PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

JAIL FOR TRUST OFFENDERS.

By Attorney General Bonaparte.

C. J. BONAPARTE.

I have noticed a good many complaints that criminal prosecutions against trust magnates and sentences of imprisonment for them have been very infrequent, and, in fact, for practical purposes, unknown. It is perfectly true that, in my opinion, at least, a better moral effect would be produced by sending a few prominent men to jail than by a great deal of litigation, however successful, against the corporations they controlled. But it must be remembered that it is only successful prosecutions which would have a good effect. Some time since two corporations and their respective presidents were indicted jointly for violation of the criminal provisions of the anti-trust law. If the corporations were guilty of such, it would be hard for the lay mind at least to understand how their presidents could be innocent. Nevertheless the jury convicted the corporations and acquitted the presidents.

It is the avowed purpose of the Department of Justice to prosecute criminally anyone who is really responsible for violations of the anti-trust law wherever it can do so with any reasonable probability of success. It does not care to prosecute mere underlings who are known to everyone to have acted under the direct authority of their superiors.

KINDNESS IN WEDLOCK MAKES HAPPINESS.

By Helen Oldfield.

The man who has hung upon his sweetheart's words and craved her kisses does not realize the pain which he inflicts when he leaves her day after day without a caress, or at most bestows upon her a perfunctory kiss as he starts out in the morning for his business. The question is bound to suggest itself to her: "Is he getting tired of me?" Poor woman! She may worry herself for many an hour with that and similar tormenting queries. He was so gentle and tender when they were engaged; now he bangs the doors all over the house, apparently careless of the fact that her head is aching and her nerves are on edge. He always is too busy to attend to her, too tired to go out with her in the evening. At one time he could not spend hours enough at her side.

Most people who have any strength of character are obliged to have a temper of some sort, even though it be well controlled. The wife who nags is a curse to her husband; the man of whom the utmost which can be expected is that he shall not grumble nor find fault is scarcely a blessing to his family. There are refinements of irritation which are quite as hard to endure as are blows and curses. Social, professional and business intercourse all demand self-control and courtesy alike from men and women; but there are unfortunately those who wholly fail to recognize a similar claim in the family circle.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By Elizabeth C. Baldwin.

Step by step, slowly perhaps but certainly, the public library is following the path already trodden by the public school. The experience of the one is almost identical with that of the other. The place now assigned the public library, by general consent, is that of an integral part of our system of public and free education. On no other theory has it sure and lasting foundation; on no other theory may it be supported by general taxation; on no other theory can it be administered wisely and consistently. A public tax can be levied for the maintenance of a public library only upon the principle which underlies all righteous public taxation; not that the taxpayer wants something and will receive it in proportion to the amount of his contribution, but that the public wants something of such general interest and value that all property owners may be asked and required to contribute toward its cost.

Casting about for a satisfactory supplement and complement for the public schools, we find the public library ready to make it possible for the adult to continue through life the growth begun in childhood in the public school. Only in this way and by this means can we hope to continue the common American people as the most uncommon common people which the world has yet known.

EVILS OF POLITICAL PREJUDICE.

By Prof. Jeremiah W. Jenks.

Some writers on sociology take as the basal instinct on which society is founded the "consciousness of kind." It is apparently this fundamental instinct which leads members of society to distrust others different from themselves and which brings about in many instances conflicts of races, even though there may be no cause often, or reason for these conflicts. In politics, however, we need to study the force of prejudice as well as the force of reason, and the statesman cannot ignore prejudice as a motive force. Political speeches, as a rule, appeal to self-interest. Men who have sacrificed for the party expect their reward, but even most of those who are corrupt in political life would be influenced if they saw clearly the evil effects of their corrupt action.

MOTHER'S COOKING.

I'm unwilling to distress her
By a sick, disgusted look,
But my mother, heaven bless her!
Never did know how to cook.
While my filial affection
It's impossible to shake,
I've an awful recollection
Of the pie she used to make.

From that pie I've never rallied,
Oleaginous with lard,
It was tough and it was pallid,
It was heavy, it was hard.
As a boy I had to risk it,
But she flunked on pie and cake,
And I shudder at the biscuit
That my mother used to make.

