

SLEEPY MANILA

Little Improvement Since the Invasion by American Forces.



MORE than four years have elapsed since the invasion of the Philippines by the American forces. One would imagine, writes a correspondent, that in that time the natives would have picked up and clung to many of the manners, customs and habits of their white-faced brethren from over the seas. But such is not the case. The American has infused no fresher blood into the ways of business. He tried it for a while and then sat down under the shade of a tree and rested just as the Filipino does.

It is true that sanitary conditions have been improved somewhat; that mercantile establishments display their goods more attractively than before; that American money is commoner than Spanish coin; that some of the women who travel the streets peddling fruits, tortillas and tamales have been induced to wear shoes; that Kentucky whiskies and spirits made in cellars of Chicago and Denver saloons have, in a measure, substituted the native drink, but otherwise Manila is the same old sleepy, indolent, care-free town that it was ten years ago and will be twenty years hence.

Perhaps the main reason why peace is permanently established with all the islands Americans will be more conspicuous, but as a matter of fact little American capital is being invested. There have been prospectors and men with money to land here looking for places to put in some cash. But in nearly every instance they have returned home with all they had when they left, except, of course, that which they spent for passage and food. The price of all foodstuffs has risen correspondingly with the reported advances in America. No one in ordinary circumstances can afford to patronize the better class of restaurants, and as for breakfast such as one could get in the cheaper restaurants in Chicago they are not here at all. Fork chops are almost unknown, stuff that is called veal tastes like boiled shoestrings, and as for lamb and mutton the meat smells like a dog pound and has a flavor that is a cross between dogwood blossoms and a bunch of jimson weeds.

Here one engaged in business usually reaches his office about 8 o'clock; at noon he has lunch, after which he takes a "nap" lasting for two or three hours.

All traffic is practically suspended between 12 and 4 o'clock p. m. Later comes dinner parties, that is among the rich. The hour is 8 o'clock. Calls are seldom if ever made except among the closest friends after that time, but are confined to the earlier hours of the evening, when chocolate is served by the lady of the house.

THE CONCEITED COINS.

"I'm just as good as silver!"
The Nickel proudly cried:
"The head of Madam Liberty
is stamped upon my side,
I am as white and shining
As any dime or penny here."
He needn't put on airs,
I'm twice as thick as he!"

"I'm ever bit as good as gold!"
The Penny blustered loud;
"That tiny, thin, gold dollar—
He needn't feel so proud,
For all his airs and graces
I do not give a cent for him."
I'm burnished just as bright as he,
And half again as big!"

But when the Cent and Nickel
Went out upon their way,
Alas, the world still held them cheap,
Whatever they might say.
The Double Eagle smiled, "You'll find,
He said, 'that man is par;
It doesn't matter how you boast,
But what you really are."
—The Outlook.

DEMON DANDY

DURING his visit to the Huntingdons he had fallen hopelessly in love with the beautiful and imperious sister of his host. It was the night before the sale that the subject of the Offington horse sale was broached by Huntingdon.

"I see they are going to put up that brute Demon Dandy," he began innocently.

"Why brute?" queried Diana.

Bellaire, for her benefit, recounted the history of Demon Dandy's exploits.

When he had finished the harrowing recital with a thrilling account of how Demon had besieged a stableman in the loft for a space of two hours, and how he had kicked two loose boxes into matchwood in the same space of time, Diana Huntingdon lifted her glorious dark eyes to his.

"I think I should like to buy that horse," she said.

"My dear Diana," expostulated her brother.

"Don't think of it," said Mr. Bellaire. Diana had a will of her own. This slight but ill-timed opposition called it into life.

"I'm sure I should like to buy that horse," she reiterated, with a rising color.

More opposition followed from the men.

Her brother grew angry at the idea, while Bellaire, who would himself mount and ride anything between a buck-jumper and a zebra, grew almost and almost angry with her when she worshipped in private as almost a divinity.

"I am going to buy that horse," said Diana Huntingdon at last, with an angry flash in her eyes.

Then one of his love and fear for her Bellaire forgot his manners, which, as a general rule, were perfect. Worse still, he also forgot diplomacy.

