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He who steals my purse steals trash on any day but pay day.

It is sweet to see that the knave is wearing a glove on his mallet fist.

Swearing off is much like a lovers' quarrel—it is so much fun making up again.

The Monroe doctrine isn't going to hurt anybody who doesn't monkey with it.

A bee trust has been formed by California bees. This is the most stinging out of all.

The modern version is, peace on earth, good will to men and presents for the women and children.

Though the young husband may be willing to attend his wife's church, he insists on voting as heretofore.

Dr. Lorenz must have had his "ethic" all shot to smithereens by the advertising he has had in this country.

The czar has pardoned 131 students who were exiled for having a high old time on his birthday. What a kind man!

Thomas B. Reed was truly a great man. He left a simple will, in which there was no provision for cutting anybody off.

A man has been placed under bonds to keep him from kicking his wife with his wooden leg. But perhaps he can learn to stand on the artificial member while the other one swings.

A policeman has been fined ten days pay for borrowing an umbrella from a Chinaman. What a lot of lost days there would be if everyone who borrows umbrellas were to be treated in this fashion!

Lillie Devereux Blake says: "There is no reason why a woman should not support a husband if she thinks he is worthy." Let the men go on hopelessly now and learn to take proper care of the babies.

The Chicago bureau of charities declares that 400 wives in that city lost their husbands last year because the wives did not know how to cook. It should be explained in this connection that not all these husbands were killed. Some of them saved themselves by running away.

Some life insurance companies appear to entertain the fixed conviction that every policy holder who dies is a suicide who takes his own life in order to beat the company. If this attitude be maintained much longer it is likely seriously to interfere with the writing of life insurance policies.

Suggestion to the Postoffice Department, which is trying to find an improvement on the device now used by fast trains for catching and discharging mail-bags with the same result. Why not employ the principle of catches of baseball bats? They do not take them long to "get out the curves" of the mail bags.

This thing of sending a friend a present of a box of candy or a bottle of wine containing two or three ounces of anything is becoming somewhat too fashionable. Whatever may be said in defense of the man who slays in the heat of quarrel, not a word can be offered to extenuate the crime of the poisoner. He is the deed of the true assassin—premeditated, treacherous and cruel. Hanging is an inadequate punishment for him.

J. Ogden Armour, whose little daughter was recently saved from a life of suffering by an operation, will express his gratitude in form of three ounces of anything to the man who slays in the heat of quarrel, not a word can be offered to extenuate the crime of the poisoner. He is the deed of the true assassin—premeditated, treacherous and cruel. Hanging is an inadequate punishment for him.

More than one literary man who prides himself upon his achievements will be forgotten before the world loses memory of George Alfred Henry, the English writer of boys' books, who died the other day. Mr. Henry did good service in his generation. As a soldier and as a war correspondent he had an adventurous life all over the earth; he knew the countries of which he wrote, he had a fondness for facts, he honored the old-fashioned virtues of courage and integrity, and he put information and inspiration as well as "story" into his books. It is no small distinction to have provided instruction and ideals for the boys of the English race. Statesmen as well as authors might envy the man who was equal to that work.

In 1870 the corn crop record of this country reached the highest notch it had ever attained. As a result, the supply exceeded the demand, there was a glut, and the price of corn tumbled and millions of bushels were used as the cheapest fuel that the farms of the West afforded. In 1902 the record of corn production was again broken. But there is no longer any ill effect to be feared. There is no congestion, no disastrous slump in price. There is market for it all. What American can not use Europe eagerly wants. World wide commerce has solved the problem and made a bountiful crop a real blessing to the farmers who formerly found it a burden. The peoples of other lands have been taught the virtue of maize and commercial relations have made them steady customers. More and more each year Europe and Asia and Africa and South America become dependent upon the great farms of the United States.