I left home when very youthful;
It was all that saved my life,
And I'm partial, to be truthful,
To the cooking of my wife,
But I waste no honeyed phrases—
That would be a great mistake—
And she often hears my praises
Of what mother used to make.
—Chicago News.

Training Him

The girl's face wore an expression of tender commiseration and she leaned forward and touched the young man's bowed head with a light, caressing motion, in which there was something almost maternal.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "I'm very, very sorry."

"You'll spoil the part in my hair if you do that," said the young man, looking up. He said it in quite a matter-of-fact tone.

The girl seemed a little surprised and hurt by his rejection of her sympathy, so that when he asked her if there was absolutely no hope her negative reply bordered on snappiness.

"I know you said so," remarked the young man, leaning back a little in his chair and crossing his legs. "I wanted to be perfectly sure, that's all. If you've quite made up your mind that I won't do I've got to kind of readjust myself. You see, I've been reckoning on your taking me. Of course, I didn't expect you to unless you thought a great deal of me, but I got the idea that you might somehow. Well, I suppose that I mustn't take up your time."

"Sit down," said the girl. "I don't want you to go away thinking that I have been trifling with you and purposely misleading you. I do like you, very much indeed—as a friend. I want to keep you for a friend always, and I'm sure that when you get over this fancy, as you will in a little while, we shall be as good friends as we ever were. If you feel a little bitter now——"

"Oh, no," said the young man. "I'm not feeling bitter. Why should I? Nobody can get just what he wants in this vale of sin and sorrow. All a man can do when he can't get what he wants is to get the best he can and make the most of it. As far as being friends is concerned, that's all right."

"You'll come and see me just the same, then?"

"Well, hardly. Why, no, that wouldn't do. I don't say anything about myself, but you aren't going to be the last rose of summer left blooming alone. You'll go with the rest of the bunch and before most of 'em, or I miss my guess. What would the real candy boy say if he came around and saw me holding down a chair here ten evenings in the week? He'd say, 'Hello! Who's this Johnny?' and he'd go away and think long, long thoughts. I know I would. When I first began coming here and saw the kindergarten on the front stoop I didn't have any idea of joining. It was only after they did the fading act that I came in and began to string beads. You know that. I certainly would never want to queer you."

"I wish you wouldn't talk so much slang," said the girl.

"It was a relapse," said the young man. "I suppose I'll go right back to it, now that you've given up the job of training me."

"You'll find some one else to undertake it."

"Maybe. I don't know who it will be though."

"Margaret Swoop would be glad to, I know."

"She's competent," admitted the young man. "Still, I don't think it will be Margaret. You're probably mistaken about her being willing, anyway. I know it isn't everybody that would be. I don't undervalue myself, but know my bluff at being a good fellow doesn't deceive everybody. You can't fool all the people quite all the time, you remember. I couldn't fool you, for instance."

"You wouldn't fool anybody, as you call it. Any girl in town might be proud to have you."

"I'll give 'em a chance to be proud, of course," said the young man. "I don't think they are going to fall all over each other to gather me in, myself. But I need training badly enough and I've really got to have it."

"Try Margaret, then."

"I will, if you say so, of course, but I kind of had an idea she didn't like me any too well."

The girl laughed queerly. "You certainly don't intend to lose any time about it," she said.

"Why should I?" asked the young man. "Here I've been reforming my evil ways and saving money and using nice language for the last six or eight months, and I don't want to take any chances of going back to what I was before you took me in hand. But what are you looking so mad about?"

"I'm not looking mad," protested the girl, indignantly. "I don't think you are worth being mad at. To come up here and coolly talk to me about proposing to other girls after all you've told me, and——"

"But I didn't start the talk. You began it."

"Of course you would blame it on to me. I should be sorry for any girl

"I'M NOT LOOKING MAD," PROTESTED THE GIRL.

who would be foolish enough to let herself care for you. I don't believe you ever cared for me a particle and I wish I'd never seen you. Go away this minute!"

The young man arose from his chair and bent over the lounge. "What do you suppose I asked you to marry me for if I didn't care for you?" he asked.

"To train you," answered the girl in a voice muffled by a sofa cushion. "Go and get Margaret to train you. I don't care, I'm sure."

The young man laid his hand gently on her shoulder, but she shook herself violently and he drew back.

