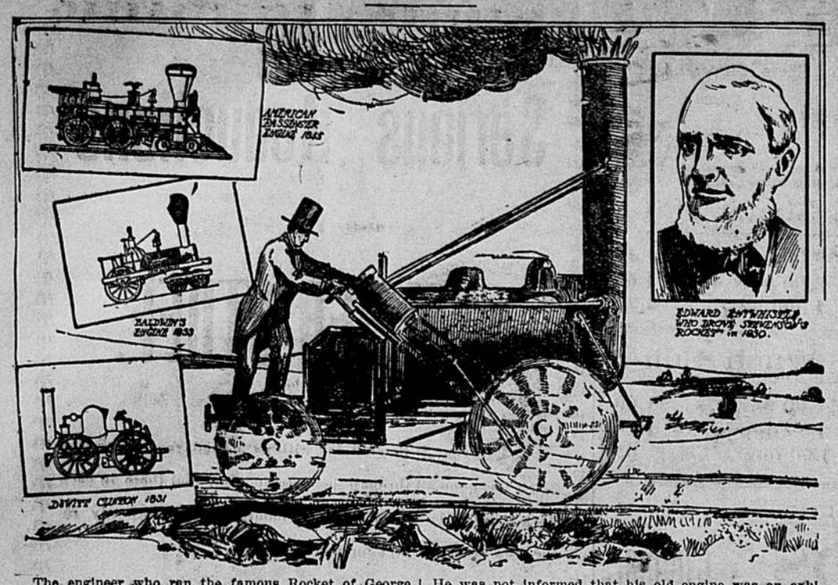
HE RAN THE "ROCKET," STEPHENSON'S FIRST ENGINE.



The engineer who ran the famous Rocket of George Stephenson, the first passenger locomotive to draw a passenger train in the world, is still alive, in good health, and celebrated his ninety-second birthday a few weeks ago at his home in Des Moines, Iowa. Edward Entwistle is the name of the man who has this unique claim to distinction.

Every effort was made by numerous exhibitors in the transportation department of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to have Mr. Entwistle go to St. Louis, as he had gone to Philadelphia at the Centennial Exposition. Large sums of money were offered to him, and the temptation was great, for the old engineer is far from being wealthy. Owing to his extreme age, however, and the fatigues of a 400 mile railroad journey, the offers were declined. Thirty years ago Mr. Entwistle had been officially invited to attend the Philadelphia Exposition. He was not informed that his old engine was on exhibition and was wandering through the transportation exhibition when he happened upon it. His joy at the recognition of his old pet is still remembered by those who were in the secret and who accompanied the famous engineer on his rounds.

Entwistle was a lad not 16 years of age when Stephenson completed his plans, secured a charter for the railroad between Liverpool and Manchester, laid his track and was ready to run the train. Entwistle was recommended to Stephenson by no less a personage than the Duke of Bridgewater, whose steward informed his highness that Entwistle was the best mechanic in the shops.

Mr. Entwistle, in his humble home, delights to live over the old days and tell the story of the preparations and the trial trip, the events of which are fresh in his mind from frequent iteration.

THE DREAMER.

He builds as he can, as he will,
In weakness or strength as it seems;
And it is what it is; for his skill
Is only the truth of his dreams.

And his dreams are as strong as his faith,
Or as weak as the fears that they own;
And what to his soul either saveth,
That is, and that guides him alone.

So some ships that are stately and fair
Go down for a morsel of faith;
While some thistle-down barks, light as air,
No storm can move out of their path.
—Weekly Bouquet.

GLIDDEN'S WAY

Mabel went into the library and found the old gentleman sitting there with his newspaper. She perched herself on the arm of his chair and, as he looked particularly stern and forbidding, began to twist his near whisker around her slim forefinger, which was a little way she had. Upon which, the old gentleman, with a sigh of resignation and exasperation blended, dropped his paper in his lap and said:

"Well?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Mabel, continuing the curling process.

"Then what in nation—— Don't do that, girl! You're pulling me."

Mabel tossed the newspaper to the floor and slipped into its place. "By the way, papa," she said, "and apropos

"POOR DADDY!" SAID THE GIRL PITYINGLY.

of nothing on earth, what did you quarrel with Mr. Glidden about?"

