

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Reform is Postponed.

A lukewarm Congress and a trust-controlled Senate will leave the trusts undisturbed. The tariff bill continues to protect the trusts and rob the people.

The President's Message.

President Roosevelt's second annual message to Congress has one and only one advantage over his first—it is about half as long. In every other respect it is singularly lacking in recognition of the trust incorporated in its reference to marksmanship in the navy. "In battle the only shots that count are the shots that hit." So in a President's message the only passages that count are those that hit, and upon the real questions before the country—trusts, tariff and the disposition of the Philippines—Mr. Roosevelt appears to have used a literary blunderbuss where the people expected he would go gunning with a repeating rifle.—Chicago Record-Herald.

We have the opening paragraphs some words dealing with the American people as a chosen people who might, if they would, find their Moses in the strenuous, the exuberant, the unrestrained and the combative character which now occupies the chief executive office of the nation.—Springfield Republican.

The document displays all the abstract ardor and concrete conservatism of a candidate for Presidential consideration. . . . The only possible deduction is that he is willing to drift as the party leaders may dictate.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

He asserts solemnly that "the question of the regulation of the trusts stands apart from the question of tariff revision." Yet he speaks of depriving trust goods of protection as a "punitive measure" and plumply declares that "the tariff on anthracite coal should be removed." Why, pray, if the trust question is entirely apart from the tariff question? . . . As a whole, the message is a curious mixture of bad economics, good homily and indifferent statesmanship.—Chicago Chronicle.

Returning from his unsuccessful hunt for bears the South he recommends that Congress pass a law protecting game and wild animals. This is an issue of startling importance and must make the bears which the President did not shoot laugh.—Cleveland Recorder.

Following the President's Lead.

The bill introduced by Senator Culleton to amend the anti-trust law prohibits interstate commerce in articles made by trusts, and penalizes for violation a fine of from \$500 to \$5,000. The meat in the bill is in the proposed appointment of fifty special agents to act as spies to report any infringement of the law. What a snap these appointments would be for the henchmen of the Republican Congressmen of the Rathbone and Xiphius stripe! But "the boys" will have to wait some time before the trusts will be called upon to "put up the stuff" to avoid prosecution. Senator Culleton and the Republican majority have no intention of really reforming the trusts or the tariff, and the flood of bills that already have been introduced are only intended to please their constituents. Since President Roosevelt's "conservative" message has been made public a good many anti-trust bills have been held up for revision on more conservative lines, and more will follow the Presidential lead that there be "nothing doing" at this session, and "nothing doing" into the waste basket. The voters expected Republican action against the trusts or the protective tariff will again be disappointed.

Knocks the "Iowa Idea."

President Roosevelt entirely disagrees with Mr. Havemeyer that the tariff is the mother of trusts and, in his message to Congress, discussing the tariff and trust question, says: "Not merely would this reforming the tariff be wholly ineffective, but the diversion of our efforts in such a direction would mean the abandonment of all intelligent attempt to do away with these evils."

The "Iowa idea" that the tariff shelters the trusts is thus also knocked in the head by the chief politician of the Republican party, and the use of the Congressmen from the Western States that the Republican party could be relied upon to reform the tariff and prevent further trust extortion is postponed indefinitely. How do the Republican reformers enjoy the situation?

Window Glass to Be Free.

The timeliness of the bill of the Knights of Labor to put window glass on the free list is evident from the fact that the trust has just arranged to put up the price of glass every sixty days. The three-headed window glass trust has made a contract with the National Window Glass Makers' Association for 150,000 boxes of glass a month for six months. This, with the continually advancing prices, promises great prosperity for this trust. Congress should take prompt action on this very important bill.

Free Trade in Coal.

When President Roosevelt was on his stumping tour, he declared, in his speech at Cincinnati, that anthracite coal was on the free list. All of the Republican spell binders echoed the same declaration. The Democrats showed that anthracite and bituminous coal were both subject to duty under the Dingley tariff law; they were denounced as prevaricators. Election is now over and President Roosevelt acknowledges that he was mistaken and recommends in his message that it be removed from anthracite coal. It is now up to a Republican Congress to pass such a bill; but so far no steps have been taken to that end.

It is well to inquire why bituminous coal should not also be placed upon the free list, especially as the coal barons are making preparations to export coal to Mediterranean ports to compete with foreign coal in those markets.

Coal Still Much Too High.

Hard coal is still selling in Eastern cities at from \$7 to \$10 per ton, the average being about \$9. This is at least \$3 above last year's price and is \$6 or \$7 higher than it should be. If Congress is not derelict in its duty this winter, to the point of cruelty, it will take the duty off all coal. This is the least it should do for the freezing people, and for those who are spending money for fuel that should go for

THE STATE OF IOWA.

OCCURRENCES DURING THE PAST WEEK.