"Be-besides," said the girl, "I don't believe you meant even to propose to me. If I hadn't——"

The young man took something from a little case and, possessing himself of her hand, slipped it on a certain finger. "What do you suppose I bought that for, then?" he said. "Now, take your head out of those cushions and look at me."

The hand was unresisting, but there was no emergence.

"P-p-perhaps you were going to see Margaret. You d-didn't want me to rumple your hair."

"Are you coming out?"

Nothing more was said for about three minutes.

Then what was said was nobody's business. But before the young man went away his hair was beautifully parted with a side comb.—Chicago Daily News.

The Parting the Ways.

"Cut out that crying!" cried the desperate husband. "We are at the parting of the ways. Make your choice. Which shall go in the ash-barrel—your picture post card collection or your Teddy bear?"

But the problem being too much for the wife, she promptly fainted.—Puck.

FACTS ABOUT GRAPE JUICE.

Refreshing Beverage, Made with or Without Water—Its Use.

The popularity of the grape juice both as a beverage and a flavoring has certainly increased during the last few years, says the New York Tribune. Some women, who years ago began to prepare it to use at communion instead of fermented wine, have found it delicious in desserts, as well as a refreshing drink, made festive with sprigs of mint and slices of lemon. Here are several good ways to prepare unfermented grape juice: Pick the grapes off the stems, put them in a covered stone jar and set the jar in a pot of boiling water. Let the water boil around the jar for half an hour, or until the grapes are well cooked. Strain the juice from the grapes and let it stand in a cool place over night. In the morning bring the juice to the boiling point and let it boil for twenty minutes. Add sugar to suit the taste. Fill heated fruit jars to the brim and seal tightly. This rule is an old Tribune recipe and is very rich, as no water is used when cooking the grapes. It should be diluted with a little ice water when used as a beverage.

Here is a rule for unfermented grape juice in which water is used: Pick over the grapes, rejecting all unsound ones. Put in a porcelain lined kettle and almost cover with cold water. Heat slowly, mashing the grapes and cooking until all the juice is out. Drain in a jelly bag and measure the liquid, adding one-third of a cupful of granulated sugar for each quart. Boil for four minutes, then bottle and seal.

The following recipe was sent by a Tribune subscriber some time ago. Its special advantage is that the measurements are exact and little is left to one's judgment, an advantage which a young or inexperienced preserver will appreciate:

"To twelve quarts of grapes, stemmed and washed, add three pints of water. Boil them in a porcelain lined kettle until soft; strain and to every three quarts of juice add a pound of sugar. Heat to the boiling point and seal in air-tight cans."

An old housewife who has had much experience in making grape juice for church purposes gives the following points, which may be of use to those who have had little experience. She says that she finds cheesecloth the best thing for straining the juice and that if the stems of the grapes are left on the juice seems to strain out better, as they break up the thick mass of cooked grapes, making it less compact. She uses ordinary glass fruit jars. She puts them in a pan of hot water with hot water in them and a granite pie plate on the stove with water in it. Stand one hot jar, empty, at a time on the pie plate; put its rubber ring on it. Fill to overflowing with boiling hot juice; seal at once as tightly as possible. Before you put away the jars test them by carefully turning them upside down. If juice begins to exude put the contents into the preserving kettle again. Try another top and fill to overflowing with water from the tea kettle. If, when filling the jars, there is not quite enough juice for the last jar, always fill up with ordinary boiling water until it overflows. This last jar will not be quite so rich in quality as the others, but it will keep, as it would not were the jar not completely full. Do not put the jars where there is a possibility of their freezing, but keep in a cold place.

Vindicated at Last.

An up-State correspondent has found in an old scrap book a bit of verse that bears out the theory advanced by Congressman Roberts of Utah, that Adam was the most chivalrous of all men, and only ate the forbidden fruit because he would not be separated from Eve. Seeing this mentioned in last Tuesday's Nosegay column he sent on a copy of the verse. It reads:

Daughters of Eve, your mother did not well
She placed the apple in your father's hand.
Adam was not deceived, nor yet could stand;
For love of her he gave his throne,
With her could die, but could not live alone.
—Philadelphia Record.

TALKS WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

CHILDREN AT RECESS.