The old gentleman's thick pepper-and-salt eyebrows drew together in a frown. "None of your business, miss," he answered.

"But I want to know."

"Well, if you want to know, it was over a political matter."

"I didn't know you ever went in for politics. Tell me about it."

"There's nothing to tell. I wasn't directly interested. You're giving me a cramp in my knee. Pick up that paper and give it to me and skip. Isn't there any place I can go without your coming along and bothering me?"

"Not any I know of," replied Mabel, calmly, "and I don't believe I'm hurting your knee, either. It was about ten years ago, wasn't it?"

"That's right," said the old gentleman. "It was in the presidential election of '96. Time Bryan ran against McKinley."

"Was Mr. Glidden for McKinley?"

"He said McKinley would win. I don't think he was ever for anybody but Glidden."

"Well, he was right, wasn't he?"

"Certainly he was right. Oh, certainly."

"Well!"

"Well, he made some darned impertinent remark, that's all, and not for the first time by many. He—well, that's all there was about it. Now, run along."

"Do you want me to pull your whiskers again or are you going to tell me?"

"Now, look here, Mab, you wouldn't understand. I—well, I offered to bet him 5 to 1 that Bryan would be elected and he undertook to tell me that gambling on elections was immoral and that an offer to bet was no argument and that he was content to base his belief on certain facts and figures that appealed to his judgment and all that sort of stuff—reproving me, by grief!"

"I think you needed reproof," said Mabel. "Shocking! Don't you yourself know that gambling is immoral? And I always looked up to you so, papa! Mr. Glidden was perfectly right."

The old gentleman pinched her ear.

"That's what he was," he admitted. "That's what grinds me. I've known Glidden ever since I was knee high to a toad and I always found him to be in the right. That's the trouble, if you want to know."

The girl patted his shoulder sympathetically and smiled.

"The first time I ever saw him," said the old gentleman, "was when I was at school in Bagleyville. I had a marble board that I'd traded another boy out of. It was just a plain board about a foot long with square holes cut in the base of it, some larger than others. You stood off and shot at the holes. If you got through the very biggest hole you got your own marble back and another one; if you got through the next biggest you got three marbles, and so on. The highest you could win was twenty, but you could 'ust barely get through that. All the marbles that missed going through any hole—and most of them did—went to the owner of the board. See?"

"I see," said the girl. "Sort of a slot machine."

"Not at all," corrected the old gentleman. "There was no gambling about it. It all depended on the skill of the players. There was one boy who always shot at the biggest hole and he won every time, until I barred him out for a sure-thing sport. Well, while the boys were shooting Glidden came up and watched and presently declared that no known marbles could go through the twenty hole unless it was hammered through. I called him a liar, of course, and offered to fight him, but he said that fighting was wrong, which is right, of course, and that he was right, which he was. I had been running the game in perfect good faith, but the board had got wet and swelled the wood since I tried it. It made me a great deal of trouble, I remember."

"Poor daddy!" said the girl, pityingly.

"That was always the way with him," said the old gentleman, quite savagely. "Some boys know it all and get let down. He knew it all and that was all there was to it. He called the teacher down once for spelling 'seize' 's-i-z-e.' Teacher was sure she could not have been mistaken. She had spelled it 's-i-e' all her life, but she looked it up and, sure enough, Glidden was right. He was good enough to instruct Bill Somes, the station agent, that it was 'daypo' and not 'deepo.' Bill said that Glidden young one would get his measly little neck wrung some time, but Glidden himself was always the only successful predicter. He told me I'd get chicken pox if I played with Lem Green, who was getting over it, and I got it. He was the only boy who came to the Baptist Sunday school picnic with an umbrella. He said he thought it was going to rain, though the Lord Harry only knows who made him a weather prophet. But it rained all right. It had to."

Mabel squeezed his arm and giggled.

"You see, it wasn't just the election; it was Glidden. And there were two or three others there and they agreed with him, and—I was glad of the chance to quarrel with him, if you want to know."

"Did you hear that they were going to leave Chicago?" asked Mabel.

"No. Are they? I'm glad of it."

