

IN WASHINGTON

(Continued from First Page.)

end of the Capitol. Senator Aldrich has much better control of the Senate than Cannon does of the House, but he is not so noisy in his methods, and instead of a lot of jealousy he has produced a regular love-feast at which all the Senators can pelt each other with violets and compliments, when not harmoniously busy getting out laws for the nation's good. The difference between Cannon and Aldrich is that when Cannon sees any member opposing his organization he goes for him with a stuffed club or loaded stick, while when Aldrich sees a recalcitrant he approaches him with every mark of sweet and generous love and puts him on the best committee that has a vacant place. Thus Senator La Follette finds himself Chairman of the Census Committee, so that the peppery little fire-eater will be so busy he will have to hush for a while. On the whole Mr. Aldrich must be a pretty wise and astute sort of a despot or he would not have such men as Root, Lodge, Burton, Hale, and Beveridge in his "ring." Possibly one reason why the Senators are pulling together so nicely this session is that they all join together in finding fault with the tariff bill as introduced into the House by Sen. Payne for the Ways and Means Committee last Wednesday. They seem to think that the House is amazingly poor at making laws, and they intend to get busy and frame a tariff law that will save the nation and the Republican party.

TARIFF TALK.

It is risky to talk about what will and what will not be done to the tariff, at this early stage in the game, and yet the tariff is the only subject that anyone in Washington is interested in nowadays.

They were going to tax beer \$1.50 a barrel. But just when Uncle Joe Cannon was fighting like a madman to keep his hold on the House, the beer men came down to Washington with a large supply of money and influence to help the Speaker win his fight if he would see that the tax was kept off from beer. They were going to take the protection away from coal-oil, so that the Standard Oil Company would not be able to make such enormous profits. But the Standard Oil people came down here just when Mr. Cannon was frightened for his political life and offered to help him if they could keep their protection. The result was that beer will not be taxed, and that the pitiful, struggling infant oil industry will not have its tariff pap rudely snatched away from it. Also Mr. Cannon is still at the head of the House. He was helped not only by the liquor men but by the Democrats. And not by ordinary Democrats who are usually very respectable citizens as all the world knows, but by the "Tammany" Democrats of New York City, the worst political crowd in the history of America. Also there were some Democrats from Louisiana who are not really Democrats at all because they want high tariff and protection. For the sake of the much needed help which these men gave the tariff on sugar will not be lowered, and every workman in the country will pay two-thirds more than he needs for his sugar. The Democratic leader, Champ Clark, is dealing pretty sharply with these deserters from his ranks, and rumor has it that they are coming around to him with all sorts of excuses and apologies.

However, Mr. Cannon seems to have won his fight pretty nearly entirely, for the present session. It is safe to say that there will be a general shake-up at the opening of the next session, but in the shifting changes which are daily occurring there is no telling just what the final result will be.

There are two sets of tariff taxes proposed by the bill,—a high set for articles coming from countries which charge high rates on goods we send to them, and a low set for countries who only charge us low rates. This may get us into trouble with some nations who think that it is too sharp and abrupt a manner of treating them. The best tariff system seems to be that of the Germans. They arrange special treaties with each separate country. It requires lots of work but more than pays for itself, just as it always pays a man to make each bargain separately rather than to put up an unchangeable price rate and not adapt it to the circumstances. But Congress will not consent to the "Convention-

al System", as it is called, for many years. Indeed they think they are pretty smart to adopt the maximum and minimum system, which is used only by Spain and France, and France is modifying it by consent of special treaties. Maybe we ought to learn from Spain, but the State Department officials would like to see us try the German plan. Mr. Knox is going to ask all the great nations whether or not they will tolerate an arbitrary maximum and minimum tariff such as proposed. The Senate does not think much of the scheme brought forward by the House.

There is proposed a tax on inheriting property, but that provision will not go through because the State tax inheritances and the Federal government ought not to interfere and encroach. Taft wants an income tax,—that is a tax on each man according to the amount of money he makes in any given year. The Wilson Act of 1894 carried such a tax.

Hides are not to be protected by a tariff tax which would make their price higher and help every cattle grower. The hide tariff is protection for the farmer, and since the benefits of protection go mainly to the manufacturer it is hard to cut off what little good the stock raiser does get. The tax will probably be put on again before the bill is passed. The tax on wool has been kept on as concession to the Western farmers. The tax on iron is lowered.

