Champ Clark's Letter.

The Dingley Law and Tramps—Jap Labor In Texas—Political Prophets, False and True—Nicholas and the Douma.

(Special Washington Letter.)

MY good friends General Charles H. Grosvenor of Ohio and Charles B. Landis of Indiana, who have been swearing by the beard of the prophet for a decade that under the benign influence of the Dingley bill, from which, according to their philosophy, all blessings flow, there is not a tramp in America, must feel an unpleasant sensation when they learn that the railroads kill from 1,500 to 1,800 tramps annually. Now, it's clear as crystal that the railroads could not kill tramps unless there were tramps to kill. Nor can it be assumed by these astute and agile statesmen that the railroads kill all the tramps. Perhaps, as a matter of fact, they do not kill more than one out of a thousand, which forms some basis for ascertaining the whole number of tramps in this land of the free and home of the brave. The above figures were given in a carefully prepared paper read by Mr. O. F. Lewis, superintendent of the two largest charity societies of New York, before the late national charities conference at Minneapolis. Will Brother Grosvenor and Brother Landis admit their error and cease to make such preposterous assertions? Not on your life—not so long as they believe that anybody can be roped in to vote the Republican ticket by so doing! They probably will follow the White House example and declare that Lewis is a liar and a horse thief because he has dared to tell the truth.

Worse and more of it for Grosvenor, Landis et id genus omne, the Philadelphia Press, a Republican organ edited by ex-Postmaster General Charles Emory Smith, admits the truth of the foregoing figures, and the Washington Herald, independent, speaks editorially of the "Tramp Problem and Its Solution."

Japs In Texas.

The latest news from Texas is that the lumber mill owners, having grown weary of the shiftless negroes and Mexicans, are employing Japs in their stead. It is said that the number of Japs now so employed in the Lone Star State amounts to 3,000 or 4,000 and is rapidly increasing. The statement, hard to believe, is also made that one Jap does the work usually done by two negroes or three Mexicans. All of which is important, if true. There is no question about there being a widespread and growing feeling of discontent in the south with the negro laborer and that he must improve his ways or he will find himself supplanted to a large extent, which will hasten the extinction which inevitably awaits him on this continent. Certain of the southern states are making systematic efforts to deflect the tide of white immigration to the southward and appear to be succeeding somewhat. It is being made apparent in Europe that the tale about life and property not being safe in the south, which has been assiduously circulated up north and abroad for, lo, these many years, is a lie made of whole cloth. This matter has been and is being investigated by the ambassadors and ministers accredited to our government, particularly by the Italian ambassador and the German ambassador. Their reports are decidedly favorable to the south. By reason of favorable climatic conditions living is much cheaper in the south than in the north. Not so much food, clothing or fuel is necessary. Houses cost less. Cattle run out in comfort all the winter. All these facts, when generally known, will take white immigrants into the south in constantly augmenting numbers.

"Out of the Mouth of False Prophet."

The editor in chief of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat should gather his paragraphers together and give them some hints as to what the policy of the G.-D. should be in respect to one W. J. Bryan. These gentlemen don't do good team work. There is frequently a clashing of ideas in the G.-D.'s editorial columns. For instance, the other day one paragraph read as follows:

A Nashville correspondent speaks of "the slender hold of Mr. Bryan on Tennessee." The idea applies to the entire south, and singling out Tennessee in this respect is pointless.

Another sapient gentleman, seeking to fill the next column, which was placed "next to reading matter," said:

For eleven years millions of Democrats have whooped vociferously when any speaker rolled forth the phrase "the matchless William Jennings Bryan." They have contracted the habit, and orators like applause. But what a drop when the electoral votes are counted!

The first line of the above paragraph harks back to 1896, if our arithmetic is not at fault, and that reminds us that just before the election in 1896 the G.-D. said:

Six weeks after the coming election William J. Bryan will have to fall out of a third story hotel window or get himself dog bitten in order to get his name in the papers.

It is very evident that the G.-D. keeps a staff of very poor political prophets, probably a job lot of ex-weather prophets. Now, after eleven years have elapsed since the writing of the last quoted paragraph, the G.-D. itself mentions Bryan's name in half a dozen places in each issue.

Other Prophets, True and False.