"I don't think you will succeed," he said, coolly.

Then a hot flush came up from his cheeks, till he blushed in agony to the core of his head.

"Indeed?" replied the girl, with a note of scornful interrogation in her voice that caused his heart to sink within him.

"I am thinking of buying him myself," said Bellaire, desperately.

"Indeed?" replied Diana, with an almost imperceptible lift of her eyebrows.

"To shoot—" exclaimed Bellaire.

An angry flush crept across her face as she swept from the room, gazing angrily before her.

"You're quite right, Jack," said Huntingdon, sympathetically, as his friend returned disconsolately to the table. "But I'm afraid you've upset Di; she's a bit short-tempered, you know. Do you really mean to buy the brute?"

"I do," replied Bellaire, "and to ride him, too."

Diana did not appear at the sale the next day, neither did she put in an appearance at the dinner table. Wherefore, in the evening, Mr. Bellaire ordered the dogcart, bade his friends farewell, and returned to his home with a sorrowful heart.

A year elapsed and found him still sorrowful.

All his male friends declared him to have become a misogynist, while all his acquaintances of the softer sex, who might have been his friends but for this painful peculiarity, declared that he was a heartless brute.



"I AM GOING TO BUY THAT HORSE."

Bellaire, having no tears, would, by touching Demon Dandy with the spur, incite him to rebellion.

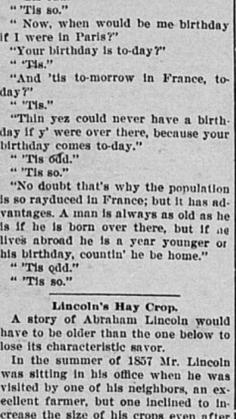
The fights that followed were of benefit both to man and horse.

Nevertheless, every time he met Diana Huntingdon she could not help noticing that he was growing thinner and paler.

He, too, thought the same of her, till one occasion, the thought proved too much for him.

She had just disappeared round a bend in the leafy lane, walking slowly and with drooping head.

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STRANGE.

Old Hen (seeing her brood go in water for first time)—Well, that's queer. I am sure we never did anything like that when I was young.—Chicago American.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

The Issues Outlined.
The Democrats of the House of Representatives struck the keynote in outlining the issues for the coming congressional campaign, and upon the issues presented the Democracy ought to be elected by a majority of the members of the next House of Representatives.

The Republican party is justly and severely denounced for its failure to fulfill the pledges of the country to grant relief to Cuba. The platform declared that "the bill which passed the House of Representatives is heartily supported by the Democratic minority after the protection to the sugar trust had been removed by the solid Democratic vote, aided by a small minority of the Republican members. As it passed the House the bill carried relief to Cuba, reduced the price of sugar to American consumers and struck a heavy blow at the notorious and obnoxious sugar trust. The refusal of the Republican Senators to consider this measure unless the protection to the sugar trust should be restored, gives evidence that the Republican majority in Congress are willing to refuse relief to Cuba and totally ignore American consumers rather than abandon their alliance with the trusts. The failure of all reciprocity legislation with Cuba rests upon the Republican administration, which is willing to reduce the duty on the sugar of our producers, but unwilling to destroy the sugar monopoly."

The House Democrats favor an amendment of the anti-trust law so as to protect trade against unlawful restraints and monopolies, and rightly declare that the Republican majority in Congress is dominated and controlled by the trusts and monopolies, which have the great industries of the country in their grasp. The Republican Congress has refused to pass an anti-trust bill, and has refused to suppress trusts or to assist in the trust bill introduced by Democratic members of Congress.

Trusts and the tariff and failure to relieve Cuba are the paramount issues and the discussion of these issues in a forcible manner will win the adhesion of popular sentiment against the Republican Congress and party.—Syracuse Telegram.

