

Editorial Opinions of Affairs.

"While the republic endures let us advocate what the great masses of the people believe in."—GOVERNOR JOHN M. PATTISON.

Poor Encouragement.

It would seem that a man like Attorney E. D. Ricketts would have little encouragement to take up the fight of the Boss White crowd at this time. Mr. Ricketts has stayed with them pretty strong in the past, but when he had a chance for the nomination for common pleas judge, and when Fairfield county had determined to vote for, and thus nominate him, the Hoeking delegates invaded the Fairfield conference and begged of them not to give Ricketts the nomination. Went to the convention howling for Ricketts, and casting the county vote for Ricketts, but secretly imploring other counties to not vote for him. Mr. Ricketts would have been nominated if Hoeking had sought other delegates for him as hard as they advised against him. But, however, that gentleman will be heard from yet. He is a shrewd fellow and some are finding out that he is more than a "fair lawyer." He may be fooled once in a while, but he will fool some others in this fight.

Republican Committee Contest.

The chairman of the perpetual central committee of the Republican party in Hoeking, actually called an election for a new committee. Strange he did not call the committee together and just extend their time another year. The contest is warming up and promises to be a spirited one before the votes are counted. The Boss White following are making the effort of their life to win this fight, cost what it may. The fellows around through the county can come in most any time now and tell John about how much it will cost to carry their precinct. We will help all we can for John to win, for bossed Republicanism is fruit for Democracy.

From Ward the Strong Protest Comes Against Bossism.

FROM THE BACK SEAT.
Last weeks Hoeking Republican contained an article from some one in Murray City who spoke like one who had been placed on a back seat or laid on the shelf among back numbers. The writer said that "Square Dealers" were not Republicans and intimated that those who did not kneel to Bossism, Ringism, and Gangism were unclean! unclean! He criticised The Journal Gazette for having talked in favor of Republican affairs and said that the Gazette is a "Square Deal" sheet. We don't know who the author of the article is, nor do we care to know, it is sufficient for us to know that he belongs to the "yaller dog" clik which answers the whistle of John E. White and turn three flip flops and a hand spring to prepare themselves to approach his royal highness John or his delicate brother Dough belly Bill. The writer says the "Square Dealers" sold out to Democrats last fall for judges and clerks. Editor Chatfield was on deck all day when the Democrats were supposed to be buying but we failed to catch anything of the kind. We were there however, when John White Republicans felt the supervisors of election as to whether three hundred dollars to each of them would cause them to decide in favor of White. We can produce men who will testify under oath that Dough belly Bill said that the White would control the board if it cost them three hundred dollars a head. The "Square Dealers" are the only Republicans in the county, and the beef faced vampires who failed through trickery should close their heads and blush to speak in the presence of honest men. This is all we have to say now but if the Back Number in Ward speaks again we shall proceed to get out our skinning knives.

"SQUARE DEALERS."

We are agreeably surprised to learn that conditions in Hoeking county politics have not changed since last fall. The bosses and square dealers are still facing each other in battle array and truth, honor and justice seem to be gaining strength and true Republicans are arming themselves to enter a war fare which will either end in the defeat of bossism or it's ability to take an active part in the politics of the county.

Champ Clark's Letter

Congressman Payne Cuts Capers at Mention of Tariff Revision. Fairbanks Looming Up—Bryan and Hearst

HON. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS of Mississippi, the Democratic house leader, is increasing his efforts to expose the monstrosities of the Dingley tariff bill. He has introduced measure after measure to cut down rates that are excessively high. Of course none of his measures or mine or any other looking toward tariff revision, wholesale or piecemeal, is ever reported favorably. When we call them up in committee Hon. Seneca E. Payne, chairman of ways and means, puts on a smile that is childlike and bland, which is the signal for Mr. Ditzel or General Grosvenor or some other stand patter to move to indefinitely postpone. But, nothing daunted, Williams returns to the assault at the next opportunity. His latest effort to improve things was a proposition in substance as follows: That whenever the tariff duty is more than 100 per cent on any article it be reduced to 100—a proposition which ninety-nine people out of every hundred will say is plain common sense. Of course he framed it that way in order to show the insignificance of some of the most outrageous rates. Did the stand patters look kindly on this sane and safe proposition of the sane and safe Mississippi? Not a bit of it. On the contrary, Hon. Seneca E. Payne, house floor leader for the Republicans, assumed an air of righteous indignation and injured innocence and roared out a furious denunciation of Williams and all his wicked coadjutors amid stand patter applause.

