The Change.

Before she went to boardin' school
she useter romp an' play,
She druv the cows from the field an'
helped take in the hay,
But she don't do that any more, because of this, you see—
She went away as Mary Jane an'
came back Jeanne Marie.

She useter wear made-over clothes,
an' always with a smile,
But now her dresses every one must
be the latest style.
She don't ride bareback any more,
nor climb the apple tree—
She went away as Mary Jane, but
come back Jeanne Marie.

Her hair is all in crinkles now—she
calls 'em Marshal waves;
She's up in all the etiquette, real
stylish she behaves.
Her ma and me are mighty proud o'
all she's learned—but gee,
We sometimes wish for Mary Jane instid o' Jeanne Marie!

—Mrs. Elsie Duncan Yale in the Woman's Home Companion.

The Masterpiece

"I'm sure you will like Ella, Fred, but you must not fall in love with her. You know what I mean. I want you to like her ever so much. I shan't be the least bit jealous. All the men fall in love with Ella, but she never falls in love. She takes it all as a matter of course and is charming to them all."

"If the peerless Ella falls in love with me, and I with her, whatever are we to do, Bess? I vote we get married before she appears on the scene, and then I suppose I'll be proof against the charms of this mighty charmer," and Fred Wilkinson looked down at the girl he loved and laughed mockingly.

His sweetheart's relief in the charms of her American cousin and her power to conquer worlds of men amused him, and he could not resist teasing her.

"Don't be absurd, stupid boy! As if I had the least fear of you or you of yourself! I only want you to understand how fascinating Ella is and what a grand time we shall have together after the honeymoon and all the bother of the wedding is over. I expect Ella will stay three months at least. She knows heaps about art and you will find her interesting as well as fascinating. Of course I know you will turn up your nose and say, 'truly American, superficial, etc.' You know you don't like clever women, Fred."

Fred made a movement which Bessie divined and, jumping up, she upset her chair, a tiny table and a vase of flowers.

"Well, perhaps you've been clever enough this time, young lady, and will keep quiet for a bit. If Ella's tongue is as sharp as yours is sometimes, I should like to postpone the wedding till she returned to Yankeeland. I can travel while you enjoy your fascinating cousin's visit."

"Poor old Fred, did I tease and vex him? Let's kiss and be friends. Ella is the dearest, sweetest, prettiest girl you ever met. If I were a man I should want to marry her, but I'm a woman, and I want to marry you."

And Bessie's arm stole round her lover's neck and Fred stopped and kissed her and the subject of Ella and Ella's charms dropped. The bright, winsome, simple-minded Bessie was Fred's ideal of womanly perfection. She knew nothing of art and the beauty of living for art, or, indeed, the use of living for anything but love. Fred was tolerably well off and so was she. Fred was an artist by profession and Bessie accepted this as she accepted everything else in the universe, as a matter of course. To have afternoon tea in his studio and hear all his funny, clever friends talk was one of Bessie's greatest delights, though often she didn't understand in the very least what they were talking about. The passion of Bessie's life up to the time she met Fred was her cousin Ella. After that her homage was divided. Ella presented womanly perfection and Fred that of the opposite sex.

Ella had arrived. Hazel Lodge was in a state of congestion and suppressed excitement. Bessie's presents and belongings crowded every spare corner. The best bedroom refused admittance to some of Ella's huge boxes and they stood in the hall. Mrs. Bullen, who was housekeeper at Hazel Lodge, and the nearest approach to a mother Bessie had ever known, was feeling the strain of housekeeping fairly heavy, but her good nature was equal to it. Mr. Mayer went into the city every day. His daughter's marriage concerned him little. It would be a relief when it was over.

Satisfactory settlements had been made. He felt he had done his duty as a father. Bessie was happy. Mrs. Bullen knew how to manage things, and the easy-going man left matters to take their course.

It was the day after Ella Barton's arrival. Fred was due to dine at Hazel Lodge. The bell rang. Bessie sprang to her feet and scampered off to meet her lover.

Ella smiled.

There were no subtleties about Bessie. Her devotion was open and hearty. Ella expected to meet a certain type of man—the kind of man who is flattered by a blind devotion. She loved her cousin, but she could not imagine Bessie in love with any but an ordinary man, even though he was an artist.

