The Democrat.

BRONSON & CARR, Publishers.

MANCHESTER, - - IOWA.

Some men convince themselves by trying to persuade others.

It is more blessed to give than it is to receive—also more expensive.

No, gentle reader, a man does not necessarily need to be a cur to enjoy dog days.

Your friends may try to appear interested, but they don't like to hear you tell your troubles.

Occasionally when a man doesn't know just what to say his silence is mistaken for a superior brand of wisdom.

One of the Rothschilds has offered $5,000 for an arctic flea. Unless he is an expert in judging fleas he is liable to get bitten.

Russell Sage is to be commended as a man who has reached his eighty-third year without contracting an extravagant habits whatever.

It costs something to get the information, but Uncle Sam succeeds in locating an uncharted rock somewhere on his coasts every few days.

The commotion about trade in the Orient suggests a new version of an old conundrum. When in an open door not an open door? When it is an international jar.

According to Professor Zueblin we are a people that multiply our bath tubs and the need for them at the same time. But then this is not quite so bad as leaving out the bath tubs altogether.

A Chicago university professor is credited with the statement that cannibalism, in its place, is all right. Bronson Alcott, the Concord philosopher, used to say, "If you are going to eat meat at all, why not eat the best?"

A chapter on the favorite outdoor sports of persons more than one hundred years old would necessarily be brief, yet there is more material than the unobservant might anticipate. A press dispatch announces that a New York citizen celebrated his one hundred and first birthday, in part, by rising at six o'clock, eating a hearty breakfast, and going out to play croquet with members of the family.

The school board of New York has refused, after deliberation, to grant the request that tablets bearing the names of the three assassinated Presidents be placed in the schoolhouses. Such a tablet, they felt, would seem to elevate these three men above others who have filled the office, and elevate them—here is the point to note—not because of deeds or qualities, but because of the method of their death. The committee wisely decided that anything which kept assassination in mind was out of place in a schoolroom.

The partition of China, the Eastern question, the development of South Africa are mere child's play by the side of the mysterious question, "Will America ever be Americanized?" In all seriousness, it is time that an "American invasion," like charity, should begin at home. It is no blind worship of the past, least of all, pessimism, to sigh over the American spirit of a former day, as Wordsworth did over Milton, and say, "Thou shouldst be living at this hour." With contempt of orderly legal process rampant in various parts of the land; with the equality of men before the law sharply challenged, and with the career open to talent denied, thoughtful Americans may well cry out for a reassertion of American liberty under a government of law.

It is the little things that count in this world. The trifles that no one hears very much about—perhaps they are never known to the world at large—but only some one somewhere knows that a good deed has been done. Big things speak for themselves. Grand stand players are pretty sure that their light will not be hidden under a bushel measure, and that an observing populace will pay a just and deserved tribute to their charity, no matter what particular shape it has taken. Every one talks about their love for their fellow men, and what they do to further their interests, and they are so constantly in the glare of the lime light that they in time really consider themselves public benefactors. And so they are, because they undoubtedly have been of material assistance to others. But what of the man who gives his charity quietly? Who never lets his right hand know what the left has done. The man who gives and gives day after day, and forgets it as soon as his hands leave his pocket. The man who cannot see a friend going down the hill without stopping to give him a boost up again. The man who can give a cheery word if he has nothing more to give, and who moreover loves to give it. How many of these men do you know? You could count them on one hand, couldn't you? And yet they are many.

Autumn has lost some of the gloom attributed to it by the poets of the last generation. Once there was a response in every heart to the famous line: "The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year." Now it has a hint of artificiality, and it seems to be only the pleasant melancholy of extreme youth that flourishes in the splendid glow and invigorating air of October and November. Some of the reasons for this change are prosaic enough. One is doubtless the gradual disappearance of the physical dread of winter brought about by the invasion of farm house and apartment house by the useful furnace. When the farmer's family slept in rooms in which water froze and into which snow drifted under the shingles, to lie in tiny drifts along the floor, they might be pardoned for a little shrinking at the approach of cold weather. The summer vacation has done its share in scattering the sadness of autumn. The gloom of barren fields and leafless trees was deepened by tired nerves and a reluctant digestion. Now, when almost every worker has a short breathing space, the fall comes as the beginning of a season of healthful if strenuous work, not as the end of one weary struggle and the beginning of another still more weary. But the change of mood in regard to autumn has a still deeper source. Knowledge and science have given us confidence in the permanence and beneficence of nature's laws. The savage feared the eclipse which we now study with delighted eagerness. The pioneer dreaded the winter of an untried climate. The dangers of drought, of flood, of famine and of tempest have all been mitigated or conquered by the advance of civilization. So the farmer and the poet alike may exchange "the melancholy days" of Bryant for "the happy autumn fields" of Tennyson, and may have faith with Browning that "spring shall plant and autumn garner to the end of time."