"All but Bert," said Mabel. "Bert's studying medicine, you know."

"Who's Bert?"

"Bert Glidden, of course," replied Mabel. "And he's going to be quite lonely, poor fellow, and he isn't a bit like his papa. Not a bit. I'm sure I don't wonder at you. I knew him at high—Bert—and I think you'd like him, but he thinks from something he's heard his father say that you'd be prejudiced against him and wouldn't care to have him call. But I told him his father, with all due respect, must be crazy and that there wasn't an atom of prejudice about you. But he's the most wrong headed, blundering boy ever was and so diffident! And I don't think I can induce him to come; but if he should come you'll not be grumpy with him, will you? Because it's just a charity, with his people going.

"Well, I think I've bothered you enough. Here's your paper. Aren't you going to ask me to come again? Well, good-by!"

Mabel danced to the door, smiled, courtesied and disappeared. The old gentleman snorted. But he did not resume his paper for several minutes.—Chicago Daily News.

EUROPEAN MIGRATION.

Huge Annual Increase Since 1880, Chiefly from the South and East.

Between the years 1860 and 1880 from 300,000 to 350,000 people, tired of Europe, looked for better conditions and a new home on the other side of the Atlantic every year, says the New York Sun.

Since 1900, according to the statistics of the European ports, about 1,200,000 persons have left their native lands to settle beyond sea every year.

The greater part of these emigrants have adopted the United States as their country. Several nations, in which twenty-five years ago there was only a slight tendency to emigration, now show a considerable annual loss by departures for other lands. This is particularly true of Italy, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Spain and Portugal. In the years between 1870 and 1880 some 30,000 Italians, 5,000 Russians and 1,500 Austrians or Hungarians emigrated every year. To-day about 166,000 Austrians and Hungarians emigrate to America, 162,000 Russians and 157,000 Italians. These figures are taken from European sources, and certainly in the case of Italy they are too low.

Spanish emigration has also increased considerably since 1880, and amounts to-day to 50,000 a year. Little Portugal sends out from 20,000 to 25,000 of her people annually.

The English and Scandinavian emigration has changed very little in the last ten years. German emigration has heavily declined. Between 1870 and 1890 the number of German emigrants each year exceeded 100,000 (maximum of 221,000 in 1881), but since 1893 the number has fallen off very much, and to-day only about 25,000 Germans annually leave their native land. The present commercial development of Germany, no doubt, explains the change. In Switzerland the conditions are similar. In 1883 the annual emigration amounted to 13,500; to-day it is only 5,000 or 6,000.

A SUMMER ALLEGORY.

—Cincinnati Post.

OLD "PINOCHLE."

Odd Character Who Is Getting Rich On Needs of Cornell Students.

With the close of the school year at Cornell University, Aaron Wells, more widely known at "Pinochle," reaps a golden harvest. Students who are hard up go to him at this time and borrow money, sometimes on notes and frequently "on honor" only, but they one and all have to pay old Pinochle fat interest.

Wells began business there ten years ago practically without a dollar. Too poor to pay rent, he stood on the street offering to buy second-hand wearing apparel of any kind. Now he has a pretentious clothing store and it is as much of a landmark as the Dutch Kitchen or the office of the registrar of the university. Five men are now employed by the industrious clothier, who makes a small fortune in this business alone.

His agents still hang around on the corners, but Pinochle only goes up the hill when telephoned for. Every once in a while swell fraternity men will summon him up to the house and there is a grand clearance sale. Suits that have only been worn for one season, dress clothes that are a bit too small, overcoats of the most fashionable styles, all are thrown toward the little clothing man with the query, "What am I bid?" Sometimes the clothes are fairly worn out; more often the owner is pretty hard up, and in both cases they are sold for a ridiculously low price.

A suit that cost $40 will go to Pinochle for $2, and dress coats and overcoats bring from $5 to $10. Sometimes the student will kick, but the best he can get out of the imperturbable dealer is: "Well, I'll match you. Five dollars or nothing." And even at this game he usually wins. He makes about 500 per cent on every article he buys, but the students need the money, so they let it go.