She was not ten minutes in Fred Wilkinson's company until she was wondering, nay, asking herself in amazement, the secret of his devotion to Bessie.

Fred Wilkinson, on the other hand, thought he had never seen a more handsome girl, and concluded that Bessie had not overstated Ella's personal charms. Her carriage, the poise of her head and its shape, were all alike striking. What a model she would make, he thought, and before the evening was ended he had asked her to sit for him. Bessie was delighted to hear them talk, delighted with Fred's appreciation and admiration of Ella, and it was also arranged before the evening was finished that Fred should take Ella about and show her the sights, as Bessie was much too busy with wedding preparations to spare the time. Together Ella and Fred walked, cycled, visited picture exhibitions and studios, and a part of each day they devoted to the picture for which Ella was model.

Three weeks passed. The weather was not exactly working weather. It was too hot. But Fred worked at his picture as if his life depended upon it. Never had Bessie known him so enthusiastic. It was to be the picture of the Academy next year and his masterpiece. Ella had assisted him with all the details. It was to be a picture, not a portrait. Artist and model talked of it unceasingly. Once or twice Bessie almost wished the sittings had been postponed till after the wedding. She seemed to get so little of Fred's time and thoughts, but the brave little woman called herself stupid and selfish, and ceased to trouble Fred with details, assuring herself that, after all, his picture was the main thing. The naming of the picture puzzled Ella and Fred. Bessie suggested "The Charmer." The suggestion was adopted and the charmer continued to spend most of the day in Fred's studio.

It was Saturday. The wedding was on Tuesday. Ella came downstairs wearing a fairly heavy tailor-made costume. Bessie looked astonished and remarked on the heaviness of the dress for such a hot day. Ella ignored the remark and complained of a headache.

"I do hope you are not going to be out of sorts, Ella, dearest, just at present. It would be so tiresome for both you and me. Don't sit today, Ella. The picture can wait until we return."

"No, I don't intend sitting today," answered Ella, toying with the toast on her plate. "But I must go into the city."

"Must, Ella? Can't you wait till Monday, and perhaps your headache will be gone?"

"Today or never, Bessie. It might be better never, but I have made an appointment."

"Does Fred know you are to be in town?"

"Yes; but he doesn't expect me for a sitting."

Bessie kept up the conversation during the remainder of breakfast. Something in Ella's appearance troubled her, but she attributed this to some slight indisposition.

Confidence she never expected from Ella, and her usual campaign when puzzled was to talk on safe topics.

When Ella had taken her departure for the city Bessie felt restless and low-spirited. If only Fred would come, she said to herself, and we could have a quiet time alone while Ella is in town.

Twelve o'clock came and Fred did not come. Then she remembered he had not mentioned coming, and tortured herself with fears one minute and called herself a silly the next. Lunch passed and Bessie's spirits had gone down to zero. At three o'clock, as miserable as a bride could be, Bessie stood at the window of the drawing-room resting her head against the cool pane.

The sun had gone to the back of the house and she felt glad to be rid of it. It made everything look so bright and she felt so dull. A telegraph messenger came along. Her heart went pit-a-pat when he turned and ran up the steps. It would be from Fred to say he was coming to dinner. The servant brought in two messages. She opened one and read:

"Be merciful and pity us. We hate ourselves.—Ella."

Bessie felt dazed. She tore open the second, which ran thus:

"I cannot be present on Tuesday. Forget and forgive an unworthy man. —Fred."

Bessie did not shriek or faint. She tottered to the couch and dropped down on the edge of it, clutching the two buff-colored messages that had taken all the color out of her life. Her breath came slow and her limbs seemed paralyzed. Her eyes fell on the postal mark. It was Newhaven. She understood. They were going abroad beyond the reach of scandal. She must bear all, and alone.