The announcement of the death of Jesse Benton Fremont in California, with whose early fortunes both she and her husband, Gen. John C. Fremont, were closely identified, will hardly affect the present generation, which knows little about this once

brilliant woman. Indeed, the interest in her life is purely romantic; but her death will bring up many interesting memories to those whose recollections go back half a century and who will recall her as the handsome, dashing, high spirited wife of Lieut. Fremont and daughter of Senator Benton. She was the young lieutenant's support and inspiration in that famous exploration which made him known all over the country as "the Pathfinder." She was the wife of the first Republican candidate for the presidency, and had Fremont been elected she would have had a brilliant career at the White House, of which she would have presided in queenly style. She was honored at European courts, where her wit and beauty made her a social sensation. She was the belle of many cities, a general favorite in an unusual circle of distinguished acquaintances, and a brilliant conversationalist. But the defeat of her husband's political ambitions and other misfortunes which overtook him deprived her of the opportunity to fill positions in which she would have shone. The society she was, once dethroned, is soon forgotten, and such was Mrs. Fremont's fate.

What is the use of being pessimistic? Did pessimism ever do you any good? Did it ever do your neighbor any good? What if the coal is low in the bins and the money slack in the pockets? Worrying about it will not do either of them, but getting down to hard work this minute, keeping at work, and above all, working the right way, will. Every minute lily spent wondering and worrying and speculating as to what is going to happen is a minute wasted. Let us be cheerful. Let us be lazy; laziness is a fact. Don't be a phony and you will not have hard luck. Life is a class in mathematics. Work according to the rule and stick to it, and you will solve the problem. When you are feeling down, down in the mouth, discouraged and generally out of sorts, remember the gospel of good nature. Then put it in practice, stop thinking about yourself and your troubles. Do something for the other fellow. The result may surprise you. You thought, possibly, that he was a bear, but even if he is he knows the milk of human kindness when he tastes it. A smile is contagious. Perhaps you never thought of that. You know that fear was catching, that discontent traveled like wildfire, that sickness begot sickness. We all acknowledge these things and we all know the deadly results. Why not change the thought? Why not recognize that confidence in the future, happiness and good health are also contagious? It was a wise philosopher who said, "Thoughts are things." It was a good philosopher who declared, "As a man thinketh, so is he." "Practice makes perfect" is a saying the truth of which is axiomatic. So, optimism, practice good nature, and you will reap peace, joy and contentment. No one can make you unhappy if you refuse to be unhappy. Try it and see if it does not work.

WAS A LEADER IN SPAIN. Senor Sagasta, Premier Under the Spanish-American War.

Spain's foremost statesman and a strong character who had by his prominent position in the politics of his country and the United States gained world-wide attention died the other day in the person of Senor Praxides Mateo Sagasta. His death occurred in Madrid and occasioned a profound sorrow to the royal family and his countrymen. Sagasta was the Liberal leader in Spanish political matters and was several times premier of the Spanish cabinet, serving as such during the late war.

Senor Sagasta was born at Torresella, Spain, in 1827. He was educated as an engineer, but early began a political career. In 1856, because of his course with the radicals, he was obliged to flee to France, but soon returned and actively resumed politics. In 1869 he was again obliged to leave the country, but returned in 1868 after the deposition of Queen Isabella II and ever after was prominent in national affairs.

From 1881 to his retirement hardly a month ago as leader of the Liberals, he was generally prime minister whenever the Conservatives met with a parliamentary reverse. Sagasta had long been classed as a shrewd politician. He was also courageous and would follow a course he believed to be right no matter how strong the opposition. He won and retained the public confidence and had come, owing to his long public service, to be considered the one man who could still do something for Spain.

A place in Spanish history was made for Senor Sagasta when he became prime minister of Spain, he was obliged to sign away the remnant of the kingdom's colonial possessions after the war with the United States. He did his best to avert the catastrophe and after the blow fell the Spaniards honored him for preserving the national dignity.

Would Not Be Dismissed. The old man servant who is a feature in many Scottish families enjoy exceptional privileges, and the Winesapagos and Potawatomes acting as the estate in which their class is held and some of them take undue advantage of it.

A lady's coachman—a crusty old fellow who had been in the service of the family in her father's time—gave her great trouble and annoyance on several occasions by not carrying out her instructions. At length his conduct became unbearable and she determined to dismiss him. Calling him into her presence, she said with as much asperity as she could command: "I cannot stand this any longer, John. You must look out for another situation. You will leave my service at the end of the month."

The old servant looked at her in amazement for a minute, and then the characteristic "loyalty" came to the surface. "Na, na, my lady," he said. "I drove you to the kirk to be baptized, I drove you to your marriage, and I'll stay to drive you to your funeral."