But it is in the money-lending business that Wells has acquired the greatest celebrity. Almost any fraternity man in Ithaca with whom he has done business in clothes, or any well-to-do student who can get an introduction to him, can make a "touch" when he is hard up, and thousands of dollars are loaned out every year. Money to go home on, to bet on football, baseball and track games and crew races, to pay bills that are about to be sued on, to play poker with—in fact, money for everything can be obtained from Wells. In small sums or large, it makes little difference. Sometimes the men leave town without paying up; there have been cases of loans as high as $500 standing out for years, but in the end they are collected. Either the borrowers themselves pay or their parents pay for them, as Pinochle keeps close watch and knows the addresses of all his clients. He is the best pinochle player in Ithaca.

MUTUAL SERVICE.

The experience of Capt. Robert Benham, during troubles with the Indians in Ohio in 1778, is one of the strangest in the history of Indian warfare. The author of "The Ohio River" gives a description of it. "Having broken through the line of Indians during a battle, Benham made his escape, though wounded by a musket-ball in both legs near the loins. He reached an immense fallen tree, crawled under it, and lay still through the ensuing night and the next day, in bitterest pain.

"On the evening of the second day he shot a raccoon on a tree near by, hoping by some means to get and cook it. At the crack of his musket the sound of a human voice reached him. In a moment's time he reloaded and awaited the Indian's approach, resolved to fight to the last extremity. The voice sounded nearer.

"'Whoever you are,' were the beseeching words, 'answer me.' And at the words a borderer, shot through both arms, came into sight.

"The comrades were unspeakably pleased each to find the other, for between them they had a pair of arms and a pair of legs, and therefore some hope of life and escape. As best he could, Benham dressed all the wounds, and then proceeded to cook some food; all that could be done with arms and hands Benham did, cooking, loading and firing the gun.

"His comrade, having the rims of a hat placed between his feet by Benham, waded into the river and secured sufficient water for their needs; he also drove wild turkeys near enough to Benham to allow him to bring some down, and then he kept tossing them with the toe of his boot toward camp until they were within Benham's reach. By the same means he kept his partner supplied with wood.

"When the wounds healed and the men could travel, they camped at the mouth of Licking River in the hope of being picked up by a passing flatboat. Near the last of November a boat was hailed, and although it took some time to prove that they were not such savages as their appearance indicated, they were taken on board and carried to Louisville."

Hobson's Choice.

The phrase "Hobson's choice" originated in an English livery stable. Tobias Hobson was the first man in England to rent out hackney horses. It may have been through an unshakable sense of justice, it may have been through laziness, but at all events this eccentric stable keeper obliged all who applied to him to rent a horse to take the one which happened to be standing nearest the stable door. And so the phrase Hobson's choice came to mean no choice at all.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

"Didn't you get an order out of that buyer?" demanded the head of the firm.

"No," replied the salesman, "you see, I didn't begin to talk business to him until I'd given him a good big dinner."

"Maybe the dinner wasn't good enough."

"I think it was too good. It gave him dyspepsia."—Philadelphia Press.

But No One Laughed.

At an old-fashioned revival down in the Ozarks a woman was telling her experience.

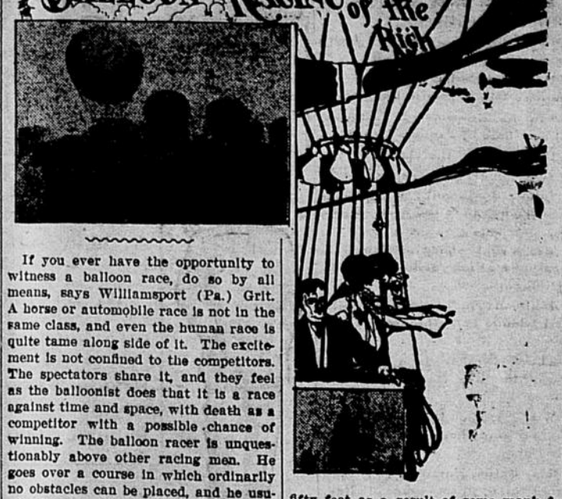
"I used to care a lot for the vanities of this world," she exclaimed. "But when I was saved I saw that all my finery and jewelry and trinkets were dragging my soul down into perdition, and I took 'em all off and gave 'em to my sister."—Kansas City Times.