The day that should have been Bessie Mayer's wedding-day was a year old. Bessie was a year older, too, and most people said sweeter and prettier than ever, but the sweetness was tinged with a sadness that those who knew her story understood. Her manner was quiet and subdued. The busy, bustling Martha had largely given place to the dreamer. Her face shone with that sympathetic light which is born of pain and to which the sufferers always turn. The tragedy of a year ago had turned a pretty, thoughtless, light-hearted girl into a large-hearted, noble-minded woman, with eyes and ears sensitive to every cry of humanity. From amid the pile of correspondence which lay at her plate on this sad anniversary of the end of her love story, one letter had slipped out. The sight of the familiar writing caused her to sit down very quietly and arrange her dress very carefully. When, at last, she stretched out her hand to touch the letter, a thrill ran through her. What could a letter from him mean? She turned it over. It was carefully sealed with Ella's seal. A bitter smile passed over her face. It was a joint affair. A letter from them seemed the perfection of cruelty. She tore open the cover and drew forth the letter. It was in Ella's handwriting. It ran: "Dear Bessie.

"When you get this I shall be dead. It is not to be posted till after my death. I have been ill ever since leaving England and now I know the end is near. I'm glad for Fred's sake. He never loved me. He loves you yet. I charmed him, but I could not teach him to love me. 'The Charmer' must be finished. It will make him a famous painter. It will be a masterpiece. Without me it would never have been begun. Without you he will never finish it. I love him! Love him so much that I am glad to die, and I write to you, the woman I wronged, to plead that you will come to him and save him from himself, the dark, discontented self that I have created. He has done nothing since leaving England but regret that he ever met me, though without blaming me. Not one word of reproach escaped his lips. His health is precarious. You can save him and save his masterpiece. Even had I lived I could do neither. You must come to him. He cannot come to you. Bessie, you will never regret coming—believe your dying cousin. Ella."

Tears dropped into Bessie's plate as she finished the reading of this letter. She had shed no tears over the tragedy that darkened her own life, but tears dropped for him who had been and was still the idol of her heart. He was ill and alone.

Her heart whispered, "She must go to him and nurse him. They had all suffered. Poor Ella was gone." Bessie rose, and handing Mrs. Bullen Ella's letter, left the room. She could not trust herself to speak. It was all so strange, this message from the dead, giving Fred back to her. Two days after Bessie was in Versailles and in the house over which the shadow of death still clung.

Fred Wilkinson, pale and worn out, the mere shadow of the man of a year ago, lay on a couch. Content was written on his thin face, for Bessie sat by him, holding his hand. They had been talking of the masterpiece that was yet to be finished. The sun was setting, the room was filled with a golden glow, and the future stretching from the dark background of the year that had just ended was, they felt, good to look upon. They were only one year older than when they last sat together hand in hand, yet it seemed as if in that short time they had learned through pain the sum total of human wisdom that man is a creature of circumstance and love the essence of life. Without the circumstance that brought Ella into their lives, one of the greatest masterpieces had never been painted and neither had ever known how much they loved.—New York Weekly.

A PARIS HORROR

Cheaper to Starve Cab Horses Than to Feed Them.

Some sensational revelations have been made in the press by Marie Lutgen, who is now a licensed cab driver, notwithstanding the fact that she bears the title of Countess du Pin de la Guerniere. In the course of her investigations she has made the discovery that all the decent food that cab horses receive is paid for by kind-hearted drivers out of their own meagre earnings. In other words, the proprietors of the cab establishments find that it is cheaper to starve a horse, and when it drops dead buy another, than it is to keep him well fed.

A Paris cab horse, she states, hardly ever tastes hay or oats, but is just kept alive on rotten potatoes, moldy bran and barley, and the refuse that comes from breweries. She declares that one establishment even keeps a poor horse for the purpose of experimenting. It is harnessed into a sort of treadmill, and is fed, among other things, on pounded wood shavings, which are gradually reduced, in order to find out the minimum limit to which a horse could be usefully starved. Among the company's drivers this horse is known as the "Chairman's hobbyhorse."

Mme. Lutgen tells other diabolical stories of cabmen keeping iron-tipped sticks wherewith to prod their worn-out beasts, and driving wounded horses day by day, purposely whipping them on their sores. If such fiendish cruelty as this be practiced, even by half a dozen cabmen, the only thing will be to give up cabs altogether. Every one has pitied Paris horses, half of them lean, weary, heartbroken jades, which, when they are down, wish only to die. Mme. Lutgen's conclusion is that the unfortunate Paris horse will have a better chance of a decent existence with a cabwoman than with a cabman.—Paris correspondence of the New York Times.