MUST QUIT COWARDICE

Declaring that "the South must quit her cowardice or split at once," Julian Harris, editor of Uncle Remus'—The Home Magazine, in an editorial entitled "Shall the Solid South be Shattered?" printed in the March number of the Magazine, makes some startling declarations concerning the political situation in the South.

In part, he says: "As long as the South remains solidly Democratic under present conditions she will be hopeless and helpless. She gave to the recent Democratic presidential nominee all but a thimbleful of electoral votes, yet she had no voice in making the nomination; and if the election of the nominee had followed she would have been not one whit better off, save for an isolated office or two.

"Why? Because the Democrats outside the South believe that the negro scafecrow will keep the South solidly Democratic. They have heard for years that the Democrats of the South would 'vote for a yellow dog' if the party nominated one. Therefore the Northern and Western Democrats write the platform, name the nominee and in their hearts—for they do not understand how the negro question has solidified the South—despise the South's timidity and complacency. It is because the South has always been solid and Democratic that it has no power with the Democratic party, and it is for this same reason that the Republican party has heretofore slipped in no planks that might palliate the Southerners. The 'Solid South' is no longer a power, it is a phrase that is the signal for laughter.

"Democracy! What do the organized Democrats of Tammany care for Democracy in its broadest sense? For national politics Tammany wouldn't lift a finger if New York City might be carried in local politics by knifing the national nominee.

"But the South is seeing and understanding. There are two ways open for her, now that the negro vote is for a few years put out of danger—'One is to demand control of the national Democratic party and the convention, and then if the demand is refused, take control and nominate its own man out of the South and begin a fight from the start, and to the finish.

"The other course is to break the 'Solid South.'

"If by any chance this should occur next election, and Georgia should be the state that breaks away, it would be sure to mean a cabinet officer from this state, doubtless one or more Republican—Southern Republican—Congressmen.

"In the South no man but a staunch Southerner could be elected even as a Republican—nor would the Republicans appoint any other kind. Then the South will have representation in the party councils of the Republican party, and what her representatives say will be heeded, not only because doubtful states are not easily to be disregarded, but equally because the Republican party will be hearing the South's story from a Southern Republican. And the negro who waits for a federal appointment will turn gray with age."

GUMPTION ON THE FARM.

Take work easy during the first few days or weeks of spring.

If your neighbor has a good man who is satisfied with his place, don't try to entice him away. There's where the Golden Rule fits in.

Because hard work made them so, don't be ashamed of bent shoulders. It is better to be bent in the back than broke in the pocket.



RUSSIA FOR CHRIST.

Mission of Baron Woldemar Ukkull to His People in the Dark Lands.

One of the most interesting speakers at the last Northfield conference, says the Record of Christian Work, was Baron Woldemar Ukkull of Russia. The baron was converted from infidelity in middle life, and is now fired with the great purpose of having the gospel proclaimed broadcast throughout

Baron Ukkull.

the Russian empire.

He declares that the need in that dark land to-day is appalling. He calls it the largest unevangelized field in the world. He says that in all Russia there is not a single training school for evangelical ministers; while in the vast territory of Siberia there is no gospel minister. He has come to America to raise \$100,000 to establish in his native land a training school for ministers and Christian workers on the lines of the Moody Bible institute in Chicago. The baron is president of the Baptist Union in Russia and a vice-president of the World's Baptist Alliance. He is accompanied by his wife, who is a charming woman.

During the Northfield conference the baron told the story of his conversion, and also of the present religious condition and needs of Russia. He was brought up on the large family estate in Esthonia, but found no real peace or satisfaction in life until he accepted Christ as his personal Saviour. Some time after his conversion he was baptized in his own castle by one of the peasant Christians, and he became a member of the peasants' church. At their request he then became pastor of their church, and now devotes time and money to the interests of the work.

THE MINISTER'S SALARY.

General Move to Increase the Amount to \$1,000 or More.

