HARTFORD HERALD

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SIX PAGES THIS WEEK.

SARAH, HUSTLING HEROINE

By DONALD ALLEN

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"Look here, Jim" began Colville one evening, when her brother James came home to supper, "in walking past the tavern this afternoon I saw a strange young man."

"Yes, there is one there," was the reply.

"Who is he?"

"I can't tell you much about him. His name is Ripley, I believe, and he's come down from the city for a four weeks' vacation. He was asking me about boating and fishing."

James Halliday was a carpenter of the village of Branchville. His sister Sarah kept house for him.

Sarah Halliday had lived for thirty-three years and no man had hinted of matrimony to her. She never pretended to good looks, but she always insisted that she was tender hearted and had emotion sufficient to make a great actress. Her failure to bring men to the point had rankled, and she had finally made up her mind to do a little hustling for a husband. She had seen the young man sitting on the hotel veranda with his feet cocked up on the railing, and he had at once been marked down. He had looked after her in an eager way, and she flattered herself that she had made an impression.

"If Mr. Ripley is all alone down here he must be lonesome," she said to her brother Jim after supper.

"Yes, he may be."

"Then you'd better saunter up to the tavern and show him that you want to be friendly. You can bring in, if you want to, that I noticed him this afternoon. We've got the mill-pond here, and we've got a boat and fishing tackle, and it seems our duty to make the stranger's stay as pleasant as possible. You know how you'd feel if you were away from home."

The brother dutifully obeyed orders. He found Mr. Ripley smoking a cigar on the veranda. He mentioned Sarah, the mill pond, the boat and the black bass waiting to be caught, and Mr. Ripley replied that he should surely take advantage of the situation. He didn't set any date, however, and when he came home to supper on the following evening the brother observed to the sister:

"What do you think, Sarah? That Susan Jones has somehow managed to

SHE CRIED TO HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN.

get acquainted with the stranger, and he's over at her house playing croquet."

"Jim, you don't tell me that for a fact!" she gasped.

"Of course I do!"

"Humph! The freshness of Miss Susan Jones must be seen to at once."

And it was Miss Sarah speedily donned another dress, fixed up a bit, and, leaving her brother to eat alone, she started for the Jones house. Mr. Ripley and Susan were just finishing their last game. Sarah walked up to Susan and whisperingly asked for an introduction and forced the issue. When she returned home Mr. Ripley accompanied her, and he didn't leave the house until 10 o'clock. He had made himself very agreeable, and when he had departed Jim observed:

"By thunder, Sarah, but 'sposin' you could marry a feller like him!"

"I mean to!" was Sarah's laconic reply.

The next day Jim was left out of it. Sarah and Mr. Ripley took the boat and went fishing, and before they returned she thought she knew her man pretty well. He was romantic. He was inclined to be a hero. He quoted poetry. He sighed to find and love a heroine. When Jim came home that evening there was a twinkle in his eye, and after hearing about the fishing trip he said:

"Mr. Ripley seems to be a feller who gets acquainted with folks pretty fast. I just saw him walking home with Tillie Graves."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Sarah as she paused in the act of pouring out the tea.

"That's what I saw. She was at the tavern to see the landlord's wife, and I 'spose she was introduced."

"Well, I'll put a stop to that pretty sudden. I told Mrs. Graves only last week that Tillie was altogether too conceited."

Again Jim was left to eat his evening meal alone while the sister started out with aggressive steps. She saw Tillie and Mr. Ripley at the gate while she was yet a long way off. She walked straight up to them and observed that it was a beautiful evening for seeing the mill dam and bore the stranger away. When the pouring waters of the dam had been sufficiently admired the young man was walked to the Halliday homestead and kept busy quoting poetry and drinking cider until 11 o'clock.

In the course of a couple of weeks at least half a dozen girls were introduced to Mr. Ripley by the landlord's wife, and each and every one of them set out for a flirtation with him. Each and every one of them came to grief, however. Sarah was in evidence, and when she butted in the others had to butt out. At the end of a fortnight she felt herself as good as engaged. Mr. Ripley had praised her strength and skill in rowing, her luck in fishing and her emotional temperament, and she had several times caught him glancing at her as a man only glances when his admiration is aroused. He had been asked to tea three or four times, and the two had boated and fished every afternoon, and all was going well.

"How's it coming out, Sarah?" asked brother Jim one morning at the breakfast table.

"There's only one thing needed," she replied. "Haven't you noticed that he is always talking about heroes and heroines?"

"Yes."

"If I were a heroine he'd pop the question inside of twenty-four hours."

"But how can you be?"

"I can't say just now, but I'm going to think it over during the day."