MAGNETIC POLE IS LIVELY.

Capt. Amundsen Tells How It Wavers and of the Ways of the Netchjillis.

Capt. Roald Amundsen, who discovered the Northwest Passage, lectured in Carnegie Hall, New York City, upon his voyage in the little 70-ton sloop, the Gjoa. The lecture was illustrated with numerous pictures taken during that remarkable trip.

Capt. Amundsen left Christiania on June 16, 1903, and at the opening of Winter was at King William Land. He and his party remained there a couple of Winters, and he began the magnetic observations which later led to the conclusion that the north magnetic pole is not at all stationary, but jumps about from place to place in a most erratic way. That was another discovery of his. Having made the Northwest Passage, the Gjoa anchored at San Francisco in the Autumn of 1906.

The lecturer told a great deal about the family life of the Netchjilli Eskimo, mentioned by Sir James Ross, who tried to make the Northwest Passage in 1830. The lecturer said that in a Netchjilli home the wife allows the husband to do most of the talking when company is in the house.

Capt. Amundsen still further horrified the audience by telling them that when a Netchjilli mother wishes to give her baby a bath she takes him out of the suspended hood at her back and follows the method used by a tabby cat in dressing down her kitten. Suicide is not unknown among these Eskimos, he went on, and when they are very sick they consider it better to kill themselves than to suffer extreme pain.

The customary ceremony is as follows, explained Capt. Amundsen: A hide string is stretched across the house a few inches above the floor. All the members of the family solemnly retire to the outside, leaving the sick person within. But there are peep holes, and through these they watch him. He gets up and bends down over the string, trying to force his throat so hard upon it that he is strangled. If the peepers outside decide that he is not getting along as fast as he should they kindly go in and help him strangle himself.

An Undeserved Reflection.

A New York clergyman, who often spends his vacation in fishing the streams of the Adirondacks, was on one trip adopted by a handsome setter dog, which insisted on following him from camp to camp, as he moved along the stream.

One day he met a party of men working upstream with a native guide. The guide immediately recognized the dog as his own property.

"Trying to steal my setter, are you?" he shouted at the clergyman. "I'll have you to jail for this! There's a law in the woods just as big as you have in the city!"

The clergyman endeavored to explain that he was an unwilling companion of the dog, which had refused to be driven away, but to little effect until he added a $2 bill to his arguments.

"Its' queer what strange things happen to a man up here," he said to the stage-driver who later carried him away from the woods. "That is the first time I was ever accused of stealing a dog."

"Yes, sir," replied the driver, sympathetically, and added, after a moment's pause: "For myself, sir, I have never been accused of stealing anything."—Youth's Companion.

The herring catch off the shores of England represents $15,000,000 annually.

AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

The new State of Oklahoma is the richest and most promising ever admitted to the American Union. She has half as many people as all the thirteen original States combined when they achieved their independence. By actual count of noses she has six times the population of any other State ever received at the time of admission into the Union. She has fifty times the amount of wealth that could be claimed by any of her predecessors at the beginning of their State life, and has, what not one of them could show, all the arts and sciences, the improvements and progress that go to make a highly civilized commonwealth, from wireless telegraphy to the skyscraper, from the telephone to chemical farming. More than a million and a half persons claim the new State as theirs, and it will not be long after the census is taken in 1910 before the 2,000,000-mark will be passed. All the old States have sent their best blood into Oklahoma to give it cosmopolitan life, and, no matter where you are from, if you travel within its borders you will find your own people. Spots that were grassy prairies are hustling towns to-day; yesterday's towns are cities now.

Up-to-dateness seems to be the watchword of Oklahoma's people in the rural districts as well as in the populous cities. Every farmer has his windmill, gasolene engine or mechanical water power for supplying his house and outbuildings, and many own automobiles. Telephones bring them into close communication with the towns, and the rural free delivery bears daily mail to their doors. Oklahoma can raise anything which grows between the Canadian border and Florida and Texas. The cotton yield to the acre is greater than that in any other State or Territory in the Union.