Prophesying is easy and cheap to him who would deride a great man or a great work. Seward went to his grave hearing "roasts" on his Alaska policy—roasts that were simply false prophecies. He could do nothing to defend himself. At that time Alaska was an unknown quantity, an inchoate wilderness, as it still is to a large extent. The following from Leslie's Weekly is quite apropos:

June 20, 1907, the fortieth anniversary of the day on which the Alaska annexation treaty went into operation, is a date mark of great importance to the United States. When shortly before his death, in 1872, William H. Seward was asked what he believed to be the greatest achievement of his public career, he answered, "The annexation of Alaska." He added, however, "But the American people will not grasp the value of that acquisition for a third of a century yet." This shows that Seward, the empire builder, was also a prophet. Seward has been dead for thirty-five years, and it is only in recent times that his countrymen have appreciated the importance of Alaska as a possession. Strong opposition was offered in the house of representatives in 1867 to making the appropriation of $7,200,000, the price which Seward paid to Russia for the province. Said one of annexation's opponents in that chamber, "All that Alaska will ever be able to produce are polar bears and icebergs." For several years a nickname for the region was "Seward's Folly." But time has vindicated Seward.

Orchard.

Since that ill starred performance of Ananias and his spouse Sapphira no such liar as Orchard has appeared among men. Sydney Smith, of witty and therefore of blessed memory, once declared that a certain English chief justice was a great fraud because nobody could by any possibility be as wise as that man looked. Since Adam and Eve partook of the forbidden fruit, whence all our woes, there have been many bad men in this world, but not one so bad as Orchard represents himself to be. If they will keep him on the witness stand long enough, he will probably claim that he is the mysterious and hitherto undiscoverable person who swatted William Patterson, that he it was who fired the Ephesian dome and that he murdered old man Nathan in New York. He may have told some truth, but he has lied so amazingly that anything he says is incredible simply because he says it unless thoroughly corroborated at every point, for surely he did not commit all the crimes he confesses.

One of the unfortunate features or necessities of criminal procedure is the fact that sometimes the evidence of accomplices must be used in order to secure righteous convictions. As prosecuting attorney I sometimes was forced to convict men that I believed to be guilty by using the evidence of accomplices, but I always disliked exceedingly to do it. But surely Orchard is the limit.

Czar and Douma.

Whether any Bourbon blood flows in the veins of Czar Nicholas I do not know, not being a genealogist, but it may be safely asserted that he possesses one of the Bourbon characteristics—he learns nothing. That fact is quite likely to cost him his throne, perhaps his head also. If history teaches any one thing more than another, it is that when a great people make up their minds to be free they will sooner or later succeed. How many English tyrants dissolved how many English parliaments is not at this moment remembered, but parliaments continued to assemble, and after revolutions and bloodshed, some of royal blood, there convened a parliament which was master of the king, and Englishmen were free. Charles I. was much such a man as Nicholas, and everybody knows what happened to him. The story of England was in many respects repeated in France later on. Louis XVI. was an amiable sort of king as kings go. He spent his leisure in making locks to such an extent that he came to be known as "the locksmith." He seems to have possessed the domestic and private virtues to a large extent for a king, but he represented a bad system, and he lost his head for it. The sins of his ancestors were visited upon him. Talleyrand said that Louis made a dozen concessions to the people any one of which would have saved his life and his throne had it been made twenty-four hours sooner. It's a wonder that no king ever has sense enough to read the handwriting on the wall and to yield gracefully to the inevitable. There must be a disease peculiar to monarchs which should be named royal blindness. Nothing is more certain than that Russia will be free.

A Palpable Hit.

[From Bryan's Commoner.]

In an editorial entitled "Wages Delusion" the Louisville Courier-Journal makes an interesting answer to a Republican newspaper that claimed that the cotton mill operators in north Germany got only $191.64 a year, while in America they get $304.57.

The Courier-Journal says: "It looks a little queer to see arguments for protection made on the ground that it gives our laborers $304.57 a year. There are 312 working days in a year, barring holidays with pay, so that the wage is less than a dollar a day. Now, a farm laborer at $30 a month and board gets $240 in money, and the board would, even at a low rate, bring the total up as high as that of the cotton mill operator. It is well known that the farm laborer has no protection, and it is hard to see how the cotton mill operator gets any benefit from it. Laborers in many unprotected employments get more than a dollar a day. Moreover, the owners of cotton mills import laborers free from foreign countries. If the protective tariff makes prices of commodities high—and we know it does—why is there not a tariff on imported labor? That is the logic of protection to labor by a tariff, if it is to be done at all, but the fact of it is that it is not intended to make labor high. The men who make this argument in order to get labor support are the same men who import foreign labor to keep down the prices they must pay to laborers at home. They are the men who sell to customers in America steel rails for $28 a ton and sell them abroad at $20 or $22, making a big profit on an article which confessedly costs about $16. The argument that protection makes high wages is a ridiculous fallacy. They have always been higher in America than in Europe. But in Europe the highest wages are paid in free trade England, and the countries where they are lowest have the most rigid systems of protection."