That afternoon she received a note from Mr. Ripley excusing himself from calling on the ground of a slight illness, and two hours after she had read the note she learned that he was sitting on the piazza with the Widow Phelps, who had had two husbands and wanted a third.

Sarah planned fast from that time on. Sarah had learned that Mr. Ripley arose and breakfasted at 8 o'clock. He then spent an hour on the veranda smoking and reading. The mill dam was not a hundred feet away and in plain view.

Next morning as the young man on a vacation sat smoking, he heard some one calling his name. He looked up, and there was Sarah Halliday in an oarless boat floating down upon the dam. She cried to him again and again, and it was plain to him that she must be swept over the falls and drowned. The best thing he could do, however, was to fall over his rocking chair and roll down the steps. Right under his eyes the boat went over the dam, and right under his eyes a sawmill man, who had never longed to be a hero, fished Sarah out with a long pole. She was a heroine, but insensible. They rolled her on a barrel. They dragged her around in the sawdust. They carried her home on a slab and sent for Jim and the doctor. She was wrung out and put to bed, and it was two days later when Jim was permitted to ask:

"Now, then, what in the old Harry were you doing in that boat at that hour in the morning?"

"Rowing," she answered.

"How came you to lose the oars?"

"I wanted to be rescued."

"Oh, I see. You wanted to be a heroine, eh, and you wanted to give Ripley a chance to play the hero?"

"Has he sent me any flowers?" she asked, avoiding a direct reply to his question.

"Naw!"

"But he surely called?"

"How could he call when he took a skate that very forenoon?" bluntly replied the brother.

"Did he see me all wet and wopsy?"

"Of course, and that's why he skated!"

Poor Sarah! She had hustled, but she had lost.

A Mediaeval Bill of Fare.

A fourteenth century manuscript still extant records the festivities attendant on the marriage of Violante Visconti with the Duke Lionel Plantagenet, son of Edward III. of England, at Milan, Italy. The wedding dinner consisted of eighteen courses, as follows: First course, sucking pigs wrapped in a thin coating of gold, fish with their mouths giving forth fire; second, hares roasted and gilded; third, veal roasted and trout incrusted in gold; fourth, quails, partridges and again trout, roasted and gilded; fifth, ducks, game and more fish; sixth, beef and capons unadorned; seventh, capons, meat and fish done in lemon; eighth, beef and fish of different kinds; ninth, eels and more meat; tenth, galantine of meat and fish; eleventh, lamb roasted; twelfth, hare and wild boar with onions; thirteenth, venison; fourteenth, capons and chickens with red sauce of apples and lemons; fifteenth, peacocks with beans, salted tongue and roasted carp; sixteenth, peacocks again, this time boiled in spices; seventeenth, cheese, and eighteenth, cherries.

Wit Used as an Ax.

An honest old Pennsylvania farmer had a tree on his premises he wanted to cut down, but being weak in his back and having a dull ax, he hit upon the following plan: Knowing the passion among his neighbors for coon hunting, he made a coon's foot out of a potato and proceeded to imprint numerous tracks in the snow to and up the tree. When all was ready, he informed his neighbors that the tree must be filled with coons, pointing to the external evidence made with his coon's foot. The bait took, and in a short time half a dozen fellows with sharp axes were chopping at the base of the tree, each taking his regular turn. The party also brought dogs and shotguns and were in ecstasies over the anticipated haul of fat coons. The tree finally fell, but nary a coon was seen to drop.—Germantown Telegraph.

The Canal Is In the Air.

After three years of breathless haste at Panama, including the making of a revolution on Washington time, which is some hours ahead of Panama time, no general plan for the construction of the canal has been devised. There has been some desultory digging and a great deal of carefully considered lying in and about the isthmus and the canal, but so far everything is up in the air, the president having turned over the job of deciding upon the type of canal to congress.

Keeping Quiet.

Cornelius N. Bliss, the treasurer of the Republican national committee, does not care to discuss the arrest of Mr. Perkins for his liberal donation to the committee of the life insurance money that should have been sacred to the widows and orphans of the policy holders. President Roosevelt and Chairman Cortelyou are equally mum on the subject and have made no move for restitution of the large sums to the life insurance companies.

Get Us Coming and Going.

What with the cradle trust and the coffin trust, both protected by the tariff through the favor of the Republicans, the combines have us whichever way we turn from the time we first see daylight until we join the great silent majority.

In New Garb.

The Republican bosses, who have been somewhat staggered by the jolt the people have lately given them, are appearing in the garb of reformers so as to get their feet in the trough again.

A MUCK RAKE MESSAGE

The President Denounces the Judiciary.

"A MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE."

