LIFE'S SILENT WATCHES.

Out of life's silent watches,
Out of the gloom of night,
Souls that foresee the conflict
Send forth their words of might.

Heroes of art and science,
Wrestle alone for years,
Bringing at last some trophy
Worthy the whole world's cheers.

Poets with brooding patience,
Toiling with courage strong,
Out of some lonely vigil,
Weave an immortal song.

Not through the whirl of pleasure,
Not from the din of strife,
But out of the silent watches
Come the great deeds of life.
—Success Magazine.

MISSING

IT is said that in New York an average of one person a day disappears. I am one of these persons. I mysteriously disappeared five years ago and have never since been heard from, yet I have visited the place from which I vanished; I have walked past the house; I have looked in at the window. A policeman who might have reaped a large reward had he known me was idly patrolling his beat.

I fled to escape from a man I was about to marry. Chester Burnham was a refined gentleman, of suitable age for me and doing an excellent business. I was uncertain in my feelings when I accepted him, but the more I analyzed them the more I became convinced that I did not love him. My conception of love was that it was a pleasurable disease, if I may be allowed the expression, the symptoms of which were wanting in my case. A repugnance not to Chester Burnham, but to entering into wedlock without this condition or disease or what not, took possession of me and drove me well nigh frantic. I had permitted the affair to go so far that I dared not break it off, or, rather, I could not do so and face either my fiance or my friends.

The evening before the wedding I was in a condition to do something desperate, and I did. I snatched up my purse and my jewels, walked out of the house, went to a railway station, took the first train that left and landed the next morning I knew not where, only that I was in a city many miles from my home. I had nearly $100 and jewels worth several thousand.

Of course I soon awoke to the fact that I had made a move idiotic, wicked, irreparable, but I had no thought of returning. I examined my feelings for the man from whom I had fled, but could detect no great change. I regretted having treated him so abominably, and as I thought over his traits it seemed to me that he was far above the average man. It was not long before I began to miss his acts of kindness, his attentions, even his

I STOLE UP BESIDE HIM.

endearments, yet this, at least to my mind, was not love. I was a girl of nineteen, with an analytical mind.

That was five years ago, and I am still among the missing. I have made acquaintances and friends. I have met men, but none for whom I have felt that subtle something which is my idea of love. None of them has seemed in any way equal to Chester. How often I have wished to sit down with him and hear one of his practical, common sense talks! How lucky he was to get rid of me! I wonder if he is engaged again or married?

* * * * * * *

Chester Burnham has failed in business. I saw the announcement in a newspaper. I wish that I might see him, comfort him. "Comfort scorned of devils." What right would I have to comfort him?

* * * * * * *

The desire to see him, if only once, was too strong to be resisted. From my knowledge of him I was sure he would bear his misfortune bravely. Then I remembered that he was within a few years of forty, and I have heard that a man who breaks down in business at that age seldom recovers. He will recover. He is all strength and intellect.

* * * * * * *

I arrived yesterday afternoon, and so great was my impatience that I went to the house where he had lived when I fled from him and loitered near, thinking to see him when he came in just before dinner. A few minutes after six I saw him coming. But, oh, how changed! His hair, that had been a glossy black, was almost white. Instead of the strength I had expected to see in his face there was an expression of infinite sadness.

What curious creatures we women are, even at times to ourselves! All my feelings toward Chester Burnham I had misinterpreted. When he was prosperous I fled from him. When I heard that he had failed I thought I should be drawn to him at seeing him override his misfortune. Now that I found a blight on him—a blight which I had in part doubtless caused—I wanted to go to him and put my arms about him.

How I dared approach him I don't know. I could not help it, though I expected him to stab me. I was thickly veiled, and he could not see my face. When he had passed me I turned and a few steps from his house stole up beside him and put my hand within his arm. He looked down at me surprised and shook me off.

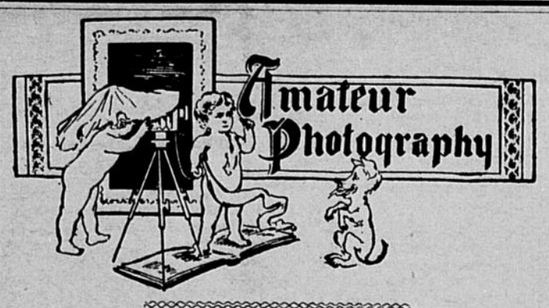
"Pardon me," he said coldly. "I am unaware to whom I am indebted for this apparent friendliness."