It Wasn't the Custom.

Eve—I haven't a thing to wear.

Adam—You are not supposed to year anything.—Judge.

BALLOON RACING A Fad of the Rich



If you ever have the opportunity to witness a balloon race, do so by all means, says Williamsport (Pa.) Grit. A horse or automobile race is not in the same class, and even the human race is quite tame along side of it. The excitement is not confined to the competitors. The spectators share it, and they feel as the balloonist does that it is a race against time and space, with death as a competitor with a possible chance of winning. The balloon racer is unquestionably above other racing men. He goes over a course in which ordinarily no obstacles can be placed, and he usually has the track to himself.

Above is a picture of a recent balloon race showing the balloons ready to start. There are about a dozen of them, and each one is tugging at the ropes which hold it captive. One almost fancies the great canvas spheres are animate beings and are eager to be off at the crack of the pistol, like a trained track horse. The spectators are standing about, sizing up the racers and the men who will race them. The balloons are really the racers of the aerial track, and the daring balloonists are the jockeys who will guide them over the course.

When all was in readiness, at a given signal the balloons were simultaneously released, and shot up into the air with a loud swish. A mighty shout arose from the assembled spectators. For a few moments the racers seemed to be about neck and neck in the race, and then the racer floating the red and white colors forged a bit ahead. A shout of frenzied delight arose from its partisans. Evidently the applause reached the ears of the man guiding it, for the balloon shot ahead another fifty feet as a result of some manipulation. For some minutes the balloons appeared to hold the positions attained at the start, and then the red and green noticeably gained on the red and white. The two by this time were far ahead of the others, and it was evident to all that one of the two balloons in the lead would win the race, and the betting became wildly enthusiastic. Farther and farther up into space they arose. Now they would appear to be going inland, and again as they entered a higher current of air they would appear to be going seaward at a frightful pace, and one would hear a groan of dismay from the spectators. Soon the two became mere specks in the sky, and it was no longer possible to learn which was in the lead. The anxious spectators learned the result of the race by telegraph two hours later, the red and white having traveled the greatest distance by far in the specified time.

There was not a hitch or accident in the race. In spite of the danger which is certainly always present with such sport, balloon racing is rapidly growing in popularity.

WOMEN AND THEIR HUSBANDS' MONEY.

JULIET V. STRAUSS.

Women are always telling a tale of woe about the tragedy of not having any money they can call their own and being obliged to ask for it from husbands who treat them like beggars. After reviewing the matter dispassionately, I confess to a sneaking sympathy with the men. Where does the money come from for the incessant demands of life Just now I am desperately turning over in my mind various schemes by which living expenses may be lightened. Truth compels me to state that I have not hit upon any. I know that I have conveyed to my readers the idea that I am economical and thrifty. Far from it! I am one of those pig-headed idealists who are always working themselves to death and having nothing to show for it. Plenty of people with less to live on dress better and make more show in the world.

Whenever I hear a woman boast of being a good manager I always take it with a grain of salt. Good management comes in mainly when there isn't anything to manage on. It consists in being quite cheerful and smiling in a last-year's gown and a made-over hat. The best management in the world is in making life worth living to yourself and to your family. A woman can never do this by assuming a downtrodden air about spending "her husband's money."

Many a woman thinks her husband stingy when he is only reasonable, and many a man gives in to his wife's pleading for money to furnish the house or send the children away to school when all his better judgment tells him the money should be laid by for a rainy day. I know women who are mean in money matters and men who have lived narrow, pitiful lives because their wives were of the skinflint disposition. Lack of money can come as near dwarfing a life as any other thing, except a narrow mind and a narrow creed. But we need not be hopelessly bound in shallows, even though we be women, custom shackled and seemingly at the mercy of some selfish, close-fisted man.

Let me say again, though I paraphrase Wagner, that liberty is a state of mind. I know women who have private incomes to apply as they like, who travel and see and hear all that is to be seen and heard, and who are not happier or brighter or much better informed than the writer of these lines, who has never in her life been free from poverty, who has seldom been out of her native State, who has never seen the ocean or the capital of the United States, but who is nevertheless a denizen of the world—a child of the universe, "whose lanterns are the moon and Mars."—Juliet V. Strauss, in Chicago Journal.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR

Prevention of Consumption.