The Trusts Escape Through a Hole Dug by the Administration—Congress Recommended to Change the Federal Statutes to Cover Official Mistakes.

President Roosevelt is undoubtedly a close student of Machiavelli, the founder of the modern school of diplomacy. His special message to congress respecting the opinion of Judge Humphrey upsetting his contention in the case against the beef packers, coming on the heels of his confiscation scheme, shows that he is now trying to fan into flame the hostility of certain classes not only against another class of society, but also against the courts. If he can so far increase the hatred of the people toward the federal courts that they would support him in any violation of the constitution, laws and treaties of the United States, there would no longer be any barrier between the president and the permanent and hereditary dictatorship at which he seems to be aiming.

The court may or may not have been wrong in that case. The constitution provides that no person shall be compelled to give evidence against himself, and it has often been held in pursuance of this provision that where evidence has been obtained upon the assurance, express or necessarily implied, that it will not be used against the witness he is entitled to immunity under this wise provision of the constitution made for the protection of individual liberty. We understand the court's opinion in the case of the beef packers to be no more than this old rule of the law. There is a probability, indeed, that the case against the packers was prepared with full knowledge of this rule and in anticipation of Judge Humphrey's action in pursuance of it, and that it was so prepared—that Mr. Garfield was induced to obtain confidentially for the government the information on which the prosecution was based—in order that "a miscarriage of justice" should inevitably be the result, while our Machiavellian student in the White House would at the same time appear to be fighting the trusts and would gain the opportunity to go in eruption just before the coal strike.

On Saturday, April 14, he delivered his speech on confiscation and the muck rake; on Wednesday, April 18, he sent to congress his attack on the courts, which, if it were well founded, would be the finest muck rake performance ever witnessed. After denouncing the action of the court as "a miscarriage of justice," the president adds, "This interpretation of the will of congress as expressed in legislation is such as to make that will absolutely abortive," and again, "I can hardly believe that the ruling will be followed by other judges," meaning the supreme court of the United States. Is this a threat or merely a gratuitous insult to a co-ordinate branch of the government? It may be both in one. Of course this threat and this insult will be despised by the supreme court. But can congress afford to let the incident pass without rebuking the offender? Can it afford to allow the president to inject into his messages to them and to spread upon the pages of the journals such muck as this—such charges against one court and insinuations against another as this muck message contains? The president has no right to say such things in his official capacity. They are distinctly libelous in character.

The president might properly have called to the attention of congress the desirability of new legislation in view of the court's decision, but to hold up a judge to popular execration and to insinuate that other judges who would be called upon to review the case on appeal would be put into the same pillory if they dared to sustain the ruling of the lower court, and to have all this spread upon the journals of congress in a message from the president, is furnishing the worst possible example for the people at this time. This message deserves to go down in history as the only genuine "muck message" ever sent to congress by an American president.

TRUSTS AND SUBSIDIES.

Republican System Which Protects the Few and Plunders the Many.

Secretary Shaw, with his vague ideas of economics, often makes most extraordinary statements. Through reading the protection literature prepared by the Protective Tariff league he has registered in his partisan mind that "the government has granted either protection or aid to every industry which is now being prosecuted by our people and every industry that can appropriately be prosecuted, international shipping alone excepted." That statement was made in a speech to the Eastern Commercial Teachers' association, and if they were not a lot of chumps how they must have laughed in their sleeves at the Shaw protection philosophy! It is true the Republican party has protected the trusts and aided the manufacturers, but the people pay the bills, and their industry is made less remunerative by the protection the tariff gives the trusts. The greatly increased cost of living since the Dingley tariff bill was enacted has virtually decreased wages over one-third and reduced stationary incomes by a like percentage, yet Secretary Shaw would add to their burdens still another tax to subsidize the steamship trust.

The policy of the protectionists is to indirectly foster with the protective tariff or directly subsidize the few who dwell in palaces at Newport out of the hard earned money of the many who labor and pay the taxes. The southern planter has no protection for his cotton, neither has the northern farmer for his cereals, for both must sell at the world's prices in open competition with all countries that likewise have a surplus to dispose of. But all this great agricultural class must pay the increased price for what they buy which the fostering tariff allows the trusts and combines to charge. The storekeeper, the commercial traveler and the clerk do not find profits or salaries advanced in proportion to the increased cost of living, for they are all paying their share of the tariff tax to the trusts, to whom Secretary Shaw so joyously reminds us "the government has granted either protection or aid."

The trust and corporation barons would make serfs of the workmen they employ, and only through organization have the workingmen been able to protect themselves and remain free men. Republican policies and Republican laws have given them no aid or comfort, for under the protective system everything they buy has increased in a much greater ratio than the wages they receive.