At recess on a stormy day
We used to get our maps, and once
Or twice, to pass the time away,
We gave our geographic "stunts."

Some little river, or perhaps
One of the larger railway lines,
Or hamlet, hidden mid the map's
Most scraggly topographic signs.

Instead of such, when my turn came
(They were not clever, understand),
I picked no tiny brevier name,
But gave them boldly "Rupert Land."

The boys and girls looked long, but vain,
Searching the map with turn and twist,
Missing what always is so plain—
That plainest things are easiest missed.

And, when they gave it up at last,
"No fair," all shouted in a rage,
And withering looks at me they cast
When shown the name across the page.

From the Pacific far across
The bold big letters stretched away
To where the icy billows toss
On the wild coast of Baffin's Bay.

So bristling with scorn or scare
Of him who God's great truth divines,
Preachers and pedants cry, "Not fair!
Come search these theologic signs.

"The Hebrew text, the ancient Greek,
The vowel sounds, the meaning's guess."
Alas! they know not what they seek,
Like children playing at recess.
—William J. Roe in the Christian Register.

FRANKIE'S LESSON.

"Frankie, you may tell me what you wish first," said Miss Barrows, the primary teacher, as three of her small pupils raised their hands at the same time one Friday afternoon.

"Please may I sit in Tommy Lawrence's seat this afternoon?" asked Frankie, in a strange little voice. "The sun is hot here."

The two other little boys whose hands had been in the air quickly dropped them, looking very much surprised and confused.

"Why, yes," answered Miss Burrows, but her tone was a little doubtful. The sun certainly was very bright where Frankie sat.

Frankie settled himself in his new seat, but he did not feel half so happy as he supposed he would when the coveted privilege had been granted him. There was the most wonderful book in Tommy's desk! There were pictures of cowboys and Indians in it—and pirates! Tommy Lawrence was going to be a pirate when he grew up—he had confided his ambition to them that morning when he brought the book to school.

When he thought it over, he could not very well look at the pictures in that book without Miss Barrows seeing it, and if she saw it she would take it away, of course.

This was the day the silver stars were given out. So far he had carried one home every Friday that term, and how proud his mother was to see the proof of her little son's good behavior!

He did not dare to look at that book, now he was so near it. Oh, how he did wish he had been content to sit at his own desk and wait until some other time to see those pirates!

Two big tears splashed down on his composition and made a dreadful blot. Miss Barrows was coming up the aisle, and she was so particular about neatness. He hastily thrust the inky paper into his desk until the teacher passed by. He drew it out again, to find that the most awful thing had happened! The composition had blotted itself on the brilliant cover of the pirate book! What should he do? Frankie had never felt so miserable before in his life. He felt so ashamed when he looked at that star.

He rolled up the book that was the cause of so much misfortune and tucked it under his blouse. Then as soon as school was over he evaded his playmates and ran all the way to Tommy Lawrence's house. His hand trembled so he could hardly ring the bell, but he had made up his mind that the only thing to do was to see Tommy Lawrence.

Tommy's mother came to the door. "Is Tommy sick?" he asked.

"No, the future pirate is in his usual health," replied Mrs. Lawrence, with a smile, "but he is under punishment for taking a book to school. He had promised he would leave it at home. I hope you always mind your mother, Frankie," she continued. "You are a good boy at school, I see, for you have a silver star."

"Oh, no, I'm not!" cried Frankie. "I've been bad today. I came to tell you"—and he laid his head on Tommy's mother's shoulder, and sobbed out the story of his misdemeanor.

"It is more Tommy's fault than yours," said Mrs. Lawrence. "If he had obeyed me and left that book at home, then there would have been no trouble, but if you were my little boy I should have you go back to school and tell your teacher, so that you would be sure to remember this."

"Yes'm," said Frankie, "I'm going."

Miss Barrows did not make him give up his star. She told him that she was sure that no punishment would be necessary to make him remember his lesson.—Christine Gleason in Youth's Companion.

AN ELEPHANT CAUGHT A FISH.

Elephants are very wise, and can be trained to do many things. A gentleman who had lived for many years in India tells some interesting stories of these great beasts. He had owned one that became so fond of his two small boys that the parents felt glad if the children were in the elephant's care. The three friends often went off on long tramps together, and the elephant never failed to come stalking home with the two small boys riding, happy and safe, on his back.

