

Republican Progress

Wm. A. Gabe, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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DOROTHY'S PRESENT.

A REALLY "REAL" AMERICAN GIFT TO AN AMERICAN BRIDE.

A Pretty Story Which Will Interest All Brides, Past, Present and Prospective. Of Course No Harried Man Should Read It.

So she was to be "married on the 14th" and I was "invited to be present." I knew it, for I was to be her bridesmaid, and we had spent weeks and months in planning it all, from the most insignificant ruffles to the very veil itself. But here was documentary evidence of it—a formal invitation.

Then it occurred to me that my wed-ding offering was still unselected. I must have been waiting for a special dispensation, I think, for I longed to give her something real—really real. Something bright and pure and sparkling and dainty and useful, like herself—and my income, compared with my aspirations, was ridiculously small, as it so often happens. But no one would think of Dorothy and "imitation" in the same breath. My gift must be "dainty." Small then. It must be "sparkling." Glass or chin? "Useful." Cups and saucers. Exactly! And they ought to be Belleek, but that costs so much. Dorothy and I had asked the price of a beautiful imported cup at a pretentious shop on Fifth avenue, near Thirtieth street, and we felt like thieves for even touching it when the attendant said the price was \$2.25 for one. No, the outlook was not encouraging, but there's "nothing like trying again," as my grandmother used to say, and I started for town at once.

I would like to see some white Bel- leek cups," I said to an attendant in a fashionable store not far from Broadway. "Certainly," and he took from a glass case the daintiest little, pure white, scintillating bit of a cup with a gold band and a light as a feather saucer. "That's what I want," I said. "I have my dress materialized, and I almost screwed with delight when he let me hold it. "This," he explained, "is Amer- ican china." "Oh, dear, how prou- ous," said I, almost letting the bijou tremble. "I want it real—not any Amer- ican stuff." I think his eyes twinkled, but he replied very gravely and politely.

"This is real. You doubtless know (ever man) that 'Belleek' is the name of a town in Ireland where this ware was first produced. The proper clays are found in this country in abundance, and ten years ago ex-Congressman J. H. Brewer, of New Jersey, paid a man three times as much as he was receiving in Ireland to come here and work for him. Other potters, who pay their workmen as good wages, have found out the secret since, and there is no more de- cided china made in the world than some we get from Trenton, and none so cheaply sold in the United States as the American."

"Well, I should think that American potters must be very good men to pay their workers three times as much as they could get in Europe, but how can they afford it?"

"The protective tariff?"

"You are telling me to talk about that McKinley bill."

"Do you object to it?"

"Oh, I don't know anything about it, really; but it must be a very good or a very bad thing, people talk about it so much."

"Here are the facts: you shall judge of it 'good' or 'bad' in your own mind. The McKinley bill forces the foreign potter to pay sixty cents for the privilege of selling 100 cents' worth of decorated china in this country—that is, there is a tariff of 60 per cent on that class of goods. This is so that the workman here may be paid sixty cents more for a dollar's worth of work than are the same class of people in Europe. That enables our working potters to live better and happier lives than do those in Europe, and rings a class of men among us who are encouraged to produce the most artistic results. There is so much competition among the native potters that the price to customers is low. The price is eighty cents each."

"Eighty cents, and real, and I saw an imported one for \$2.25! Well, I think the McKinley bill is a very good thing indeed. Give me half a dozen of them right away, please." It seemed so wonderful that by buying this cup, which was the very thing I wanted, for eighty cents, instead of paying \$2.25 for an imported one, I was helping one of my own countrymen and his family to live three times as well as they could do in Europe.

It had never before occurred to me that that tariff had anything to do with us girls. I thought it was all about the pane—plate, I mean—and it seemed to me then and now that if we began our encouragement, we could easily be made to take care of themselves. Why, it is simple! I feel as if I must take a hand at voting, happiness and comfort to working people."

I went home with a light heart. I had found what I was looking for and much more. With a yard of white satin and another of rose colored I covered a case for the precious cups. My present cost \$6.50, cups and all. This note came from Dorothy:

However, You Dear Girls! It's the prettiest and daintiest thing I have had. But you shouldn't have spent so much money on me. No, I am not a good girl, but I am very white and bright, and—but he says a good many perfectly absurd things anyway.

I am so happy about everything, and so pleased with myself. It was a very good present. You must show me you make that delicious tea; we'll visit you soon.

Always yours, Dorothy.