This, then, is the policy lauded by Secretary Shaw and the Republican politicians. To protect and subsidize the powerful and rich by taxing the farmer, the tradesman, the artisan and the laborer. Promises have been made by Republican conventions and politicians to revise the tariff, and similar promises are being formulated to again fool the people, but as long as the protected interests dominate the Republican party there can be no real tariff reform, as the stand patters will never consent to cut off the campaign contributions from the protected trust barons. Those who feel the pinch of high trust prices should think of these matters when they vote next fall for those who are to represent them.

Muck Rake and Whitewash Brush.

Any sort of rake may become a muck rake when muck has accumulated to such an extent that the health and safety of the community require its removal. It is the use to which it is put that makes it what it is. Theoretically the greatest muck rake in this country is Charles E. Hughes, whose work in cleaning out the life insurance muck beds is almost as famous as that of Hercules in cleaning the Augean stables. All honor to him for his work! He did not try to besmirch the characters of dead men, as Roosevelt did in his book. Next to Hughes, the most useful muck rakes in the country are those men, like Tillman, who expose and condemn moral nastiness and rottenness in public life, even in the White House. The journals which expose corruption and fraud are doing the best possible work. It is the man with the whitewash brush and not the man with the rake who is the dangerous factor in public affairs and who deserves a place in the pillory.

Partisan Politics.

The partisan persistence of the Republican managers in refusing to agree on the bill to admit Oklahoma is entirely opposed to public opinion on this question. The senate, for once at least, is actually in agreement with the Democrats that justice be done to nearly 1,000,000 citizens who have made their homes in Oklahoma and Indian Territory. The question of the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as one state has been very properly left by the senate amendment to the vote of the people, but to this the Republican majority of the house refuses to agree. When these stand pat members are asking for indorsement next fall the voters should give them a dose of their own medicine and refuse to re-elect those who would not trust the people.

Roosevelt's Plan.

President Roosevelt evidently thinks the Democrats will elect a majority of the next congress, for he is said to have decided to call a special session after March 4 for the purpose of revising the tariff. He knows as well as any one that if the Republicans should again have a majority of congress it would be useless to call a special session, for the stand patters would be in control.

Catherine Built the Palace.

The Petrovsky palace is a charming monument to the more picturesque side of Catherine the Great's character. It was her villa without the walls of Moscow, where she could live at her ease, surrounded by her intimates, the Apraxins, the Volkonskys, the Golitsins, the Razumovs. She would have no soldiers to guard her. She preferred to rest under the protection of her own people, and the people came crowding about the palace, saying: "Make no noise! Do not disturb our little mother!" She loved the fields and woods of Petrovsky, as well she might. It was in this neighborhood that she herself awaited the approach of her coronation, staying in Count Razumov's wonderful villa, which so astonished Lord Herbert and William Cox in 1778. She had the palace built to commemorate the Russian victories over the Turks and intrusted the task to a native architect who knew how to adapt Gothic lines to Russian taste and to combine splendor with comfort. The red walls, with their white stone facings and round towers, seen among the trees, give a delightful impression of elegant seclusion. Since Catherine's day all the emperors of Russia have awaited the day of the triumphal entry in the Petrovsky palace.—London Standard.

Financial Distinction.

"There goes a man who was once a great bull operator in this town," said a broker as an elderly, listless gentleman passed through the lobby of a hotel.

"How long ago?" asked his companion.

"Oh, a good many years. He failed three times and his financial career illustrates a curious trait in human nature. After his first suspension the creditors got together for a conference with him. When it was found that his liabilities ran near the million mark they eagerly helped him resume, for the sake of preserving general business confidence, they said.

"Some years later he went under again. There was another conference of creditors. The liabilities were smaller this time, but ran into the hundreds of thousands. 'We mustn't impede an able financier,' they decided, and he was helped to become solvent once more.

"But after his third failure the liabilities ran up to almost nothing at all—for Wall street—hardly $25,000. His creditors met and decided that the age showed too strong a tendency toward reckless speculation. So they drove him into bankruptcy."—New York Press.

Cause of Warm and Cold Periods.

Experiments of the Swedish physicist Arrhenius, supplementing the investigations of Professor Langley, indicate that in order to explain the origin of the warm climate which prevailed over the earth in the tertiary age, when even the polar regions seem to have abounded with life, and of the intense cold that caused the glacial periods, when half the northern hemisphere was buried under ice, it is only necessary to look to slight changes in the composition of the atmosphere. The active agent in these changes is thought to have been carbon dioxid. It has been shown that this gas possesses so great a power to retain solar heat that its addition to the extent of only one-tenth of 1 per cent of the present atmosphere would suffice to produce a tertiary climate and that taking away only one-fiftieth of 1 per cent from the present atmosphere would bring on glaciation. It has been conjectured that the fall of meteors was the source of the extra supply of carbon dioxid in former geological periods.