"To one," I said in a scarcely audible voice, "who is unworthy to touch you with her finger."

I lifted my veil.

At times there are events comprised within a few days, hours, sometimes even minutes or seconds, that could not be described or if they could be described volumes would be required for the purpose. Chester and I are reconciled. The sadness of his expression came, he says, not from his failure, but from the blow I gave him. And now I have a purpose. My life is to be spent in atoning for my fault and supplying the incentive for the man I injured to get again on his feet, to minister to his every need, to love him devotedly.

What is my idea of love to-day? Well, the little god has many arrows. They all shoot love, but none of them shoots an awakening of love. It was this awakening that I needed.—Exchange.



Amateur photographers will have a kindly interest in the news of the recent death of James Carbutt, one of the perfecters of the dry plate. The dry plate made it possible to carry a camera round like a watch, and created the era of the outdoor snap shot.

Good fresh starch is the best mountant, but the amateur often wants to mount a single print in a hurry and then a ready prepared mountant is desirable. A mountant which may be easily prepared at home, and which will keep well, is the following: Bermuda arrowroot (best), 3½ oz.; gelatine (Nelson's No. 1), 160 gr.; methylated spirits, 2 oz.; carbolic acid (pure), 12 min.; water (cold), 30 oz. Mix the arrowroot into a stiff cream, with 2 oz. of water, while the gelatine is placed to soak in the remainder. When the gelatine is softened and the arrowroot well mixed, pour all together into an iron saucepan and bring to the boiling point. Keep at this heat for about five minutes, being particularly careful to stir continually from the moment the mixture is placed on the fire. When sufficiently cooked, pour into a basin to cool. When cool add the carbolic acid and spirit (previously mixed) in a thin stream with constant stirring. Then bottle and keep well corked.

Most people who mix their own developers employ the formula recommended by the makers of the plates or papers they use. Hydroquinone and metol, used separately or in conjunction, seem to be most favored for developing gaslight or chloro-bromide papers. A good hydroquinone formula is the following: Boiled water, 1,000 parts; sodium sulphite (cryst.), 125 parts; hydroquinone, 15 parts; sodium carbonate (cryst.), 250 parts; potassium bromide, 10 parts. Whilst an excellent combination is the following: Water, 10 oz.; metol, 8 gr.; hydroquinone, 30 gr.; sodium sulphite, 350 gr.; sodium carbonate, 300 gr.; potassium classes of paper the bromide should not be omitted, as it prevents fog, and the developed print may be transferred direct to the fixing, which may be of the same strength as usual; but care should be taken to secure a complete and even flow of the fixing solution over the print at the outset. From five to ten minutes at the outside is sufficient for fixation.

NOT AFRAID, BUT ASHAMED.

The late Bishop Peck, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, once found himself in an awkward position, which a writer in the Boston Herald describes.

While presiding at a session of the New Hampshire Conference he was entertained by a Mrs. Brown, who had a high reputation as a cook. She was especially famous for her mince pies, and at supper the bishop, who enjoyed good living, as his strong frame and three hundred pounds indicated, did full justice to a large piece of the delicious pastry.

"May I give you another piece?" asked Mrs. Brown.

As the bishop was to make the chief address of the evening, he regretfully declined.

"I know some mince pies are indigestible, but mine are quite harmless," said Mrs. Brown, persuasively. So the bishop yielded, and had a second piece, and after that a third.

Evening came, and the large church was packed with people. The hour for service arrived, but the bishop had not appeared. The elders looked anxious. The choir sang, and the preliminary services were well started; then two or three went out to look for the absent bishop.

They found him at Mrs. Brown's writhing in the agonies of indigestion, resulting from indiscreet indulgence in "harmless" pie. As the ministers saw their well-loved bishop lying in his bed and groaning with pain, one of them said:

"Why, Bishop Peck, you are not afraid to die, are you?"

"No," replied the bishop, between groans. "I am not afraid to die, but I am ashamed to!"

HISTORIC LONG ISLAND CHURCH.