Prosperity Under Free Trade.
The free trade system went into operation 1840 British shipping and commerce have thrived as never before seems to be proved by the following table of the total value of British imports and exports at the different dates named:

1855.. £200,000,000	1880.. £307,000,000
1860.. 378,000,000	1885.. 740,000,000
1870.. 547,000,000	1900.. 877,000,000

This shows that, expressed in our money, from a total value of \$1,300,000,000 a year in 1855 British commerce, untraded and unopened, expanded in forty-five years to the yearly value of \$4,355,000,000. The no less impressive increase in tonnage in the same period is shown in the table following:

Tons.	Tons.
1850.. 32,634,000	1880.. 132,250,000
1860.. 58,707,000	1890.. 104,340,000
1870.. 73,108,000	1900.. 208,707,000

An Unnecessary Junket.
It is refreshing to find United States Senators refusing to participate in an unnecessary junket at the expense of the government. It is an example that might be profitably followed by all the members of both houses. The particular investigation which has been rejected by a majority of the Senators designated—that to inquire into the financial and political conditions in Hawaii—was wholly without warrant of necessity. To have conducted it would have had no other result than the expenditure of \$10,000 of the Federal funds in furnishing a number of Senators with a trip which most of them do not want. The financial and political conditions in Hawaii can be learned with equal accuracy and much less expense in the ordinary course of governmental administration.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Nation's Honor Sacrificed.
The late session of Congress, acting for the Republican party, made every sacrifice demanded by the "protected interests."

Cuba and the national honor were sacrificed to them.

And for the sake of the protected interests of the people of the United States to have no protection from the shoddy swindlers. Touch one protected interest and all the protected interests make its cause their own.

So the Grosvenor bill was smothered in committee. Out of deference to the policy of protection the rogues who sell shoddy rags for wool are to be permitted to continue their cheating trade. All the Grosvenor bill demanded was that cloth made of shoddy should be labeled and sold for what it is and not as something else. But the counterfeits declared that they would be ruined if compelled to be honest, and they threw the usual threat to the other protected interests: "If we are meddled with we shall turn upon you and see to it that you are also stripped of protection." The threat was successful. It always has been. The party is in the grip of private interests.

Millions are invested in the shoddy business. It has corrupted nearly the whole cloth-making trade. Behind the tariff fence it is found more profitable to manufacture counterfeit than real cloth. Hence the shoddy manufacturer with shoddy alarmed one of the most highly protected interests in the country. Though there was no attempt to touch the tariff on materials from which shoddy is manufactured, the right in the shoddy manufacturer's behalf was waged by tariff-shedders, cloth-makers, and wool-growers.

No open argument could be offered against the Grosvenor bill. It was obviously a simple measure to put a stop to a fraud which has for its victims the masses who cannot afford to buy clothing made of imported cloth. Common honesty has been given up to the "protected interests" along with the national honor. Such are the inevitable fruits of Protection, as fostered and developed by the Republican party.—Chicago American.

Lincoln's Hay Crop.
A story of Abraham Lincoln would have to be older than the one below to lose its characteristic savor.

In the summer of 1857 Mr. Lincoln was sitting in his office when he was visited by one of his neighbors, an excellent farmer, but one inclined to increase the size of his crops even after harvesting. He had given, on this particular morning, a skillfully padded account of the hay he had put in.

"I've been cutting hay, too," remarked Mr. Lincoln.

"Why, Ab, are you farming?"

"Yes."

"What you raise?"

"Just hay."

"Good crop this year?"

"Excellent."

"How many tons?"

"Well, I don't know just how many tons, Simpson, but my men stacked all they could outdoors, and then stored the rest in the barn."

Opportunity is said to knock at every man's door, but it is the usual experience that he throws a poster over the gate and runs by.

Related Rooseveltian Thunder.
Now that Congress, the only power that can deal with the trusts, has adjourned, President Roosevelt is awfully mad at the big combines and he is going to give the people a simple method of dealing with the trusts by pointing out not alone by Democratic statesmen and newspapers, but by many of the ablest Republicans and Republican newspapers in the country, but President Roosevelt was so busy that he failed to hear of it, and so Congress cannot be forced to take any action. The remedy proposed was to put all articles manufactured or produced by the trusts on the free list. If Congress had taken that step it would have smashed the trusts at once, and there's the secret of Congress not taking that step and there's the secret of Teddy's failure to thunder in this direction while Congress was in session.—Johnstown (Pa.) Engineer.