It ought not to be forgotten in this connection that when Williams first made his proposition it was boldly asserted that there was no tariff rate in excess of 100 per cent, but he went to work and dug up the facts which show that there are scores of such rates—outrages all. Then Brother Payne cut his righteous indignation caper, but somebody else may become indignant—to wit, the American people. Truly they have been slow to wrath, but they are certain to wake up at last and burst the stand patters from power and cast them into that outer darkness where they are weeping, wailing, gnashing of teeth and much cursing. They have had a long lease of power and have lorded it over the masses after the ruthless manner of a feudal baron of the dark ages, but it's a long lease that has no turn, and the signs of the times indicate that the turn is in sight. There is much unrest among the Republican masses. They are beginning to conclude that if the Republicans will not revise the tariff when they have such whopping big majorities in both houses of congress that they can do precisely as they please they do not intend to revise it at any time. So believing and desiring a revision, they are sure to conclude that the only chance to secure revision is to elect a Democratic congress and president. The signs of the times indicate that that is precisely what they intend to do at the first opportunity.

The Vice President.

There are Republican presidential candidates more extensively boomed at present than Mr. Vice President Charles Warren Fairbanks, but it may be well doubted whether any of them has really enhanced his chances more during this session of congress than has the tall Indiana statesman. He at least has made no mistakes and has therefore brought upon himself no adverse criticism. To use a slang but in no way invidious expression, he has put in much time "sawing wood," which perhaps is the wisest plan in these perilous days. One virtue the vice president's boomers can claim for him without fear of successful contradiction, and that is that there is no sort of danger of his going off half cocked. He has no fads, indulges in no fancies, rides no hobbies. Dr. Osler ought to visit Washington long enough to gaze upon the vice president and to be disillusioned as to the age at which men should be chloroformed as needed. The vice president will be fifty-four years old on May 11, and it would require a month's journey to discover a better preserved specimen of the genus homo. Not only that, but there is not a public man in America that has grown more in two years than Mr. Fairbanks. Swinging around the circle as one of the principal campaign orators in 1901 did him a world of good and improved his style of speaking very much. As a speaker the Fairbanks of April, 1902, is vastly superior to the Fairbanks of April, 1901. Until quite recently, while admitted on all sides to be an able expounder of his party's principles, his style was too stiff, too didactic, too solemn, too entirely pleasing to the multitude. The campaigning of the continent modified his style greatly to his advantage. He has even developed a latent faculty of humor, a great gain in any orator.

Not long since I heard him speak in competition with some of the much advertised wits of the capital in a place where speeches are never reported. I am not reporting his and therefore am not violating the rule, but I am permitted to give it as my opinion for what it is worth that on that occasion he surprised his auditors by holding his own with the best of them in wit and humor. He is the fourth public man past the half century mark to exhibit unsuspected facility in wit and

humor. The three others are Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison and William McKinley. I repeat that that is so much clear gain, for, while certain dyspeptics hold that all public men should be solemn as owls, the average citizen does not object to a little humor now and then. On the contrary, he enjoys it. So, as a mere looker on in the Republican Vienna, I most heartily congratulate the vice president on this new element in his oratory. As the field now is, there is not a Dryasdust among the known aspirants for the Republican presidential nomination. Shaw, Root, Taft, Foraker and Fairbanks will all endeavor their remarks with wit and humor. A five corners job, delicate among them, would be worth a long journey to hear. In addition to improving as a speaker, the vice president has become a much better mixer and handshaker, a thing not to be despised.

Free Denatured Alcohol.

Because the bill for free denatured alcohol is one of the most important passed by the house in this congress I give my remarks in its favor in full:

Mr. Speaker, the proposition to remove the tax from denatured grain alcohol for technical uses is the only one of which history furnishes an authentic record on which distillers and prohibitionists, manufacturers and farmers, producers and consumers are agreed.

If the roscate predictions of its most optimistic advocates are fulfilled, we will witness a veritable Aladdin's lamp working its magic wonders before our eyes in this prosaic age. If even half of them are realized, we will see a revolution in lighting, heating, manufacturing and motoring.

Bookie, in his immortal fragment, says that the three most potent factors in modern civilization were the invention of gunpowder, the invention of movable type and the use of steam for motive power and a manufacturing agent. Had he lived in our day he would have classed electricity fourth, as the hopes of the proponents of untaxed denatured alcohol find fruition in fact, then it will rank as the fifth.