"It Is to Laugh"

By M. J. Phillips

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Bob Wentworth tucked his sister and himself snugly into their cutter and started old Dobbin on a brisk trot, for there were three miles of crisp white road to be covered, and it was almost chore time. When they were fairly under way Wentworth turned to his pretty sister, christened Elsie, but known as Toots to all her many friends, and said, "I hear you're going to get married, Toots."

Miss Wentworth's very becoming flush was no doubt due to the weather, for the thermometer hovered about zero. At any rate, she answered very composedly: "Oh, indeed! And who told you, Mr. Smarty?"

"A little bird, Elsie from Chelsea; a little bird." He bent a waggish glance upon her. "I say, which one is it going to be?"

"Ask your little bird," she retorted.

Bob tried a new tack. "Well, Harry Crossman is a nice fellow."

"Indeed he is," replied his sister.

"Good looking."

"Yes."

"Better looking than Luke Cotter, I think."

"Do you?"

"And more money too."

"Yes."

"Romantic disposition too." Bob was warming to his theme. "Any fellow

HE BORE DOWN ON COTTER AND THE STEER.

who will go west and be a cowboy for a year must have some romance about him. Now, I don't believe that Luke Cotter has even been out of the county."

"He was in Chicago last summer."

"With a load of stock. He stayed all of twenty-four hours. Seriously, Toots, I approve of your choice. Cotter's all right, but all he's got is a forty acre farm, and that's mortgaged."

He seemed almost dissatisfied with his sister's nod of assent. After a moment's silence he burst out boyishly: "Oh, I say, Toots, be a good fellow! Which one is it, and when is it going to be? 'Fess up now."

Toots reflectively smoothed her muff; then she said cautiously, "Do you promise not to tease me?"

"Cross my heart."

The girl looked down pensively. "They've both asked me."

"Good."

"And—and they're both coming tomorrow for their answers."

"Hurroo!"

"You're not to tease now."

"I won't, honest."

"Well, I haven't really decided which it is to be."

Bob chuckled gleefully. "What a beautiful situation! Toots, you're a winner. I've always said it. Peck's Bad Boy wasn't in it with you for getting into trouble. When are you going to decide, for heaven's sake?"

"I don't know."

Miss Wentworth essayed to say more, but her courage failed her. Bob slapped Dobbin with the reins, interrupting a long drawn whistle to grin expansively.

"Bob"—

He raised his hand. "Oh, I know what you're going to say, and my advice is, don't say it. You want me to help you choose, and I won't. I know you, Toots. If I picked one, you'd marry the other, and if he beat you up you'd blame me. No, my dear, a man should select his own neckties and a woman her own husband."

"I think you're just as mean as you can be," pouted Toots.

"The lady or the tiger," apostrophized Bob, waving a long arm at the horizon. "The gallant cowboy or old Stick-in-the-mud; the heir to—well, thousands and the poor but honest youth; the—hello, what's this?"

A sharp turn in the road had brought them to a most interesting tableau. A team of horses, attached to a sleigh, stood facing them. Behind the sleigh a man in a fur coat clung stubbornly to a long rope. At the other end of the rope an angry steer was plunging and bellowing. Evidently the animal had been tied insecurely to the sleigh, had worked the knot loose and had been about to make a dash for liberty. At this moment the driver had discovered the status of things and taken a hand.

The steer swung abruptly to the left. The man in the fur coat was swept off his feet by the move and sprawled full length on the snow. The steer charged the rail fence by the roadside, scattered the rails as if they were so many matches and galloped into the smooth meadow lot beyond. The man still dangled at the end of the rope. As the animal began moving in a wide circle through the field he attempted repeatedly to rise, but his heavy coat and the plunging of the steer hampered him.

Bob leaped out of the cutter. "Luke Cotter," he remarked. "His arm's tangled in the rope so he can't get up. The beast can't hurt him, but that dragging will play the mischief with his coat."

There was a rapid thudding of hoofs down the road from behind, and a horseman, a handsome fellow, with dark hair, dashed by, with a smile and a nod. He swung his horse through the gap in the fence and bore down on Cotter and the steer. Bob climbed back into the cutter and grinned. "Harry Crossman!" He settled himself to enjoy the denouement. "The plot thickens." His sister sat silent and breathless.

