concert will gladly forsake the most interesting exhibit and walk the entire distance from the heart of the grounds to the reservation in order to hear another.

The men who compose the constabulary and who have done so much to promote law and order in the islands are to be distinguished from the natives in the regular army by their uniforms. The military Filipino wears the blue of the American soldier. The members of the civil police force wear the khaki. It is these little men in yellow attire who have come to the World's Fair to show Americans what we, as a nation, have really acquired as an accidental result of Admiral Dewey's spectacular victory.

The members of the Constabulary band were all finished musicians before Lieut. Loving, their leader, took them in hand. Each one was an artist in his own line, and all of them had seen service in the military bands of the Spanish regime. However, there was a tremendous task for the bandmaster. The men possessed execution without idea. They could read notes faultlessly, and could keep perfect time; but that is only a small part of concerted playing.

Naturally quick to catch new ideas, they soon grasped the meaning of the "attack," on which the effect of a band's work so largely depends. Then they learned all the mysteries of shading, from the most delicate tone to the most powerful crescendo, and it is in this that their playing is so marvelous. In the tender, sympathetic passages of a selection the tone is subdued to the most exquisite murmur, from which it rises, without a crash and without a blare, sweeping majestically upward and onward, until the enraptured listener is engulfed in a mighty billow of sound. Nothing could be more inspiring than the burst of melody in such a climax as that which occurs in the sextette of Lucia, and no band ever handled its climaxes better.

In the most powerful tone, there is not the slightest suggestion of brassiness. It is all liquid music. This is due almost wholly to the instrumentation, which is absolutely faultless. More than half the instruments are reeds, and instead of the large number of saxaphones, the instrumentation includes four sarrusaphones and two sousaphones. Moreover, the clarinets are not used merely for accompaniment, but actually carry the second voice.

The music produced is not simply that of a brass band, but is varied for effect to resemble strings, human voices and even the pipe organ. Among the players there are several excellent violinists, and the personnel of the band is sometimes rearranged into an orchestra of 40 men and also into a guitar glee club.

The leader, Lieut. Loving, is a native of St. Paul, and a graduate of the New England conservatory of music. To his genius and devotion much of the success of the Constabulary band is due.

Would that every American citizen might listen to one of his matchless programmes, drink in all the harmony and all the splendor of the best band in the United States, yes, and stay to the close. The close is the most impressive part of the concert. No one could listen to the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by that band of Filipinos, the pavilion surrounded by other Filipinos, their hats over their hearts and their heads bowed, and doubt that they are loyally American.

BANANA A PROMINENT FOOD

Long Regarded as a Luxury by Natives of Tropics—Bread and Coffee Facts.

Long regarded only as luxury for children or proper food for the dark-skinned natives of the tropics, the banana has advanced to a place of prominence as a great food product. The United States and other great nations having colonies in the tropics have been investigating the food value of the banana and the results obtained are so satisfactory that the nutritious banana is taking its place as a staple food among all civilized nations.

To overcome all objections, the banana has been especially dried and prepared for food by making it into a fine flour out of which bread is made, and other process turns the soft mushy banana into a wholesome coffee.

The St. Louis Exposition is being used by the manufacturers of banana bread and banana coffee to introduce this new food to the world. Now this nutritious bread and coffee are served daily to visitors in the Palace of Agriculture, as one of the many object lessons in food at the World's Fair.

Many Varieties of Potatoes.

Three hundred and fifty varieties of Irish potatoes, big and little, are exhibited in the New York section of the Palace of Agriculture at the World's Fair. The specimens are the result of cross breeding of standard types.

Features in Food and Drink.

The World's Fair is full of new things, new features and interesting experiments in the way of food and drink. Prominent among the new beverages introduced at the Exposition are banana coffee and prune coffee.

At one of the California county exhibits in the Palace of Agriculture the prune coffee is furnished by the county, to teach the public the value of this experiment as a pleasant beverage.

The banana coffee is served in the same building, but at a different exhibit, the purpose being to show the wonderful food value of the banana.

Ancient Chinese Drums.