Reports from religious gatherings in all parts of the country indicate that the minister's salary is receiving deserved consideration. The laymen are coming to recognize the heroism of the devoted men who give their time and thought to the church for salaries of four, five or six hundred dollars a year, and are manifesting a commendable disposition to remove the necessity for the continuance of such unnecessary sacrifice. The sustentation committee of the Rock River conference of the Methodist church reported at its meeting in Chicago that it had decided to make an effort to raise enough money so that no minister might receive less than \$1,000 a year, and the laymen of the conference at their own meeting adopted by acclamation a resolution favoring the increase in salaries. The Methodists are especially active this fall in the matter. The Chicago Tribune has received reports from ten conferences in Illinois and neighboring states at which the subject was discussed and the opinion expressed that unless quick action were taken there would be a dearth of preachers. What may be regarded as an extreme illustration of the present tendency comes from the Des Moines conference, held at Council Bluffs, Ia., where it was reported that 37 of the 217 pulpits are vacant because of the insufficient salary, whereas ten years ago there were ten more preachers than pulpits in the conference.

Orphan Girls Remembered.

Of the many wonderful things in the world, few if any are more wonderful than the manifestations of the care which God takes of the helpless. There was a splendid illustration of this care, exercised through human instruments, in the will of the late Robert N. Carson of Philadelphia. Mr. Carson bequeathed an estate worth \$5,000,000 for purpose of founding and maintaining a college for orphan girls between the ages of five and ten years who have neither father nor mother. They are to receive such training as will fit them for a life of usefulness, and are then to be discharged at the age of 18 or less. The girls are not to be dressed in uniform, but are to be allowed the exercise of some degree of individual taste.

Rockefeller to Build Church.

The largest and most novel church in the country is to be built by John D. Rockefeller on the site of the Euclid Avenue Baptist church, at Cleveland, O. It will be 16 stories high; and will have gymnasiums, lecture rooms, rooms for clubs and societies for men, women and children, training schools for missionaries, servants, artisans, a restaurant, dormitories and a hospital.

To Be Raised to Bishopric.

The congregation of the propaganda has decided to raise the vicar apostolic of Saskatchewan, a district of the northwest territories of Canada, to a bishopric and change its name to Prince Albert. Mgr. Albert Pascal will be appointed bishop.

His Reproof

The Prediction of the Straws

By Robert S. MacBartee

"There's one thing I want changed in this house," said Doodles' father, looking at the vacant chair on his right, "and that is Doodles' dining hours. The young man is entirely too fond of doing as he pleases. I intend to rein him in a little.

"The trouble is," went on Doodles' father, pausing in the process of carving to glance accusingly at his wife and daughter, "that everybody else in this house combines to spoil him."

"But, papa," protested Doodles' sister, "you praise whatever he does, and then Doodles thinks he can do precisely as he likes."

"You are very much mistaken," returned Doodles' father, firmly. "I am the only one that the young jackanapes can't cajole and wheedle. When he comes in I intend to give him a very serious talking to."

There was the sound of a key in the front door. Then with an ear-splitting whistle and a clatter of books, Doodles blew airily in and presently dashed into the dining-room. "Hello there, dad," shouted Doodles, with an accompanying slap on his father's shoulder.

His sister gave him a warning glance, which went wide of its mark. "Say," remarked Doodles, falling into his chair, "that roast beef looks good. An inch thick, dad, and right through the center. Gee, I could eat old shoes."

"If you were treated to some of the delicacies you mention when you come in at this hour from school you might mend your ways a little," said his reproving parent.

Doodles' eyebrows went up as his father handed his plate to him. "Now, dad," said Doodles, argumentatively, "how could I get home when there was a special mass meeting of the sophomore class? Do you suppose I would ditch the fellows when



"But, Dad, There Was a Fight On."

I was one of the bunch to get the thing up? It's only the sissies who run home to their mamas as soon as school is out. The rest of the kids hang around and rough house in the gym or get up some class stunts."

"All of which does not get your lessons, young man," began Doodles' father.

"Oh, say, they're easy for to-morrow, dad," exclaimed Doodles. "The geometry teacher gave us the same lesson over because nobody knew it and the German teacher has such a cold in her head that she doesn't care what happens."

"But, look here, my boy, all this doesn't excuse these late appearances at the dinner table and I want—"

"But, dad," remonstrated Doodles in an injured tone, "there was a fight on. Why, say, the sophs fairly cleaned up the whole crowd of juniors."

"Oh, did anyone get hurt?" inquired Doodles' sister.

