

# The Mode in Skirts Now in Vogue in Paris

The Long-Promised Abbreviated Garment for Street Wear Has Made Its Appearance.

PARIS has reached the vogue of the short skirt so long promised. But it is not the same short skirt Paris had expected, or that the powers had predicted. The fact is, French femininity would not have the skirt the powers would have given had the powers been allowed their own way.

The Paris woman is not afraid of showing her ankles. If by so doing she would look any more attractive she would wear skirts well above her shoe tops, for there is nothing prudish about her, but she realizes that her attractiveness is not added to in the least by the abbreviated skirt, but rather that there is gracefulness and charm in the sweeping train, and a chic attractiveness in a skirt that is held up properly and daintily. The thread-worn argument of dirt catching skirts has never made any great or lasting impression upon the Parisian woman.

a part of a distinctly tailor suit of cloth. An appearance of fullness is given by flounces and simulated flounces. Many of them are of the negro variety, cut with a wide flare at the bottom.

The real reception gown has a skirt even longer than the afternoon gown, and of these the handsomest ones are of velvet. These velvet skirts are sometimes plain, and sometimes they are elaborated with bands of leather or braid, but they are always long. They sweep the floor all around.

It is when one comes to ball and evening gowns that elegance and length of train are almost without limit. Indeed, the trains worn on house and tea gowns have lengthened amazingly. Dainty chiffon flounces and ruffles, ruches of mousseline, lace and ribbon are piled in soft profusion on these long, graceful, sweeping trains. They—these clinging, trailing yards of gown—are the delight of every woman.



MODELS OF THE NEW WALKING AND SHOPPING SKIRTS.

There may be virtue in the statements, and the long trailing skirt may be responsible for many an illness, but what of that?—one had even better be sick than unattractive, and certainly one is not attractive in short skirts.

But just at present the short skirt is enjoying a certain vogue. It cannot be said to have attained the dimensions of a rage, nor is it likely that it ever will, but the woman who likes the shortened garment may wear it without being in danger of being out of style. It must not, however, be shortened too much. For walking or shopping purposes the skirt that comes just about half way to the shoe top is

particularly if she is able to manage them with any degree of skill.

And so, while the long-promised short skirt has again made its appearance, it comes as but one of the many desired garments, and has not been accepted with any great degree of enthusiasm. The time may come when Parisian femininity will turn from the beautiful to the practical, and when that time comes the short skirt advocates may find favor, but until then never, and Paris has never been known to be practical.

It is remarkable what a small sum will suffice to dress a Parisian woman becomingly if economy is necessary. A bit of French taste in dress and deft fingers will oftentimes do more than a whole pocketful of gold. Take, for instance, the dainty shirt waists which are fashionable throughout the year. Many of them are the most inexpensive of garments, and yet one would never judge them to be such. The way it is done is a French secret, but I am going to tell it. To begin with, an inexpensive silk waist is bought—even silk waists are not necessarily expensive—and these are transformed into beautiful and exclusive models by the addition of a daintily made collar and cravat or a jabot that covers up the ordinary plait down the front, found in the cheaper grades of ready-made waists. It is very simple, and quite easy, if you know how, and I have given you the secret.

Great luxury in the matter of buttons is manifest. Many of the buttons used on the handsomest gowns are works of art; some, indeed, of historical interest, buttons worn by celebrated men and women being most sought after for extravagant gowns. The new art has contributed a number of designs for artistic buttons made of gold, silver and inlaid with transparent enamel. Sandalwood buttons are among the latest novelties, but are extremely fragile.

Miniatures on buttons are quite the fashion, many of the sixteenth and seventeenth century miniatures having been converted into modern buttons. The latter are used to set off the outside ornamental pockets, wide revers and rolling cuffs, for the real fastening of gowns remains invisible.

**One of the Many.**  
Surely, Miss Gray, you haven't forgotten me already? Why, I proposed to you at the seashore last summer.

Miss Gray (much puzzled)—Can't you recall some other incident?—Judge.

**The Only Complaint.**  
The Actor—Do you really think that picture looks like me?  
The Soubrette—Yes; but I have no other fault to find with it.—Puck.



THE TRAIL OF THE EVENING GOWN.

considered allowable. They are made severely plain; a little stitching or braiding about the bottom is about all that Dame Fashion permits in the way of ornamentation, and the materials are now more often of velvet or corduroy than anything else.