It is said that the cause of two blazes of grass to grow where only one grew before is a public benefactor. If that be true—and it certainly is incontrovertible fact—the inventor may be made wealthy out of fear of successful contradiction that he is also a public benefactor who furnishes cheap light, cheap fuel and a cheap means of transportation for the masses of the people. These are among the blessings promised by this measure. Every member of this house can enroll himself in the ranks of the benefactors by voting for this bill. A verbal invitation is hereby extended to all members to place their names upon the roll of honor.

In making it my duty to state that this is the only civilized country under the sun in which any considerable tax is levied upon denatured alcohol intended for technical uses in this age of science, industrial and commercial competition—constantly growing fiercer—we cannot afford to neglect any of the natural advantages which we possess, and as alcohol can be made from anything containing starch or sugar—grain of every sort, white potatoes, sweet potatoes, yams, waste, corn cobs, etc.—we can easily and profitably produce substances from which a limited quantity of alcohol can be made. It is our duty to see that the country, with the extremists on this subject, either pro or con.

One who seems to think that untaxed alcohol will usher in the millennium, and other set concludes that it will destroy the wood alcohol and the charcoal iron industry. The former are unduly elated; the latter are unnecessarily alarmed. Alcohol can be made from the cornstalks which we produce and waste in a limited quantity of alcohol can be made. It is our duty to see that the country, with the extremists on this subject, either pro or con.

Last year the entire output of wood alcohol was about 9,000,000 gallons. The enthusiastic proponents of the pending measure estimate that in the next year we will be consuming 300,000,000 gallons of alcohol for fuel. That would necessitate the use of 20,000,000 gallons of wood to produce the alcohol. The amount of wood used for the best denaturing material thus far discovered is one-tenth part of wood alcohol.

Now, let it be remembered that nobody is inclined to make wood alcohol as an original proposition. It is a by-product of charcoal burning, wood alcohol and acetals of lime, constituting 22 per cent of the weight of the charcoal making. On the other hand, what is called "grain alcohol" is the principal product of distillation, except the slips, which, as a rule, are just about pay the cost of distillation, which is one of the simplest processes known among men.

That free denatured alcohol will be a powerful competitor with the Standard Oil trust and the coal trust there can be no question, and for that reason, if for no other, this bill should be enacted into law by the next congress. Our ships are blown up too frequently and get stuck in the mud too often or run into each other. A little investigation into the manner in which our tars perform would undoubtedly save many lives and much treasure. A battleship costs too much to be entrusted to incompetent or careless management.

On dit that the Massachusetts Republican tariff reformers in congress felt the pulse of their congressional brethren as to signing a call for a Republican caucus to consider the tariff and that they could find only nineteen righteous men in the Republican sodomy who possessed grit enough to fly in the face of the house machine. Poor Bay Staters!

her is certain to increase rather than diminish.

By reason of the exorbitant price at which grain alcohol is now sold—about \$2.00 per gallon—many manufacturers use wood alcohol, a deadly poison, which they can procure at about 70 cents per gallon and which does not cost the producer over 30 cents per gallon.

Because denatured alcohol would be cheaper than wood alcohol and because it is less deleterious in the use both the manufacturers and their employees are clamorous for the passage of this bill.

The people of the Mississippi valley want it because they will be able to produce it and use it. They know that there is much of profit and of comfort in it to them.

Superfluous Bother.

Our Republican friends are grabbing at straws after the fashion of drowning men. They are now laying the flattering unction to their souls that an imaginary feud which they imagine to exist between William Jennings Bryan and William Randolph Hearst will enable them to elect their own nominee in 1908. They lie awake of nights inducing insomnia by pestering their heads to devise ways and means to help that feud along. That is superfluous bother, for while I am authorized to speak for neither Bryan nor Hearst, I have discovered that there are no evidences of this much advertised feud outside the heads of certain addle pated Republicans. The wish in their case is father to the thought. Why should there be a feud between the Nebraska and the New Yorker? They are working for the same end—the emancipation of the masses from the iron yoke of the classes. Each pursues his own method, as is natural. Each desires to be president, as everybody knows. They are both young men, and there is plenty of time for both to be president. By working together they are much more likely to reach the goal for which all statesmen pant as the hart panteth for the water brook than by fighting each other. Neither is considered lacking in mental acumen by men in position to judge, and what others see they probably will see—that in unity there is strength. So, on the whole, it may be well for our Republican friends to disillusionize their minds of the Bryan-Hearst feud delusion and to search for another peg on which to hang their hope of winning in 1908. That hope becomes less and less as discussions in the Republican camp multiply and the unity of Democrats becomes more patent and more pronounced.

