

Public and Private Interest In the Railroads.

By CHARLES A. PROUTY, Interstate Commerce Commissioner.



EVERY discussion of the railroad subject should begin with a clear apprehension of the problem. The railway has come to take the place of a public highway, and SOME METHOD MUST BE FOUND TO MAKE IT SUCH.

But these highways, while public in their use, are PRIVATE IN OWNERSHIP, and the capital invested has been put there upon the representation that it shall be allowed to earn a return.

This is obvious to all. What is not always so clearly apprehended is THE DANGER OF DETERRING CAPITAL FROM SEEKING THIS FORM OF INVESTMENT IN THE FUTURE.

IF THE DEMANDS UPON OUR RAILWAYS ARE TO BE MET, ENORMOUS SUMS MUST BE EXPENDED IN EXTENSIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS. THESE EXPENDITURES CANNOT BE MADE OUT OF EARNINGS.

It is not enough that earnings are ample today if they are likely to be UNDULY reduced tomorrow. Every system of regulation should therefore assure capital of just treatment.

America's Best Blood Is Still British.

By Admiral Sir CYPRIAN BRIDGE, British Navy.

I WAS always impressed with the vast extent to which ESSENTIALLY BRITISH IDEAS have permeated America. Family and church life, literature, methods of trade and conception of honor are all British.

All your presidents save Van Buren and Roosevelt have had British cognomens. The same applies to the supreme bench and other courts, to governors, congressmen and senators.

This is especially remarkable when it is considered that there has been no great British emigration to the United States as from other nations.

Moreover, I do not believe that the British stock in America is exceptionally prolific, yet, despite the millions of emigrants from other lands, with their millions of offspring, the original British element has supplied the GOVERNING CLASS which today dominates the nation.

I BELIEVE THAT THIS POWERFUL ELEMENT IN AMERICA WILL EVENTUALLY FORM OR HAS ALREADY FORMED A PATRIOTIC SUCH AS ONCE DOMINATED ROME. THE MODERN AMERICAN IS ONE OF THE MOST ARISTOCRATIC PERSONS ONE CAN FIND ANYWHERE.

This is especially true in New England, but the same applies to every part of the country. As this patriote, which secures a stronger and stronger hold on the country's destinies, is especially British, the hold of Great Britain on America is bound to maintain a relation of EVER INCREASING STRENGTH AND INTIMACY.

Labor's Right to Resist Injunctions.

By SAMUEL GOMPERS, President of the American Federation of Labor.

THE injunctions as issued against workmen are NEVER USED OR ISSUED AGAINST ANY OTHER CITIZENS OF OUR COUNTRY. It is an attempt to deprive citizens of our country, when these citizens are workmen, of the right of trial by jury.

The injunction as issued in trade disputes is to MAKE OUTLAWS of men when they are not even charged with doing things in violation of law, state or national.

THE WRIT OF INJUNCTION IS IN ITSELF A BENEFICENT WRIT FOR THE PROTECTION OF PROPERTY RIGHTS, BUT IT NEVER WAS INTENDED AND NEVER SHOULD BE APPLIED TO DEPRIVE MEN OF THEIR PERSONAL RIGHTS OR THE RIGHTS OF MAN'S OWNERSHIP OF HIMSELF.

Labor asks no immunity for any man, workman or other, who may be guilty of unlawful or criminal conduct. But we do insist that when a workman is charged with a crime he shall be tried by the SAME process of law as every other citizen.

It may not be amiss to sound a word of warning and advice to such of the RAMPANT, VINDICTIVE AND GREEDY EMPLOYERS who seek to rob the working people of our country of their lawful and constitutional rights by the UNWARRANTED injunction process.

Miss Deakins' Dog.

By Phillip Kean.

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"Jenks," said Miss Deakins, "don't go across the hall again."

Jenks flopped down on the door mat and sighed, canine fashion.

"You understand?" said Miss Deakins. Jenks wagged a disconsolate tail and closed his eyes.

"Very well," and Miss Deakins went in and shut the door, withdrawing from Jenks the vision of her trim figure, enveloped in a blue linen apron, down the front of which traveled splotches of paint.

Jenks, outside on the mat, heard a faint whistle and lifted one ear. Then he whined softly.

A door opened across the hall. "Cut it and run, Jenksie," said a masculine voice.

Jenks yawned eagerly, but did not move.

"Come on," wheedled the man on the other door mat.

Jenks stood up and wagged his tail. There was a "get thee behind me, Satan," protest in his attitude, coupled with yielding.

And just then Miss Deakins opened her door. "Were you calling my dog?" she demanded.

"Yes. You don't mind, do you?" The man came toward her as he said it.

He wore a shabby velvet coat, and the paint stains matched those on Miss Deakins' apron.

"I do mind," Miss Deakins assured him. "Jenks has been taught to lie on his mat until 12 o'clock. Then he has his lunch with me."