Although the new method of treating consumption by open air and full feeding, which has become of late so general, has accomplished wonders in the way of curing, or at least of arresting the progress of the disease, it is destined to be productive of still greater good to the race in preventing this terrible scourge. The belief that tuberculosis can be inherited has been generally abandoned, but the fact remains that the child of tuberculous parents is in danger. He may not acquire the disease by direct heredity, but he often has a legacy of weakened resisting power which predisposes him to the attacks of any infectious disease; and as he is peculiarly exposed to tuberculosis in the home where the malady prevails, it is no wonder that he sooner or later acquires it.

That he may be saved from this fate demands the co-operation of two persons—himself and the person who is already a sufferer. The sick person must use the greatest care to destroy the expectorated matter, and also to prevent contaminating the air by a bacillus-laden spray when he coughs. The sputum should be deposited in a special receptacle—a paper napkin which can be immediately burned, or a cardboard box which can be used a number of times and then thrown into the fire.

When coughing he should hold a handkerchief before the face, and in speaking he should never stand very close to the person addressed. The sufferer should never kiss any one, and in receiving a kiss should offer the cheek or the forehead.

Napkins and handkerchiefs used by him should not go into the common wash, and for additional safety they had better be of paper and be burned after use.

The person who has not yet the disease, but who is predisposed thereto, should follow the same rules as one who is being treated for the actual disease, although perhaps less rigorously. He should sleep in the open air, or at least by an open window, and should be outdoors as much as possible during the day. The hours of study should be short—never at night—and the time spent in school cut down as far as possible.

The food should be very nourishing, with plenty of butter, salad oil and other digestible fats, and a glass of milk should be taken in the middle of the morning and of the afternoon and shortly before bedtime. The source of the milk should be known, for that from a diseased cow may be itself the carrier of tuberculous germs. Fatigue should be avoided and the hours of sleep long.

If a child has adenoid growths they should be removed, and deep breathing taught until it becomes a habit. Bathing or sponging with cool or cold water should be a daily morning habit. In short, everything should be done to strengthen the natural powers of resistance, and to build up a good constitution.—Youth's Companion.

LOVE CHARMS.

Some of the Queer Superstitions That Live in Sicily.

The love charms of Sicily are many and curious. One, very popular and considered very powerful, is to put into an eggshell a few drops of the blood of the longing lover. The shell is exposed to the sun for three days and to the dew for three nights. It is then placed on hot ashes until calcined, when the whole is reduced to a fine powder and administered secretly in a cup of coffee or a glass of wine to the object of affection.

Another charm is for the witch to undress at midnight and tie her clothes up in a bundle which she places on her head. Then, kneeling in the center of her room, she pronounces an incantation, at the end of which she shakes her head. If the bundle falls in front of her, it is a good sign; should it fall behind her, the charm will not avail.

Yet another is worked in the following manner: Pieces of green, red and white ribbon are purchased in three different shops, the name of the persons to be charmed being repeated mentally each time. The shopkeeper must be paid with the left hand, the ribbon being received in the right. When all the pieces are bought they are taken to a witch, who sets out to find the person to be charmed. On finding him or her the witch mutters to herself, "With these ribbons I bind you to such a one." Then she returns the ribbons to the purchaser, who ties them beneath his or her left knee and wears them at church.—Macmillan's.

Why is it that a married woman seldom has any use for a pretty female servant?

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Party Issues in 1908.

Mr. Bryan is perhaps right in his forecast that the tariff, though always an important issue, will not be the paramount issue between the Democratic and Republican parties in the election of a President and Congress next year.

It is probable that on this question the Republican party will shift its position close to the ground always held by the Democratic party. The Republicans will certainly declare for the principle of tariff protection, and they may be expected to add to this declaration a promise to revise the Dingley act in the interest of the masses. The angry protests against the robberies of the Dingley act that are coming from the rank and file of Republican voters seem to make some such concession imperative.