The Trusts Are in Command.
The trusts command the situation and there is no chance for effective relief from the Republican President or the Republican Congress. All the trusts have to do is to threaten to shut off the supplies for political purposes in the next Presidential campaign, a matter which the President has very much at heart. No doubt there will be a vigorous beating of tam-tams and "strenuous words" from the President, but there it will end. It is a game of deception and humbug. The President cannot do it if he would and he would not if he could.—Pittsburgh Post.

United for Public Robbery.
The Cuban reciprocity fiasco has demonstrated again the unity of the protected interests. At the beginning of this session of Congress many Republican leaders even did not understand what a powerful bond existed in the greed for government patronage. No sooner was the issue fairly before Congress than the "infant industries" came trooping to the aid of the beet sugar people. Franklin's dictum, "Let

us all hang together or assuredly we shall all hang separately," became the motto of the protected industries. The strength of organized greed has been alarmingly proved in the events of the last few weeks. The Cuban reciprocity leaders find that the Republican party has created an artificial monster which it cannot control.—Kansas City Star.

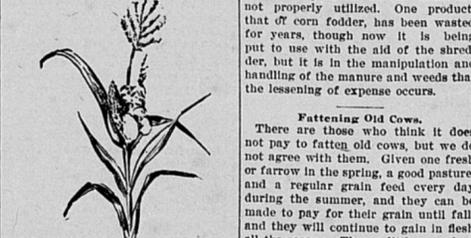
Worse than a Drunken Sailor.
Congress does not spend money exactly like a drunken sailor; because the drunken sailor spends his own money, and stops when he has finished it.—Detroit Free Press.

More Promising than Patience.
What Mr. Roosevelt is going to do to the trusts sounds better for campaign purposes than what he has done to the trusts.—Rochester (N. Y.) Herald.

FARMS AND FARMERS

Treatment of Corn Smut.
The illustration shows the effect of the corn smut on the growing ears, and it is evident that the disease needs attention each season if the corn fields of following years are to be free from this troublesome difficulty. Probably the only way of getting rid of the trouble entirely is to gather the smut pustules before they break and scatter spores. This work should be done as soon as the trouble is noticed, going over the field two or three times during the summer and gathering the pustules carefully, then burning them. In this manner the disease will be gradually stamped out. It must be remembered, however, that if the spores are scattered over the field the crop of smut next year will be correspondingly greater. Spraying with Bordeaux mixture has not been fruitful of results in the best possible condition, but to know which are the most promising for future work, and to treat them accordingly. If one has a number of chicks that are of better ancestry than the others, or chicks that are showing good growth, and bear the earmarks of good layers, they should be marked in some way to identify them.

Waste Products on the Farm.
The work done on the farm just before the busy spring planting begins is given the matter of saving that which is usually lost by inattention to details. The great waste of unsalable farm products amounts to millions of dollars annually, for farmers do not seem to understand that it is not always necessary to send produce away from the farm in order to find markets. The farm is the best market, in fact, that a farmer can have, for if he keeps live stock he will be able to sell his raw products by converting them into the forms of meat, milk, butter and wool. The difficulty is that the waste products on the farms are not properly utilized. One product, that of corn fodder, has been wasted for years, though now it is being put to use with the aid of the shredder, but it is in the manipulation and handling of the manure and weeds that the lessening of expense occurs.



CORN AFFECTED WITH SMUT.

Fattening Old Cows.
There are those who think it does not pay to fatten old cows, but we do not agree with them. Given one fresh farrow in the spring, a good pasture, and a few days of grain feed every day during the summer, and they can be made to pay for their grain until fall and they will continue to gain in flesh all the season. Then a little succulent food, as soft or immature corn, waste vegetables, pumpkins and such stuff as seems to cost nothing on the farm, and they will be in condition to take on fat very rapidly when the grain feed is increased. We know this because we have tried it. Beef that is made in that way may not bring the highest price when sold to the slaughterer, but when put on the bench to be retailed it will be as good as any other beef that the marketman handles, and it will be sold at the same prices.—American Cultivator.