A Tariff Ephraim.

One of Uncle Joe's correspondents made public one of Uncle Joe's letters which was not intended for publication. It revealed the speaker as one of the most ultra stand patters in the land. It needed no letter, private or public, to do that, however, for the speaker has it absolutely in his power to have the tariff revised. True, other stand patters would kick, but the Republican tariff revisionists in the house added to the Democrats undoubtedly constitute a majority, but unfortunately, the Republican revisionists will not lift a finger to secure what they want and what their constituents want till Uncle Joe says the word—which he will not say. He is a veritable tariff Ephraim. He appears to be incorrigible. If he doesn't look out a crop of congressmen will arise who know not Joseph, and then the douce will be to pay.

Elkins and Dawson.

Democrats everywhere will be pleased to learn that West Virginia Republicans are now indulging in a feud. One faction is led by Senator Stephen B. Elkins and the other by Governor Dawson, to whom the Elkins toga looks good and who has no conscientious scruples about violating the command touching covetousness. Dawson lately engaged Elkins, Scott & Co. by dubbing Senator Benjamin R. Tillman of South Carolina "the third senator from West Virginia." There are many signs indicating that certainly one, probably two and possibly three of the West Virginia districts will send Democrats to the next congress.

It is rumored now that ex-Governor Benjamin B. Odell and Governor Higgins of New York have buried the hatchet and that all is lovely on the banks of the Hudson. It is also said that part of this arrangement is that Odell is to hold on to the state chairmanship while Higgins is to be renominated for governor. Then it is added that the president "smiles" on this new coalition. Rather queer, isn't it? Only a short time ago all the stand men named above were at each other's throat and filling the atmosphere with hair and bits of cuticle. Now they are getting sweet on each other. And why? The signs of Democratic success are so rapidly multiplying that they are scared—badly scared. Fear is drawing them together.

Clearly there is either too much carelessness or too much incompetence, or both, in our great and glorious navy. Our ships are blown up too frequently and get stuck in the mud too often or run into each other. A little investigation into the manner in which our tars perform would undoubtedly save many lives and much treasure. A battleship costs too much to be entrusted to incompetent or careless management.

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Champ Clark

ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

Suggestions For the Use of Drapery Net in Home Decoration.

Main Russian net is of great value in house decoration and has the virtue of being both washable and durable. It is woven two yards wide. Straight lengths of the net finished simply with a French or double hem will make curtains that are not out of place with fine furnishings.

This coarse net is wide enough for a bed cover or spread and can be simply hemmed and attached to a colored lining, or it may be edged with a deep flounce to hang around a brass bed. It may also be long enough to cover a bolster or pillows, and coarse braid can be used as liked in ornamentation. Covers for dressing cases and chiffoniers made of the net and basted to colored linings to match the spread make a neat decoration for the sleeping room.

When this net is laundered, use but a suspicion of boiled starch or just enough to give it the appearance of new lace. Iron crosswise carefully to keep the mesh open or pin to a sheet. If pure white net is used have the rinsing water blued slightly. If the net is cream or deep ecru use a little clear coffee or saffron tea to give the desired depth of shade.

Ways of Serving Carrots.

Besides serving with peas, carrots can be prepared in a cream sauce. After adding the sauce they can be placed in a dish, covered with crumbs and baked. After boiling they may be sliced and fried, or if cut in small pieces a little butter and sugar can be added and the pan shaken over the fire until they are glazed. For fritters mash enough boiled carrots to measure one cupful and a half. Add a high seasoning of salt and pepper, two beaten eggs, enough flour to make a thick batter and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Drop by small spoonfuls into deep hot fat or saute in a little fat in a pan.

Cleaning Sausage Casings.

To clean the casings or intestines of the hog empty, turn inside out and wash them well. Soak them in salt water for two days. Now wash them again, cut in convenient lengths and scrape with a blunt knife, first on one side and then on the other. When carefully scraped wash again and tie up end of each length, put a quill in the other end and blow them up. If they are whole and clear they are clean, but if any thick spots are seen they must be scraped again. Now throw them into clean cold salt water until wanted.

Some Uses For Ammonia.