There! I say, and so will Dorothy, when I tell her my experience. "Long may the protective tariff wag!" We girls are not ungrateful to our Uncle Sam if we but understand what he is doing for our happiness. Dorothy and I heard too much about abstract "pa- triotism" and too little about "Amer- ican china" and other homemade things. I pre-are, during that "finishing" process.

GRACE ESTHER DREW.

Now They "Feed" in the Regular Army.

It is the general impression that regular army people are half fed and poorly cared for, but the following extract from a letter written by a Monroe county boy, now stationed at San Antonio, Texas, would lead one to believe otherwise:

"Have just returned from dinner, had roast beef, mashed potatoes and gravy, coffee, green pea (con-

ned) and the bread is bought fresh every day from the baker shop. Our table is always nicely set with silver cutlery which contain the seasonings; our company have silver knives and forks and fine China which were bought with the company funds and are only used in the quarters. When we are marching or camping out we use tin cups, tin plates and iron knife, fork and spoon. We get something different to eat every day in the week; to-morrow we may get pork and cabbage, next day macaroni, next pork and beans and so on. Breakfast usually is about the same—beefsteak, fried potatoes, bread and coffee. For supper we have tea with sugar, and hash, and oat meal or rice cold with sugar for dessert. Our canned goods are all bought with company funds, such as tomatoes, peas, corn, etc. Now you will want to know where the company funds; well, in this way: every company has a billiard and pool table and the men pay for the playing just the same as they would on the outside, but the most of the funds come from the canteen (saloon). Nine soldiers out of every ten are hard drinkers and spend all their money that way, and when there was no canteen (for it has only been running two or three years) the boys would go out in town pay day and spend all their money and very often get into trouble on the outside, as it were, but as it is now they spend it in the Post and the profits are divided among the companies and are used for laying delicacies for the table and anything else that is thought advisable, for instance we sleep under mosquito bars and have nice large wardrobes with lock and key for our clothes. Our quarters are large two-story brick buildings with double verandas in front and rear and are supplied with water from the water works. Every company quarters has a bath room with large zinc bath tubs and the water closets at the rear are the latest improved with fresh water running through all the time which connects with the sewer and we have fine concrete walks in front with rows of shade trees set out on each side."

THEY SAY THAT

The Monon will be one of the finest equipped roads in this country by the time the World's Fair begins next summer.

Born to John Harris and wife, a daughter—Wm. Stone of South College Avenue is quite sick and confined to his bed—Peter Thruher spent several weeks in Missouri, buying stock—Clay Howard and family visited relatives in this place last week. Clay is a Pullman car conductor on a run on the Lake Shore railroad between Chicago and Cleveland.

Ferd. Phillips of Cincinnati, an old friend of M. J. Smith, was in town last week—Lon. Smith, who is in business in a suburb of Chicago, arrived at home last week.

In five months, June 5th to November 5th, Samuel T. Smith earned and credited five acres of corn that measured 250 bushels.

Rev. Gilbert Dobbs has been retained for another year by his congregation at Paducah, Ky.

Nov. 24th is set for Thanksgiving.

So engage your turkey—The Philharmonic Club give the next entertainment of the I. U. lecture course on the evening of the 29th.

Mrs. F. A. Sanders of Ne- gaune, Mich., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Chas. Perring.

John Spicer, who is working at Piper City, on the Illinois Central railroad, came home to cast his vote.

The wife of County Clerk Cravens has returned from Chicago, where she has been visiting relatives and friends—Bud. Brummett has moved to town and Harvey Phillips' farm and Phillips has removed to town and now occupies his new house.

Grant Kunyan was arrested at Clear Creek one night last week on charge of entering Silas Thompson's meat house in that city—John Durnell of Benton has typhoid fever—The depot improvements have been begun, and will be quite satisfactory when completed—Excavation work is being done on the new school house building site, west 7th street.

The new depot at Bedford will soon be occupied. It is a handsome stone structure, and will be a credit to the Monon and to the town—Prod. Commons is sick, with symptoms of typhoid fever—Henry Axtell of the east side was buying goods in Indianapolis last week—George Nicholson, now of New Albany was in town last week—The trustees of I. U. were in session last week—the beautiful snow threw a damper on the spirits of some of the election howlers Wednesday night and Thursday morning—Will. Eakin of Washington, D. C., came to Bloomington to attend his brother's wedding—A 6-inch snow on the 9th of November is somewhat unusual, but we had it. Well, no wonder, after Illinois and Ohio had gone Democratic—Dr. John P. Tousar has purchased from E. M. Farris a lot in the Bollman addition for \$1,000—The Mechanics' band played at Salem Saturday for the Democratic jollification—W. I. Farris has been assisting in the show department of the "Corner" store during the past week—Frank Simmons is in the clothing business for himself at Elwood, Ind. He is one of the neatest gentlemen who ever talked trade to a customer, and always owing to me.