"Not that kind of a fight," exclaimed Doodles in a deprecating tone. "You know the kind, dad, a regular political rough house. The juniors wanted to put their man in as president of the new Commons club and there was some warm electioneering. I can tell you."

"How did things turn out?" inquired Doodles' father.

"We won," cried Doodles, his eyes shining, "and, by jinks, dad, it took some tall hustling. You see, 'Downy' Adams had his automobile out at school and he took 20 of the juniors for a little spin after school. They were to be back in time for the election at 4, but 'Downy' whispered sweet things to his carburetor and it acted up when they were quite a way from school. When they got back the election was over and they were shy 20 votes for the juniors."

"But that wasn't fair," said Doodles' sister, looking shocked.

"Sure it was," protested Doodles. "You see, we all agreed beforehand that if either class was green enough to let a lemon be handed it that class would have to stand for the squeeze."

"Who was elected president?" asked Doodles' sister.

"Me," answered Doodles, beaming on the family. "How's that, dad?"

At the foot of the snow-capped mountains of Himalaya there was once a town called Kusalassa.

It was two score yojanas from the great realm of Kapilavastu. A wild town it was, with few occupations other than those of hunting and agriculture. A few there were who retained some religion, but they were, in a way, shunned.

These few, numbering about five score, lived by themselves at one end of the town, had their grain fields consolidated into one, and every harvest time would go forth and cut the rice, which would be distributed as equally as possible among themselves.

Gradually these people moved farther away from Kusalassa and the wild people took possession of their deserted fields. Then there were skirmishes between the two parties, and once or twice a man was killed, but they thought nothing of that. The raiders were called Sabbas, and at first disliked the appellation, but as time wore on they came to rejoice in it and, out of spite, termed their enemies Kusalassas.

Now, the skirmishes became more frequent and bloody, till finally there occurred a real battle, in which arrow and sword did such good service that one-fourth of the Sabbas and one third of the Kusalassas lost their lives, but the latter, though outnumbered, won.

After the battle there was great rejoicing in the village of the Kusalassas.

The smell of attar and savory dishes was everywhere to be noticed. Before the image of Ganesha, the chief deity of these people, stood a red ram awaiting the butcher's knife. The crowd of anxious spectators watched intently as the priest-butcher approached, a silver-handled knife in his hand. Then the incense arose more strongly, and there were cries of Ganesha to accept the sacrifice.

Suddenly from those about the image there came two people, a man and a woman. The woman, in black attire, her head covered with a veil, clung to the man's arm.

The man, carrying a short sword made of talas wood, stepped up to the priest and said in a steady voice: "Oh, priest! Before thou slayest Meshia, the ram, I would say that I have come hither to wed Sulangana, whom thou seest by my side. We promised three moons ago to wed after I should have slain a Sabba. The battle of to-day has brought our wishes to fruition."

Then many more stepped forward, bearing sweet cakes and bags of grain and one had a bowl of milk.

The moon was rising, casting its silvery light over the piles of dead on the field of battle.

It seemed to have been premeditated, for every one had something for the bride and groom.

A feast was soon spread, the guests seated and the red ram's throat slit. The priest caught the blood and sprinkled it upon the surface of the milk. Then two rice straws were produced and dropped upon the reddened liquor.

Sulangana, and her future husband, named Devatang, watched the straws anxiously, for if they met it signified love till death. A shower of rice was sprinkled over the floor of the house of Ganesha.

Now the fateful moment was at hand.

The straws floated ever nearer to each other, but they floated slowly. A breeze from the doorway, and just as the two straws were about to touch they were blown wide apart. A stifled scream from Sulangana, a groan from Devatang, a murmur from the guests, a shake of the head from the priest; the blood-stained milk was still and the straws moved not. Sulangana sank to her knees.

Two anxious hours passed; the straws remained motionless.

Once when a gentle breeze, laden with the odor of the pyre, moved them slightly, the priest, out of pity, attempted to blow them toward each other, unseen by bride or groom, but his breath only increased the space between them.

Then with a shriek Sulangana fainted. Devatang leant against a pillar with a hand to his head, muttering: "Oh, Sulangana! It cannot apply to me, for my heart will ever remain the same! Then it must be—"

He was interrupted by the entrance of a man in a yellow gown whose face bore an expression of sadness. He perceived Sulangana on her face and raised her with his hand.