One day they remained away so long that the father finally went to look after them. After some searching he came out on the river bank, and a funny sight met his eyes.

The great elephant was standing knee deep in the mud, with a happy small boy squatting on either side of him, and all three were fishing just as hard as they could. The boys held their rods in their hands and their companion held his with his trunk, while they all were watching the corks bobbing about on top of the water. By and by the elephant's line gave a flop, and the boys crowded up to see if it really meant that he had caught a fish. He had, and, while the big brute watched them solemnly, they pulled out the line, detached the fish, and then, putting on another worm, gravely handed the rod back to its owner.—Detroit News Tribune.

ANIMALS AS MECHANICS.

It is only within recent years that men have learned how to make houses and other structures of cement. This art is probably yet in a crude stage, and by and by mankind may learn to use the material in vastly more skilful and efficient ways.

But many of the lower animals have for ages been making their houses of mud or of similar plastic and hardening substances. The cliff swallow's skilfully built home is indeed a wonderful structure, especially when we take into consideration the simple way in which the bird does the work. Imagine a boy or a girl trying to make such a structure of mud and handling the material only by the aid of pointed pliers. Yet the bird does it and does it well with her pointed bill. In some cement structures, especially in railroad embankments, you have probably noticed that the workmen first put in several iron rods to increase the strength of the wall. This is, practically, what the phoebe, the robin and other birds do when they mix a liberal supply of grasses and other plant fibers, and even strings, through their concretions of mud.—From "Nature and Science" in St. Nicholas.

TOUCHING THE BULL'S-EYE.

This is more of a trick than a game, and is played with two confederates, who work in one room, while the company stays in the other.

A rough target is drawn and pinned at a convenient height upon the wall, and one of the company is called in. He is placed about five feet from the target and is told to aim with his forefinger for the bull's-eye. When he is sure he is pointing in the right direction, he is blindfolded by one confederate, while the other stands close by the target. He is told to walk toward it and see if, with his out-stretched forefinger, he can touch the bull's-eye.

The confederate by the target slightly opens his mouth and follows the direction of the pointing finger until the blindfolded victim finds it caught firmly but not roughly between the rows of teeth.

Then, as he is "initiated," he stays with the confederates while, one by one, the other victims walk into the trap.

It is great fun if there is good humor at the feast.—Washington Star.

QUEER POSITIONS OF HEARTS.

There is one curious fact which not everybody notices about the common, finger-long, green caterpillars of our larger moths. Their hearts, instead of being in front, are at the back of the body and extend along the entire length of the animal. One can see the heart distinctly through the thin skin and can watch its slow beat, which starts at the tail and moves forward to the head.

Hearts of this sort reaching from head to tail are not at all uncommon in the simpler creatures. The earthworm has one, and so have most worms, caterpillars and other crawling things. Hearts in the middle of the back also are quite as frequent as those in what seems to us to be the natural place. Many animals, the lobster for example, and the crayfish and the crab, which have short hearts like those of the beasts and birds, nevertheless have them placed just under the shell in what, in ourselves, would be the small of the back.—From "Nature and Science," in St. Nicholas.

ONLY FIFTY CENTS.

There was once a little country cousin who went to visit a city cousin, and he learned much of life, as you shall see. Before the boy started for the city his father gave him 50 cents, with which to have some fun. When he arrived in the city he told his cousin of the money and asked his advice as to the best way of spending the half dollar. The city cousin began to think, and at last suggested the circus, but as there was only the half dollar between them, they had a difficulty to set aside.

"The seats are 50 cents," said the city cousin, "and so we can only buy one."

"Let us toss up for it!" said the country cousin, with the air of the millionaire who cares little for results where modest fortunes are concerned.

So they tossed up and the city cousin got it!

Imagine, if you can, the feeling of the country boy when he saw his companion and the hope for fun disappearing in the circus tent.—Washington Star.

As Japanese See It.

It is said the Japanese think our grown women most alarmingly overgrown, very shocking in their costume, and quite dreadful as regards their teeth and their feet—in a word, outrageous. They consider the kimono preferable to western habiliments because it so completely obliterates the lines of the figure. They teach girls to talk with their lips almost closed, concealing the teeth, and to walk with the feet parallel in tiny steps or even toeing in.—Kansas City Journal.