Jefferson on the Third Term.

A reader of the New York Evening Post, writing to that newspaper, says: "In answer to a request of the Maryland legislature that he should be a candidate for a third term, Jefferson said: 'If some termination to the services of the chief magistrate be not fixed by the constitution or supplied by practice, his office, normally four years, will in fact become for life, and history shows how easily that degenerates into an inheritance. I feel it a duty to do no act which shall essentially impair that principle, and I should unwillingly be the person who, disregarding the sound precedent set by an illustrious predecessor, should furnish the first attempt of prolongation beyond the second term of office.'"

Cheerful.

One of the most promising of the new Democratic members elected to the Sixtieth congress is Hon. W. P. Ashbrook of the Seventeenth Ohio district. He is young, handsome and capable. Withal he is an optimist, and optimism goes a long way in this world. Recently Brother Ashbrook was interviewed by the Washington Post and talked in this cheery manner:

"The next senator from Ohio is likely to be Judge Judson Harmon of Cincinnati," said Representative W. P. Ashbrook of the Seventeenth Ohio district, formerly represented by Mr. Smyser. "This is because the Democrats are more than likely to carry the next state legislature," he went on. "The Republicans have a majority of only three members in the house of representatives, and this will be reduced to a majority of one. Carmi Thompson, formerly speaker, was elected secretary of state last year. He will be succeeded by a Republican. B. W. Baldwin of Auglaise county, who has been appointed a member of the board of public works, is likely to be succeeded by a Democrat. W. S. Stevens of Clermont county died and will be succeeded by a Democrat. My successor will be a Democrat. Thus the majority is reduced to one. In the senate the Democrats have a majority of one. If the two houses come together on joint ballot at any time, they will therefore be tied. If the Democrats don't make enough out of the Foraker-Taft squabble to elect enough additional Democrats to the legislature to enable them to choose a senator, I miss my guess."

Hon. Thomas T. Crittenden, ex-representative in congress, ex-governor and ex-consul general to Mexico, has declared for Governor Johnson of Minnesota for president. Just what Colonel W. J. Bryan and Governor Folk will think of Colonel Crittenden's output I do not know.

A Tall Statesman.

Hats off to my good friend Hon. Cyrus A. Sulloway, representative from New Hampshire, who stands six feet seven in his stockings. He is not only taller than any of his colleagues or than any senator, but also taller than any member of the house of commons or house of lords. The tallest commoner, Eric Hambro, who has just resigned, is only six feet five and three-quarter inches, while Lord Ampthill, who can't resign even if he wanted to, is only six feet four and a half inches. Thus, even in the small matter of physical altitude, our statesmen beat the Britishers.

The Georgian.

The immediate success of the Georgian, the new evening Atlanta paper edited by my brilliant, eloquent and lovable friend Colonel John Temple Graves, is one of the most interesting phenomena of our times. The Georgian had no experimental stage of living on short commons. It was a magnificent triumph of journalism from the beginning and now has a circulation of fifty odd thousand, which is remarkable for a paper in a city the size of Atlanta, and its circulation is rapidly growing. Colonel Graves, Atlanta and Georgia are to be congratulated.

The Irritable Japs.

On dit that the administration will not send any of our battleships to Pacific waters for fear that such action would irritate the Japs to such an extent that they would jump on us right away. If the Japs are that irritable and would jump so suddenly and unprovoked, then the sooner we send all our battleships into the Pacific the better. Part of them might act as an irritant. All of them might act as a sedative. The chances are, however, that the tale is a lie.

Bread and Wine.

History has a strange way of repeating itself. Revolutions have been caused before now by a rise in the price of bread, and it begins to look a little as if there may come a revolution in France from the price of wine. It's a fight by the "natural wine" makers against the "artificial wine" makers. Any movement that can collect together 500,000 people on short notice must be of far reaching consequence, especially among a people so mercurial and emotional as the French. The hero of this wine crusade, Marcelline Albert, has been dubbed labor's Napoleon.

Our Empire.

Winston Churchill, author of "The Crisis" and other interesting novels, has made a great and startling discovery—to wit, that this is no longer a republic, but is in reality an empire, which may be correctly labeled as "important if true."