There is an increasing tendency of the public to challenge the wisdom of maintaining high schools at public expense. While the discussion of the status and purpose of the high school will take a wide range, the question that is of greatest popular and pedagogic interest is stated as follows: "Should the public high school be looked on primarily as a school to prepare young men and women for the college and university? Or should it be viewed as an independent school with its own important ends and aims, to which preparation for higher schools must be strictly secondary?" In discussing this question it should not be forgotten that the high school and the State university are integral parts of the "common school system" of the State. The existence of the State university as a part of the State's system of public education implies the existence of a connecting link between the grammar or intermediate grades and the State university. To leave out any of the rounds in the State's educational ladder would be illogical and unwise. It is plainly obvious therefore that preparation for the State university should be at least an incidental consideration in arranging the curricula of the high schools. There is little doubt, however, that the preponderance of opinion among the more progressive educators favors the idea of making the high school "the people's college" instead of a preparatory school for the higher institutions of learning; that its chief aim should be to provide a more practical training in language and the sciences for pupils who are unable to attend colleges or universities. It is their belief that it should supply the "finishing touches" to a common school education, and that preparation for a university should be only a secondary consideration. To the mind of the layman there does not seem to be any reason why the high school should not serve both these purposes. There is nothing incompatible between the idea of a "people's college" and the shaping of a curriculum in such a way as to prepare pupils for a university. The preparatory course should be separate and distinct from the course that is designed to finish a boy's education and prepare him to grapple immediately with the problems of life. Such a combination of purpose would seem to constitute the ideal twentieth century high school.

SHE IS RUNNING A LITTLE SOCIAL WAR.

DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

In London she is very much a society woman, and does not like Americans. She says they are too modern, and she is excluding them from all of her social functions. She snubbed several Americans and was in turn snubbed by the King for her treatment of them. She is a sister of the Princess of Pless.

WASTE IN THE KITCHEN.

Too Much Food Is Bought and Economy Is Not Practiced.

The people of every American city are extravagant. They buy too much food and waste enough to support all the poor of the community. In the last half-century the great body of our people have had no strong inducement to learn and practice close economy, especially such as is characteristic of the immigrants from Germany. To save on food, even to a large amount, would not be, necessarily, to fall below a plane of generous living. Wherever the kitchen is ruled chiefly by hired servants waste is to be expected. It would be unreasonable to suppose that servants who are not tied to a family by affection and long service, but who work simply for wages, will take pains to prevent waste. Perhaps it is not easy for a mistress with positive ideas about economy in the kitchen to keep the average servant. The woman who has many exacting social or other duties can hardly give to her household the attention required for economical living. A dense population promotes domestic economy. "Where people are crowded together there are means of making the most of foods." Thus in the compact and therefore the poorer sections of a great city hucksters save parts of vegetables which would be wholly rejected as unfit for food in the sections inhabited by the well-to-do, and sell them at low prices. In such neighborhoods the people are well fed at small expense.—Philadelphia Record.

Melinda Went.

One of the old Governors of the Carolinas was a man who had lived a farmer's life most of the time until he was elected; and his wife having never seen a steamboat or a railroad and having no wish to test either one, refused to accompany her husband to the capital.

When the Governor reached his destination he found that almost all the other officials were accompanied by their wives, and he sent an imperative message to his brother to "fetch Melinda along."

The brother telegraphed, "She's afraid even to look at the engine."

The Governor read the message and pondered over it for a few moments. At the end of that time he sent off the following command:

"Bill, you blindfold Melinda, and back her on to the train."

"Melinda" arrived at the capital with the victorious "Bill" twenty-four hours later.

HABITS ARE VERY BAD

MRS. LESLIE SCORES THE LONDON "SMART SET."