Masked Robbers Mistreat Old Couple at Boone—Negro Killed in Moping Camp at Keokuk—Mrs. Hosack to Be Tried Again—Miller's Awful Death.

Three masked burglars entered the home of Wm. Storrier and wife at the corner of Twelfth and Greene streets, Boone, about 8 o'clock the other evening, and after gagging and tying the aged couple to the bed, the burglars ransacked the residence at leisure. Mrs. Storrier looked and her husband threatened that he would be brained in an endeavor to make them reveal where the money was kept. They also threatened to hang down if they were not told. The scene of the robbery is almost in the heart of the city and directly across the street from the German Lutheran Church which was in session at the time the robbery occurred. The robbers were more than two hours in the house and left the old man and wife tied to the bed. Storrier is a pensioned carpenter of the Northwestern Railroad. Himself and his wife are each over 70. No money and but little plunder was secured by the burglars. There is no clue to their identity.

Murder Among Colored Miners.

At the mining camp of Keokab a fatal stabbing among colored miners occurred. Frank Williams and William Slater had a quarrel over an alleged insult which it was said had been offered to Williams' wife. The exact nature of the quarrel is not known, but both men became embittered over the affair. Williams' wife went after Williams and took him over to the place where Slater lived and it is said demanded revenge. What happened within is not known, but a few minutes later Slater came running out of the rear door of the cabin and he had a deep cut in his body. He ran about thirty feet and leaned up against an outbuilding, standing there about two minutes before he fell to the ground. Those who were present at the time Slater was found afraid to approach Slater for about half an hour, when others came and it was found he was dead. Williams gave himself up to Sheriff Steiner and will plead self-defense.

Second Trial for Mrs. Hosack.

At the age of 60 years, Margaret Hosack is preparing to stand trial a second time on a charge of murdering her husband. The trial will take place at Waterloo, Iowa, on the 11th inst. She was arrested on Dec. 1, 1903. Her husband was sleeping in his bed Dec. 1, 1903. His wife was sleeping by his side. She told the coroner she was awakened by noise of some one running. She got up and returned to find her husband bathed in blood. He was dying when a physician arrived and made no statement. Mrs. Hosack was arrested and conveyed to the county jail on the second degree. After serving one year of a life sentence she was released by the Supreme Court on a technicality and sent back to jail from where she was released on bonds. The only evidence against her was circumstantial and her conviction was founded largely on the statement of Will Haines, a young farmer, who became violently insane after the trial.

Followed by a Large Wolf.

Jack Crowley, who lives three miles west of Clare, started to walk from Tara to Clare, there being no train for three hours. One night he was awakened by a large wolf howling around him. He got up and looked around and saw a large wolf following him. The wolf kept twenty paces behind him and Crowley turned and fired three shots, one of which struck the wolf in the forehead. The creature slunk into the woods with a howl, while Crowley hurried to Clare.

Accid Miller's Awful Death.

Robert Patterson, aged 70, a well-known miller of Alpha, was killed by his clothing catching in some of the machinery of his mill. He was alone when the accident occurred, his body being found about 10 o'clock on the 11th inst. He had been in the milling business of Alpha for thirty years.

Child Burned at Creston.

The 4-year-old child of John Knight was frightfully burned at Creston. It is supposed the child found a match and ignited his clothing with the same, while the mother was out of the room.

Within Our Borders.

Another petition for mule saloons has been started in Tama City. Mason City has abandoned for the present the effort to secure a new federal building. Clinton Christians contemplate the erection of a \$35,000 church edifice the coming summer. The Bankers' Union has absorbed the 400 Federal members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. Jud Hulse, a farmer living near Gladbrook, committed suicide by cutting his throat. His health had made him despondent. Robbers blew up the safe in the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., and carried off \$75,000 worth of stamps and about \$75 in money. Henry Woda and Antonio Carlson, laborers, were instantly killed at the clay pits in Albia City. A large bank of earth collapsed, completely burying the men. Edwin Olson, the 14-year-old Fort Dodge boy who received a bullet in his brain a few days ago while hunting, will probably recover. The State Agricultural Association has Aug. 22-28 as the dates for the next State fair. The reports of the officers show that the association has on hand a cash balance of \$39,872.25. An overhauled furnace in L. R. Brook's general store at Coal Field set fire to and destroyed the building and its contents. The flames spread to the postoffice and the Iowa Central railroad depot. The question of erecting a public school building in the town of Clare where there is nothing but a parochial school, is being taken to the courts. A lively contest is in prospect. Waterloo has announced that it will have a number of streets next year, and the representatives of the various asphalt and macadam companies are already on the ground contending for the advantage. During a quarrel at Clinton Charles Granderson of Sioux City was shot and instantly killed. Benjamin Carroll was wounded twice and Mrs. Carroll was fatally shot. The shooting resulted from jealousy. The postmaster General has issued an order establishing free delivery service March 1 next at Centerville with four carriers, two substitutes and thirty letter boxes. A company has been organized, headed by United States Marshal George M. Christian of Grinnell, to erect a modern six-story hotel in Des Moines. The estimated cost will be \$150,000. The 23-year-old babe of Robert Kirkly of Dubuque fell on a red-hot stove and received burns that will disfigure it for life. A week before another child of the family drank some cold milk and died immediately afterward from the effect.