It was the dress designers who attempted to convince us that short skirts would be in vogue for afternoon and reception wear. They did not say they would be abbreviated to the extent of the walking skirt, but rather gave us the impression that what we are now looking upon as permissible for walking or shopping would be about the correct thing for afternoon and reception wear, and that the morning street gowns would be shorter proportionately. The fashionable afternoon skirt is still long in front and slightly trailing in the back. It is

## BETWEEN THIEVES.

BY JOHN H. RAFFERTY.

Nobody in Hillsboro could find any mitigating circumstances in the rascally and, happily, brief career of Tom Niles. Mothers of growing sons were glad that he had forever disappeared from the village. Good men who had known his stepfather before that hapless man had married Mrs. Niles agreed that Tom's disagreeable conduct had driven his mother's young husband to dependency and drink.

Preachers, Sunday school teachers and solicitous parents pointed to the vanished blackguard as a horrible example of filial ingratitude and youthful depravity. They condoned the "misfortunes" of the mother's second husband, his wastefulness of her estate, his idleness, his perennial state of belligerent self-pity, and laid it all at the door of the absent stepson.

"Tom Niles druv him to drink," they would say; or "Hiram Baxter never held his head up since Tom Niles was mixed up in that bank robbery."

When Mrs. Baxter, Tom's mother, came to death's door after six years of uncomplaining disappointment, pinching poverty and unspoken yearning for her absent son, the women said that it was Tom's disgrace and desertion that had brought her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Nobody knew just what she really thought of Tom's treatment of herself. They knew that she would not tolerate abuse of him, and so his name was never mentioned in her presence. If she regretted having given her boy a stepfather almost as young as herself, she never said so. If she yet believed that under better conditions Tom might have grown into a goody manhood, she made no sign. It was too late. The boy had run away, first to escape the holier-than-thou tyranny of his model stepfather, and, second, to get away from the warrant which charged him with complicity in robbing the village bank. In the old days, just after the wedding, his mother had sided with Mr. Baxter against Tom and then—

But it doesn't matter what she might have done if Tom came back, for he didn't come back. Mrs. Baxter died, everybody in Hillsboro went to the funeral and everybody pitied and tried to comfort "poor Hiram Baxter," the widower, who appeared very drunk, wept copiously upon the coffin and insisted that as "soon as things was tended to he would drown himself to death in Bramble creek."

As a matter of fact, Silas Hepburn, who combined the office of sheriff with the business of selling furniture and the doleful duties of undertaker, "tended to things" in such a masterly manner that everybody had a word of praise for him. Most of the old women knew that Silas, in his rude, old-fashioned way, had wooed the fair Widow Niles in the old days before Hiram Baxter "cut him out," and so they all admitted that he had "done hisself proud" in the funeral arrangements, in the somber attentiveness of coffin and tomb, in his own decorous sadness of voice and bearing. They knew that the cost of so much dreary panoply far exceeded the wishes or the means of the Baxters, and they saw in it all Silas' last generous tribute to the woman he had twice lost. So it was a "very nice funeral," as the undertakers say, and Silas was so interested in completing his task that when the grave was filled and banked with the frozen clay, when the flowers and wreaths were all spread upon it and duly watered by the lachrymose widower, when the last carriage and buggy had creaked away over the snow-dusted hill, he stayed behind in the fading light to stake off the lot and measure the space for a tombstone.

While he was standing there a slouching, shambling stranger came along and stood by the blossom-covered mound opposite Silas.

"What grave?" asked the tramp.  
"Her grave," growled the undertaker.  
"Her grave, whose do you suppose? Don't you know me?"  
"That you, Tom? Shore, now, is it you?" Poor Silas measured the thin, tattered figure before him, saw the pinched, blue features that peered from the bearded face, thought of the warrant, recognized his man and sat down on a stone coping near by.

"Tom, why'd you come back? I don't want to run you in, exactly, but by jing—"

You mean why didn't I come back," said the tramp, ignoring the voice of the law; "why didn't I come back and square myself before it came to this?" and he pointed helplessly at the grave.