Plutocracy, She Says, the Only Recognized Aristocracy—Debutantes Talk Shockingly, and the Cake Walk is a Favorite in Society.

The Baroness de Bazus, more familiarly known to the general public as Mrs. Frank Leslie, is home from Europe and tells some interesting things about the "smart set" of London. She expresses decided disapproval of many of the features now existing in English society. Plutocracy, she asserts, is the only recognized aristocracy of England. The marriage game is played on a strictly financial basis, and settlements are talked about long before the betrothal of young persons for whose benefit the alliance is planned. American women who find it impossible to enter society in New York can obtain easy access to the London smart set if they only possess the necessary capital with which to lay siege to British royality and nobility.

"My last trip abroad, from which I have just returned, has convinced me," she said, "American women who are perfectly proper at home frequently act in an utterly shameless manner when they discover an opportunity to sell themselves or their daughters to some nobleman or aristocratic Londoner. A million dollars is a mere bagatelle nowadays when it comes to purchasing an eligible life mate in the gay English capital. The more you

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

pay the better the article. No small dowers are accepted. You don't have to be in the Queen's set to learn that.

"The English know how to appreciate our money bags as well as our beautiful women. London and Paris are filled to overflowing with Americans who are very popular just now because they have been approved by King Edward, who has always been an ardent admirer of American women.

"England may be Americanizing, but the habits and customs of the smart set across the Atlantic are revolting in the eyes of Americans of refinement. That disgusting travesty on dancing, known among us as the 'cake walk,' is danced every night by the aristocracy of England. I do not mean to intimate that the cake walk is not danced here in America, but it certainly is not now taken up as a fad among our select sets as it is in England.

"There seems to be no sense of the proprieties regarding the discussion of certain phases of society which are seldom spoken of among us, but which, in London, you may hear young debutantes discussing in the most candid way. Vice in the abstract is openly discussed, and frequently forms the sole topic of conversation at dinner parties where both men and women are present. The example is partly responsible for this state of affairs.

"Drinking is indulged in on a much more temperate scale in London than it is here, and in fact than it was there a few years ago. The nicest people imbibe only the light wines, and while you often see a dinner begin and end with champagne, almost never do you see a variety of wines, while liqueurs and cordials are seldom used and brandies and whiskies are absolutely tabooed in polite society. Of course, the men drink the stronger liquors after the women have left the table and sought the seclusion of the drawing-rooms.

"Much as I might say in honor of the beauty of the American woman, I must confess that the English matron outshines her in one respect. She maintains until she is long past middle life a most glorious complexion. I suppose the climate does a great deal toward improving her complexion, she is virtually steaming her face every day in the dense fogs and rains.

"Oh! I nearly forgot to tell you that King Edward is really in love with Queen Alexandra. He really cannot forget how attentive she was to him during his last illness, and, while he still admires Lily Langtry and occasionally puts his stamp of approval on another chosen one, his heart is safe in the keeping of that regal beauty, the Queen."

The title of Baroness de Bazus, which Mrs. Leslie says she has adopted for business reasons when she did not desire her name to appear before the public, is an hereditary one. Baron de Bazus was an ancestor of hers who came to this country to avoid the persecution of the Huguenots.

FISH CLIMB TO REACH WATER.

Old Angler Tells Story to Prove Piscatorial Reasoning Power.

"Fishes have more sense than they are credited with having," said an old angler, "and my experience has taught me not to put much faith in the statement that they only know things from the vibration due to concussion. I think they reason in some way or other. I don't know just how it is. I am satisfied that nature has not been particularly extravagant in the matter of giving fish intelligence. Besides, I know that their eyes are 'flat,' and they can see but very little. I suppose the eye of the fish is worse, if anything, than the eye of the reptile. But taking all these things into consideration, I am convinced from little things I have observed that the fish is a pretty wise member and that he at least knows what is good for him when he is confronted by the blunt issue of surviving or not surviving. Why is it that a fish always flounders toward the water? That's the point I have in mind, and it is the one fact above all others that has convinced me that the fish has more sense than we think. I have never seen a fish that would not flounder toward the water.