Within half a minute the big bay was running easily in the rear of the prostrate Cotter. Crossman shrewdly anticipated the steer's next turn, grasped the rope midway and set his horse back upon its haunches. Checked in its career, the steer rolled over in the snow.

Cotter scrambled to his feet, freed his arm and secured a firm foothold. Then he and the steer fought it out. In vain the animal threw his weight against the rope; he was conquered, and, accepting philosophically the fortunes of war, he suffered himself to be led back to the sleigh. This time he was tied beyond the possibility of escape.

Beyond a brief word of thanks to his rescuer in the field Cotter had preserved the most profound silence. Crossman rode up to the Wentworth cutter. His black mustache curled back, disclosing pouty lips, like those of a spoiled child, but he smiled modestly at the compliments for his clever action that Bob showered upon him.

When Cotter had finished tying the steer he walked over to the cutter. He surveyed his coat, here and there worn bare from contact with ice and snow, and fence rails, in silence; he turned to the field and the circle, marked by bits of fur, around which he had so recently swung. The twinkle in his eye as he caught Miss Wentworth's eye was irresistible. In a moment the whole party was shaken by a gale of merriment, Cotter's care free laughter ringing above all the rest.

"I've decided, Bob," said Toots when they had driven on.

"I thought that would catch you," remarked her brother gloomily. "He rides like a fiend."

"But it isn't he; it's Luke. I guess it's always been Luke. Imagine Harry Crossman laughing after being dragged all over a ten acre lot by a wretched steer! He'd cry with mortification. And it's better to go through life with a man who will laugh instead of cry, isn't it?"

"You may kiss me, Toots," replied her brother impressively. "I thought I possessed all the brains of this generation; I'm glad I'm wrong. Old Luke was my choice from the start."

PUBLIC OPINION.

The Great Lever That Moves the Politicians.

Don't waste your time denouncing corporations. A corporation can only act through its president and board of directors. To attack a corporation is but waste of breath, but the officials and directors are the ones that are subject to the penalties of the law and to the great moral force of public opinion. The coal trust is soulless, but Brother Baer and the directors of the railroads and coal companies who are illegally combined to plunder the public and prey on the miners can be reached by the law and eventually will be. Although trust magnates' skins are thick, yet they are amenable to public contempt, which is a wonderfully sharp weapon. Back of the coal trust and the steel trust is J. P. Morgan. Hurl your shafts at him.

The Standard Oil corporation is really the Rockefellers and Rogers. The sugar trust is Havemeyer. The New York Central railroad is the Vanderbilts. The Pennsylvania and Baltimore and Ohio railroads are entirely controlled by Cassatt; the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific and the Burlington by Hill; the Southern railway by Morgan, the Southwestern railroads by Harriman, and so it is with the other systems. The industrial trusts are likewise mostly controlled by one man.

President Roosevelt speaks of "good and bad trusts," but the trusts and corporations are only what their managers make them, and the honest or dishonest directors or managers should be praised or blamed.

How powerful public opinion is on those corporation officials who have sinned is shown by the self banishment of Rockefeller to avoid appearing as a witness and the flitting of the insurance grafters. The corporation cannot be punished. If you fine it the money comes out of the pockets of the shareholders, so that anathematizing corporations is so much vanity. That is where the efforts of President Roosevelt against the trusts have failed of accomplishment. The case against the Northern Securities company, which resulted in its virtual dissolution, has had no effect, but if the law had been brought to bear on President Hill he would probably have been glad to see competition resumed between the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads.

The administration has utterly failed in all its antitrust contests. Every trust, combine or corporation is still a monopoly, as far as it can be, and continues to plunder the people as much as the business sagacity of the managers considers desirable. Will the voters, who are the victims of trust and corporation rapacity, indorse the feeble efforts of the administration at trust busting? A true reformer with all the great power of the government at his command should have been able to put the bodies of some trust magnates at hazard in the courts. But not a trust magnate has been convicted.

Public opinion with its moral force alone has done more to curb the trust magnates, and if the contempt of the people is centered on the persons and not on the impersonal corporation it will have still greater effect.

Underneath all this, however, is the cause that has fostered the trusts and that can only be removed by the adoption of the good old Democratic doctrine of "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none."

What the Republicans Stand For.

The platform adopted at the late Indiana Republican state convention stands pat for "the time honored Republican doctrine of protection" and further declares that the party is "the friend of the protective policy through good and evil report" and adds that it "can be trusted to make changes in tariff schedules whenever more good than evil will result." As the convention was dominated by Fairbanks and Beveridge, who are ardently for the ship subsidy steal, of course they and their henchmen stand for the plundering tariff, which allows the trusts to sell cheaper to foreigners than to our own people. They doubtless stand for the Republican "time honored custom" of bleeding the tariff fostered trusts and protected combines of campaign funds, so as to have the chance to continue the plundering of the many for the benefit of the few. It is well known they stand for this "through good and evil report" and "can be trusted" to fool the people as long as the voters allow them to do so.