Champ Clark

BOWSER AS AN ACTOR

Thinks He Can Take the Parts of Hamlet and Romeo.

WAS ALSO TO BE "ANGEL."

Theatrical Promoter, However, Touched Him on the Start For Too Great a Sum—As Usual, Mrs. B. Has Laugh on Him.

[Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.]

Mrs. Bowser was puzzled and perturbed. Mr. Bowser was going about striking strange attitudes and muttering to himself, and he had cried out in his midnight sleep:

"Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who first cries, Hold, enough!"

Something was up, but just what it was Mr. Bowser was keeping to himself. She made cautious inquiries as to whether he was looking for a farm, investing in a flying machine or experimenting with a new hair dye, but he only smiled in a knowing way in answer. When the cook was asked in a casual way if she had noticed anything queer about him of late she promptly answered:

"Yes, ma'am, I have, and I was thinking of giving notice before he broke out and set the house on fire or killed us with the ax. He acts just as my sister's husband did before he blew up the house with a bomb and jumped into the river."

"What have you noticed about him?"

"Well, ma'am, he got out into the back yard the other evening and threw his arms around and muttered. He jumped ahead, and then sideways and backward, and all the time he was muttering to himself. I went to a

HE DIDN'T LOOK TO BE WORTH OVER 15 CENTS.

theater on the Bowery once, and Mr. Bowser acted just like an actor I saw there. Did you ever hear of an actor called Mr. Hamlet, ma'am?"

"Hamlet is a character in one of Shakespeare's plays," replied Mrs. Bowser.

Feared For Her Life.

"Then that's what he's trying to be, and if you can't stop him I must quit my job. I'm the sole support of an invalid mother, as you know, and I don't want to be suddenly blown high sky and leave her to go to the poorhouse."

Mrs. Bowser felt that she now had the key of the mystery in her hands. That evening she was watching for Mr. Bowser's return from the office. She saw him drop off the street car at his usual hour and noticed that he stepped off with a one-two-three stride. As he entered the house he bowed ceremoniously to her, and during the dinner hour he was lofty and superior. When they had returned to the sitting room he began pacing up and down, and presently she said:

"Mr. Bowser, I want to talk with you for a few minutes. You have been acting rather strangely of late. Have you got some great trouble on your mind that you are keeping from me?"

"My mind was never more clear of trouble," he answered, with a bow and a smile.

"But you have got some plan on hand."

"If I have, oh, woman, thou must restrain thy curiosity till such time as I see fit to unfold."

"Are you thinking of acting on the stage?"

"Methinks thou hast hit it close."

"Then tell me about it. As a wife I am interested in your welfare."

States the Case.

"Well, here's the case," he said as he descended from his high horse. "About a week ago Mr. Horatio Blank, the celebrated actor and manager, happened in the office just as I was repeating Hamlet's soliloquy for the benefit of Green, and when I was through he was pleased to shake hands with me and ask if he could offer any inducement for me to go on the road with a company he is organizing to play Shakespeare's plays. I said nothing to you about the matter, knowing that you would treat it with your usual sarcasm, but I have had two or three talks with Mr. Blank since. He is satisfied that I will make the greatest Hamlet ever seen on the stage. I shall also play Romeo."

"You speak as if it was a settled thing," said Mrs. Bowser.

"It is about as good as settled. He is coming here this evening for a final talk. He thinks he can pay me a salary of $400 per week, but is going to let me know. We intend to introduce a new feature in theatricals—play the whole year through. He believes, and I quite agree with him, that people long for Shakespearean plays in summer more than in the winter. Thus it will be $400 per week for fifty-two weeks in the year. Is there anything bad about that for an income?"

"Does Mr. Blank want you to put any money in the enterprise?"

"Y-e-s, a few dollars. I think he wants me to advance enough money to pay for the printing. He will pay me back double the amount when we get out on the road. He has had twenty-one companies, and all have made money. He is said to be worth $1,000,000."

"Then why does he want you to advance anything?"

Might Leave Him In Lurch.

"Why? Why? I don't know exactly why, but to show that I am in earnest, I suppose. I might engage with him and then leave him in the lurch."

It was an explanation, but it didn't satisfy the explainer. He saw a smile on Mrs. Bowser's face and began to flush up as he said:

"That's always the way with you—doing your best to find some fault. I wish I hadn't said a word until the company was ready to start out on the road."

"I am not finding fault, Mr. Bowser. I am simply asking for information. There's a ring at the bell. It is probably your man Blank. Go ahead and make your arrangements with him. I shall expect a box all to myself on the first night you play 'Hamlet.'"