Only three of the territories now remain, Alaska, Arizona and New Mexico. The probability is that one or both of these last-named will soon be admitted to the United States, and then every section of the country except Alaska, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines will be represented in the Senate.

Some facts about Oklahoma, the forty-sixth State: Population, 1,500,000; size, 70,430 square miles—larger than the combined area of all New England; will send five Congressmen to Washington—four Democrats, one Republican; elected one blind man and one part Cherokee Indian to the Senate; has the longest constitution ever put together for a State; its first Governor, C. N. Haskell, Democrat, defeated Frank Frantz, the Rough Rider Territorial Governor, appointed by the President, by 30,000 majority; Oklahoma City, the biggest town in the State, has 45,000 inhabitants and is only 15 years old; Oklahoma has 6,000 miles of railroad track within its borders; has six times the population and fifty times the wealth claimed by any other State at the time of its admission to the Union.

SOME REAL MONEY PANICS.

Episodes Which Make Recent Inconveniences Look Trifling.

A community which has been confronted with closing of institutions where it kept its money balances always considers its case one of unparalleled misfortune, says the New York Post. Yet there have been "panics," even in recent times, when circumstances were more heart-breaking even than that of depositors in the Knickerbocker and of the dozen other smaller banks which went down with it. The case of 1857, almost forgotten, was one in which not only bank deposits, but the money in the pocket of every individual, turned out useless for private wants. The mood of the man who learned of the closing of a string of note-issuing banks under the older system and who searched his pocket book anxiously to see if his means of paying petty bills was suddenly cut off, had a different aspect even than to-day's.

Five months after our panic of 1893, the two banks in the colony of Newfoundland, whose circulating notes made up the whole currency of the island, closed their doors, and both were completely insolvent. The community was literally left without any circulating medium until gold arrived from England; a state of barter existed and where personal credit did not survive the tinsmith took his pans to the baker to buy bread. A full year after that extraordinary event—the colonial government having in the meantime guaranteed up to 40 per cent the notes of one of the two defaulting banks—a man would get, in his daily currency at St. John's, bills for $10 stamped in red ink, "guaranteed for $4," and they bought just $4 worth of goods.

CAR FOR ROYAL CHILDREN.

The Princess of Wales Has Designed a Picnic Automobile.

The Princess of Wales has her own ideas about how an automobile should be built. A car embodying some of her own pet features has just been completed for her by a prominent firm of English builders. Like the king, she has shown her preference for the British-built article, says the Kansas City Star.

An attempt has been made to make the new car a picnic vehicle. It is designed for the youngsters and a folding table is a feature. This can be put in position in a few moments for the serving of tea and light refreshments.

In designing the car her loyal highness stipulated that the two diminutive seats intended for the children should be placed as far as possible from the door, so as to obviate the possibility of injury in case of accident. In addition to the two seats for children there is room for three people in the compartment.

The car is of medium power, 28-36 horse-power. Its color is an unusual shade of green and her royal highness' hand is in evidence there also. She is said to have hit upon the peculiar shade in a unique manner. While strolling in the grounds of York College, Sandringham, the princess was struck by an unusual mingling of greens on a fir tree. A bunch of the leaves was obtained to match it. The princess is said to be delighted with the result.

The young princes and princess are overjoyed with the idea of having a big car which can be said to be theirs alone. An unusually large window in the back of the car enables them to look out at the rear, a further delight, especially in fast traveling.

LIBERTY SPREADING.

Menelek of Abyssinia to Grant a Constitution to His People.

The leaven of modern political ideas and of free government is constantly working and spreading throughout the world. A few years before the middle of the last century there was only one little state—Piedmont—on the European continent that had securely won free government. Even in Great Britain the restriction of the suffrage prevented the full enjoyment of democratic government. Now all this is changed in Europe and even Russia is slowly and laboriously falling into the procession of constitutionalism.

In Asia, too, constitutional government is advancing. The case of Japan is known to all. Recently in Persia—that degenerate land of Cyrus and Xerxes, whose power once dominated all western Asia—a constitution has not long since been accorded the people. And now comes Abyssinia, in Africa, whose King Menelek II., who claims

KING MENELEK.

descent from Solomon, has decided on giving a constitution to his subjects. As a first step in this reform he has just established a cabinet, with ministers of foreign affairs, justice, finance, commerce and war. The constitution, when the time is ripe for it, will follow. In order to acquaint himself the better with European governmental systems, Menelek has a commission traveling from court to court picking up information which later is to be turned to the advantage of Abyssinia.