By all traditions of the party the Democratic platform will declare for a revenue tariff, and it will be wise to add the recommendation that the sources of tariff revenue be chosen with a view to giving fair and adequate incidental protection to American industries and to the people employed in them. It might be well to go further and add a proviso that any industrial product that is monopolized by a trust, or unlawful combination in restraint of trade, shall go on the free list until the combination is dissolved.

But barring some such proviso as that last named, there is not likely to be the clear-cut line of division between the tariff planks of the two parties that has existed in former contests. The Democratic principle of reasonable and moderate tariff schedules is proven so eminently correct by the logic of Republican tariff robbery that the Republicans will be forced to give it recognition in their declarations of next year.

President Roosevelt's Democratic policies for the regulation of interstate railroads and great corporations engaged in interstate trade have proven so popular with the Republican masses that the Republican convention of next year cannot escape giving them the strongest kind of indorsement, with an unequivocal promise to continue them.

The series of trust prosecutions which the administration is preparing to push, from now until the elections of next year, will still further commit the Republican party to the Democratic principle of defending the rights of the many against the aggressions of the few. So there seems little prospect of sharp divisions in the platforms of the two parties on these important issues. The great difference will be that the Democrats will be sincere in their promises, while scores of the most powerful leaders in the Republican party will reluctantly consent to these Democratic principles with the secret purpose of betraying them.

A year in advance of the meeting of the national conventions it seems probable that the deepest and the broadest lines of division in next year's contest will relate to the preservation of the rights of the States against the dangerous aggressions with which the Republican party threatens them, to the reckless extravagance with which the people's money has been voted away, to the bold usurpations of legislative powers by the Executive and to the frightful expense of our imperialistic insular policy.

The supreme issues on which the Democrats next year should take their firmest stand will be for defense of the constitutional rights of the States, for preservation of the system of government under which this country has grown to be the greatest in all history, and to check the tendencies which would make of the President an executive as autocratic as the Czar.

Taft and Roosevelt.

The sincere friends of Secretary Taft cannot but be pained to observe the growing indications that his Presidential candidacy is merely a blind. It is obviously only part of a political shell game, intending to culminate in the renomination of President Roosevelt.

Those who know the Secretary will not doubt that he is an involuntary participant in this effort to hoodwink the American people. Circumstances compel him to a course which the open and frank disposition of the man would never otherwise lead him to follow. How deeply this is wounding his self-respect only his intimates are likely to learn, but no friend will doubt that the false position in which he is placed is one of extreme discomfort.

We have seen the "thimbleriggers" of the Republican party lift the shells again and again to display Taft to the gaze of a credulous public, but it appears the time has now come when the lifted shell must show Roosevelt where Taft was supposed to be and the American voter may as well accept the Roosevelt candidacy as a definitely determined program.

From this time on we can expect to hear more and more clamorous protest that no man may reject with decency and propriety the unanimous nomination of his party for the Presidential office. So, too, there will be much talk about Mr. Roosevelt having served only one "elective" term, even though the distinction suggested by the word "elective" involves no difference of substance. President Roosevelt will be seeking a third term and his friends and supporters need not hope that the people will fail to recognize that fact.—St. Louis Republic.

A False Conclusion.

Speaking of the new Roosevelt-Farrar heresy regarding the annihilation of State rights and home rule by a resort to the post roads clause of the Constitution, and the Root-Roosevelt heresy of changing the Constitution by means of judicial interpretation, instead of by amendment in the way prescribed in the Constitution itself, the Washington Post says:

"It is very unfortunate that neither of the great parties is in condition to combat anti-State rights propositions in the campaign of 1908."

The reason given for this conclusion is, that "Judge Farrar's interpretation of the post roads clause of the Constitution and its endorsement by President Roosevelt are but samples of similar theories advanced by men of great prominence in both of the leading parties."