"I know two answers will be made to this suggestion. One is that there is generally a slope toward the water, and that hence the force of gravity determines the direction of the fish's movement. And the other is a primary reason—the matter of instinct, as distinguished from reason. These explanations do not satisfy me. In the first place, I reject the theory which makes a difference between instinct and reason. I cannot tell the difference between the attributes, so much are they alike. In the second place, I want to tell you that I have seen fish floundering up hill. Why? Simply because they were forced to flounder up hill in order to get back into the water. Does a fish know anythnig about direction and distance? I think so. I have seen them jump and flounder up hill, inch after inch, until they got back to the edge of the stream out of which they had been jerked. It may be what some of the writers call 'instinct,' but to save my soul I can't tell 'instinct' from what we are accustomed to regard as reason in higher forms of life."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WICKED LITTLE REPUBLIC OF MORESNET, WHICH IS TO BE SWALLOWED BY BELGIUM

Moresnet, the little neutral district whose wickedness has caused its downfall, is an odd patch in the map of Europe, at the junction of Prussia, Belgium and the Netherlands. It is about a mile and a half square, contains not more than 2,500 people, and until 1814 was a part of Austria. The reparceling of Europe after the downfall of Napoleon in 1815 resulted in an agreement to leave the little strip as neutral ground, upon which all the adjoining countries could meet. So the district has been practically a republic until a few days ago, when the letting of gambling privileges by the councilmen and the consequent debauching of young men from the surrounding country led to diplomatic "notes" between Germany and Belgium and the sale of Germany's claims to Belgium. It is said that Moresnet will now be disciplined, taxed, swallowed up by Belgium, and her men forced to military and other odious service.

REMEMBERS WAR OF 1812; IS PROUD OF HER ANCESTRY

The oldest "Daughter of the Revolution" is Mrs. Elizabeth Sumner Anderson, of Dover, Mass., formerly of Roxbury. Mrs. Anderson was born in 1808, and is one of the five members of the society living whose fathers fought in the revolution. Mrs. Anderson remembers the stirring times of 1812, although but 4 years of age at the time. The events were calculated to leave an impression in her childish mind. She relates stories of all the great battles of the revolution as they were told her by participants. She remembers her father and grandfather as they left home to join the continental troops that forced the British out of Boston. Mrs. Anderson is proud of her ancestors. Her father was Edward

Sumner and her mother Johanna Sumner, daughter of Rev. Joseph Sumner, of Shrewsbury. Thus she traces her lineage through both of the famous families of Revolutionary fame. Her paternal grandfather, William Sumner, was a member of the committee of "correspondence and safety" of Roxbury and one of the Boston "Tea Party" on March 4, 1876. Mrs. Sumner is proud of the fact that her mother saw Gen. Washington. Through her father she is related to Governor Increase Sumner, and is herself a first cousin to Charles Sumner, Massachusetts' great anti-slavery representative in the United States Senate. The furniture in her home is of the troublous times, and every piece has a history of its own.

BANDMASTER BROOKE SAYS RAG-TIME IS NATURAL MUSIC

Thomas Preston Brooke, the great bandmaster, says rag-time is the thing—natural music. He said to a Chicago reporter:

"When the first idea of rhythm came to Adam as he was marching out of the Garden of Eden it was in rag-time. Before that there had been no music in his soul, but the serpent woke him

THOMAS PRESTON BROOKE.

up and he woke to rag-time. Rag-time was not invented any more than harmony was invented. It is a product of nature. The 'juber,' buck-and-wing dances of the old plantation darky are but improvements on this crude music. No more inspiring strain was ever played than the rag-time which the shovel-footed dancer pats with his hands, shuffles with his feet, or plucks on his banjo. Get into the circle around a vigorous dancer doing a buck-and-wing or a sand shuffle, and if you keep your feet and hands still you have no music in your make-up.

"All the old-time fiddlers were rag-time performers.

"All the old masters wrote rag-time. Richard Wagner, the great poet and wizard of harmony, was a past master at it. The theme for many of our most popular songs, and some of them are of the most 'raggedy' character, come from his operas. However, when it comes to transposing one of these same operas into rag-time, I am afraid it will be a task beyond any Chicago leader.

"I play rag-time because the people want it. I do not lead a band to educate the public, but to entertain it."

THRIFTY GERMAN WOMAN.

She Makes the Government Custodian of Valuable Securities.