CHICAGO'S CENTENNIAL

Unparalleled Growth of the Windy City Since July 4, 1837. When the First Fort Dearborn Was Built—Massacre of 1812 and Fire of 1837.

CHICAGO will soon be 100 years old. Almost a century ago a little pulisado fort with the old-fashioned blockhouses was erected on a narrow point of land at the mouth of the muddy Chicago river and named Fort Dearborn, and from this as a beginning has grown the great city of today, the second in the new world and fifth in size in the world, with a population of 1,608,000.

That the city may not forget the history of its beginning, a movement has been launched to hold a centennial exposition. The plans provide an exhibition building, if not exceeding the Philadelphia centennial of 1876. Although Chicago is yet less than a century old, the history of its terrific growth, even in the face of reverses that would have staggered the oldest cities on the globe, is like a story of fairyland. The first permanent white settler, John Kinzie, came in 1804, and it was many years after his death, in 1828, that the city began to exhibit any indications of its surpassing future.

The event that signaled the foundation of Chicago and the beginning of a new epoch in that part of America lying west of the Alleghenies occurred July 4, 1837. The United States government, in seeking an advantage

geous location for an outpost, had chosen the present site of Chicago. Capt. John Whistler, who was in command of a company of regular troops at Detroit, was ordered by Gen. Henry Dearborn, Secretary of War, to proceed to this point and construct a fort. He reached the mouth of the Chicago river by boat July 4, 1837, and at once began the erection of a fort. There were then no buildings here

except a few miserable log huts covered by bark, the homes of squatters among the Indians. Capt. Whistler and his family occupied one of these. His officers and his men lived under canvas while the embryo post was being built.

The log fort consisted of a stockade large enough to contain all the buildings, two blockhouses and a parade ground. This was the pioneer army post—the early Chicago. At that time a dead level of green prairie and morass stretched away to the west as far as the eye could see. Now the crowded streets stretch even farther. Then the river was a slime-covered, sluggish stream. Today it is the busiest river in the world.

North and south along the edge of the lake stretched the sand dunes, changing with each wind and shifting with every storm. Guarded trees stood in little patches here and there, marking the landscape the more desolate. The Cheacago river, as the Indians called it, snaked its way out of the morass and lost itself in the lake, and was an uninviting looking stream upon which to lay the foundation of a frontier post. The founders never dreamed that an imperial city would some day crowd that little river for miles and miles and in time turn its waters in the opposite direction—down the Mississippi Valley.

Eight years after the arrival of John Kinzie, or in 1812, the entire population, beside his family, consisted of a French laborer named Quilmette, a Mr. Burns and his family, Capt. Heald, Lieut. Helm and Sergt. Holt and their families and 64 soldiers. Four miles up the south branch of the river lived a farmer named White, a tenant named Lee and three French laborers.

Massacre of Fort Dearborn. It was in this year that the first disaster was visited upon the few brave people who called Fort Dearborn their home. The United States had declared war against Great Britain, and the Winesapagos and Potawatomes acting as the estate in which their class is held and some of them take undue advantage of it.

In August an order came from Gen. Hull for the little garrison to go to Fort Wayne. Capt. Heald, acting against the advice of the other officers and the settlers, decided to evacuate the fort. He did not carry out his plans at once, but resolved to attempt to placate the redskins by dividing among them the stores which could not be taken away.

A meeting was held with the Potawatomes on August 12, and an agreement made whereby they should receive the stores and furnish escort for the garrison to Fort Wayne. They avoided trouble, however, the whiskey and the surplus ammunition were cast into the river. The Indians learned of the action and became furious.

The evacuation was begun on August 15. The little band fled out to the post to the music of the Drums.

March. With a force of friendly Miami Indians Capt. Wells led the little party to safety. That which was almost certain. Down along the stretch of sandy shore the column marched. To the west, on the ridges trooped the Indian escort, composed of 500 braves. Everything went well until the settlers and soldiers reached what is known as the foot of Eighteenth street, when Capt. Wells came riding back from the front and called out furiously back from the front and called out that the Indians were preparing to make an attack. An instant later the red men began firing. The troops answered the charge, but the friendly Miami fled in terror and left the settlers to the attacking Indians. Capt. Wells stood his ground and fought gallantly, but was killed. The Indians scalped him and tore his heart from his body. The troops then fought past the Indians and reached a slight eminence on the prairie, but were forced to surrender, with the condition that their lives were to be spared. In the fight the Indians lost 15 killed, but about 50 of the whites were massacred. All the wounded were killed and mutilated. The next day the Indians burned Fort Dearborn. This was Chicago's first disaster.