"Well, then, why didn't you?"  
"I didn't know she was sick, Silas. I knew you were looking for me, but anyway—"

"Anyway what?"  
"I never could stand for that sneak Baxter, Silas. He's worse than I ever was. He stole those bonds from the bank when he was chief clerk—"

"Oh, rats!" growled Silas, standing up. "Ef he stole 'em, how in h— was it you sold 'em?"  
"Well, I stole them from him. I—"

"Is that honest, Tom? Standing here by her grave, is it?"  
"The honest truth, Silas."

They were silent for five minutes, Tom kicking his ill-clad feet to keep them warm and Hepburn staring at the red afterglow in the west.

Then the sheriff came over with his big hand unglued and said:

"Let's shake hands, Tom. I got to go home now."

"If you'll wait for me just over the hill," said Tom, shaking the warm, strong hand, "I'll be along in a minute. I suppose you've got to arrest me, and, mind, I don't blame you. Only I just want a minute here by myself."

"Arrest nothin'!" grinned Silas. "Tr a undertaker to-day. To-morrow I'll be sheriff again—maybe."

He walked up the hill with his hands behind him, and, pausing at the crest, looked back for a moment. Down in the gray twilight where the grave lay he saw Tom yet standing, watching him.

"Wonder of the pore devil is a goin' t' pary?" he thought, as he strode away over the shoulder of the bleak hill.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**She Was Angry.**

Now, the lady who had addressed the club on the preceding day came into the office of the newspaper and demanded an apology.

"I know," she declared, "that I talked a great deal, but that was no excuse for your printing such an impolite statement as that I have a 'fine open countenance.'"

Penitent, the editor promised to publish an article announcing that her countenance was just as fine when it was closed.—Baltimore American.

**A Husband's Gallantry.**

This incident illustrates the sort of gallantry that is most prevalent in this degenerate age: As a man and his wife were passing a school a flying snowball hit the wife of his bosom in the neck. He was enraged, and justly, and turning to the schoolboys, shaking his fist in anger, he cried:

"It's lucky for you, you rascals, that you didn't hit me!"—London Tit-Bits.

## ANTI-IMPERIALISTS UNWISE.

General Lawton's Letter and Its Awful Charge Against American Malcontents.

The recently renewed attempt of certain anti-imperialists to revive discussion over the Philippine question has drawn out some effective replies. And perhaps the most effective is the publication of the letter by the late Gen. Lawton condemning the American sympathizers with the Filipino insurgents. The letter is given in the Louisville Evening Post, to which it was furnished by Gen. Lawton's widow. It will be recalled that the letter was written from the Philippines, where he was actively engaged in suppressing the insurrection, by the general only a short time before he was killed in battle. He declared that if the anti-imperialists would honestly ascertain the truth on the ground they "would be convinced of the error of their exaggerated statements and conclusions, and of the cruel and unfortunate effect of their publications here." The general added that if he were shot in the Philippines he would feel that the blow came from his own side, because, as he said, "I know from my own observations, confirmed by the stories of captured Filipino prisoners, that the continuance of the fighting is chiefly due to reports that are sent out from America and circulated among those ignorant natives by the leaders, who know better."

Commenting on the appearance of that historic letter at this time, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says:

"These are the words of a man who knew the situation in the Philippines as well as any other person in the United States service, and better than it could be known by the little juntas of flag-furlers in Boston, Chicago and the other centers of 'anti-imperialism.' He knew the Filipino as a civilian and as a soldier. In Manila and in the jungles, as well as out in the mountains and mountains of Luzon, Gen. Lawton had met the natives of the islands, and he was fully conversant with the things that made them rebel against American authority, and which made them keep up the rebellion after possible hope was ended of success from fighting. The general, as well as every other American in the islands, soldier and civilian, was well aware that it was the slanders and the promises of the end of the counter, which at that part was piled high with rolls of calico.