St. George's Episcopal Church at Hempstead, L. I., for the remodeling of which plans are being arranged, is one of the historic edifices of the country. In April, 1904, the two hundredth anniversary of its passing into the control of the Episcopalians was celebrated. The present church is the fourth that has stood on the site. It possesses a royal charter presented by Queen Anne, and also a communion set given by the same ruler in 1706, together with a Bible, prayer book, a book of homilies, and silver chalices and patens. The interior of St. George's is considered to be unusually quaint. The roof is supported by twelve huge pillars of solid oak that extend into the basement. It boasts a clock that has kept time for nearly 100 years.

An Optimist.

The story of the laziest man yet discovered comes from the Atlanta Constitution.

"Yes, sir, he was the laziest man on record. What do you reckon he did when his house was on fire?"

"Dunno."

"Warmed his hands at the blaze, and said he was thankful he didn't have to split the wood for it!"

What's the Use.

Miss Passay—I don't see why any woman should try to conceal her age. Now, I'm willing all the time to let people know I'm 25.

Miss Pepprey—But does it do any good? You know, Lincoln said: "You can't fool all the people all the time."—Philadelphia Press.

Some people shake hands like they were pulling taffy.

Butter with a fishy taste has aroused complaint in Australia, where investigation has shown that the flavor has no connection with fish, but is due to one or more of four micro-organisms. The rusty iron of cans was found to have a bad effect on milk and cream.

The newly patented electric cooking stove of Prof. Elihu Thompson is heavily jacketed outside with a layer of asbestos, fire-clay or mineral wool and is provided with a lid of the same character. Inside is placed a mass of refractory substance, within which is embedded a granular resistance material. Silicon is recommended as a resistance material, as it has a high specific resistance, and acquires a suitable temperature without fusing or oxidizing. The whole interior of the stove can be kept red hot, and it is anticipated that the running cost for cooking through the day will not be excessive.

The British Museum authorities have decided to make a collection of phonographic records preserving the voices of great living orators, singers and actors, and the instrumental renderings of famous musicians. The master records will be of nickel, from which molds will be taken. But for the sake of posterity the records will be very sparingly used during the lifetime of those whose voices are recorded. A similar undertaking is on foot in Italy. Imagine, if there had been phonographs when Demosthenes denounced Philip, when Cicero prosecuted Verres, when Mirabeau addressed the French revolutionists, and when Webster answered Hayne!

The danger of explosions in mines is not entirely confined to inflammable gases, carelessly managed fuses and neglected charges or cartridges. It has been observed in the Derbyshire lead mines that some of the great rocks are liable to burst on being scratched with a pick. The explosion is supposed to be due either to gases enclosed in the rocks, or to molecular strains. Last December a severe explosion of slate rock occurred in a mine at Hillgrove, New South Wales, and the shock was felt for a mile or two over the surrounding country. In this instance it is believed that the rock wall where the explosion occurred was subjected to a mechanical strain.

The best results yet attained in the various attempts that have been made to produce a wearable cloth from paper are said to be those produced by a patented process employed in Saxony. Narrow strips of paper are spun into yarn, which may be woven to form cloth. Better results are obtained by spinning paper and cotton together, and still better cloth is made by a combination of paper and woolen yarns. The fabrics do not possess the strength and durability of ordinary cloth, but useful clothing is made of them at a low price. They may even be washed without injury. Yarns are also made from wool-pulp, although their manufacture has not yet attained commercial importance.

One of the sights of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, developed by the progress of scientific industry, is the system of immense salt-making ponds on the shore of the lake. At Saltair the lake water is pumped into a great settling basin, where the impurities fall to the bottom, and, containing much iron, form a reddish deposit. From this basin the water is drawn off into "harvesting ponds," averaging 90,000 square yards in area, and six inches in depth. The ponds are kept supplied with water, as the evaporation goes on from May to September, when the salt harvest begins. The water having disappeared, a dazzling layer of salt, two or three inches thick, is found covering the bottom of the ponds, which is broken up with plows before being conveyed to the mills, where the final crushing and winnowing are done.

Two Views of It.

A girl in Haddam went to a baseball game and surprised her escort by her knowledge of the game. The young man had ventured to say: "Base-ball reminds me of the household—the plate, the batter, the fouls and the flies." "And it reminds me of marriage," she added. "First, the diamond, where they are engaged, the struggle and the hits, when the men go out, and finally the difficulty they have in getting home."—Haddam, Kan., Clipper.