If women are not quite such good hands at making money as men, they at least take the palm in devising extraordinary means for saving it, says the London Telegraph. A curious case in point has recently come to the knowledge of a firm of bankers in Bunzlau, who, disgusted at the cleverness with which they had been deprived of their yearly fees, have made the matter public. In that city there is a wealthy woman who is wont to improve her mind by frequent travels and as she possesses a goodly collection of debentures, shares and other kinds of scrip she was accustomed to deposit them in a well-known bank there during her absence, paying a considerable sum for their safekeeping. Last March she hit upon a most ingenious way of cutting down this expense. She put all her scrip in capacious envelopes, had them duly registered and directed to a fictitious address in Berlin, writing on the envelope her own name as the sender, and requesting that they should be returned to her in case of nondelivery. And then she set out for her journey. The packets in due time found their way to the capital, where the post left nothing undone to discover the whereabouts of the mythical addressee. After having spent days and days in fruitless research the officials gave it up in despair and returned the packet to Bunzlau to be handed back to the sender. But as she was absent and as it is against the rules of the German post to give registered letters to any one but the person whose name is on the envelope the authorities were forced to take charge of the packets until the woman's return. The saving thus effected is said to be very considerable and the post and the bank are devising some method of checkmating the scheme in the future.

The Height of Insult.

"I'll have no more to do wid young Harold Percy Flannagan," said Mr. Scannon. "If he comes home, he'll not darken me dure more than wonce."

"What have ye against old Tom Flannagan's boy?" asked Mr. McQueen.

"He's too stuck on himself since he got his job being sicrety to Congressman Clancy. He's that proud he'll not be speaking wid an honest man."

"Phwat's he done?"

"Phwat's he done? I wrote him a letter to Washin'ton. 'Harold Percy Flannagan,' I says. 'Washin'ton,' an' d'ye know phwat he done? Do you know phwat he done, I say?"

"I do not," said Mr. McQueen gravely. "Phwat did he do?"

"He marked it a dead letther, after he'd opened it and give it to the gover'mint to sind back to me."

"Well, maybe he didn't get it."

"Didn't get it! He did get it. He opened it. 'Twas open in the invilip I sent an' that put in another from the dead letther office. 'Take back yer letther,' he says. 'I don't want it. Yer not good enough for me.' He hands it to the gover'mint an' tells them to sind it back to Mike Scannon, that knew his father forty years."

"'Tis very queer."

"'Tis very insulting. If he wanted to sind it back, why didn't he sind it back himself, like a gintleman?"

A Curious Case.

A horse belonging to a Missouri man got a lump on its jaw three years ago. Its owner had a veterinary surgeon operate on the animal the other day and he took out a hard, smooth substance about four inches long and an inch wide, resembling a white stone. Those who have examined it say it is petrified corncob. The commonly accepted theory is that the horse, while eating, got a cob caught in its mouth, which slowly worked its way into his jaw until it lodged just beneath the skin. The animal never seemed to suffer from its presence.—New York Tribune.

Reason Enough.

"If you'll notice," said Finnick, "the poets invariably say 'she' when referring to the earth. Why should the earth be considered feminine?"

"Why not? Nobody knows just how old the earth is."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

When a woman tells her husband she is willing that he shall marry again after her death, it indicates that she feels in perfect health.

When you put on style there is always some one in the world to refer to it as "your attempts."

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Our "Rampant Prosperity."

It now begins to look as if "Republican luck" was going to desert the G. O. P. Shrewd political observers of both parties recognize the fact that the Republican party has been as fortunate in its defeats as in its victories. All well-informed and fair-minded men know that the panic of 1893 and the succeeding years of depression would have occurred, no matter who had been elected President in 1892. The Harrison administration was put to its wits' end to conceal treasury deficits and stave off a bond issue until Cleveland was inaugurated. In fact the plates for a new issue of bonds were ready before Harrison left the White House. The 1893 panic was partly due to the Republican spendthrifts who, before 1893, had "blown in" all of the big surplus left by Cleveland in 1888. It would have been fortunate for the Democrats had they lost in 1892.

But the Republicans have overstayed their time and are almost certain to have to take their own medicine next year. They are doing their best to prevent a business collapse before next year and are whistling hard to keep up their courage. But many recognizze that the jig is up with them. This idea is beginning to find expression in Republican papers. One of the oldest and staunchest of them, the Chicago Journal, said, a few days ago, that "The belief is strong that the tide of prosperity is turning, or is about to turn."