"Come round here!" said he.  
"I followed him around."  
"Scrootch!" said he.  
"I scrootched behind the counter and the pile of calico. There, on a shelf under the counter, stood a brown jug and a big old-fashioned glass tumbler. Capt. Bill tipped the jug and poured the tumbler more than half full with what the jug contained, and the identity of the instant aroma of it could not be disputed. It was 'white corn liquor.'"  
"Shit it!" directed Capt. Bill, in his hoarse whisper.  
"I 'shitted' it, and the storekeeper, seeing the water pour out of my eyes, and my frantic efforts to get my breath, made excuses for it."  
"This here ain't as good as usual," said he. "It was made yesterday up on the hills, an' I reckon it's a mite peart yit."  
"While Capt. Bill was still scrootching and whirling I walked out and stood by the high sheet iron stove in which a bright wood fire was roaring. As I stood there a great big rosette-looking native came in and stopped on the other side of the stove. Instantly he turned he began to eye me in a way that made me uneasy. Then he began to sniff, and presently poked his nose along toward me. Before he got within three feet of me his eyes began to glisten. He had struck the trail."  
"Gawd, captain!" said he, eagerly.  
"What did you get that?"  
"Knowing the feeling that was abroad, I didn't know what to say. This might be a law officer. I was becoming alarmed. The storekeeper came to my relief."  
"Taint nobody but the sheriff of the county," said he to me, introducing the stranger. "Come an' scrootch, sheriff, an' shirt one!"  
"The sheriff hastened to scrootch, and he shirted a couple without winking. Capt. Bill shirted another, and went out and got into his wagon, with no more burden on his mind."  
"Capt. Bill," said I, as we drove toward home, "where are your eggs?"  
"He simply winked and grinned, and said:  
"I got 'em!"  
"And after that when Capt. Bill took me out with him after eggs he didn't drive 14 miles before he made up his mind to get them."—N. Y. Times.

**Story of Dr. Hales.**  
Dr. William Hales, of the Albany Medical college, is very fond of a joke, and can give as well as take one. Among the students in anatomy is one who answers to the somewhat unusual cognomen of Crow—when he answers at all—for this student was, as the doctor facetiously observed a week after the opening of college, when for the first time he answered roll call, a rare bird. After an unusually prolonged period of absence, the student presented himself the other day, and one of his classmates tried to explain that he must have been detained by a game of croquet. The rascal which succeeded this remark made no impression on the doctor. Without heeding the diversion, he proceeded to express his great pleasure at the wanderer's return, and then convulsed the class by quietly remarking: "Why I am delighted to see you, Mr. Crow, what is bothering me is whether there is any necessary connection between the absence of your ears and the 'caws' of your absence."—Golden Days.

**Angels Came at Last.**  
A Georgia dandy went out to an old field to "seek and pray."  
"It was dusk, and he knelt down and put up a long petition that the angels would come and minister unto him.  
Presently he heard the flapping of wings behind him, and in a second he was making race horse time on the home road, where he jumped into bed and covered his head from sight.  
Suddenly there was a loud knocking at the door, and his startled wife cried:  
"John, git up dar, fer de Lawd sake! De angels you been seekin' is come fer you!"  
"Le'm stay dar," was the trembling answer. "Toll 'em thoo' de keyhole dat I ain't got no wings ter fly wid, en I too heavy ter tote!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**The Natural Thing.**  
Mrs. Dixie—I went to a pink tea when I was in Boston.  
Mrs. Hooser—Did you, really? And did they have pork and beans?—Somerville Journal.

**POLICIES OF M'KINLEY.**

The President's Promise to Continue Them Unbroken Has Been Faithfully Kept.

The old policies are not changed, although they are likely to be modified as they might have been had Mr. McKinley lived, says Henry Loomis Nelson, in Atlantic. Time as well as man changes policies. New questions present themselves also, and the mind of the new president has necessarily a different point of view and a perspective that differs from that of his predecessor. It is not only the combinations of wealth known as trusts which present themselves in larger proportions to the mind of the one than they did to that of the other, but the subjects of forestry and game preservation, of irrigation, of practical army and navy reforms, appeal more strongly to Mr. Roosevelt than they did to Mr. McKinley. The general policy of the one, however, if it differs in the relative proportions of its details, is substantially that of the other.

What we know is that the promise to maintain the general policy of the dead president has been kept, and is likely to be kept by his living successor, and that the material welfare of the country is as safely and wisely guarded as it would have been if the awful tragedy at Buffalo had not been enacted.

## BILL GOT THE EGGS.

Something for the Critics of the President in the Schley Affair to Reflect Over.

There are two sides to most controversies that come before the American people. That there are two sides to the controversy between the president on one hand and the friends of Gen. Miles and Rear Admiral Schley on the other is shown in "Three Months of President Roosevelt," in the Atlantic Monthly for February.