WESTON'S GREAT WALK.

Aged Pedestrian Who Tramped from Portland, Me., to Chicago.

Remarkable indeed was the endurance shown by Edward Payson Weston, the aged athlete who at 69 repeated his feat of forty years ago in walking from Portland, Me., to Chicago. He tramped the 1,234 miles in 24 days, 19 hours and 15 minutes, breaking his former record by 24 hours.

His longest day's walk on the recent trip was 95 3-10 miles, while on the former journey the best day was only eighty-two miles.

Weston's stride is almost a shuffle. He takes two or three steps of ordinary length and then falls into a dog trot. But it is not a dog trot. It is a little trick to relieve the strain upon the leg muscles. And it gets him over

EDWARD P. WESTON.

the ground amazingly fast. He walks with as little effort as possible, leaning slightly forward and frequently zigzagging. At times he is apparently forced onward by his weight, falling from one foot to the other without visible effort.

Weston gives this advice to young men: "Don't smoke cigarettes; smoke cigars or a pipe if you must. Eat prunes daily; take a cold sponge bath each morning; walk to and from work; don't keep late hours, if you would be old and feel a youth. When I left Portland to begin my walk the future oppressed me. I had a task to perform. I felt like a man of 90. When it was concluded I felt like a man of 21. Walking is the best thing for man or woman, done in the open air.

HE WAS A JUDGE OF TEA.

Thought He Had Got the Best of His Wife.

A certain suburban resident who is somewhat of a gourmet discovered one day that his wife was giving him tea at 1s 4d to drink. Although he had never made any complaints about the quality of the tea, no sooner did he discover the price than he detected all sorts of shortcomings in the article supplied and when he went down to business that morning he dropped into a tea store and bought a pound of orange pekoe at 3s 6d, says Answers. This he carried home in the night, and, taking the opportunity of the kitchen being empty, he hunted around till he found the tea caddy, which was nearly full. The contents of this he threw away and replaced out of his own package. It had not been his intention to say anything about the substitution, but next morning he could not help referring to the improved quality of the beverage.

"This is something like tea this morning," he said. "Don't you notice the difference?"

"No, I don't," said his wife. "It tastes to me exactly like the tea we have been drinking for the last month, and so it should, for it is the same tea."

The husband laughed.

"That's just like a woman," he said. "You never know what is good and what isn't unless we tell you. Now, I could have told you with my eyes shut that this tea is better than what we have been drinking."

"It is a pity you haven't been drinking with your eyes shut all along," retorted the lady. "Anyway, it is the same tea."

"Now, I'll just prove to you," said her husband, "how defective a woman's sense of taste is. Yesterday I bought a pound of 3s 6d tea, threw out what was in the caddy, and put mine in its place. And to think that you never noticed the difference!"

"Which caddy did you empty?"

"One on the upper shelf of the pantry," was the reply.

"I thought so," said the lady, quietly. "That was some special tea I keep for special occasions. The caddy with the cheap tea is in the cupboard in the kitchen, and this," she added, with an exasperating smile, as she lifted the teapot, "was made out of the selfsame caddy as it has been every morning. What a blessing it must be to you to possess such a cultivated taste! I have heard that tea tasters get very high salaries. Now, don't you——"

But he cut her remarks short by leaving the room.

Quite So.

Miss Cutting—Of course, I suppose, your fiance considers you pretty.

Miss Hoamley—I don't know, but I do know he considers me very clever.

Miss Cutting—Oh! Naturally. Every man considers clever the girl who manages to worm a proposal out of him.—Philadelphia Press.

Getting Friendly.

"When you told papa that your salary was $100 a week, did he consent to our marriage?"

"No, but he invited me to join his poker club."

Different in One Respect.

Upgardson—Doesn't Weerius bore you nearly to death? He talks like a phonograph.

Atom—Not at all. When a phonograph runs down it stops.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

The President's Message.

President Roosevelt's latest message to Congress is very much like those he has sent in before. It is like in its needless verbosity and like in its subject matter. Indeed, very nearly a quarter of the whole is made up of extended quotations from previous messages.