It sometimes happens that a mean man is so absent-minded that he smiles at people he doesn't like.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

RUSSO-JAPANESE PEACE A DISASTER.

By Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain).

S. L. CLEMENS.

I hope I am mistaken, yet in all sincerity I believe that the Russo-Japanese peace is entitled to rank as the most conspicuous disaster in political history. During the war Russia was on the high road to emancipation from an insane and intolerable slavery. I was hoping there would be no peace until Russian liberty was safe. I think that this was a holy war in the best and noblest sense of that abused term and that no war was ever charged with a higher mission. I think there can be no doubt that that mission is now defeated and Russia's chains riveted, this time to stay.

I think the Czar will now withdraw the small humanities that have been forced from him and resume his mediaeval barbarisms with a relieved spirit and an immeasurable joy. I think Russian liberty has had its last chance and has lost it. I think nothing has been gained by the peace that is remotely comparable to what has been sacrificed by it. One more battle would have abolished the waiting chains of billions upon billions of unborn Russians, and I wish it could have been fought.

THE PROGRESS OF LABOR.

By Rev. Charles Stelzle.

It would be folly to insist that the social system of the day is ideal. But any man who reads history knows that the condition of the workingman to-day is infinitely better than it was a century ago. Whatever other causes have been at work to bring about this change, much of it must be attributed to trades unionism.

There has been steady progress like the irresistible sweep of a mighty river. Eddies have been formed which seem to mark the backward course of the stream. The pessimist has seen the eddy and pointed to it as an indication that there has been only a backward movement, indifferent to the fact that the flood just beyond reveals true progress.

The condition of the skilled American workingman to-day is superior to that of the royalty of three centuries ago. He has a better home, more conveniences, more books, more of the things that make life worth the living. The increase in wages, the shortening of his hours of work, the multiplication of his comforts, his new educational advantages, his superior position as a citizen and as a man—all these have made the average workingman a progressive, right-thinking human being.

As already noted, conditions are not ideal. There is much that needs to be adjusted. Because of this, among the so-called "masses," there is a feeling of unrest which many fear. It is supposed this feeling indicates that there may be an uprising destructive of law and order, but no one need fear a sane agitation carried on by honest, intelligent men. It is a sign of life and growth, and an indication of better things to come. The good sense of the American people will see that it comes out all right. But Rome was not built in a day. The bitterness in human society will not be healed by an arbitrary division of men into classes. Any class movement in this country, be it a workingmen's movement or an employers' movement, is sure to fail.

The rich are frequently accused of fostering a class spirit. However that may be, this unfortunate spirit is not confined to the prosperous. The same spirit sometimes exists among workingmen. The journeyman frequently treats his helper with the greatest contempt. The mechanics in some trades consider themselves superior to those engaged in some others. Because some workingmen are privileged to wear white linen shirts while at their work they despise the laborer whose toil compels him to wear one made of wool or cotton. This spirit of caste has also gone over to their wives. In a little Minnesota railroad town the wives of the engineers, the firemen and the brakemen are formed into exclusive women's clubs. It is absolutely impossible for the fireman's wife to join the club composed of the engineers' wives, and as for the brakeman's wife—she simply "isn't in it."

If ever the labor question is to be settled, men must have the spirit of brotherhood taught by the carpenter of Nazareth. There are broad-minded men who have this larger vision. Men who deprecate the bitterness and the stinging personalities which have been injected into the labor question, which must be fought out only on its merits and on principle. But the average agitator, whether he represents employer or employe, with his pessimism, his cruel satire, his appeal to class prejudice, can only retard the growth of the spirit of brotherhood which must prevail before the golden age can be ushered in.

IS SCHOOL LITERATURE IMPROVING?

By Prof. E. G. Minnick

The schools have changed, greatly changed. We—when we went to school—studied "English" and elocution in combination. Now elocution, except for the specialists, is a lost art—relegated to the "debating societies," but I seriously doubt if as great a taste for really good literature, for the really good in prose and poetry, is engendered by the present system as by the old. In those days every boy and girl read, read aloud, singly and "in concert," from the first up to the sixth reader. Burns, Gray, Longfellow, Byron, Moore—grave, humorous, impassioned—were drilled into the school children. I'll wager that more orators were produced from McGuffey's fifth reader than from any class of elocution; that more love of true literature was born from the reading than from the classes in "English" in our schools of to-day. Stop any American born man on the streets to-day and ask him to recite the "Village Blacksmith," and it is almost certain that he will brace, feet apart, put one hand behind his back, and say: "Under a spreading chestnut tree."