A number of old bronze drums have been placed on exhibition in the great Chinese section of the Palace of Liberal Arts at the World's Fair by the Chinese government, which on account of their antique appearance and peculiar shape are attracting much attention there. They are shaped like a huge bowl, with cover, and are of solid bronze, ornamented with crude relief decorations of animals. Several of these drums are believed to be at least 1,000 years old.

COFFEE DISPLAY EXTENSIVE

South and Central America Exploit Their Great Product—Porto Rico Represented.

The value of the St. Louis Exposition as an advertising institution and school of instruction is fully appreciated by the great coffee growing countries of South and Central America. These countries are showing their coffees to the thousands of World's Fair visitors and creating new demands for the better varieties produced, which now find a market at home or in England and Germany.

The countries claim as great merit for their high grade coffees as is possessed by the famous Mocha and Java, and they seek to give the public an object lesson in the use of coffee. Brazil serves coffee every afternoon to all visitors at the Brazil building, free of charge, in order that they may sample a better grade of Rio.

Porto Rico also has an extensive coffee exhibit, with the hope of promoting a larger trade with its new mother country.

Pygmies Discard Tents for Huts

The Pygmies from Africa at the World's Fair became tired of living in the tent provided for them and have built themselves small huts of saplings, covered with grass and rushes. In order to give the huts the proper dimensions, a novel system of measurement was employed. The corner poles were stuck in the ground and the architect then lay down on his stomach, stretching out both arms to see if the hut would be large enough

Organ Recitals Daily.

Five regular recitals are now given each day upon the large mechanical organ in the splendid French section of the Palace of Liberal Arts at the World's Fair. The recitals begin at 10:30 and 11:30 o'clock a. m. and at 2:30, 3:30 and five p. m., and consist of selections from well-known operas and other classical and popular music. The space about the organ is always filled with people. In addition to being a very perfect instrument from a musical standpoint, it is elaborately decorated.

Canadian Building Attractive.

The Canadian building at the World's Fair has attracted many visitors who take advantage of the porches surrounding the building and the seating arrangements within. The building is comfortably and elegantly furnished, and there are many beautiful things to view while resting.

The Smallest Bird's Egg.

The smallest bird's egg is that of the tiny Mexican humming bird. It is about the size of the head of a pin.

WHAT THE TARIFF COSTS.

Average of One Hundred Dollars Per Year for Each Family in the United States.

If the protectionists cannot show that all are protected by the tariff it must be admited that protection is not applied equally, and unequal taxation is an abomination. From the very nature of things protection cannot be universal, or there would be no benefit for anyone. If every one was taxed for the benefit of every one else no one would be the gainer. The policy and practice of the protective tariff is to make the many pay for the benefit of the few.

How few receive any advantage from the protective tariff of the 29,000,000 which the census of 1900 shoows are engaged in gainful occupations—that is the workers and laborers of the United States. It is admitted that but very few farmers receive any benefit from the tariff and yet there were 10,300,000 persons engaged in agriculture. Men and women in the professions numbered 1,258,000. Can it be shown that the 111,638 clergymen, the 114,460 lawyers, the 132,000 doctors and the 446,133 teachers have had their incomes increased by the protective tariff?

The 5,580,000 persons in domestic and personal service, of whom 1,560,721 were servants and waiters, 131,116 barbers, and 155,153 housekeepers and stewards—has the Dingley law raised their pay? How many of the 4,766,000 people in trade and transportation have received a cent from Uncle Sam? There were 630,127 clerks, 254,880 bookkeepers, 611,139 salesmen and the 582,150 railroad employes, all paying their share of tariff taxes, but receiving no benefit in return.

Now we come to the 7,085,000 persons employed in "manufacturing pursuits," about one-fourth of the whole number of workers. But a very large proportion of these derive no benefit from the tariff, for the 346,884 dressmakers, the 229,649 tailors, the 600,000 carpenters, without taking time to select thousands more, cannot be said to have any advantage from the tariff.