This much being said, it is needless to add that the President has again discovered many familiar principles of moral right, which his fellow countrymen are hardly willing to accept as novelties. Neither the repetition of the passages he has clipped from previous communications nor the new expletives in which he indulges in expanding his views on these time-worn topics will furnish excuse for his needless prolixity of phrases.

Studied critically, the important subjects touched on in the message count not more than half a dozen or so. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt has confined himself almost solely to a renewed presentation of his familiar views with regard to the arrogation of federal authority and the subordination of the power of the States. That is his message to Congress, in the main, at least. Beside his recommendation that the federal government take control of many things we have heretofore thought the constitution reserved for the States, the message offers few suggestions.

Most striking, perhaps, is the proposal that the government shall finance the political parties by providing campaign funds. Less novel, but more important, is the call for an emergency circulation, about which, by the way, bankers are not at all agreed. It is interesting, too, that the President wants Congress to find a lawful way to levy an income and inheritance tax, as also that he believes there should be a revision of the tariff—but not now. His concern in the army and navy, and his desire for a ship subsidy, are renewals of past expressions.

What he tells Congress about the need of developing the water highways along with the conservation and development of the other natural resources of the country is timely and will command the grateful appreciation of the millions of people who have come to a realization of what can be done in regulating railways by promoting river commerce. It can be regretted that the concrete suggestion of fourteen feet from the lakes to the gulf should be loaded with a too comprehensive program for a development of all natural resources, but there is hardly need to emphasize the criticism.

President Roosevelt's heart is so set on centralization of power in the federal government that it is for this, in various phases, that he reserves most of his thunder. It sounds resonantly in his index and reverberates all the way through the codex. For this the President summons all his masterfulness of manner; and it is not difficult to realize the fire of enthusiasm that inspires him when he pictures that greater nation he would bring into being above the wreck of State sovereignty.

With business centralized, he insists that control must be centralized as well. And for fear there may be some who would suspect that the thought is new with him he extracts some two or three columns from his messages of last year and the year before to prove it is an old story. Again he tells us that it is impossible to either give or to get justice from the railroads unless the national government assumes control. Incidentally he admits that the courts must ultimately define the limits of State and federal jurisdiction, but it doesn't seem to disturb him very much that this must, after all, be a fact.

It is needless to enter into the merits of the issue President Roosevelt is crowding upon us in this passing comment on his message. It is a living, growing issue that the country will hear more of in the days of the approaching campaign. If Theodore Roosevelt is the Republican nominee it will be the dominant issue in 1908, and there remains ample time to discuss it at length.—St. Louis Republic.

Financial Reform.

Those who expect that Congress will enact the financial reform legislation that is demanded will probably be doomed to disappointment. Some kind of a financial measure will perhaps be agreed to, but it will fall far short of meeting the unfortunate conditions that Republican policies have produced. In any event, only a compromise measure may be expected, for even the bankers are divided into two schools of finance. One school believes inflation through asset currency will insure prosperity and the other school is anxious for a central bank through which all financial blessings should flow. Those who believe in more currency are also divided in opinion upon what it shall be based, whether on the assets of the banks or upon bonds and stocks. There is also a serious difference of opinion about the rate of interest the bankerrs shall pay on this new currency. The bankers propose 3 per cent and those who are intent on a flexible currency that will be retired as soon as its purpose is accomplished think that not less than 7 per cent should be paid, or it would continue in circulation.

Bank currency based on the "assets" of the banks, without any other security, is a return to the State bank system that existed before the creation of national banks to force a market for United States bonds. But the people will never consent to again use currency that is not good anywhere, and that has not the faith and credit of the United States behind it, and can be used in all business transactions without question.

The most able financiers are convinced that the inflation of the currency has gone far enough, and that it is not inflation that is needed, for inflation of the currency has been persistent and is still going on. The volume of money in circulation is now about 50 per cent more per capita than it was ten years ago, and is progressing at the rate of nearly 5 per cent a year. As the Democrats are not charged with the responsibility of legislation, and will be prevented by the autocratic rules of the House of Representatives from having any voice in formulating the bill that may eventually be reported by the committee and that will be given the right of way by the all-powerful Committee on Rules, the minority can but criticise and propose such amendments as they determine are necessary for the protection of the public. Thus the Republicans must assume the full responsibility and be answerable for the consequences.