Mr. Bowser ushered his theatrical manager into the library and carefully closed the door, and they took seats at the table. The said manager didn't look to be worth $1,000,000. In fact, he didn't look to be worth much over 15 cents. His silk hat had witnessed many ups and downs in the world, and his tightly buttoned frock coat was worn and shiny and showed that it had often stood before the free lunch counter and taken in the bean soup. His cuffs were frayed and his necktie faded, and the hand that had darned one knee of his trousers must have held a darning needle. He had his assurance with him, however, and that was the main thing.

Needed About $7,000.

"Oh, this dross, this worldly dross!" he sighed as he sat down. "It should have nothing to do with our noble profession, but unfortunately we cannot escape it. I have been figuring this afternoon, and I find that it will take about seven thousand to put us on the road in good shape. Of course it will all come back to you sooner or later. There are ten or twelve parties who are anxious to furnish the money, but as none of them can play Hamlet I have turned them down."

"Um!" grunted Mr. Bowser, who had an idea that twenty-five or thirty dollars at most would be wanted.

"As for the part of Hamlet, of course you couldn't expect to go right on and play it at the start. You must gradually work up to it. For the first two weeks you will bring the spade to Hamlet to dig the grave with."

"Um! Um!"

"I wish we could make you a foot taller somehow. You are rather short and chunky to play the part."

Mr. Bowser turned red and white.

"We must also get you a wig to hide your baldness. Do you think you could reduce your weight by sixty or seventy pounds? Hamlet has no bay window on him, you know."

"By thunder, man, what are you talking about!" shouted Mr. Bowser, as he rose up.

Hamlet Not a Bowser.

"Calm thyself, Horatio," replied Mr. Blank in soothing tones. "Hamlet must be Hamlet. Hamlet cannot be Bowser."

"Hamlet be durned! Sir, you have insulted me!"

"Tush, tush. I like thy spirit, but the tones of thy voice hath a clarion sound. Sit thee down and we will talk of the long green. Seven thousand"—

"Seven thousand nothings! I don't like your style. I don't want to deal with you. This interview is closed."

"And you haven't offered me a glass of wine nor a cigar. I was mistaken in you. You couldn't play Hamlet any more than a bull could play a church organ. Good night, sir. I can find my way out. If I hear of a brickyard for sale I will put you next."

Mrs. Bowser was in the sitting room. As Mr. Bowser came out he was all a bristle and ready for battle, but she simply looked up and smiled and said:

"Isn't it a rather cold night, dear, for this time of year?"

Mr. Bowser didn't answer, but he thought it was—for him.

M. QUAD.

New Duties For the Police.

The aerial police at work—a vision of the near future.—Sketch.

The Cause and the Manner.

"How did he die?"

"He died game. He was mistaken for a deer while hunting."—Harper's Weekly.

FIRST CHAIN CABLES.

They Supplanted the Use of Hempen Rope on Warships.

The first man who succeeded in making a useful chain cable was Robert Flinn, and he experimented with it in 1808 in a small ship named the Anne and Isabella, of 300 tons burden. His cable was made of very short links, with no stay pins or studs, says the London Globe, but it served its purpose and was, moreover, favorably reported upon by some of the progressive seamen of the time.

At about the same period a lieutenant in the navy named Samuel Brown was also experimenting with chain cables made of twisted links, and this when it was duly patented he brought to the attention of the navy board. After much discussion it was decided to give Lieutenant Brown the command of a sailing vessel, the Penelope, and send him on a voyage to Martinique and Guadeloupe. At his own expense he was to supply chain cables for the ship, and they were to be experimented with on the voyage. During the four months the ship was away the new cables were given a thorough trial and proved quite satisfactory.

When Brown made his report a committee was appointed to advise as to the adoption of the chain cable in place of the hempen, and as a result the new tackle was gradually introduced into men-of-war. Between 1810 and 1811 the first chain cables were served out to the ships, but the full complement of hempen ropes was still retained. This system remained in force until 1844, when the number of hempen cables was reduced to three, and in 1847 a further change was ordered, two hempen cables only being retained as principal mooring tackle.