To Stretch Barbed Wire.
Barbed wire is uncomfortable stuff when it comes to the easiest ways of putting it on the farm. It is perhaps, to handle it when placing it upon posts is with the device shown in the accompanying illustration. This device can be quickly made and from it the wire can be unrolled as rapidly as a man can walk, and the frame work after him. When his companion is ready to staple the wire to a stake, the pin is put through the side of the frame, locking the reel, when the wire can be pulled up as taut as desired.—New England Homestead.

Typical Dairy Cow.
An Agricultural Department bulletin shows an illustration of a dairy cow whose general features, it is claimed, are almost perfect. She has a medium sized head and neck and a well defined shoulder and neck vein. The body of the barrel is medium to long, but with a great depth through the digestive region and with a long, well developed hind quarter and a nicely shaped udder. She is short legged, close to the ground, angular and free from any blemish. Her body shows symmetry, quality, correlation of parts and therefore stamina and great digestive capacity, and she exhibits every indication of the power to give a large quantity of milk. It is rare that any person purchasing a cow having such a firm constitution and conformation, and yet being a rangy, open jointed animal, will be disappointed in her as a money maker. There are exceptions to all rules, however, and no type can be described that will meet every contingency and pass every avirish line unchallenged.

Irrigating the Garden.
The usual method of watering plants of any kind is by surface watering and in normal seasons this seems to answer the purpose, although it involves considerable labor. In dry seasons or in any season where it is possible to carry on the plan at moderate cost, a plan of irrigation which will carry the water under the surface of the soil so that the plants may use it as desired will be found most advantageous. Such a plan can be carried out by a system of tiles, as it is done in arid sections, but a number of trenches will answer the purpose if the water can be pumped into them at small expense.

Cover Crops in Orchards.
Instead of the usual cover crops, in orchards some farmers prefer to have the land cultivated in summer, thus killing weeds and permitting moisture and air to enter the soil, the stirring of the soil protecting the roots of trees. Late in the summer, about August or after danger of drought is over, clover is seeded and left until spring, the cover crop is then plowed under, and if the land is left in sod as a cover crop it is claimed that the demands of the grass crop for moisture and plant food in summer injures the trees.

Rust in Wheat.
Rust in wheat may be prevented by destroying the spores in the seed. One plan is to soak the seed in a solution made by dissolving a pound of sulphate of copper in ten gallons of hot water, allowing the seed to remain in the solution twenty-four hours, then drying the seed with fine sand plaster and sowing or drilling as soon as dry. Wheat that showed indications of rust last year should be avoided, however, and new seed procured. It should also be planted on a different field from that on which wheat was grown last year.

Feeding Lambs Beet Pulp.
During the past season the feeding of lambs on beet pulp has been very satisfactory. At Lansing, Mich., some 3,000 were fed. Although at first the pulp was not relished and several died from eating it, later they did well. It seems that the pulp gives the best satisfaction when fermented a little.

Watch Growing Chicks.
If one is in the poultry business in earnest, with a view to making a profit from it, due attention must be paid to the growing chicks; not only to keep

JOLLY JOKER

Heredity: "Do you believe in heredity?" "Certainly; I know a barber who has three little shavers."—Ex.

Youngman—I wonder what's the best way to find out what a woman thinks of you? Henpeck—Marry her.—Philadelphia Press.

Dawson—Blenks is a great believer in fate, isn't he? Lawson—Yes, he has to blame his incompetency on something.—Somerville Journal.

An Insultation. Flora—Yes, I sing in a church where there have an awfully small congregation. Dora—Then why don't you stop singing?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mrs. Swellman—I dreamed last night that I was with a box party at the opera. Mr. Swellman—I wondered why you were talking so loud in your sleep.—Philadelphia Press.

Miss Eastside—This is a lovely gown, but haven't I seen it before? Miss Westside—No, I think not; I have only worn it at a few smart affairs this season.—Town and Country.

"It says here, Samantly, that Reverend Toogood was a saloon passenger on the Majestic. Beats all how them preachers do cut up when they get away from hum."—Judge.

Arthur—Yes, I think Minnie loves me very much. She's a dear little girl she has a large heart. Harry—A heart like a London omnibus; always room for one more.—Boston Transcript.