"Such beautiful regularity," murmured the man in the velvet coat.

Miss Deakins flushed.

"I don't see why he wants always to go to your room."

"Of course you don't see," he agreed, "but Jenks is rather fond of me."

"You give him ham bones," she accused him.

"I do. There are some people and some dogs to whom you have to give things in order to make them love you. Perhaps Jenks is not that kind of dog. Perhaps he may have a soul above

"There's a fire escape from my window,"

ham bones. Perhaps without ham bones Jenks might love me. Psychologically it's interesting, but I don't want to put it to the test. I value Jenks' affection too highly to seek the cause."

"I'm too busy," she reminded him. "to talk in the abstract. And I'd rather you didn't call Jenks."

"Very well," he said formally and went back to his room and shut the door.

Miss Deakins stood irresolutely on her door mat, with Jenks by her side, and looked at the closed door. There was red in her cheeks and there was a tremble in her voice as she said to the dog: "Come on, Jenks. I'm sorry you can't be trusted, but you can't."

And as they entered the shabby little room, lighted into whiteness and glare by a great skylight, she went on: "I don't believe I can trust anybody, not even a dog, Jenksie."

She painted all the afternoon, and as the twilight came on she sat and looked out over the roofs, and Jenks sat beside her with his cold nose in her hand, and when a big star shone over the top of the highest building she said, "I'm like the Miller of Dee, 'I care for nobody, no, not I, and nobody cares for me.'"

Just then there came a knock at the door. When she opened it no one was there, but on Jenks' mat was a bunch of lilies, such as one buys at the corner stands.

As she filled all her bowls and vases Miss Deakin sang a little song, and before she finished there came another knock at the door.

"What were you singing?" asked the man from across the way.

"You know—the 'Spring Song,'" she told him jolly.

"I have just painted a little picture of spring," he said ingratiatingly. "May I show it to you?"

It was a water color—just a stretch of young fields, with a sweep of orchard beyond, but it made her catch her breath.

"I can almost sniff the fragrance," was her impetuous comment. "It is beautiful."

"That is the way the world is looking outside the city," he said, with enthusiasm. "There are violets and pussy willows, and the birds are calling—let me take you out there tomorrow. It will do you good. You are so pale!"

She froze at that. "Certainly not," she refused and spoke with sternness to Jenks.

"Jenks," she said, "I told you not to cross the hall."

Jenks got up wearily from the opposite door mat.

"I don't see why you won't be friends," the painter said as he stood, irresolute, with his picture in his hand.

"I have my work, and nothing must interfere with my career."

"But we have lived opposite each other for six months."

"It would be the same if we had lived opposite each other for six years," was the way she closed the discussion.

More stars were out when she again sat with Jenks by the window and the moon flooded the world with light, but over the roofs she caught the glow of a different illumination, a red, murky glow, that flared up presently into flames and columns of rolling smoke.

"It's a fire, Jenks," she told the dog. Jenks whined.

"It's down the street," was her further information, and then in a sudden panic, "It's in the next house, Jenksie."

With the dog close behind her she ran to the door. The hall was full of smoke. Through it she saw the man across the way.

"We can't get down," he said quickly. "The stairs are on fire, but there's a fire escape from my window."

He caught her in his arms, and before she could protest they were descending the ladder.

From the window above Jenks whined.

"Oh, we can't leave Jenks," she cried. "Let me go. Let me go." He held her firmly and called up to the dog, "Wait a minute, old boy, I'll be back."

When she was safe and looked up through the smoke to where the patient little animal was waiting she said: "Oh, if you should be killed, it is better that Jenks should—go!"

But he was already on the ladder. She covered her eyes with her hands, and then she knew nothing until a shout went up and some one said, "He's got the dog."

There was another long interval, and then she felt something warm and wet on her cheeks, and there was Jenks licking her face, and she threw her arms about his neck and cried.

And presently she held out her hand to the man who had saved him and said in a weak little voice:

"He shall sit on your door mat all the time if you will let him."

"There isn't any door mat," he told her. "It's lamed up. But I'll buy another."

She smiled at that, and her eyes as they met his held in them all the promise of friendship and more than friendship that was to come.

Just Like a Girl.

He is a very young boy. His is the age when a lofty contempt for the opposite sex manifests itself, the contempt which usually finds merciless retribution in later years.

His task of watching the baby was not as distressing as it might have been. He had utilized the bassinet as a cradle and had found a place where the floor sloped a little.

Behind the vehicle he extended himself and with head on hand proceeded to read a story paper. An occasional pull at a string fastened to the rear axle imparted the motion necessary to keep the slumberer from waking, but the baby soon had its nap out and began to cry. The boy paid no attention to the noise, and after awhile his sister came to investigate.

"I suppose you are going to lie there and wait for the baby to learn to talk, so it can tell you what it's crying about."