The literature of the public schools of to-day is, if anything, below the standard of fifty years ago. The students read more; they read more practical matter, newspapers, magazines, recent books and poems, and the standard classics. They get as much good reading as we old timers got, but I find it diluted with a lot of bad, or, what is worse, mediocre, literature. I find that the best chance for the public school pupil of to-day to get really good matter is to go into one of the languages. He gets the best in French or German, and mediocre stuff in English. The method of teaching English to-day is broader than the old method, but I doubt that it inculcates a true and lasting love for good reading, and the old style "reader" did. We did not get much in those days, but we got the best.

Regardless of the class of literature in the schools of to-day the children are certainly missing something in not reading some of the things that they must confess they had never seen.

THE SECRET OF A LONG LIFE.

By Russell Sage.

RUSSELL SAGE.

Work is the best recipe for a long life. My happiness lies in accomplishing things, and so long as I am permitted to live I shall continue to work. There is nothing in money itself worth struggling for after one has enough for his needs. In the beginning I determined never to get excited about anything, to preserve a serene disposition and a cool, clear brain, and to this and to hard work I attribute not alone what success I have attained, but my health and strength at an age when most men who attain it may be considered useless.

I do not believe in quitting business. The older a man is so long as he retains his faculties, the more valuable is he to the community. I enjoy life and shall until I die. The business outlook for the country seems to me encouraging, though I do not like the return of the spirit of speculation. Reckless speculation is like over-indulgence in liquor—the reaction is bound to come.

MILLIONS GONE UP IN SMOKE.

One Result Attending the Terrible Riots in the Russian Caucasus.

The recent disturbances in the Russian Caucasus, apart from the enormous loss of life which resulted in the bloody encounters between the Tartars and Armenians, were enormously costly to property. The great oil industry, located in the richest petroleum field in the world, received such a check by the torch of the incendiary that it will require years to re-establish it on its former basis. Refineries were destroyed

WHERE THE TORCH PLAYED HAVOC WITH MILLIONS.

in and around Baku, the great petroleum port on the Caspian sea, and thousands of oil wells were fired. The scenes as the dense, black smoke poured from the blazing oil, obscuring the sky for miles, were impressive in their awful grandeur. The oil wells in some of the districts are close together, and as the smoke and flames arose from them they looked like a forest of blazing pyramids. Many millions of dollars' worth of property were consumed.

MORMON ENDOWMENT ROBE.

It Is Supposed to Be a Sort of Invulnerable Shield.

One of the sweetest Mormon women I have known showed me one of the endowment garments one time, carefully explaining, evidently in order to ease her conscience for the act, which is forbidden, that I had probably seen it on the clothes line. The garment may best be described as a white union suit, and she told me that every man or woman who has ever been through the temple is expected to wear such an one for the rest of his natural life. Even in removing the garment, to put on a fresh one, it may not be entirely removed until it has been replaced by the new, says Marian Bonsall, in the Housekeeper. It is worn night and day, summer and winter. Woven ones, patterned after the same style, may be worn in cold weather. These garments are seldom seen by Gentiles, especially of late, since the saints have been forbidden to send them to a public laundry. The garment is supposed to be a kind of invulnerable shield, a protection against disease and violent death. It is particularly distinguished by certain markings, which to the Mormon mind have a deep significance, never to be revealed. The markings are incisions of a V-shape, made over one breast, the abdomen and one knee.

I remember my astonishment at her answer to my question before I had seen the garment, if it was not the ambition of every woman of her faith to be married in the temple, and her merry laugh as she said: "Yes, of all good Mormon women, but I don't think so of a young girl with pretty neck and arms." Finally she explained that the garment reached to the neck and to the elbow.

A small but interesting incident in connection with the endowments is that each woman is given a new name which she is never to tell to a living soul except her husband. It is by this name that she is supposed to be admitted into the glory of the hereafter. One Mormon woman, however, her mirth getting the better of her secrecy, confided to a Gentile friend of mine that she and her woman friends who had gone through the ceremony at the same time had compared notes and found that they each had been called Sarah.