The conclusion stated does not follow logically from the premises. For it is certainly not true, that because some men—not all men—of both political parties advocate unconstitutional theories, those parties endorse those theories so far that the majority in either party should be unable to combat them. Despite Mr. Bryan's views regarding Federal licenses for interstate corporations, and the government ownership of railroads; and despite Mr. Roosevelt's views concerning constitutional amendment by unconstitutional methods, and the overthrow of local self-government by means of a masked battery of constructive powers, hidden behind a court appointed by the Executive, we venture to say that a vast majority of the voters of this country still cling to the principles of Jefferson, Monroe and Jackson. There is a vital distinction between some men and all men. The Democratic party is to-day, as it ever has been, in position to combat anti-State rights propositions, whether emanating from Roosevelt, Bryan or any number of men of great prominence in either or both political parties, for it has always stood fast for the principle of home rule.

"The fetish man no law can bind," is an old saying, and quite true. But the fetish men, the pseudo-hero worshipers, who place demagogues above sound principles, are in the minority in both parties. The Democratic party will, in its platform, undoubtedly reaffirm its ancient and distinguishing principles of State rights, home rule and representative government, and there is now every reason to believe that it will have the support of a majority of the electorate of the nation in 1908.

Greatest Democratic Danger.

The greatest danger which confronts the Democratic party to-day is that, by the time the national conventions meet next year, the Republican party will have appropriated very nearly all the principles and policies with which Democracy has in the past fought its adversaries.

As long as the grand larceny goes on the Democracy does not know whether it will have to fight for what it wants done in national affairs or whether it will have the assurance that the work will be done no matter which party wins next year's elections.

If the revisionist faction of the Republicans win and force tariff legislation by the new Congress, the tariff may not be the paramount issue that it is certain to be if the standpatters win in the Congress and in the Republican convention.

But, whatever the Republicans do, or omit to do, the Democratic party is going into next year's presidential fight lined up on the safe and conservative principles upon which all its great victories have been won.

The rights of the States against Federal aggression will be a ringing note in its battle cry.

A tariff that will bring revenue to the Treasury and promote American industry without allowing predatory monopolies to intrench behind it, the Democracy will insist upon.

Hostility to oppressive trusts and combinations in restraint of trade, no matter in what lines of business or industry, will be a strong declaration in the platform.

Betterment of navigation in the inland waterways, especially those of the Mississippi Valley, will be urged as the best of all promoters of commerce and the best possible regulator of railroad freight charges.

The Democratic party next year will not promise everything. It will put forth all its strength to do something, and to do it right. It will welcome a finish fight in behalf of the rights of the people to be rid of the robberies of an exorbitant tariff, or a fight in defense of the rights of the States and of local self-government—or on both.

Let 'er Call.

According to Colonel George Harvey, Europe is calling for the re-election of Mr. Roosevelt. The explanation is not difficult to find. Monarchial peoples naturally would sympathize with the Strenuous One's efforts to erect an Empire in this country. The security of government across the water would be considerably enhanced by the heritable perpetuation of Roosevelt rule, the extension of royalty and the infusion of new blood from this side.

But it is one thing to call, and another to be heard. Europe has not been permitted to very loud voice in our affairs since about the year 1776, and the chances are that we'll not pay any great heed to her in the present instance. Seriously, there is not much likelihood that she will shout herself hoarse over the matter or really damage her vocal chords, or exhaust her breath. In fact, she needs a good deal of her breath just now to cool her own porridge in various places.

They Stand Pat.

The umbrella trust, protected by a tariff duty of 40 per cent, is still doing business at the old stand in spite of nearly seven years of strenuous effort of President Roosevelt and his attorney generals, Knox and Bonaparte, to curb that octopus. When it comes to revising the tariff that protects the umbrella and other trusts, all of these Republican politicians "stand pat" and fervently declare we must leave well enough alone. The interpretation of these Republican mottoes means we must allow the octopii to continue to gouge us.

Secretary Wilson's explanation of the recent rise in beef prices on the score of the public's increased consumption of fine sirloin steaks is doubtless very plausible, but those of us who haven't been getting the choice cuts will regard it as a bum steer.

All the tariff protected trusts and monopolists desire is to be let alone so that they can continue to exact high prices for their products, without the competition that tariff reform would bring.

Unhealthy.

Man to friend)—I am done with doctors henceforth! One of them advised me to sleep with my windows open. I did so, and the very next morning my gold watch was gone from the bureau.—Fliegende Blaetter.