The Government bulletins and reports, of course, tell us at length a'l about the prosperity items, but say little about the gloomy items which are getting more numerous from day to day. Thus the Bureau of Statistics Bulletin of Aug. 8 shows up the favorable features of our internal commerce, says that "the current year compares favorably with the corresponding period in 1902 or 1901," and then hastens to say that "there is no evidence of a general recession in commercial activities, corresponding to the extraordinary shrinkage in speculative values."

The American Economist, the organ of the Protective Tariff League, is working harder than ever to demonstrate on paper that prosperity is still here. Some of the headlines in its issue of Aug. 21 are: "Prosperity Rampant;" "General Prosperity Untouched;" "The Facts of Prosperity;" "Significant Figures; Our Commercial Expansion Under Protective Tariffs;" "Labor's Prosperity."

When the Republican papers are asserting that "Prosperity is still here," and are trying to prove it by publishing statistics showing that Pennsylvania's iron and steel industry paid twice as much in wages in 1902 as in 1896; that our imports were greater last year than ever before; that our postoffice receipts were higher than ever last year; and other favorable statistics which they tell us are reliable barometers of trade; while we are being assured that our crop prospects are again good, and that the railroads are threatened with another "car famine;" and while the Secretary of Agriculture is telling us that everything is lovely with the farmers, who are simply worrying about how and where to invest their rapidly accumulating profits, it may be well to mention some of the signs that point in the opposite direction. Here are a few of them:

1. Great depression in Wall street. Stocks have shrunk from 20 to 100 points during the last year, the average shrinkage being about 30 per cent. Financial experts do not agree with Republican politicians that there is no connection between Wall street and the rest of the country. They know that business is done mainly upon a credit basis, and that Wall street is the heart of the credit system. Hence when the heart is disordered and diseased the whole system is deranged and debilitated. Thus, Mr. Cuthbert Mills, for many years the financial expert of the New York Tribune, the leading Republican paper in the country, said in its issue of Aug. 9:

"The country is beginning to wake up to what is liable to happen in mercantile and industrial affairs. There is less boasting than was recently heard about the country not being concerned with the gambling operations of Wall street. These operations, when they are on such a scale as we see them now, are the sign and forerunner of a business contraction, in production and prices, which will put the country through much the same experience that Wall street has had. Good crops will mitigate this considerably, but will not prevent it. And it may be repeated what was said last week, that the merchant or manufacturer who is much spread out at this time, is in the same dangerous position as was the spread out Wall street man six months ago."

Hambleton & Company and other financial authorities have recently written in the same vein.

2. This is a year of numerous and great strikes. History shows that the sequels to such years are years of depression and panic. The strike years of 1872, 1883 and 1892 are examples. By the middle of 1892 there were between 500 and 600 strikes on and the number increased later. The year 1893 saw a collapse in business and a financial crisis not equalled since 1837. Undoubtedly the 1893 panic owed much of its severity to the flotation of numerous protected trusts with watered stocks and to the high trust prices and stock-kiting which followed the passage of the McKinley bill in 1890, with its outrageous high duties. The 1904 depression is likely to be as much more severe than the 1893 one as the number, size, and power of trusts and the watering and kiting of stocks were greater following the Dingley than following the McKinley bill.

3. Iron and steel prices, which are considered the barometer of industry, are declining rapidly in spite of the efforts of the great and small steel trusts to regulate production and prices. Southern foundry No. 2 pig iron has declined from $18 to $12 per ton; Bessemer pig, which sold at Pittsburg, Aug. 20, 1902, at $21.50, sold at $17.85, Aug. 19, 1903. Within a year steel billets have declined from $31 to $27; steel beams at tidewater from $2.25 to $1.73½; and steel bars from $2 to $1.70. Much of this decline has occurred within a few weeks.

4. The country's clearings or bank exchanges are declining. From $3,680,907,392, May 9th, 1901, they fell to $2,452,280,721, Jan. 3d, 1902, to $2,277,061,129, Jan. 3d, 1903, and to $1,969,806,027, Aug. 15th, 1903.