BUYING OF FURNITURE.

The Importance of Not Getting More Than Is Actually Needed.

The buying of furniture is one of the most difficult things in the equipment of a home, and it is a singular fact that many stores which are loaded with furniture to the roof offer little serious aid in this most important task, says American Homes and Gardens. The furniture man has, of course, to suit many tastes and meet many requirements; his wares are apt to be most various and diverse. They consist, without exception, of goods of two great classes, good furniture and bad furniture. These he displays with so much art that the good is thoroughly mixed with the bad. In his heart of heart he doubtless knows that the bad furniture is not worthy to sell; but he probably regards a bad chair sold as a piece of good business, and he calmly leaves the selection to his customer. If the buyer cannot distinguish between good furniture and bad it is none of his business. He is there to sell goods. He very likely would not understand what was meant by the immorality of selling a bad chair or an evil-looking table.

It is obvious that the great rule in furniture buying is excellence—excellence of materials, excellence of form, excellence of style, excellence in utility. The word, in fact, sums up in one way or another about all the requirements that can be demanded of modern furniture. There are, of course, various degrees of excellence in furniture, for a single piece may be made of good materials and well made to boot and yet be thoroughly ill-adapted to modern needs and quite useless as a household convenience.

Another helpful rule in furniture buying is not to buy too much. With persons of average means this advice may seem superfluous, for even a moderate amount of new furniture costs a considerable sum. But the happy housewife, intent on making her home attractive, is very apt to buy more than she needs and to buy pieces which may be quite unnecessary. It is always well to leave something to a future time. The table or chair that seems so charming to-day may not be found to have any real utility to-morrow. It is not the change in fashions that should be awaited, for such a method would only result in confusion and unseemly mixture. It is rather to avoid filling one's rooms and burdening one's self with more than one actually needs.

This Pump Works Itself.

A device which will save the automobilist much annoyance and trouble is the automatic tire pump recently introduced by a Western firm. This pump is so fashioned that it may be fastened to any artillery wheel and the inflating operation is performed by the turning of the wheel, so that the tire may be inflated while the car is in motion. The apparatus consists of a plunger pump that is fastened to one of the spokes, with a rubber tube connecting with the tire valve. The pump is operated by means of an eccentric arrangement which surrounds the wheel hub, and one member of the device is held against rotation by a cord which may be fastened to the mud guard or some other fixed portion of the car above the wheel.

The apparatus is equipped with a cutout appliance by which it is thrown out of action after a pressure of 110 pounds is reached, and the pump is said to be capable of maintaining the pressure at that point in the face of a leak of any ordinary proportions, so that it is possible to make a run home or for help in the event of a puncture without the necessity of stopping to make a temporary repair. With the use of this device the tire may be maintained at a uniform point without attention. For inflating the rear wheels the device may be applied, and the rear part of the vehicle being jacked up, the tires may be filled by starting the engine.—New York Herald.

Not a Stone Unturned.

Those who visited New York while its subway was in process of construction will appreciate this story, told in the New York Herald:

A friend of the street commissioner of New York, while passing through the city for the first time in his life, lost a watch which he valued highly. Not being familiar with Manhattan, the man wrote to the commissioner of his loss, and asked him to do his best to find the missing article. The commissioner answered that he would do all in his power to recover the watch, and that he would not leave a stone unturned in the search.

A short while after this the man happened to be in New York again and business took him in the direction of Park avenue. At a glance he took in the piles of stone, dirt and other material from the torn-up street. Rushing to the nearest telegraph office, he sent the following message to the commissioner:

"Do not bother any longer. Watch not worth it."

Not Passed, After All.

Bicker—So you're not going to marry her?

Wicker—No, she's a woman with a past.

Bicker—But you told me she said the past was dead.

Wicker—True, but I've discovered it was one of those cases of suspended animation.—Detroit News.

A woman runs almost as fast when she sees a mouse as a man does when he hears a baby crying.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Republican View of Inflation.