The settlement grew but little during the score of years following this first disaster, although many important events marked the period. The first Territorial Legislature met in 1812, the year of the massacre, and in 1818 the State was organized. In 1829 up-

hood days in the Western town and then went away to a school on the Hudson. The fame of the beauty of the old-time American reporter's trick of having himself locked up in a Belgian madhouse to secure a sensation. The doctors, however, "got on" to Thomas and to teach him a lesson doped him with vomiting powders. Next he was put on a diet of sour herrings and no water; at night he wasn't allowed to sleep and when he complained he was told that he had a tumor in his brain and was imagining ill treatment. He would feel better as soon as the tumor was cut out. When finally the doctors tried to chloroform him and made preparations to operate upon him Thomas disclosed his identity. But the doctors would not let him off. They sent him under guard to the police station, where he was booked as an impostor and for obtaining the country's charity under false pretenses.

MOTHER OF RICH BABY DIES. Physicians Could Not Save the Life of Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr. Mrs. William A. Clark, Jr., died the other morning at Butte, Mont. When her boy baby was born, United States Senator Clark set aside \$1,000,000 for his grandson. Mrs. Clark underwent a surgical operation a few days afterward and died.

Mabel Foster Clark was born twenty-three years ago, near Pittsburg, Pa., the daughter of John H. Foster, who settled in Butte nearly seven years ago. On June 19, 1901, she was married to William A. Clark, Jr., the youngest son of Senator W. A. Clark. Mrs. Clark as Miss Foster was known as the "belle of Butte." Her beauty, in fact, was known throughout the State. She spent her girl-

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He rapidly improved on the quality of his steel, and the fame of his inventions began to be noted abroad. He borrowed \$12,500 from one bank, \$25,000 from another and began to build. He never rested. One invention followed and discovery after another rewarded his labors until, almost by accident, he discovered how to make steel wheels without a seam. Then he was overwhelmed with orders. Three years after borrowing the \$37,500 he repaid it and had erected buildings and furnaces valued at \$250,000.

But, not satisfied with victories achieved in inventions, which made for peace and civilization, he turned his attention to the implements of war. German cannon were bursting on field parades and in practice, while in war they slaughtered nearly as many behind as in front. He held a council with three able engineers whom he had gathered around him, and the result was that Alfred Krupp began to cast cannon. At first the military authorities fought shy of his cannon, but when he told Von Moltke that if he could burst one of his cannon he would pay a million

marks (\$250,000) to charity, an experiment with the new weapon was made, and the result made Krupp famous throughout the world. The victories at Koenigsgratz, Gravetotte, Worth and Sedan were as much owing to the genius of Alfred Krupp as to the strategy of Von Moltke or the bravery of the Red Prince's infantry.

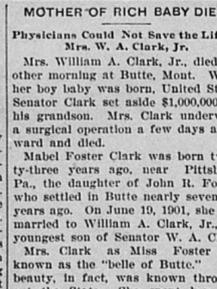
Not only Germany, but foreign countries began to pour in orders. Krupp bought a tract of country ten miles long on which to carry on his battle against cannon and armor plates. Armor plates always won, and up went fresh sheds and fresh furnaces for the manufacture of armor plates. Essen grew black and sooty. Thousands of hard-handed laborers began to center on the town. When Alfred Krupp began with two workmen Essen numbered 10,000 inhabitants. When he died he left a city of nearly 100,000.

It was this tremendous heritage which passed to Frederick, a delicate boy, who had to leave every winter to follow the sun. He inherited \$17,500,000 and an annual income of \$1,250,000. Whatever else Frederick may have been, he had a shrewd eye for able men. One after another he collected around him men of striking ability as managers. He did not care what he paid them, so long as they did their work efficiently. At the instigation of the present Kaiser, Frederick Krupp turned his attention more and more to steel plates, and striking while the iron was hot, he demanded and obtained prices far in excess of the market value of his commodities. He bought a shipping yard and laid down ironclads for the government, simply coining money. He bought coal mines and iron mines in Germany and Spain. They poured gold into his lap.