"No," he answered. "Being able to talk wouldn't make much difference."

"Why not?"

"Because it's a girl. Girls never know what they're crying about. It just comes natural to them to do it."—Pearson's Weekly.

Indian Believes in Omens.

Mysticism plays a great part in the hunting of the Indian. He is a great believer in signs and omens, and if he starts to hunt and sees a sign or omen that bodes evil he turns back to wait a more propitious time.

The flight of certain birds, the floating of a feather, the crawling of snakes, are of import, and unless he believes in the potency of his medicine to overcome the evil influence he will not go after game when the signs are not right. The Indian, being very susceptible to cold, does little hunting in the dead of winter. Being neither hardy nor warmly clothed, he prefers the warm campfire in the tepee to the distress of the hunting trail when the cold is biting. It is generally believed that the red man is one of the most hardy of the human race because he has spent his life in the open, but that sort of life is not conducive to hardiness unless it be accompanied with plenty of food and warm clothing. — San Francisco Chronicle.

Pretty Pert.

A baldheaded man writes: "The most impudent child I ever met was a boy of ten years of age. On leaving his widowed mother's house I attempted to pat him on the head in a fatherly manner. At this he pushed my hand away and said, 'Grow some hair of your own, old man, if you want to pat it!'"

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Cole's Hot Blast

WILL SAVE \$25.00 IN FUEL THIS WINTER

Cole's Hot Blast is a great value. We sell it under a positive guarantee. It burns soft coal, lignite coal, coke, hard coal, wood or any fuel without any change in the stove. You only need one stove for the entire year, Spring, Fall or dead of Winter. Strikes or coal combines cease to be a terror if you have a Cole's Hot Blast.

Fire Never Out

It is the only stove that keeps the house warm all night and gives the family a warm breakfast room in the morning without kindling a new fire. Guaranteed to hold fire from Saturday night to Monday morning.

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If you feel poor it saves half your fuel bill, while giving the above beautiful results. It will even make a ton of cheap slack soft coal, do more work and hold fire better than your neighbor gets out of a ton of hard coal in his \$50.00 stove.

Scientific and Air-tight

construction throughout. A patented steel collar connects the elbow draft to the stove body and cannot open by action of the fiercest heat. The patented compound hinge on the lower draft cannot warp and the draft door closes air-tight by its own weight. The guaranteed smokeproof feed door prevents smoke, dust or gas escaping when fuel is put in the stove. Perfect results, therefore, from any fuel. The heavy fire box protects the points where other stoves burn out first, and insures great durability.

Ask to see the patented dustless ash cover for removing ashes. Our method is the only clean way.

Cole's Hot Blast makes \$5.00 worth of fuel give more heat than \$10.00 worth in any other stove. Sold on a positive guarantee. Investigate today.



Shows Stove Burning Soft Coal

CAUTION

See the words, "Cole's Hot Blast from Chicago" on the feed door of each stove. None genuine without it.

J. G. Wygant, Sole Agent, Denison, Iowa.

CONSOLIDATED RAILROAD TIME TABLE

C. & N. W. R. R. Main Line

Table with columns for Going East, No. of Train, STATIONS, and Going West. Includes stations like West Side, Vail, DENISON, Arion, Dow City, Dunlap.

No. 47 Way Freight Going West 10:50 A. M. No. 46 Way Freight Going East 12:15 P. M. C Stop on Signal for Chicago passengers.

C. & N. W. R. R. Denison & Wall Lake Line.

Table with columns for Going East, No. of Train, STATIONS, and Going West. Includes stations like Wall Lake, Herring, Boyer, Ricketts, Schleswig, Kiron, Arion, Denison, Wall Lake.

No. 92 Way Freight Going East, 10:35 A. M. No. 91 Way Freight Going West, 1:00 P. M. f Stops on signal to receive or discharge passengers. c Stops on signal to receive passengers holding tickets for Chicago or points beyond. x Stops to take on passengers for points beyond Omaha.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

Table with columns for Going East, Number of Train, STATIONS, and Going West. Includes stations like Council Bluffs, Dubuque Station, Elks, Dell, Arion, Denison, Dow City, Elks, Dunlap.

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C. M. & ST. P. R. R.

Chicago and Council Bluffs Division.

Table with columns for Going East, Number of Train, STATIONS, and Going West. Includes stations like Manning, Aspinwall, Manilla, Astor, Council Bluffs.

* Daily. † Daily Except Sunday. ‡ Trains stop only on Signal. § Stops only to let off passengers from Chicago and to take on passengers ticketed beyond Savannah.

Sioux City and Dakota Division

Table with columns for Going North, Number of Train, STATIONS, and Going South. Includes stations like Manilla, Buck Grove, Arion, Kenwood, Charter Oak, Ute.

* Daily. † Except Sunday. ‡ Trains stop only on signal.

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Review for fine Job Work