Clergyman (lately come to parish)—Your neighbor, Smith, says my sermons are rubbish. Farmer—Ah, you needn't mind 'im, sir; 's a mouthful for other folks.—Tit-Bits.

Flossie—I'm afraid, Bridget, that mamma is dissatisfied with you. Bridget—Is she, now? Faith, thin, she'll soon have a chance to be dissatisfied with somebody else.—Puck.

Inducements Held Out. Harriet—What shall I say in the advertisement for a cook? Harry—Well, say that you'll take her with us to any summer resort she may prefer.—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing to Show. "What is your nativity?" asked the magistrate. "I ain't got any, y' know," said the bear-eyed inebriate, feeling in his pockets; "the police took everything I had."—Chicago Tribune.

She—You wouldn't mind saying you were again to-morrow, would you, then? I am a member of the M. P. D. G. Club. "Why, what does that mean?" "Moonlight proposals don't count."—Life.

Convincing Proof: May—I had no idea before last night that Mr. Filcher was a man of such lofty ambitions and exalted ideas. Maud—How did you come to find it out? May—He proposed to me.—Bazaar.

Mother—There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, and now there is only one. How's that? Tommy (who sees no way of escape)—Well, ma, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other one.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Sure Test: "How can you tell real cut glass from the imitation?" asked Mrs. Gaswell. "You can't, always," said Gaswell. "You can't, always," said Gaswell, "but when anybody offers you a piece of real cut glass for fifteen cents, don't buy it."—Chicago Tribune.

"Will you please raise my salary?" "Why, I gave you a raise only last week, because you told me that you had your mother to support." "I know, but my mother got married and now she has two to support."—Ohio State Journal.

Farmer (to cart)—Hi, stop! Stop, you fool! Don't you see my horse is running away? Driver of motor car (hired by the hour)—Yes, it's all very well for you to say "stop," but I've got now to have the blooming thing work.—Punch.

Bobble—You know what preserves out in 'n' pantry you told me not to eat? Mother—Yes, Bobble—you know you said they'd make me sick if I 'em, didn't you? Mother—Yes, Bobble—Well, they didn't.—Ohio State Journal.

Bellaire, your brother George tells me that you were sitting on that little Mr. Thomking's knees last evening. Is it true? "Yes, papa; but I'm sure you will forgive me. It was just one of those little moral lapses, you know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Haddock—I met poor old Rynns creeping towards his office to-day, and he complained bitterly of being run down this spring. Juddock (defensively)—Well, confound him, he had no business getting in front of an automobile.—Harper's Bazar.

The Floor Walker: First Clerk—Poor Jim! It will be a long time before he gets another place. Second Clerk—Don't you believe it. Why, he got a place as floor walker. First Clerk—You don't say so? Second Clerk—Yes; he's got a new baby.—Judge.

Mr. Williams (Fanny's admirer)—Is your sistah going to the seaside this summer, Tommy? Tommy—That all depends on you. I heard ma say if you and Fanny were engaged before the season opened, there wouldn't be any sense in her going.—Stray Stories.

The Kind That Get Away: "That little minnow," said the first fish, "seems to have got a big opinion of himself all of a sudden." "Yes," replied the other, "he managed to wriggle off a hook this morning, and he heard the fisherman bragging about his size."—Philadelphia Press.

Honest Tenant. The father of Earl Fitzwilliam, who died recently, was an excellent landlord. A London paper relates how once a farmer went to him with the complaint that the Earl's fox hunters had ruined a field of corn, or, as he should call it, wheat.

"The Earl gave the man fifty pounds in payment for damage. After harvest time the farmer returned the money, saying that the wheat had turned out well, after all.

Earl Fitzwilliam drew a check for one hundred pounds and gave it to his tenant. "This is as things should be between man and man," said he. "When your eldest son comes of age, give him this, and tell him how and why you got it."

Long-Felt Want. Green—Congratulate me, old man! My fortune is made.

Brown—Come on with the explanation.

Green—I have discovered a new kind of cloth for cheap clothing that will fade alike all over.

Some men have a good time fishing, even if they do not catch any fish, which is usually the case.