The Horrors of War. A local band was one day playing at Dunderfernie when an old weaver came up and asked the bandmaster what air they were playing.

"That is 'The Death of Nelson,'" replied the bandmaster solemnly. "Ay, mon," replied the weaver, "ye has g'en him an awfu' death."—London Tit-Bits.

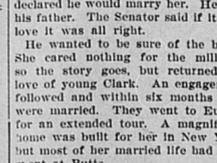
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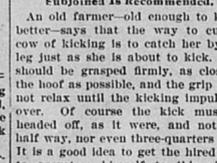
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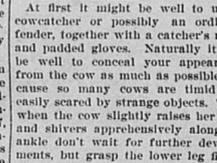
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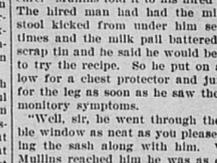
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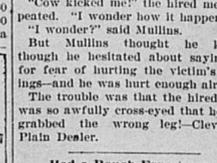
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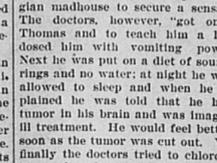
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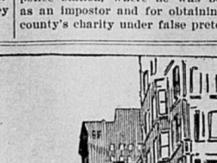
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RICHEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

Bertha Krupp Inherits \$75,000,000 from Her Father.

Bertha Krupp is now the richest woman in the world. This young woman, the eldest daughter of the late Frederick Alfred Krupp, Germany's famous gunmaker, is heiress under the will of her father, to a property valued at \$75,000,000 or more. The great gun factory at Essen, Germany, has given her plants become hers absolutely, and they are believed to be worth fully the amount named. Bertha Krupp will also receive another giant sum upon the death of her mother, for the whole fortune left by the gunmaker is not less than the fabulous sum of \$150,000,000. Out of this Barbara Krupp, the younger sister, will have a splendid provision, which will not, however, make an appreciable impression upon the vast fortune inherited by Bertha. The Widow Krupp and a committee will administer the business until the young heiress attains her majority.

Herr Krupp left \$750,000 for the benefit of his employees, and now the widow, at the suggestion of Bertha Krupp, has given \$250,000 to be devoted to the improvement of Essen. Frederick Alfred Krupp was the intimate of Kings, Emperors and a host of princes and statesmen, the lord of 150,000 subjects who humbly did his will, and the possessor of an annual income of more than \$10,000,000, according to the estimate of persons in a position to know.

The Krupp dynasty was not a long one. It began with Frederick's grandfather, Frederick Krupp, a hard, rough man, unlettered, with a vile temper, suspicious, narrow-minded, covetous and saving of his marks. He hoarded with all the avidity of a miser and died in the early '30s, leaving to his son Alfred his fortune and the plodding, persistent part of his nature. Alfred was a genius in his way. He began life with two workmen and left life with 40,000 workmen hammering and sweating in his works, using his iron into steel and his steel into gold. His experiments were not always successful, and the disappointments he suffered would have broken an ordinary man's heart. But he toiled on, and after years of trial he succeeded in casting huge blocks of the finest steel.

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POLITICS OF THE DAY

Battle for Free Coal.

The battle for free coal is now raging in Congress. It is a very unequal fight for the majority party have all the avenues of legislation blocked against any bill that the protectionist oligarchy that rules the Republican party do not want to have enacted into law. It is impossible to have a bill reported from the committee in the House of Representatives unless the leaders order it, and as they have determined to "stand pat," which means that no tariff legislation will be considered, even the duties on coal and beef will continue to be exacted from the American people.

Senator Vest, however, has been forcing the hands of the Senate leaders by his resolution ordering the Finance Committee of that body to report a bill for free anthracite coal. In his speech he exposed the whole in the House of Representatives, and the Republican members of the Senate are on the defensive, trusting to long-winded speeches to use up the time until the appropriation bills come from the House and occupy the remainder of the session.