CHANGING THE SCORE.



From each chair he took a stocking and pinned it where the sleeping children had been accustomed to pin them in previous years. After this he made frequent trips to the library and brought up load after load of toys, candies and trinkets. And then he began to fill the stockings. It was slow work. He had seen his wife do it once. He had watched her then in a mechanical sort of way. It was on the preceding Christmas eve. She was ill and nervous and afraid to go about the house alone. In a grumbling, protesting way he had accompanied her. How glad he was now that he had! He dropped a moderately heavy object into the toe of each stocking to hold it down—then an orange to make it capacious. After this he slipped in a present for the sake of a surprise, and on top of the present he put a layer of candy. He worked at the "tick-tick-tick" of the candles as they dropped did not awaken the sleeping children. He was slow at the work. It was early dawn when he finished. He blew out the little night lamp and sank into a chair, burying his face in his hands, and his heart in memories. Suddenly he looked up and saw his three children standing about him in the arc of a circle. "It's papa," cried his eldest girl, rushing into his arms. "Papa is Santa Claus. It is papa who has been so good to us and we haven't loved him." "It's papa," echoed the younger daughter. "Papa—Santa Claus," said the boy. And they, too, slipped up to him and clung to him, their little eyes beaming with love. And then John Howard knew that his stocking had been filled, along with the love of his children.—Criterion.

Honesty in Christmas Giving.

With the approach of Christmas we hear again the usual talk about "the obligations of the season, the burden of shopping, the face of exchanging presents." We haven't a particle of sympathy.

SANTA CLAUS' BIG JOB.



Said Santa Claus on Christmas eve, in jolly, good, fat glee, "To judge by all these stockings here, they've turned the hose on me."

The New Year.

List, the New Year bells are ringing, Messages of comfort bringing, Clear and true, Over meek and mild and valley, Where the forest flames rally, Up through park and street and alley, 'Tis the New Year.

Thoughts for the New Year.

A good inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue, but the finishing strokes are from the will, which, if well disposed, will by degrees perfect it, or if ill disposed, will quickly deface it.—South.

Trimming the Tree.

It is the old lesson—a worthy purpose, patient energy for its accomplishment, a resolution undaunted by difficulties, and success.—W. M. Panshon.

Christmas Feasting.

During the middle ages the whole Christmas season was given up to revels and jollity, in which eating and drinking had a prominent part. The Saxons, in fact, had a custom of eating and drinking for feasting. Plenty to eat and to drink was their idea of a festival, no matter how sacred might be its associations. On Christmas they not only lined their stomachs with good food, but they also ate and drank, and they stuffed themselves with joints of rich, nourishing food and strongly compounded puddings and pies.

Origin of Mince Pie.

English plum pudding and mince pies both owe their origin, or are supposed to, to an occurrence attendant upon the birth of Christ. The highly seasoned ingredients refer to the offering of spices, frankincense and myrrh by the wise men of the East to the Christ Child.—New York World.

Shattered Her Ideals.

Miss Askitt—Why is Miss Winder so pessimistic about Christmas? Miss Tellit—She hung up a \$12 pair of silk hose last year, and some one stole them.

THERE SHONE A STAR.

It stars by the mill in the wide blue spaces we watch the stars like grains of gold. Through the wheeling clusters of worlds, he once through the heaven star. When a child was born, there shone a star.

Children they come to the cabin small; To the tent, to the ship, to the poor Drear is the home where God sends them; Not once, just once, through the gates ajar, God's own Child came, and there shone a star.

From desert places its golden light; Framed like a torch the living night; How low to the wonderful East, In stately procession, the priest, And a marvelous, moving caravan, Brought for the gift that had guerdoned man.

When, banners of glory waving far, Once, for his people, led a Star. The Emperor sat in his purple robe, Holding the scepter that swayed the globe; Bent the slave to the laboring oar—Little did they know, in that hour, Of the coming of the conqueror's star, Trampling hearts and the conqueror's star, The cry of the anguish quivered far, And lo! in the darkness there shone a star.

Yes, from a cave in the river rock, A flame shined; who will mark; From Earth to the Star in the firmament, On the silence trembled a Babe's first breath.