Menelek, for an African potentate, who has never left the limits of his dominions, is a progressive ruler and has introduced many modern improvements into his kingdom. He came to the throne in 1889 and under him the Italian ambition to rule the country was effectively ended at Adowa, where the Italian army was badly beaten. Menelek is shrewd, far-sighted and picturesque and keeps well posted on foreign affairs. His indorsement of railroad building in his empire will go far to develop the national resources of the country and make that picturesque land better known to the outside world.

"Scouring the Land."

I have just been examining an old book containing the accounts of the charity estate of West Haddon, embracing the years 1773-1850. Under date Aug. 17, 1776, is the following entry:

"Paid Richard Worster seven days' work, cutting thorns and scowering and stoping of gaps, 10s. 6d."

The term "scouring the ditch" is used on Jan. 8, 1781, and appears many times after this date, the last instance being on April 28, 1820.—London Notes and Queries.

A stiff upper lip has nothing in common with a limber tongue.

ANCIENT GOLD MINES.

Workings of Solomon's Time Still Yield Precious Metal.

Rhodesia, British Zambesia, ranks among the chief gold-bearing countries of the world. The ancients mined and carried away enormous quantities of the precious metal, but under the scientific mining systems of the present day their operations will be greatly surpassed, says the Baltimore Sun.

It has been suggested that perhaps Rhodesia was the ancient land of Ophir, the land of the mysterious King Solomon's mine, but the theory is strongly combated by some investigators. The ancient gold workings are the basis of modern operations. For every ten square miles of Rhodesia there was one ancient mine; that is, there are 75,000 old holes, which means that stupendous wealth was dug out of the earth before the days of Cecil Rhodes and his companions. Much of this wealth must have gone to the north and east; it was probably wrought into the crown of the Queen of Sheba and filled the coffers of Solomon.

The ancient smelting furnaces are still easy to recognize. They are sunk into the floor. The furnace blow pipes are made of the finest granite powder cement, and the nozzles of the blow pipes are covered with splashes of gold. The linings of the holes are covered with specks of gold. When the first lining became worn by the heat a fresh lining of cement of an excellent quality, which has outlasted time, was smeared round on the top of the old lining.

Apparently the ancients wasted gold lavishly. The yellow metal has been found in large quantities in the forms of pellets as large as buckshot in the vicinity of the furnaces and also thrown away on the debris heaps outside of the old buildings.

The tools of the ancient workers which have thus far been discovered include a small soapstone hammer and burnishing stones of waterworn rock, to which gold still adheres. Thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of gold ornaments have been taken in the last seven or eight years from the ruins of Matabeleland alone.

Sermon in a Penitentiary.

The strangest sensation I ever felt, says a Philadelphia clergyman, was when I preached to the prisoners one Sunday at the Eastern penitentiary. I stood on the hard stone floor in the middle of a long double tier of cells. Around me there were hundreds of listeners, yet I could see but two or three, whose white faces were pressed against the bars. The remainder did not even look at me, preferring to sit quietly in their cells, out of sight, and listen. When I began to speak I raised my voice so that everybody could hear me, but was astonished to hear a muffled growl from a near-by cell, the possessor of the voice saying: "Don't talk so loud; you can hear a whisper in here when the doors are open." So I lowered my tones and went on speaking. Suddenly the absurdity of the gestures I was making struck me, as there were so few to see them, so I quit that. It was a most peculiar feeling, speaking to an audience that did not see me, that I actually got a species of stage fright and was forced to bring my sermon to an untimely close.

When a young woman tells a clerk in a shoe store that she is not prepared to try on shoes, it means she has a hole in her stocking.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Usurpation of Power.