5. Fewer buildings are being erected. The monthly record kept by the Constructing News shows that building operations in 19 of the principal cities fell off 17 per cent for July, 1903, as compared with July, 1902. The decline is attributed to a stringency in the money market and the apprehension of what the future has in store.

6. Great land speculation, especially in the Northwest. Political economists agree that the climax of what is called prosperity is marked by a great rise in land values. This rise for reasons which need not be explained here, marks the beginning of industrial depression.

7. Some of the minor signs of trouble ahead are:

Closed cotton mills, throwing 500,000 out of work.

Closed iron, woolen and other mills "to make repairs" and because of low prices.

Reduction of 50 cents per ton in price of buckwheat (steam) coal in Philadelphia, because of the shutting down of many industrial plants.

Recent heavy withdrawals from New York savings banks.

Blowing out of over 600 coke ovens in Connellsville region, because of over supply.

Reduction of 10 to 15 per cent in wages of many of the textile strikers in Philadelphia who three months ago struck for higher wages and shorter hours—and got neither.

Decreased demand for high-grade woolen and increased demand for cheap, shoddy and cotton goods, showing exhausted buying power of the people.

Unparalleled immigration, greatly increasing the number looking for jobs and thus prolonging strikes and insuring defeat and lower wages for workers.

In view of these facts, or portents of hard times, it is improbable that the Republicans, with all of their advantages from being in control of government and industry, can stave off the inevitable collapse until the election of 1904. The two great factors in their favor and that have prevented a collapse before now are a succession of good crops and a decrease in the value of money caused by greatly increased output of gold. The stimulus to business from cheapening money, which manifests itself in advancing prices, artificial and deceptive though it be, is likely to continue. It can postpone but cannot prevent a depression in business. If our crops turn out much below the ordinary hard times may begin this fall. If they are above the ordinary the break, though it will begin soon, will not be severely felt until next year.

BYRON W. HOLT.

The Shell Worker's Game.

The Trusts, the Administration and the People.

The National Glass Budget says that the Flint Bottle Manufacturers' Protective Association, at its regular meeting in Indianapolis, advanced prices on a majority of its wares from 5 to 15 per cent. It also agreed not to make any contracts for delivery after Jan. 1, 1904, and decided not to start any of its factories before Sept. 14. This same Glass Budget contains a circular letter issued by the Federation Window Glass Company predicting higher prices for window glass.

Here are two trusts boldly plying their illegal business under the nose of President Roosevelt and his Attorney General, as well as in front of the new Department of Commerce, which was to kill all bad trusts by publishing the facts about them. Is it not high time for these functionaries to get busy and to wipe some of these thousands of illegal combinations off the map of this once free country? When can we expect results? The trusts are not sleeping, even if the officials are. They are making hay while the Republican sun is shining for them. They are "standing pat" under the Republican tariff umbrella and are playing their game of hold-up without losing a trick. The people are the victims. Will these victims of trust robbery again vote for the party of trusts and for officials who habitually violate their oath of office and who appparently can neither smell, hear nor see trusts, although they are as thick as mosquitoes in New Jersey, and a hundred times more harmful to the people? They will not, unless Lincoln was mistaken when he said that "you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

Roosevelt—Can you see the bottom?
Payne—There don't seem to be any bottom.

An Exception.

"Ah," sighed the moralizer, "after a man shuffles off this mortal coil he is soon forgotten."

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the demoralizer. "My wife's first husband has been under the sod for ten years and I am not allowed to forget him."

His View of It.

"What is your idea of matrimony?" asked the fair maid who was occupying the anxious seat.

"Well," replied the man who had balked at the hurdle, "it's all right for those who haven't enough worry."

JOLLY JOKER

"Bixby's wife can converse in five languages." "Yes; and can't keep still in any one of them."—Judge.

She—What are you thinking of, dear? He—The dearest person on earth. She—You conceited old thing.—The Household Ledger.

He—I'd like to meet Miss Bond. She—Why? "I hear she has thirty thousand a year and no incumbrance." "Is she looking for one?"—Life.

"I told papa your poems were the children of your brain." "What did he say?" "Said they were bad enough to be put in the reform school."

"That," said Willie, as he launched a heavy volume at his little brother's head, "is the coming book. It's bound to make a hit."—Columbia Jester.

The Anxious Mother—Are you sure my son has appendicitis? The Eminent Specialist—We can tell you better, madam, after the operation.—Life.