The present financial system has been built up by the Republican party for the special advantage of the national banks, and to further tinker with it will eventually produce more disaster for the people than they are now suffering from. The whole system is wrong in principle, and in practice is an adjunct of the frenzied financiering of Wall street, for there has never been a Republican Secretary of the Treasury that has not been the willing tool of the Wall street bankers.

The Tariff and the Panic.

The tariff that protects the trusts is the chief cause of the present financial panic. It has fostered combinations in restraint of trade, has induced a bogus prosperity by constrained artificial high prices, and thus the money of the people has been diverted from legitimate business into Wall street speculative channels. Of course the trusts and corporations in their mad race for wealth have had to expand wages and so allow a percentage of their prosperity to filter through to the workingman, but the increased cost of living brought about by trust high prices has kept the prosperity of the people from approaching the prosperity of the tariff-protected monopolists.

Vast capital has been employed by the trusts and corporations to keep up the pace that monopoly has produced, and the effort to pay dividends on enormously overcapitalized corporations has led to a great volume of speculation. Every bank and trust company in the big cities has been loaning a large percentage of their depositors money on watered stocks, and when the collapse came their efforts to protect these speculative investments proved their undoing. Advances to legitimate business men have been refused, and if it had not been for the small country banks buying "commercial paper" the crash would have come months before it did.

If the tariff had been reformed so that the trusts could not have raised prices to such an enormous extent for fear of competition from abroad, the financial panic could have been avoided, in spite of Republican financial legislation which was enacted to aid the bankers, as trust-protecting tariff laws were passed to help the monopolies called trusts.

Who but a Republican Congress would have ever dared to provide by law that all the available cash in the United States treasury could be loaned to the banks, without paying a cent of interest? Who but a Republican Congress would tax the people to protect the trusts and collect an enormous surplus, to be so loaned to the banks? Who but a Republican President and a Republican Secretary of the Treasury would hand over to the banks the last dollar of available cash, instead of reserving enough money to protect the interests of the United States government?

Now we see the Republican leaders clamoring for a currency law to protect the banks, and standing pat on the tariff which protects the trusts.

Exit Prosperity.

Our exports are increasing at a great rate, while our imports are proportionately decreasing. Yet we are in the midst of the worst panic the country has experienced since 1873, when spurious Republican prosperity collapsed by reason of its inherent rottenness. Republicans are crying for inflation, for "credit currency," for "asset currency," for "shinplaster currency," for the deposit of government money in banks. But all these would only make matters worse. The gold standard is seriously threatened. Gold and currency have been at a large premium, specie payments have virtually been suspended. Practically, the government and the banks have become bankrupt. Thousands of workmen have been thrown out of employment. There is no such thing as real confidence in business or politics. And this is the end of Republican "prosperity," which has ever been a mere fake, except to the few. Quackery is always the worst possible treatment. Important financiers like Jacob H. Schiff realize this, and warn their friends of the dreadful times ahead. Schiff, who is a Jewish philanthropist, and the head of the great international banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., made a speech recently in which he said:

"There can be little doubt that the coming winter is going to bring great disaster to many of those near us, many of respectable and honest appearance, who have always managed to support themselves, but who have hovered on the border line between support and non-support, who can lay nothing aside because their means do not allow, for all their earnings are necessary to show a dignified and respectable front to the world."

Schiff is not a calamity howler. He is not a politician. He was talking to his own people, and urging them to prepare for the long winter which they must spend in poverty, resulting from enforced idleness and bankruptcy. The truth is always patriotic as well as philanthropic.

A Curious Proposition.

The President no doubt had in mind the collection by Cortelyou of the large sums for the Roosevelt campaign from the life insurance companies, from national banks, from tariff beneficiaries, from Harriman and other malefactors of great wealth, for he informs Congress that the need for such corruption would vanish if an appropriation was made for the expenses of each of the two great national parties. That would be tough on the Prohibitionists, the Populists, the Socialists and other parties to be taxed to defeat themselves.

Had Matrimonial Look.

First Hobo (reading advertisement)—Man wanted to chop wood, bring up coal, tend furnace, take care of garden, mind chickens and children——"

His Pal (groaning)—Gee, dem matrimonial advertisements make me tired!