The President of the United States is a unique figure amongst the heads of the nations. He has more power than the Czar of Russia, because the Czar is held in check by the Imperial Council, whose members have great individual influence and represent not only the civil, but the ecclesiastical power which is omnipotent. The President controls absolutely his cabinet and all other executive officials through the influence of patronage. He in a great measure controls the majority party of Congress. Only the Supreme Court is above and independent of him and that court can be packed for special purposes of great party necessity by the appointment to vacancies as they occur. President Roosevelt tried not long ago to obtain a promise from Chief Justice Fuller to retire, so that a Republican appointee of the President could take the place, thereby perhaps changing the decisions of the court on political questions. There is another power that President Roosevelt has invoked when he summoned representatives of capital and labor to his council chamber and forced them to arbitrate questions of disagreement between them and promise to abide by the decision of a commission of his appointing, there being no warrant for such a summary proceeding either in the Constitution or the statute law. In that case the suffering of the people from the scarcity of coal produced by the strike made many people endorse that action and approve it.

A faction of the Republican party, which may be termed the radical wing, are intent on concentrating all power in the hands of the President by virtually allowing him to become the dictator of politics, legislation, business and morals. No former President of the Republic ever dreamed of this one man power and the fathers of the Republic would have been discarded if they had attempted it. The legislative branch of the government was expressly made independent of the President as far as the law making power is concerned, the President only having the right to recommend legislation and to veto bills he could not approve, but even the veto power was limited, for two-thirds of Congress could override it. In time of war and dire stress the fathers of the Republic never attempted to coerce the legislators.

But lately another ruler has arisen that arrogates to himself imperial power, sometimes wisely wielded, but often sadly misplaced. No man is so good and great that he can do all things wisely and well and the distribution of power through the legislative, judicial and executive departments was intended to so balance things that a dictator would be impossible.

We are on the verge of overthrowing that wise distribution of power and may regret before long that we have sanctioned, if not actually approved, most revolutionary proceedings. The next President may be a worse man than the present one, he may be more adroit and circumspect in increasing and using his power and a President may soon appear that will find imperial power ready made to his hand and he may seize it. Could we dethrone him if he did so? He would command the army and navy; under the new law he also controls the militia. He could if he would over awe us and by adroit management perpetuate his power. There is no law against third terms or fourth ones, and it would not be difficult to find a pretext for the use of armed men at the polls and to drive those opposed to his re-election away from the counting of the votes and partisanship would do the rest. This is what people must think of if they wish to see the perpetuation of the Republic in which all the public have a voice.

Deceiving the People.

There seems to be a systematic and malignant effort on the part of a certain class of people to undermine the reputation of America's greatest men. Not long ago some scamp announced in Republican papers that George Washington was a tax-dodger. He had really refused to pay illegal tax, just as John Hampden had done, and just as the people of Boston subsequently did. But the scamp insinuated that it was a legal tax which Washington refused to pay. It was not; and Washington did not pay it. The British crown was afraid to enforce it. King George remembered what had happened to Charles I, as the result of the ship money case, in which Hampton figured. These same scamps pretend to have discovered that Stephen Girard, founder of Girard College, one of the greatest charities in the world, had a dungeon under his house, and that he placed his creditors in that dungeon, and so escaped the payment of his debts, and thereby amassed the great fortune which he gave for the education of American youth. The people should be put on their guard against these calumnies. They are not only lies, but they are intended to disgust uninformed people with American ideals.

Rebellious Citizens.

One of the leading Republicans of Pennsylvania, Mayor Reyburn of Philadelphia, refuses to be a delegate to the Republican National Convention. "Why should I play the hypocrite and participate in a convention which will indorse policies I do not agree with?" said the Mayor to the Republican leaders who proposed that he be one of the Philadelphia delegates.

"No, I won't go to a convention which must assuredly indorse Roosevelt. I swallow him, but would not help to adopt resolutions indorsing him." Then we have ex-President J. F. Hanson, who for years has been the most conspicuous Republican in Georgia, denouncing President Roosevelt as "the greatest demagogue" of the day, and crediting the present financial crisis to his agitation against railroads and other corporations. "I voted for Roosevelt," said Mr. Hanson, "and contributed to his campaign, but I am very sorry for it." This now undesirable citizen, who is also a railroad president, evidently belongs to the Harriman class, for he boosted the Roosevelt corruption fund and his sin has found him out. Republican harmony seems to have departed like Republican prosperity.

Results.