Pat—How does yez loike codfish balls? Mike—Faith! an' I niver 'tended one; but it's big toimes I've had down at the fireman's hop.—Lippincott's.

Lord Littlecash (lovingly)—You are my soul. Edith—Yes; I told papa that. "Oh, what did he say?" "Said you didn't earn enough to keep your soul and body together."—Judge.

Patience—Before he married her he couldn't do too much for her, but now he wouldn't lift his hand to help her. Patrice—Well, you know she says she has made another man of him!

"Running an auto must be exciting," said the friend. "It is," said the owner. "Every time you stop you wonder if the machine will start again when you are ready."—Brooklyn Life.

Amelia—You don't seem interested in summer schools. Emily—Summer schools! Oh, gracious, in hot weather it is all I can do to hold on to the little I already know.—Detroit Free Press.

"Father, when I graduate I am going to follow my literary bent and write for money." "Humph! My son, you ought to be successful. That's all you did the four years you spent at college."

Ethel—I saw sister sitting on your lap last night and told mother. Young Man—What in the world did you do that for? Ethel—She told me to let her know when there was any good news.—Life.

"Ah," she signed, "the great men are all dead!" "But the beautiful women are not," he answered. Then she looked up into his eyes and told him she had said it just to be contrary and not because she thought it for a moment.

When some cavalrymen were going through a riding drill, one of the men's horses bolted with him and was making his way towards the stables when an officer met him. "Where are you going?" inquired the officer. "I don't know, sir," shouted the cavalryman, as he flew past. "Ask the horse!"

"Young man," said the stern parent to the applicant for a job as son-in-law, "I want you to know that I spent five thousand dollars on my daughter's education." "Thanks," rejoined the youth who was trying to break into the family circle; "then I won't have to send her to school again."—Chicago Daily News.

While Arthur was spending a week at his aunt's he chanced one day to place his elbows on the table during dinner. "My dear boy," said his aunt, "don't you know that children of the first families must never put their elbows on the table?" "Oh, well," said Arthur, "that doesn't hit me for my father's been married twice, and I belong to the second family."

Officer, to new servant—Murphy, I have left my mess boots out this morning. I want them soled. Private Murphy—Very good sir. Officer later in the day—Did you take those boots, Murphy? Private Murphy, feeling in his pocket and putting on the table eighteenpence—Yes, sir; and that's all I could get for thim. The corporal who bought thim said he would have given two shillins if it had been pay-day!

Vanity: Mr. Potts (to his wife)—My dear, the air is chilly. Fermez la fenetre. The visitor (sotto voce)—Why do you ask your wife in French to shut the window? Mr. Potts (ditto)—Because you are here. If I asked her in English she wouldn't do it, as she won't take instructions from me before visitors. But if I say it in French she gets up and does it at once, so as to let you see that she understands the language.—Pick-Me-Up.

In Earnest Then.—"I have noticed," said the off-hand philosopher, "that a woman will get a golf-dress when she has no intention to play golf." "That's so," agreed the man with the incandescent whiskers. "And," continued the off-hand philosopher, "she will get a ball-gown when she cares nothing about dancing, and a tennis-dress when she wouldn't play tennis for fear she will freckle, and a bathing-suit when she has no thought of going into the water, and a riding-habit when the very thought of climbing on a horse gives her the chills, and —" "Yes," interrupted the man with the incandescent whiskers; "but when she gets a wedding-dress she means business. Ever notice that?"—Judge.

Roman Bricks.

The rebuilding of the campanile in Venice has begun. It is expected that the structure will be finished by 1906. Although the fall of the tower was a deplorable loss, some good attended it in the opportunity it gave archeologists to examine the bricks.

It was found that the bricks had been used in arches, fortifications, the tops of walls and in other ways before they were built into the campanile, and that they are not Venetian but Roman bricks.

The ancient bricks were made in slices, for in many the layers could be seen undisturbed. It is said that bricks made this way can bear a greater weight than modern bricks.

The bricks examined were of the first century. One of them bore the imprint of a horseshoe, which may prove that the Romans used a horseshoe like ours, although it is generally believed that their horseshoes were strapped on, not nailed.

There are times when originality is impossible—in describing a wedding, and in saying good-by to the hostess at a party.