The address of Secretary Shaw before the Ohio Bankers' Association at Cleveland, contained some extraordinary statements, if he is correctly reported by the Associated Press. After stating that our monetary system is not perfect, because it is non-elastic, Mr. Shaw said, "there will be no further currency legislation until we shall have experienced a panic" and "we came nearer a panic September 30, 1902, than most people appreciate. We do not need and must not have inflation. The average amount of money is, in my judgment, abundant. The difficulty lies in the fact that the volume remains stationary." Oh! we must not have inflation. Why Secretary Shaw must know that inflation is going on every hour and minute. The treasury circulation statement for August 1, 1905, shows an inflation of the total money in circulation of $58,312,789 from the same date in 1904, of which $54,047,011 was an inflation of national bank notes alone. This inflation was intensified during July of this year, which is included in the total already given, for during that month the increase in the circulation of national bank notes was $8,251,589 or at the rate of over one hundred millions a year.

How is that for inflation? Yet Secretary Shaw says: "the difficulty lies in the fact that the volume of money remains stationary." The Secretary of the Treasury also seems to have overlooked the enormous gold inflation that is in progress of over seventy millions of dollars per annum and steadily increasing.

On top of all this inflation the Secretary of the Treasury would give the national banks the right to issue an amount of currency equal to 50 per cent of their bonds deposited in the treasury by paying 6 per cent, upon which the treasury has already issued to the banks full face value. That, according to Shaw, is not inflation, it is merely to tide Wall street over its annual debauch of dear money, "to move the crops"—that is to move the crop of undigested securities.

President Roosevelt should call down Mr. Shaw, or he will make the financial end of his administration a laughing stock to the world, let alone to our own people. With the tariff fostered trusts holding up prices and inflation helping to inflate the cost of living, those Republican policies are making the lot of those with limited incomes a hard one to bear.

Ohio Republicans in a Hole.

Two spasms of political virtue have seized the Ohio State Journal—the Republican organ of Ohio. May be it is not virtue that has influenced the Journal, but merely the reading and interpretation of the hand writing on the wall and the attempt to evade the inevitable. This Republican organ only a week or two ago boldly attacked Senator Dick for declaring the tariff was the paramount issue of the Ohio campaign. Now the Journal editorially attacks Senator Foraker for the declaration in his Bellefontaine speech against President Roosevelt's railroad rate legislation program. "There are two sides to that question," says the Journal, "and we feel safe in saying that five-sixths of the Republicans of Ohio are on the other side." The Journal then invites Senator Foraker to the difficult task of winning the voters to the railroad side of the question.

The Republican voters of Ohio who stand with President Roosevelt are forced logically to vote the Democratic ticket, for a victory of the Republicans would be a defeat for President Roosevelt. Senator Foraker took pains to explain that the Republican platform did not endorse the President's program for railroad rate legislation, because it was a Democratic measure, having been brought forward years ago and adopted in Democratic platforms.

Senator Foraker has put his party in a political hole and it is not unlikely he may thus find his political grave already dug by his own efforts.

The Small Farmers Suffering.

The report of the commissioner who has had charge of taking the State census in Iowa makes the extraordinary statement that "authorities agree that the loss in population is due to the enlargement of farms, being almost wholly in the rural districts." As the decrease of population has been 30,481 "almost wholly" of the farm population there must be either a concentration going on by the well to do farmers buying out the poorer ones, or the abandonment of farms by those who have not been able to make a living thereon.

Perhaps Secretary Shaw can explain this loss of population, but those who have tried to do so agree, that trust high prices and railroad unreasonable rates are the controlling cause. The poorer farmers, of course, are the first to suffer. And yet Secretary Shaw is advising the farmers in his speeches to "stand pat" on the tariff and railroad rate issue and is to leave the cabinet next February because he disagrees with President Roosevelt on the legislation needed to protect the farmers of Iowa and other States from the plundering trusts and railroad corporations.

The Democrats have foretold that conditions, such as prevail in Iowa, would be eventually prevalent everywhere if protection to trusts and corporations is continued and now, in spite of good crops and fair prices for farm products, the official record proves their contention.

Tainted Money and Restitution.

If the life insurance companies, the trusts and protected monopolies had not contributed their millions to the Republican campaign funds of 1896, 1900 and 1904, it is almost certain that the result, at least in 1896, would have been a Democratic victory and as that would have changed the whole tide of political affairs, it is unnecessary to surmise upon the effect of those vast contributions in other years.