In this article, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, Henry Loomis Nelson cites the rebuke administered to Gen. Miles as an illustration of the president's attitude toward the army and navy, of the strength of his determination to compel discipline, and of his fearlessness in the discharge of his duty. Here is Mr. Nelson's statement of the case:

"The disastrous controversy in the navy touching Admiral Schley had been aggravated by failure on the part of the executive to suppress it by quick and decisive action. It had lived mainly because the right thing had not been done at the right time. If the judgment that was rendered by the court of inquiry had been rendered by the executive as soon as the partisan and sectional campaign in Schley's behalf had broken out, the claims finally made for him could not have lived a moment in the face of the ridicule with which they would have been greeted.

"But the scandalous talk went on. . . . The events of the campaign faded out of the public memory; the real commander in chief, suffering from the injustice of the country to himself and his loyal captains, was forgotten, or, if remembered, was made the victim of the coarsest insults that ingratitude would invent; the whole naval service was in a state of intense exasperation, to the detriment of its discipline and to the threatened injury of the country. Finally, the admiral of the navy, who had done so much and received so much, threw oil upon the flames by flying in the face of all the facts; by denying the decision of the court, by doing his best to take from Admiral Sampson the honors that were his, after denying him the right to be heard in his own defense.

"At such a moment, when the navy was almost in a state of insubordination against the admiral who had been so unjust and so ungrateful, when passion was at its hottest, Gen. Miles, forgetting his duty of subordination, careless of the obligation that rested upon him to set an example of discipline, indifferent to the welfare of the two services, and to the necessity of preserving active good will between them, joined in the controversy."

Here is criticism for Admiral Dewey, for Rear Admiral Schley and for Gen. Miles. The unpleasantness of the statement is not all in its language, but in the suspicion that will be harbored by the friends of all the gentlemen named that it is true.

The president and the secretary of war have been criticised for the severity of their rebuke to Gen. Miles. The critics forget the serious character of the provocation and the tactics of Gen. Miles, which forced the president to disregard even his own personal feeling and do his duty.

Mr. Nelson considers Secretary Long's indorsement of the decision of the court of inquiry as severe a rebuke to Admiral Dewey as Secretary Root's letter to Gen. Miles, and in this censure he insists the president had no thought but to do justice and to teach a lesson of discipline to the lieutenant general of the army, at the same time putting an end to a disrupting controversy in the navy, and he adds:

"In doing this he invited a storm of criticism, faced an angry mob in and out of congress, but taught a needed lesson to the two services, and, incidentally, to the heroes who abuse their popularity to the injury of the government whose welfare they are bound to put above their own ambitions."

Here is another unpalatable statement. But who will say there is not an element of truth in it? It raises a question whether there is not to be a reaction in public sentiment on controversies of the present, as there was in the case of the controversies of 1862 and 1863, in which ambitious men sought to involve Gen. Grant and Sherman to their disadvantage.

There was then great bitterness against these two officers. But in the end the people took up the cause of the man who said nothing, who bore in patience unjust criticism and who lived to speak generously of all the men who had striven to destroy his reputation.

**DRIFT OF OPINION.**

Some of the mugwump newspapers are delighted, for they say that the democratic party at times positively shows signs of having human intelligence.—Cleveland Leader.

Cleveland has just referred to the Bryan episodes of 1896 and 1900 as "afflictive visitations." Cleveland would not have to jump very far to land in the republican camp.—Iowa State Register.

"When I refuse to vote to protect the life of an American soldier I hope I may be paralyzed." So said Representative Cummins (dem.), of New York, and voted with the republicans. The other democrats had no such regard for the life of an American soldier.—Indianapolis Journal.

The democrats in congress have once more tried to get together and decide upon what the party stands for, and once more they have failed. In view of the great number of conventions that will be held this year the prospect for democratic union is not inspiring. Meanwhile the party as a party stands committed to Bryanism and the doctrines that have twice brought it to disaster.—Troy Times.

The democrats in various parts of the country, taking their cue from the party leaders in congress, will make the Schley controversy a political issue. At Williamsport, Pa., for instance, the democrats have declared that no candidate for school director will receive support at the polls unless he is willing to pledge himself to favor the adoption of a history which gives Schley credit for winning the battle of Santiago.—Cleveland Leader.

## THREE MONTHS OF ROOSEVELT

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