In the meantime coal is being advanced in price by the trust to unheard of figures, the tide water price now being \$10.50, which, with the freight and wharfage charges, will make it cost the dealers \$12. The retail price in New York is from \$14 to \$24 according to quality and quantity. This price is almost entirely prohibitive to the poor, and the continuance of the strike would hardly have been more disastrous. With the coal famine in progress the coal famine is creating a great harvest and will more than recuperate their losses during the strike.

Why does not the dominant party in Congress take off the duty on coal at once and allow foreign coal to come in and compete and thus help to relieve the coal famine? The answer to this question is an extraordinary one. It is, fear of the Democrats. Fear that, if a free coal bill is reported, the wicked minority will propose an amendment for free beef, or free barb wire or other trust product. The Republicans also know that if they do not disclose a division in their party ranks and perhaps enough of the Republicans voting with the Democrats for some of the amendments to pass them. There are few members of the House of Representatives who desire the free coal program.

Articles and there are others whose constituents are so decidedly in favor of free trust products that it would be political suicide for their representatives to vote any such propositions. The selfish oligarchy being held up by the coal barons and the distress and suffering amongst the poor is almost beyond belief.

The trust certainly has a firm grasp on this Republican administration. How long will the people continue to support the "stand pat" program? And will they forget when kindly nature next spring relieves them of the need of one of their great necessities?

Way to Get at the Trusts. The first step in an honest effort to correct the trust evils from which we suffer," says Senator Vest, "is to remove the protection the tariff gives to monopoly and force it into world competition."

That is plain good sense. Tariff duties are levied to protect domestic industries from foreign competition by raising the price of imported articles to the consumer.

But when the domestic producer proves that he does not need to be protected against the foreigner by being put into the foreigner's own home market and underselling him there, why should the tariff duties be allowed to remain?

The protectionist can give no honest answer to this question. It is grotesque to say that an American trust which sells its goods cheaper in England than it does here requires protection against the competition of English manufacturers.

The only effect of retaining the tariff in such cases is to empower the favored trust to rob the American people.

The Borax Trust furnishes one of many examples of how the Dingley tariff works. There is a duty of 5 cents a pound on borax. American borax sells in England at 2 1/2 cents a pound, in the United States for 7 1/2 cents. That is to say, the duty of 5 cents is added to the price whenever an American borax is sold.

This is a bald swindle, yet is practiced by all the great trusts which have high prices for the home consumer and low prices for the foreigner.

Not all our monopolies are created by the tariff, but most of them are. It needs only a vote of Congress to destroy these monopolies, but that vote will not be given so long as the Republican party remains in power. Its influential leaders, from President Roosevelt down, refuse to admit that there is any relation between the trusts and the tariff. To admit the truth would be, of course, to confess the need of tariff revision, and very naturally the tariff-protected trusts would fight that tooth and nail.

which they have always professed to have so little confidence. Mr. Vest's assertion that the 40-cent duty was a hold-up is undoubtedly correct. All such duties are hold-ups, whether imposed by Democrats or Republicans. The only difference is that it is a little easier to hold up the Republicans than it is the Democrats, because of trained party opinion and the influence of party members who are more of large commercial affairs.—Indianapolis News.

That Free-Trade Mummy. The Washington Post says: "The Chicago Chronicle's devotion to the decadent, almost fossilized heresy of free trade is so intense that it never omits a possible opportunity or resists a temptation to show its rabid animosity toward the triumphantly vindicated doctrine of protection. It has done this and invites that temptation, ignoring the abundant proofs that its idol is, for all practical purposes, as dead as the oldest Egyptian mummy."

Free trade is a "fossilized heresy" and an "Egyptian mummy" is it. It never was a mummy, and it never will be. Not for years has there been as much free trade—no tariff reform, but radical free trade—talk, both in and out of Washington, as during the past four months. Hundreds of newspapers are demanding that coal, steel, hides and numerous other trust products, be put on the free list. A free trade mass meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Dec. 30. A great audience yelled itself hoarse for free trade in coal, beef and other articles.

The tariff tax now has more enemies in Boston than the tax had when Boston's famous "tea party" was in session. So lively is this free trade mummy that it has aroused the Republican party from its Rip Van Winkle slumber. Speaker Henshaw got frightened and said: "I saw this 'fossilized heresy' approaching under the banner 'Iowa idea.' Babcock and other Republican Congressmen are