But all these and every one else paid towards an average for each family in the United States $16.52 tariff tax to Uncle Sam in 1902 and the tax the workers paid was in some cases even more than the masters paid for the rate of duty is often higher on the cheaper goods, and yet the protectionists say the tariff is to protect labor.

But what Uncle Sam receives is a small tax compared to what the trusts charge each family through the protection the tariff gives them, which is computed by the most expert statisticians to be for 1902 $94 for each family, or nearly six times as much as the government takes in at the custom houses.

No wonder the cost of living is high and that those with small incomes find it difficult to pay this monstrous tax which the republican policy of high protection imposes. We might stand the tariff tax the government gets if it did not protect and foster the trusts in plundering us.

THE SHIP-SUBSIDY STEAL.

Sure to Be Passed If the Republican Trust Boodlers Control the Next Congress.

Of course Secretary Shaw directly represents the president in his public announcements and speeches. When he spoke at the banquet given by the New York chamber of commerce last November at Delmonico's he was enthusiastic for the ship-subsidy steal if no other way could be devised of increasing the merchant marine. As the junketing committee of congress headed by Senator Gallinger has been holding meetings all over the country on purpose to gather evidence in favor of the ship-subsidy bill there is no doubt that such a measure will be forced through congress if money and influence will do it. President Roosevelt has virtually indorsed the programme that Secretary Shaw spoke of with so much favor, and the only means left to stop the steal is for the people to defeat those who voted for it. Nearly every republican member of the United States senate is on record as voting in its favor, and several of them are candidates this year for reelection—such as Senators Aldrich, Ball, Bard, Beveridge, Clapp, Clark, Depew, Foster, Hale, Keen, Kearns, Lodge, McCumber, Proctor, Quarles and Scott. The bill was not voted upon in the house of representatives. The republican majority there feared the people, but it is claimed that a majority are pledged to do so when it comes up at the next session. Every candidate for congress should be made to pledge himself to vote against a subsidy bill in whatever form it may be presented, and also that members of the legislature will not vote to reelect senators who favored it. It is bad enough to be plundered by the trusts through the protective tariff, which is an indirect form of subsidy, but to rob the people directly by granting an enormous subsidy to the Morgan steamship trust would be a crowning infamy that the voters should guard against.

Parker a Safe Candidate.

Republican leaders publicly say that Parker is a safe man. Privately they say Roosevelt is unsafe. It is this difference between the two men that is making the republicans doubtful and the democrats hopeful. "There is no telling what Roosevelt will do; we are likely to awaken any morning and find we are at war with some other country," is the way one republican expresses it. No one believes that Parker would ever do anything rash. Six months ago the democrats were resigned to defeat and the republicans were so sure of success that they interposed no obstacles in Roosevelt's way. Now it is the democrats who are confident while the republicans are in doubt.—Hartford City (Ind.) News.

Right Kind of President.

Judge Parker is just the kind of man who should be in the white house. Thoughtful, careful, cautious and determined. His training fits him admirably for the exalted office to which he has been nominated and which it seems certain that he will fill. But let nothing be taken for granted. The way to prepare for victory is by organization and work and the selection of local candidates of such character that they will contribute to the result.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

OPPOSITION IS ALARMED.

Leaders of the G. O. P. Are Very Much Worried Because They Are Minus a Bogey.

Republicans are beginning to be alarmed at having nothing to be alarmed about. They know that they have kept themselves in power for eight years because they succeeded in making the country's flesh creep at the thought of what the democratic party might do; and now they are wondering how they can possibly live without being scared to death. They feel lonely without their dear old bogey-men. A tranquil life is the last thing they want. Their political ideal of happiness is to be like the man in the "Ancient Mariner" who "doth walk in fear and dread" "because he knows a frightful fiend doth close behind him tread." Hence their melancholy reception of Judge Parker's speech. It showed them that their last fond hope of passing the summer in a state of fright has vanished, and they are naturally inconsolable at discovering that there is nothing to molest them or make them afraid.