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HELP SAN FRANCISCO.

Republican Tariff Tax on Homes Should Be Abated.

HIGH DUTY ON BUILDING MATERIAL

How the Trusts Plunder the Home Builder—The Farmer Feels the Burden—Will the American People Vote to Continue Taxing the Many For the Benefit of the Few?

It is proposed by the Democrats to abate the tariff tax on building material for San Francisco while that city is being rebuilt, but the Republican stand patters are secretly opposing it, as it will call attention to the iniquities of the present tariff law, which fosters trusts and combines and protects them in obtaining and continuing present high prices. The Democrats in congress will unite in voting for rebating the duties paid on all building material used in the stricken city and would welcome a decrease of the tariff rates paid by the whole country.

The tariff tax on steel, glass, nails and lumber is all protective of the combines that aim to control the price and avoid competition. The tariff on structural steel, nails, etc., is from 36 per cent to 87 per cent, on common window glass from 37 to 115 per cent, according to size, and on plate glass from 49 to 140 per cent; on lumber planed on one side 22 per cent, and up to 30 per cent for flooring; on paints from 48 to 79 per cent, and on linseed oil 52 per cent.

There are other materials that are used in building which pay an average percentage as follows:

Brick and tile	32	Marble	55
Cement	25	Wall paper	35
Iron and steel		Stone	50
Pipe	30	Tin plates	33
Lead	32	Varnish	97
Lime	34		

To refund these tariff taxes will be an enormous saving to the home builders of San Francisco and will open the eyes of home builders everywhere to the tax upon building homes.

The trusts and combines have such a firm control of the market for most of the materials that enter into buildings that they have increased prices since the tariff bill was enacted fully 40 per cent on the average, and there is but little opportunity for competition to keep them within reasonable bounds. The materials that enter into a building are in relation to it raw materials just as much as pig iron is to a finished stove. The question to be considered by voters in electing the next congress is whether they will vote to reduce the tariff rates enough to induce foreign competition, unless the trusts and combines lower their prices to the level to prevent the foreign goods from coming in and underselling them. If the tariff on building materials and other necessities were necessary to protect American workmen, employed at good living wages, the tariff taxpayers—and that is everybody—would perhaps bear it patiently until the plundering system could be revised for the benefit of all alike. But the tariff increased price paid by the American people should only be enough more than the European prices to cover the difference between wages there and here. The transportation charges alone on such heavy materials are enough protection in themselves.

The high cost of building material has so increased the cost of homes that rents have advanced about 25 per cent. The farmer who builds a new house or barn is compelled to pay about 40 per cent more for the materials, so the increased money invested is a clear loss to him and the interest on same is virtually a yearly rent charge for living in his own house.

There is no reason why this tariff tax on building materials should be continued, for the government collection from this source is less than 2 per cent of the federal revenue. The stand pat argument that protection is needed to protect American labor is, according to their own theories, not applicable to building materials which are raw material to be manufactured by the workmen into buildings. The only reason, therefore, for this tariff protection is to enable the trusts to extort enormous profits from every family either in the form of increased rent or as a tax upon homes.

The natural desire of every one is to own his own home, but the Republican plan of protecting the trusts and combines decreases the opportunity of a largely increasing number of people from ever being home owners. The home is the pedestal upon which democratic institutions must rest, and to tax the home unnecessarily is to clog the evolution of the commonwealth to its highest development. So let us have free homes not only in San Francisco, but everywhere, and not tax the many for the benefit of the few.

Trust Methods.

The tobacco trust is stirring up the constituents of Representative Hill of Connecticut to defeat him for renomination because he voted for the Philippine tariff bill, which is a striking illustration of the essential selfishness of the highly protected interests which the Republican party fosters.

Looking Sad.

The Republican "kid" members of the house of representatives at Washington who came in on the 1904 tidal wave are looking sad these days on the certainty that Democrats are booked for their places.

Missing Report.

The Peirce report on the consular scandals is said to be missing, and we can hardly blame the administration for wanting to suppress it, for it does a terrible tale unfold.

Sore Muscles.

Prominent athletes throughout the country find that the best treatment for sore muscles after severe exercise or hard work of any kind, is a hot bath at bedtime, which opens the pores. This should be immediately followed with an application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, vigorously rubbed into the skin. This liniment removes all stiffness and soreness and has become a favorite rub down, as it acts promptly and keeps the muscles in excellent condition. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford, Ky. m

51,146 Persons Run New York City.

