W. N. U.—DENVER,—NO. 48—1901

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

Harrison Monument.

The Benjamin Harrison Monument association of Indianapolis has raised nearly $40,000, and it is believed that the plans now agreed on, which will be put into active operation at once, will swell the amount easily to $100,000, and $150,000 may be reached.

"WHAR DEW I CUM IN?"

(Being the Soliloquy of a Farmer on the Free Raw Sugar Question.)

"Thar's a mighty lot er talkin' about farmers 'n thar rights,
'N the wonderful prosperity thet beet growin' invites.
Thar's a heap er foolish crowin' 'n the 'beats' begin ter shout
'n holler fer the Tariff ter keep free raw sugar out!
But I notis thet the beet-producin' farms are very few,
An' the farmers through the country ain't got much ef it ter dew.
The hull land ain't a-raisin' beets, 'n ain't goin' ter begin,
Beet growin's right fer sum, I guess—but, whar dew *I* cum in?

The farmer gits four dollars now fer every ton o' beets—
A hansom price, I must allow—but hidin' sum deceits.
Beet sugar manyfacterers admit es they hev found
Thet "granylated" costs 'em sumthin' like tew cents a pound.
In fact thet leaves a profit on which they'd greatly thrive—
And—if it kin be sold fer *three*, why should we pay 'em FIVE?
It seems ter me es thet's a game thet's mighty like a skin—
But—if thar's any benefit—waal,—whar dew *I* cum in?

When Uncle Sam's in want o' cash we're glad ter help him out,
'N we'll stand all the taxes thet are needed, never doubt,
But when his pocket-book's well lined an' nary cent he lacks,
Et seems ter me his duty's ter repeal thet sugar tax.
Them fellers wot is interested sez its to protect
The beet-producin' farmer thet the duty they collect,
But I guess thet explanation es a little bit too thin—
The sugar maker,—*he's* all right;—but—whar dew *we* cum in?

Take off raw sugar duty an' the price will quickly fall,
To every body's benefit, fer sugar's used by all.
The poor will bless the Government thet placed it in thar reach—
('n millions of our citizens free sugar now beseech)
The dealer 'll be delighted—less expenditure fer him—
More demand 'n bigger profits—which at present are but slim.
An' the farmer 'll be as well paid as he ever yet hes ben—
But he'll buy his sugar cheaper—thet's whar he an' I'll cum in.

Now, whar's the sense er reason of the sugar tax to-day,
When our treasury's a-bulgin' an' we hev no debts ter pay?
The duty on raw sugar's Fifty million every year—
An' the people's got ter pay it—thet's a fact thet's very clear.
Fifty million! Great Jerusha! Ter protect beet magnates, too,
Why should they tax ALL the people—just ter help a scattered FEW!
And the FEW? Beet-sugar MAKERS! Don't it really seem a sin
Thus ter help an' fill thar coffers? Whar dew you an' I cum in?

The farmer growin' beets hes got a contract price fer years,—
Free raw sugar wouldn't hurt him, an' of it he hes no fears.
But mebbe, like myself—he's also growing fruit so nice—
Ter preserve it—at a profit—he needs sugar—*at a price!*
The repealing of the duty surely cuts the price in two—
Thet'll make a mighty difference, neighbor, both ter me an' you!
Let the sugar manyfactrer make such profits as he kin—
Ter him it may seem right enuff—but whar dew I cum in?

An' I ain't a-goin' ter swaller all the argyments they shout
Thet the farmers need protection—an' must bar raw sugar out.
Common sense is plainly showin' that the people in the land
Want raw sugar free in future—an' its freedom will demand.
'Tis a tax no longer needed—hateful to the public view,—
Taxing millions of our people to enrich a favored few.
They can't blind me any longer with the foolish yarns they spin,—
While they're busy makin' money—whar dew you and I come in?

I'm a-goin' ter keep on hustlin', talkin', pleadin' with my frends,—
Ain't no sense in lettin' others gain thar selfish privet ends.
I'm a-goin' ter write ter-morrer to my Congressman 'nd say
Thet he oughter do his best ter kill that tax without delay!
Feller-farmers, do your utmost—whether you grow beets or not
To repeal the tax on sugar—you can but improve your lot!
Cheaper sugar helps your pocket, greater blessings you can win—
When we've three-cent granylated—that's whar you an' I come in!"