The New York Post says that the idea of the country's being safe with a democratic president is gall and wormwood to the republican managers. They meet too many of their own party who say: "Well, I guess we'll have a pretty good president whoever is elected." And such people, so deplorably at ease in Zion, actually have the hardihood to tell republican politicians that it is a good thing for the country when the rival candidate for the presidency is a man so irreproachable and sound as Judge Parker. This will never do. The nation must not think of being contented except when it is affrighted; and as for republicans putting their armor by, taking it easy, and spending on European trips what they ought to give to the campaign fund—why, that is enough to make good party workers despair of the republic.

It was really cruel of Judge Parker to disappoint them as he has done. Not satisfied with robbing them of their money issue, he has not given them a single peg upon which to hang the charges, which they had carefully prepared, of his being an agitator and a leveler. They somehow hoped that he would step off the bench to display himself as an arrant demagogue, but now they can only turn mournfully away to bewail his being so "negative" and so maliciously "dexterous" in not giving them a handle.

UNEXPECTED MAY HAPPEN.

Old Young Men of the East Working Hard to Promote the Election of Parker.

Hon. George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, one of the founders of the republican party, is not only supporting Judge Parker, but is taking an active interest in the campaign. He believes that the anti-imperialism plank in the St. Louis platform, aided by the demand for Canadian reciprocity, will make Massachusetts a doubtful state, and it is his purpose to aid the democratic managers of the state in carrying its electoral votes for Parker.

Of course it would be useless to expect much from Massachusetts in the way of electoral votes, but the labor conditions there, considered with the large anti-imperialism sentiment and the widespread demand among Massachusetts business men for Canadian reciprocity, may make the state doubtful, or may result in a victory for Parker. We make no claims for Massachusetts, just like we refrained from claiming Illinois and Wisconsin in 1892.

The unexpected may happen, however.

We merely desire to say a word about the young man Boutwell. Born in 1818, he is now in his eighty-seventh year, somewhat older than your Uncle Henry G. Davis, our nominee for vice president. Boutwell was secretary of the treasury under Grant, and has been a senator and representative in congress and the governor of his state. Despite his years he is in full possession of his mental and physical vigor and is able to take an active part in a great campaign. Carl Schurz, at 76, is another active factor in the campaign. Indeed, says the Houston Post, there are quite a number of these old young men who are in evidence this year and they promise to do much in bringing about the election of Judge Parker.

DAVIS A FRIEND OF LABOR.

Democratic Candidate Writes Letter on the Way He Has Always Treated His Employes.

The following letter from H. G. Davis, democratic candidate for vice president, has been made public at Roanoke, Va.:

Elkins, W. Va., Aug. 15, 1904.—Mr. I. V. Johnson, Roanoke, Va.—My Dear Mr. Johnson: I am glad to have your letter calling my attention to the publication placing me in an attitude of hostility to the laboring class. No one who knows me personally or is at all acquainted with the circumstances of my life will put any credence in the statements to which you refer. I think I can well claim that I belong to the laboring class. For many years I worked in the ranks as a wage earner, and I know what it is to earn my living by the sweat of my brow. On the other hand, I have been a large employer of labor, in railroads, coal mines, lumber mills, etc., and have never had any serious trouble with our men. I can recall but two instances in which there were strikes, and these were of short duration and peaceably settled. No man has ever been discharged from our service because he was a union man, or been evicted from a company's house for any reason. I think you will find that the conditions of the railroad man and the miner in connection with the enterprises I have directed will compare most favorably with those in other localities of the country.

I have always believed, and my conviction came from the hard school of experience, that, measured by the character of the work he does, and the cost of living, every man is entitled to full compensation for his services.

I am charged with having instituted proceedings which led to an injunction against strikers by Judge Jackson, of this state. The fact is that I had nothing whatever to do with the case and knew nothing about the matter until I read of it in the newspapers. The injunction did not apply to the men in our employment or pertain to them in any way. On the contrary, I remember on one occasion one of our superintendents suggested an injunction against our men and I declined to consider it.

H. G. DAVIS.

——The constitution will have its rightful place when Alton B. Parker is president of the United States.—Boston Traveler.

——Is it because of his anticipated anti-trust activity that Morgan, Rockefeller and the Sun are supporting Roosevelt?—Albany Argus.