After the carpets have had their beating nothing restores them so much and brightens the dull surface as a rub over with a cloth wrung out of ammonia and water, and for cleaning white enameled furniture there is no better treatment than whitening mixed with water, to which a little of this magic fluid has been added. Ammonia may be put to splendid use in the laundry, and there is no better plan when washing flannels and all woolen garments than to add some ammonia to the water.

For Cold In Chest.

Chop raw onions up rather fine, add an equal quantity of corn or rye meal and a small quantity of water, and let it all steam a few minutes. Then with vinegar and cook about five minutes longer. Apply it as a poultice or compress it as hot as it can be borne. In the morning rub the chest well with alcohol or camphor and then olive oil or, better still, goose oil, and put a flannel cloth over to protect the clothing.

Repairing Towels.

Towels with damask and drawn work borders often become worn in the center while the ends are still handsome. Cut them off a short distance above the border and sew together on the sewing machine, double stitching on the right side of seams afterward. A pretty cover for tray or small stand can be made in this way.

Marks on Polished Tables.

For removing marks from polished trays or tables occasioned by heated dishes make a thin paste from salad oil and salt. Spread it over the marked place and leave for an hour or more, and then rub off with a soft cloth. The result will be a complete disappearance of the spot.

Rice Water.

Put two tablespoonfuls of rice into a double boiler with four cups of boiling water and cook two hours. Strain it and add salt to season. If the invalid is allowed to have sugar add just a pinch.

Tar Remover.

Kerosene will remove tar from hands or clothing. This applies to stovepipe enamel as well.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

The Farmer's Daughter Was No Encourager of Laziness.

One of those family emergencies had occurred. There were several unexpected guests and an insufficiency of servants. So the head of the house persuaded a daughter of a farmer who lived near by to officiate as waitress for one night only. "It's easy enough," he explained to the unwilling girl. "When the bell rings all you have to do is to come in, do whatever little thing is wanted and then go out."

As the guests took their seats at the table one of them brushed a fork to the floor. The host touched the bell. In came the temporary waitress. "D'ye want me?" she asked.

"Yes," said the host, motioning with his hand. "The gentleman dropped a fork."

The girl stepped inside the room. With uplifted hands and eyes opened wide in astonishment, she drew out:

"Good Lord! Yew don't mean ter say yew rung that er bell jest ter have me cum in 'n pick up that fork, do yer? Well, by gorry! 'F 'e's er lazy he can't pick it up himself, yew kin let it lay thar. I won't tech it." Then she made a hurried exit, banging the door.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Customary Impression.

"I rely on the sense of the plain people," said the youthful statesman.

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "Somehow a man always feels that the plain people have splendid judgment just after they have elected him to office."—Washington Star.

Caught.

"I must confess," he said in a sudden burst of confidence, "that I'm an odd man. I long to be different!"

"Oh, this is so sudden!" exclaimed Miss Passay, throwing herself upon his neck, for she, too, was odd and longed to be even.—Philadelphia Press.

Had Good Cause.



"Now, then," exclaimed Papa Piffkins, "what do you mean by kicking up these contortions and grimaces? Come on, out with it!"

"I wish I could," groaned the youth. "I've swallowed one of your large overcoat buttons!"

No Poetry There.

"You know," remarked Mr. Klumsey, "they say dancing is the poetry of motion."

"Huh!" snorted Miss Grace, just recovering from a waltz with him. "But when the feet get twisted it's mere doggerel."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Worth the Money.

Lawyer—So you took \$1,019 in cash from this woman and promised to make her "queen of the heavens." Don't you think that was extortion?

Spirit Medium—Not at all, sir. Think of the position!—Detroit Free Press.

Woman's Wants.

Squillbob—The modern tendency of women, I believe, is to want the earth.

Squilligan—Well, my wife doesn't want the earth, but she certainly does want the "dust" every pay night.—New York Press.

The Kind It Was.

Mrs. Askitt—I heard you had a surprise party at your house yesterday.

Mrs. Tellitt (absently)—Yes; my husband gave me \$10 without my asking for it.—San Francisco Call.

Not to Be Told.

Wife—John, you've been drinking. Oh, I can tell.

Husband—Well, don't do it, m'dear. Let'sh keep it a family secret.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Skeptic.

"Wiseaker says he is a skeptic—that he has no faith in anything."

"I wouldn't be surprised. He believes in himself."—Baltimore American.

Experienced.

"It's a great thing to be single."

"We bachelors realize that."

"But not as a married man does."—Minneapolis Tribune.