Child to be Lord of Life and Death; Safe as a bird in the tiny nest, In the mother's arms, on the mother's lap, And the angels sang on the clouds clear, And the midnight waned, and the dawn's great car Swept by where brightly there shone a Star.—Margaret F. Sangster, in Woman's Home Companion.

WON HIS CHILDREN'S LOVE.

BY THOMAS HALL.

WRINKLES of care furrowed the forehead of John Howard, wholesale leather merchant of New York, as he sat in the library of his home, and his hair was tossed into disorder by the coming of his nervous fingers. His dull eyes gazed at the red depths of a great fire, but read no crimson pictures there.

This was the man the world had called "the content John Howard." Eight years before, when he married, people expected a change in his habits, but they were disappointed. He had merely added another part to his machinery. He had carefully chosen the kind of woman who would help him to become a part of a machine.

When children came they, too, were compelled to be parts of the orderly, silent machine controlled by John Howard. Meek little mites they were. No one suspected that they were children.

There were three of them: Mary, a girl of seven; Anna, a girl of five, and John, a boy of four. By direction of John Howard, good, plain names were given them, names that would wear. Meek Mrs. Howard would have chosen different, but she was not consulted.

When the children came, John Howard laid down the rules for their conduct and keeping; and never afterward bothered himself about them. If he saw them once a day, he was satisfied. One of his rules, conditions was that he was never to hear them, save when he wished. As a result John Howard was a father without a home—and the children had a living father, but were fatherless.

All this would have continued but for one inevitable little incident in life called "death"—for death, after all, is a part of life, and dying very often the main part of living. The entrance of Mrs. Howard into the life of her husband had made no perceptible change in it. Her death had thrown every part of it out of gear. There were three waifs in his house, who came to him as children, and at him a frightened sort of way. "How was he to win the love of his children?"

How John Howard longed to enter that play room! But he never dared. He was afraid his entrance would drive them forth, and he realized that this room was their own little world. Sometimes, in anger, he looked at the door, and he would think how different they were from other children.

How he longed for them to ask him for something! What joy would it be in granting them any wish! But they had been brought up to ask for nothing, to expect nothing, save on one day in the year. On that day they could expect wonderful new presents, they knew, from a mysterious person called Santa Claus. The late Mrs. Howard had cultivated this one dear delusion in them, and so perfectly that they never dreamed that either she or their father had anything to do with the annual midnight visit of the good little man. Of him they talked months before he came and months after he left. And with the presents he left they played for one Christmas until the next, patiently waiting for the new ones and carefully guarding the old.

Discouraged at his failure to win even the confidence of his second, John Howard hired that hopeless substitute for a mother, a nurse, to take care of them. With business anxiety and lack of interest in the children, secured a grim New England school teacher for his daughter's position; and in less than a week she succeeded, by perseverance and industry, in making the children love her. The lives of the three waifs that were John Howard had. But the waifs had been taught not to complain, and John Howard knew that.

One lingering hope remained in his breast. Could he make the coming Christmas so happy for his children that he could win their love? Santa Claus, that he would take charge of the good himself, and the preparations he made for it were extravagant. The presents purchased for all the preceding Christmas celebrations at his house were as nothing compared to the array that stood before him on the floor, on tables and on chairs, this Christmas eve, when he sat so broken in heart before his great fire.

Something had happened. A mistake had been made. The New England school teacher, in the interests of white-washed truth, had told his children there was no Santa Claus. This he had learned while listening at the door of their playroom that afternoon. And he, who had so carefully observed the part of Santa Claus for the performance that night, felt that it would be a hollow mockery, now that they knew, as we all do some day, too much.

With a promptness and decision that had characterized him always in business, John Howard promptly dismissed the New England school teacher, giving her a month's salary and no explanation for his strange conduct. The children should have the hollow mockery of Christmas as at any rate, but the essence of it was gone. He had heard his children declare, between sobs, that they would never hang up their stockings again, and after that the stockings and not the tree that is the essence of Christmas—and the mystery of mysteries there of the wonderful fact that Santa Claus can spend so much time in taking so much pains in filling the stockings.

But John Howard was human. He himself had looked forward to this Christmas with greater expectations than had any of his children. He rose from bed and put on his dressing gown and slippers. Then, with a little night lamp in his hand turned very low, he went softly into the room where his children slept. Their clothes were laid neatly on three chairs, and

FROM EACH CHAIR HE TOOK A STOCKING

and pinned it where the sleeping children had been accustomed to pin them in previous years. After this he made frequent trips to the library and brought up load after load of toys, candies and trinkets. And then he began to fill the stockings. It was slow work. He had seen his wife do it once. He had watched her then in a mechanical sort of way. It was on the preceding Christmas eve. She was ill and nervous and afraid to go about the house alone. In a grumbling, protesting way he had accompanied her.

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Quite Different. Maud (of Boston)—I am sure you don't say pants? Willie—No, I say pants.