It took 51,146 persons to run the Government of the city of New York last year. That is the official figure from the city's pay-roll.

The number equals the population of Utica, N. Y.; Houston, Tex.; Lincoln, Neb.; Youngstown, O.; Tacoma, Wash., or Schenectady, N. Y.

The salaries paid to these employees was $64,264,547.62. This is four millions more than the year before and eight millions more than in 1903. Mayor McClellan gave the figures to the Aldermen in his financial message.

SMALLHOUSE.

(Special to THE HERALD.)

June 2.—Misses Eulah Withrow and Lelia Hunter are visiting at Central City.

Mr. C. O. Hunter, who has been attending school at Louisville, is at home again.

Miss Ersa Addington who has been visiting at Greenville, has returned home.

Miss Ula Addington is visiting at Island.

Mr. S. E. Withrow and wife were the guests of Mr. McLelland Withrow and family Saturday and Sunday.

The ice cream and strawberry supper at Smallhouse, Saturday evening was a very successful affair and all seemed to enjoy quite a pleasant time.

Miss Mary Hagerman, of Central City, is the guest of her uncle, Allen Buskill, and family.

Rev. A. J. Williams, Hartford, attended church at Smallhouse Sunday.

Mrs. Sallie Drake, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Will Nichols, South Carrollton.

Messrs. Weaver Atherton and Charlie Creal, were the guests of Mr. Will Withrow and family, recently.

Mr. Zach Reid, who has been suffering greatly of erysipelas for a few weeks, is improving at this writing.

Mr. T. L. Withrow and family of Central City, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Fulkerson.

Mrs. Chester Lindley, little daughter, Anona, and Miss Mary Lindley, Matanzas, spent Saturday and Sunday the guests of Mr. Louis Geiger's family.

Mrs. ——, Stanley, Beaver Dam, is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. G. H. Lawrence.

Mrs. Nellie Maddox and little son, of Linton, Ind., were the guests of Mrs. Alva Calloway last week.

Mrs. Price Morton, Beaver Dam, spent last Saturday and Sunday with her little son, Samuel Kimbley Morton.

How to Break up a Cold.

It may be a surprise to many to learn that a severe cold can be completely broken up in one or two days' time. To do this, however, prompt action is necessary. The first symptoms of a cold are a dry, loud cough, a profuse watery discharge from the nose, and a thin, white coating on the tongue. When Chamberlain's cough remedy is taken every hour on the first appearance of these symptoms, it counteracts the effects of the cold and restores the system to a healthy condition within a day or two. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford, Ky. m

Home Coming Week, Louisville, Ky.

On account of above occasion, round trip tickets will be sold from Beaver Dam to Louisville, Ky., for $3.40. Tickets on sale June 10, 11 and 12, also for morning train June 13, listed to June 23 for return with extension privilege.

S. B. Van Meter, Ag't.

Found a Cure for Dyspepsia.

Mrs. S. Lindsey, of Ft. William, Ontario, Canada, who has suffered quite a number of years from dyspepsia and great pains in the stomach, was advised by her druggist to take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. She did so and says: "I find that they have done me a great deal of good. I have never had any suffering since I began using them." If troubled with dyspepsia or indigestion, why not take these tablets, get well and stay well? For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford, Ky. m

They Fear the People.

The ship subsidy bill seems to be hanging fire in the house of representatives, though the majority of the Republicans of the committee who have it in charge are known to favor it. As election time draws nearer and nearer and caucuses and conventions are being held the popular will is held in more respect even by the most subsidy hunting Republican statesman. Thank God, there is an election of congress every two years! For, though the fear of the people does not keep Republican congressmen from consummating many political evils, it prevents them from passing some bills that would weigh heavily on a trust plundered and long suffering people.

Working Together.

Uncle Joe Cannon is having all he can do to hold the Republican colts of the house of representatives and prevent them from kicking over the traces. On the other hand, the Democrats are working together for the good of the whole country and the benefit of a united and victorious Democracy.

Cost of Millinery.

How much did the Easter hats and bonnets cost your family? It is well to remember that under the present Republican protective tariff system the cost of millinery is increased over 50 per cent.

—THE—

Rough River TELEPHONE COMPANY.

(INCORPORATED)

Is independent, owned and operated by home people. Good service at reasonable rates. Prices for toll service, which is being constantly extended, is as follows for five minutes conversation, 15 miles, 10c., 30 miles, 15c., 45 miles, 20c., &c.

J. W. O'BANNON, Local Mg'r.
Beaver Dam, Ky.