"Oh, what do I see?" cried she, opening her eyes. "'Tis the Rishi of whom they speak! 'Tis the Lord Buddha!' and she fell at his feet and kissed his hands.

"So soon! So soon!" shrieked Devatang, tearing his hair and clutching his dagger. "The straws did not lie, then! Sulangana! What means this? Who is this man?"

For answer she again kissed Buddha's hands and cried "Oh, save me!" She meant for him to save her from the fate foretold by the straws, but to Devatang it had another meaning.

THE MARKET

Berea Prices

Apples, cooking 40c. pk.; eating, 50c. pk.
Cabbage, 2½c per lb.
Potatoes, Irish per bu. \$1.30.
Seed Potatoes—Early rose, \$1.25.
Burbank, \$1.40.
Early Ohio, \$1.35.
Eggs per dozen, 14c.
Butter per lb. 25c.
Bacon per lb. 8-13c.
Ham per lb 12½c.
Lard per lb. 10c. Pure 12½c.
Chickens on foot per lb. 10c.
Hens on foot per lb. 10c.
Feathers, per lb. 30c.
Oats per bu. 65c.
Corn per barrel \$4.25.
Wheat per bu. 90c.
Ties, No. 1, L. & N. 8½x6x8, 45c; culls, 20c.

Live Stock

Louisville, March 23, '09
CATTLE—Shipping steers 4 50 5 75
Beef steers 3 00 5 25
Fat heifers and cows 3 00 5 00
Cutters 2 00 3 00
Canners 1 00 2 00
Bulls 2 00 4 00
Feeders 3 00 5 00
Stockers 2 50 4 50
Choice milch cows 35 00 45 00
Common to fair 15 00 35 00
CALVES—Best 6 25 7 00
Medium 5 00 6 00
Common 2 50 5 00
HOGS—160 lbs up 6 90
130 to 160 lbs 6 25
Pigs 5 00 5 60
Roughs, 5 80 down.
SHEEP—Best lambs 6 00 6 50
Culls 3 00 5 00
Fat sheep 4 50 down.
MESS PORK \$12 50.

HAMS—Choice, sugar cured, light and special cure, 11½ and 12c, heavy to medium 11½c.
Breakfast bacon, 16c.
Sides 11c.
Bellies, 13c.
Dried beef, 12c.
Shoulders, 8½c.

LARD—Pure tierces 11½c; tub 11½c; pure leaf tierces 12½c; firkins 12½c; tubs, 12½c.
EGGS—Case count 16½c.
BUTTER—Packing, 15½c; creamery, 30c. lb. tub, 29c.

POULTRY—Hens 13c; roosters, 6½c; springers, 14-20c; ducks, 12c; turkeys, 16c; geese 7c.
WHEAT—No. 2 red \$1.23.
OATS—New No. 3 white 56c; No. 3 mixed 55c.
CORN—No. 3 white 72c; No. 3 mixed 70½c.
RYE—No. 2 Northwestern, 87c.

A PETITION

To the readers of The Citizen:—
We the undersigned, hereby state that the petition printed in The Citizen on Feb. 25, 1909, was not as we understood it to be when we signed it, and that it contained matter which we did not know to be in it. Particularly, we did not intend to sign any document which indicated that we believed there was no one in the Sand Gap vicinity or on the mail route fit or capable of holding the post office. We hereby state our belief that there are several men in the vicinity that are well qualified, and hereby withdraw our names from that petition.

Signed:—
Dock Lunsford.
Jake Brockman.
P. M. Smith.
H. H. Harrison.
Chester Bales.
James M. Hammond.
Shelton Reece.
W. A. Powell.
L. C. Hurst.
Cleve Hurst.
Pen Durham.
R. R. Daurghty.
W. F. Powell.
R. F. Bales.
James Hammond.
H. Morris.
Jobe Morris.
Sam Standafar.
Sherman Durham.
Elmer Clemons.
Wm. Williams.
A. B. Campbell.
Charley Hurst.
L. C. Powell.
Dr. Hayes.
W. M. Gay.

The man who persistently sits down is sure to become hard up. One of the most insidious and unexpected forms of attack, is to read upon a tack.

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