Honest folks are often defrauded and there is seldom restitution made by the thief, but punishment usually follows. But now we have proof of corruption and that the Republican party has been the receiver of money stolen from widows and orphans there is no restitution, or any desire to right the wrong. At least President Roosevelt should insist, for the sake of his own fair fame, that the tainted money from the life insurance companies should be returned to its rightful owners. The Democratic party can afford to be defrauded. It was defrauded in 1876, but retribution followed for no restitution was made and history will repeat itself.

Campaign Contributions.

The Republicans have discovered another matter to "stand pat" upon, or rather someone else has discovered it, much to their consternation. The claim of the Democrats that millions were contributed by the corporations and trusts, to buy enough voters in the doubtful States, to keep "the party" in power has partially come to light, but a good deal more is yet to be uncovered. President Roosevelt has been persuaded by the Republican leaders to "stand pat" and give up his idea of restitution of the large amounts contributed by the life insurance companies to his campaign fund. But it is stated, that to ease his conscience, for the loss sustained by the widows and orphans for his benefit, he is determined to recommend legislation that will, through publicity, prevent such contributions in future. It is safe to say that the Republican majority in Congress will "stand pat" on such legislation, or at least pass no bill that will really prevent their graft on the corporations.

Trust Prosecutions.

The protests of the people that the Department of Justice bestir itself in prosecuting the beef trust has borne a small amount of fruit. One of the firm of packers has been fined $25,000 for conspiracy in accepting rebates from railroads. This is a step in the right direction, but it does not help decrease the high price of beef to the consumers, in fact it may lead to another advance, so that the offenders can get their money back. This prosecution has nothing to do with the case against the beef trust, which is still dragging along.

But how about the railroad managers who paid the rebates, are they to go free? Their offense is more heinous than that of the firm of beef packers who have been fined, for there is an express statute against rebates and there could have been no conspiracy unless the railroad managers were a party to it.

Frenzied Finance and Elections.

President McCall's liberality with other people's money is no new trait of frenzied finance. Over $800,000 appears to have been used by the New York Life Insurance Company to corrupt State legislatures besides $150,000 subscribed for the purchase of votes by the Republican National Committee. Restitution of this latter amount by the committee to the widows and orphans of the insured appears as far off as before the scandal was discovered, though it is stated Mr. Cortelyou, the chairman, has a balance of $400,000 in the hands of the treasurer, which could not be used to advantage in the late campaign. The Democratic committee did not have as much contributed altogether as the balance still held by the Republicans. The Republicans could have elected a "yaller dog" with the money they had to debauch the doubtful States.

Investigation Demanded.

The Democratic members of Congress should insist that an investigation of the campaign funds of both parties shall be ordered and find out just what amounts were paid and by whom, during the last three national campaigns. Treasurer Bliss, of the Republican national committee, could a tale unfold that would harrow up the already distressed souls of the Republican leaders. Such an exposure would arouse the voters to demand that such donations for corruption of the electorate of the close States and Congressional districts should be punishable by fine and imprisonment and loss of the office by the candidate for whom the money is expended.

Political Potpourri.

This is the last straw. The grafters have got in their work on the Public Health and Marine Hospital service and the one caught says "he needed the money." So did the poor sick folk.

We would call President Roosevelt's attention to the fact that the Panama Canal managers are quite active in digging into what remains of the appropriation in the treasury, but rather lax about making the dirt fly.

The Republican factions in Delaware are striving for harmony, but the question is not easy to settle, for some one in this peace business has to be the lion and some one the lamb. Addicks will be no tender chicken for any of the lions to swallow.

Some of the Republican newspapers are attacking Gov. La Follette, charging him with making $20,000 as a lecturer the past summer, which he had a perfect right to do. If he had taken a big fee from the railroads instead of showing up their plundering, those corporation organs would be perfectly satisfied.

The holders of life insurance policies have been handsome contributors to Republican campaign funds and when further investigation shows what the trusts and the railroads gave to "the cause," the wonder will be that there were as many honest voters as the returns show voted for the Democratic candidates for the past few years.

Our State Department protesting to Argentina that her tariff is too high is rather impertinent if it was not laughable. Here we have a tariff that was enacted to shut out the products of Argentina and no protest is heard from that country. Her government has sense enough to mind her own business. But when she puts on a 25 per cent duty on agricultural machinery, how the trust, that charges our farmers more than the Argentina farmers, does roar through diplomatic channels.

A concrete chimney completed recently for a Tacoma smelter is 307 feet in height and is said to be the highest in the world of its kind.