In his Indianapolis speech of May 30, 1907, opening his campaign to dictate the Presidential succession, President Roosevelt stated explicitly that rate reduction is no part of his program. He argued for high rates as necessary for "prosperity," declaring that "any unthinking movement to cut them down may be equivalent to putting a complete stop to the attempt to provide a better transportation."

As this view is extended to prices in general, it leaves no one at liberty to misunderstand the Presidential program, as ex-Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, must do if he expects what he understands as "results" from it.

When the Federal courts are used to attack a corporation or combination of corporations, which in either rates or prices is taking money unfairly or in violation of law, the results expected by the people of the Dakotas, of the West and of the country generally, are a reduction of the expenses of business and of living to a basis of fairness.

Not considering at all the question of whether rates are too high in any part of the country to be fair, or whether prices dictated by protected monopolies are generally too high to be fair, the President waived all this openly at the start, and in doing so waived with it the results the public expects, as Mr. Pettigrew does.

There can be no such results from the President's "policy." He is using the whole power of the Federal Government, its vast machinery of offices and the millions paid monthly from the treasury in salaries with no concealment of his purpose to control State after State in a way that will deprive it of its local power of choice in politics. He does this openly and he reaches openly even down to city elections in doing it. At the same time and in the same connection, he uses the Federal courts for carrying out the campaign he planned before he outlined it at Jamestown and Indianapolis.

The result it is intended to reach first is the dictation of the Presidential succession. It is then proposed to assume control of business in the States, as he has now assumed control of politics in States the Federal machine has subdued. But in no case have such results as the public expects followed his activities. In no case are they to be looked for. The prices dictated by protected monopolies go higher, but he is not fighting extortionate prices. He is not attempting to cheapen rates. No such results can follow his work, and any organization he dominates will be used to prevent them. —St. Louis Republic.

What the Elections Show.

While the elections throughout the country were too scattering and local in character to show any general trend, a few significant facts are observable. Among these are the overwhelming re-election of District Attorney Langdon in San Francisco and of District Attorney John B. Moran in Boston. Both results show that the people do appreciate fearless and efficient public servants. These men have not only preached, but have practiced, equality before the law. They have shown themselves as ready to prosecute big criminals as little ones. The people will uphold such officials when they are in earnest.

Even more significant is the great majority given Tom L. Johnson in his fight for a fourth re-election in Cleveland. Against Mr. Johnson was all the power of the public utilities corporations and of the national administration. So desperate was the fight that Theodore L. Burton, one of the Republican leaders of the national House of Representatives, was drafted to run as the opposition candidate. President Roosevelt and several Cabinet members openly wrote letters in Burton's behalf. But for once Federal interference went too far. Despite the fact that Johnson had to make the fight single-handed, and that he had a normal Republican majority of perhaps 10,000 to overcome, he reversed this and was elected by a plurality of more than 9,000.

So signal is this victory that it has sent Taft presidential stock down in Ohio, and may even result in forcing the administration to bring a new candidate to the front.

The people not only do support their honest champions, but they resent Federal brigade methods quite as much as of old.—Chicago Examiner.

Wage Reduction.

The tariff tax on window glass, which ranges from 35.17 per cent to over 100 per cent, does not seem to protect the glass blowers and other workmen employed in its manufacture in continuing to obtain higher wages. The new scale of wages just adopted for 1907-08 makes a reduction of 30 per cent and over. The National Glass Budget, in reporting the new scale, says. "It is generally conceded that a reduction of from 35 to 40 per cent over last year's wages is now required to meet conditions. So protection does not protect the workingman, although it protects the Glass Trust from competition and allows it to keep up the price of glass to the American consumer. It must also be borne in mind that most of the glass factories have been closed down for over six months during the past year, so that the high wages then paid have been cut in half by idleness."

Leading Results.

Amongst the practical results of the panic are these:

The steel trust has gained control of the Tennessee Coal and Iron company, its chief competitor, thus becoming a more complete monopoly than ever.

Armour and company, the meat monopoly, have gained control of the National Packing company, its chief competitor.

Harriman has gained control of the Central Railroad of Georgia, thus increasing his power. The sharks are all fatter.

The world's record for the greatest number of divorce cases is held by the Hungarian city of Arad.