BEFORE THE PUBLIC EYE

THE ARKANSAS SENATORSHIP.

There is considerable discussion in Democratic papers just now as to who should succeed Senator James K. Jones as chairman of the national committee. There are some who apparently favor Arthur Pue Gorman of Maryland. Others look upon ex-Gov. Stone of Missouri as the right man. Then

HON. JAMES K. JONES.

there are a few who believe that ex-Gov. Francis of Missouri would prove a good chairman, while not a few favor John P. Hopkins, ex-mayor of Chicago, and chairman of the Illinois state committee. Senator Jones, it is said, will tender his resignation at the next meeting of the national committee, which it is now believed will be held in February.

On the other hand, Senator Jones has given no sign that he intends to resign before his term expires, which will be in 1904. If there is any demand for his resignation just now it does not come from the "faithful" in his party. He is a candidate for reelection to the senate and is, therefore, just now the center figure in a lively campaign in his own state. He believes that all this talk of resignation is being done with a view of aiding the opposition to him in Arkansas.

NEW YORK POST CENTENNIAL.

The New York Evening Post recently celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its first issue on Nov. 16, 1801, by the publication of a centennial number which cannot help being of interest not only to the publishers of newspapers but to the public generally. While this anniversary edition is a splendid illustration of what is best in modern journalism, its chief value will be found in the contrast it

HORACE WHITE.

affords with the initial publication one hundred years ago. Its historical features embrace a condensed history of the first fifty years of The Evening Post by its late editor, William Cullen Bryant, while the story of the second half century of its existence is told by Parke Goodwin, John Bigelow, Carl Schurz and its present editor, Horace White.

American and European Music.

In the matter of the American invasion of Europe and the alarm it has occasioned it is of interest to note that one of the leading Berlin musical critics recently delivered a lecture in that city in which he said that within twenty years the United States would be teaching music to Europe. He was of opinion that America is on "the threshold of a great musical career" and that native composition, while only "emerging from its infancy, still affords rich promise." He also is of opinion that German, Italian, and French influence is waning, that the time is near when Americans will not have to leave home to get a musical education, and that "Sousa's stirring works will live."

The New Projectile.

Secretary Long in his annual report, just issued, says: "In order to gain greater energy guns have been increased in weight and dimensions until it is believed that they have now reached a point beyond which it is inexpedient to go. Any further increase in their efficiency must be looked for in the use of heavier projectiles and in the development of powders possessing higher ballistic properties than those now in use."

Illinois Farm Lands.

According to a dispatch from Kankakee there is some high-priced farming land in that part of Illinois. Mention is made of a farm near Manteno, in Kankakee county, which sold for $112.50 an acre, which price, it was said, "has been the rule rather than the exception in that locality within the last year."

Prod From the Editor.

Western Kansas editors, says the Kansas City Journal, have a unique way of prodding up delinquent subscribers, as this will indicate: "If you have frequent headaches, dizziness, fainting spells, accompanied by chills, cramps, corns, bunions, chilblains, epilepsy and jaundice, it is a sign you are not well, but are liable to die any minute. Pay your subscription a year in advance, and thus make yourself solid for a good obituary notice."

New Fuel for Locomotives.

One of our largest railroads has decided to substitute oil in place of coal as fuel for its locomotives, and while there may be some doubt as to its success, there is none concerning the value of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It has been given a thorough trial during the past fifty years and has never disappointed any sufferer from dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation or flatulency who have given it a fair trial. Be sure to get the genuine.

Bess—So you are going to marry young Hardup, are you? Nell—Mercy, no! I'm only engaged to him. I'm going to marry his rich uncle."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Names sometimes go by contraries. For instance, when Miss Blackman is a blonde girl and Snowball White is as black as the ace of spades.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

Mr. T. Totaler—My dear, I do not think it is very appropriate for you to wear that wine-colored silk to the W. C. T. U. convention. Mrs. T. Totaler—Oh, but it is watered silk, you know.

For weakness, stiffness and soreness in aged people use Wizard Oil. Your druggist knows this and sells the oil.

"Our home is perfectly lovely!" exclaimed the young wife who had moved into a flat, with enthusiasm. "Only think! a spare bedroom built right into the walls, like stationary tubs, you know!"

When Johnnie said that he "never could get the knack of popping corn," Jennie quickly added, "Nor anything else." When convinced of her mistake she said, "Ask popper."