JOHN H. WYLLIE, November Review of Reviews.

ner of success—S. K. Rhorer, Peter Bowman, R. H. East, S. E. Carmichael, H. J. Feltus, Lee Stont, John Harris, Sam. Bollenbacher, John Riley or Newt. Bennett would not refuse the postoffice. But John Cravens may conclude to take the plum himself—Mrs. John McCoy died at her home in Dallas, Texas, last week—Communion services were held in the Reformed Presbyterian church, Sabbath, Rev. J. B. Wylie officiating—Horace Blakeley has traded his house on 6th street to Mc- Kinley & Robertson.

St. Nicholas for Young Folks.

John G. Whittier long ago wrote of St. Nicholas, "It is little to say of this magazine that it is the best children's periodical in the world." Edward Eggleston, in "The Hoosier School," says of it, "There is not one of the number that does not stir the curiosity, inform the memory, stimulate thought, and enlarge the range of the imagination." Founded in 1873, and from the first number edited by Mary Mapes Dodge, St. Nicholas is now entering upon its twentieth year. The most famous writer of the magazine is Mrs. George L. Custer, who describes it as "George's Custer," and Baltimore by President Gilman of the Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Lyman Abbott will tell the story of Brooklyn, and other cities will be treated by other famous men. There will be articles on the World's Fair, and a number of pages of funny pictures and humorous verses.

Miss Kate Douglas Wiggin, the well known author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," etc., will contribute the leading serial for St. Nicholas during the coming year. The November number opens with a three page poem by John G. Whittier, which has in it some of the most beautiful lines the good Quaker poet has ever written, describing his visit to his people of young girls to his home. The place St. Nicholas is in our household, and you need have no fears for the boys taught your children." "Oh, dear, how prou- ous," said I, almost letting the bijou tremble. "I want it real—not any Amer- ican stuff." I think his eyes twinkled, but he replied very gravely and politely.

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The twenty-third annual State Convention of the Indiana Young Men's Christian Association, will be held at Logansport, Nov. 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th. The principal speakers will be C. J. Hicks, Railroad Secretary of the International Committee, George S. Burroughs, the new president of Wabash College, L. D. Wickard, Missionary Secretary of the International Committee, Rev. Wm. McKibben, D. D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Cincinnati, T. A. Hildreth, the new General Secretary for the Indianapolis Young Men's Christian Association, Secretary Geo. T. House of the Cincinnati Association will have charge of the singing. A number of well known business men of the State will be present. Every young man whether an Association member or not, is invited to attend, also pastors and business men interested in this special work for young men. Excursion rates on the certificate plan have been granted over all railroads in Indiana, and free entertainment for all regularly accredited delegates will be provided. A number of prominent business men of the State are on the Executive Committee in charge of the convention. Nearly 300 young men and business men are expected to be present.

A number of the stores display placards upon which is printed: "This store will close at 7 p. m. during the revival." The Progress offers "will see that and go to better." The hissing steam will be stilled, and the ponderous wheels of our perfection presses will cease to revolve each day at 5 p. m. during the revival.

If there ever was a time when a revival of religion was needed it is now—since the devil and the de- mons are on the road again. They are in demand, and by good companies.

Newell Sanders and wife of Chattanooga are the guests of C. F. Dodds' family.

Chas. Rawles is now assistant book-keeper in the National Bank.

Thos. J. Farr has gone back to his farm, after four years as Sheriff. Tom will be a winner on the Republican ticket again some day.

Having received a telegram stating that his father is fatally ill, Fletcher Blawitt left for his home at Bowling Green, Ky. on Monday.

John Durnell of Benton has typhoid fever—The depot improvements have been begun, and will be quite satisfactory when completed—Excavation work is being done on the new school house building site, west 7th street.

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Mr. Morley at Dublin.

Mr. Morley has been trying to get to work in Ireland under difficulties. There are about 50,000 persons, or say 10,000 families, against whom, by the process of law, judgment has been obtained, but who are living on their holdings as tenants at will, execution of judgment being suspended sine die. Their landlords can evict them whenever it is convenient. To insure that they will be paid, the court has issued a writ of execution.