During the Russian war the superiority of chain cables was amply demonstrated on many occasions. The vessels were exposed to the gales and hurricanes of the Baltic and the Black sea, but whereas the men-of-war with these chains were able to keep their moorings in the roughest weather many of the merchantmen transports, fitted only with hempen ropes, broke away and met with disaster. And so an ancient industry, one which in early days was almost a monopoly in Dorsetshire, was placed infinitely in a secondary rank. No act of parliament such as that of Henry VIII. ordaining that "no person but the inhabitants only shall make cables" could bring back the prosperity to Bridport which that town had enjoyed in the earliest days of England's naval glory. A modern battleship carries four main cables and anchors, each costing about £1,200. This gives her a total of 450 fathoms of chain cable.—London Globe.

The Alpine Good Night.

Among the lofty mountains and elevated valleys of Switzerland the Alpine horn has another use besides that of sounding the far famed "Ranz des Vaches," or cow song, and this is of a very solemn and impressive nature. When the sun has set in the valley and the snowy summits of the mountains gleam with golden light the herdsman who dwells upon the highest habitable spot takes his horn and pronounces clearly and loudly through it, as through a speaking trumpet, "Praise the Lord God." As soon as the sound is heard by the neighboring herdsmen they issue from their huts, take their Alpine horns and repeat the same words. This frequently lasts a quarter of an hour, and the call resounds from all the mountains and rocky cliffs around. When silence again reigns the herdsmen kneel and pray with uncovered heads. Meantime it has become quite dark. "Good night!" at last calls the highest herdsman through his horn. The words resound from all the mountains, the horns of the herdsmen and the cliffs, and the mountaineers then retire to their dwellings.

Charlie Remembered Her Well.

A young woman of social prominence and respectability was to unite with the church in her home town and desired the ordinance of baptism by immersion in the river. Among the number that gathered to witness the baptism was a little boy friend, Charlie, about four years old. The proceedings were entirely new to the child, and he looked on with strange curiosity as the candidate was led into the river. The spring freshets had made the river somewhat turbulent, and it was with difficulty that the minister maintained his footing. During the following week the young woman called at the home of his family and after the usual greetings said to the little boy as she extended her hand:

"Come here, Charlie, and see me. You do not know who I am, do you?" she continued.

"Yes, indeed, I do," said the boy. "You is that woman that went in swimmin' with the minister on Sunday."—Judge's Library.

A Canny Scot.

A Scotch cobbler, described on the police books as a "notorious offender," was sentenced by a Forfar magistrate to pay a fine of half a crown, or, in default, twenty-four hours' hard labor. If he chose the latter he would be taken to the jail at Perth. "Then I'll go to Perth," he said, "for I have some business there." An official conveyed him to Perth, but when the cobbler reached the jail he said he would pay the fine. The governor found he would have to take it. "And now," said the cobbler, "I want my fare home." The governor demurred, but discovered there was no alternative. The prisoner must be sent at the public expense to the place he had been brought from. So the canny Scot got the 2s. 8½d., which represented his fare, did his business and went home triumphant—twopence halfpenny and a railway ride the better for his offense.—Scottish American.

A FINE FARM FOR RENT

A good FARMER can secure the rental of a fine farm for 1908 and as much longer as tenant and owner can agree. If you are a good man and good farmer, terms owner and location will be given by your stating your name, residence and reference and addressing your letter to

A. B. C.

Box No. 105, Marion, O.

Feed the Chicks

Our prepared chick feed contains the proper amount of grits for the little fellows to keep them healthy and growing rapidly. They thrive better when fed with this mixture.

Mozier & Rhoads

North State, Coal & Feed.

REMEMBER

We move and store your goods and do all kinds of transfer work. Phone 155.

PEOPLES TRANSFER CO

DR. C. G. SMITH,

Office and residence 454 Silver street. Office hours 7:30 to 10:30 a. m., 2:00 to 5:00 p. m. Citizen phone 448.

Specialist on diseases of children

F. H. Stengel, Optician

MARION, OHIO.

130 SOUTH STATE STREET.

PRIZE COUPONS

in each sack of

B Pride of Marion Flour.

For sale by all Grocers. Made and guaranteed by

— THE —

Marion Milling & Grain Co.

23 To Jamestown

That's the number of hours Marion is from the Exposition via the Hocking Valley route.

Choice of twenty-nine different routes, direct (via Washington, Petersburg, Philadelphia or Baltimore) or via New York.

LIBERAL STOPOVERS

RATES

10 DAY LIMIT	$12.00
15 DAY LIMIT	$16.50
60 DAY LIMIT	$19.25
SEASON TICKET	$21.80
VIA NEW YORK	
60 DAY LIMIT	$23.75
SEASON TICKET	$28.50

Tickets on sale April 19 to Nov. 30.

Hocking Valley