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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1894

If we listen to Democratic orators we shall find out that lowering the tariff on diamonds is about to bring big wages and joy to every laboring man in the country.

BROOKSHIRE is for the free coinage of silver; but what did the present Democratic Congress, with its overwhelming majority, do for free coinage? And what did Mr. Brookshire do for it?

This campaign will be a campaign of quotations—quotations on the part of Republicans from the writings of Grover Cleveland. They can use no stronger language about the new tariff than was employed by a Democratic President.

UNDER the McKinley law the sugar consumer received 20 and 23 pounds of granulated for \$1. Under the Gorman law he is receiving only 17 pounds of the same kind of sugar, and the pounds will continue to diminish in number until they fall to 14 and perhaps 12.

The free-silver clause of the new tariff bill was characterized by Cleveland, it will be remembered in his Wilson letter, as "an outrageous discrimination" against the farmers. The *Argus-News* should make this quotation with the proper credit and give it editorial prominence.

THE JOURNAL says the Democratic press used to ridicule the idea of making tin in this country.—*Argus-News*.

THE JOURNAL said nothing of the kind. What it did say was that the Democratic press ridiculed the idea of making tin-plate in this country. In all kindness we ask the *Argus-News* to end its crasshaw endeavors not to misquote THE JOURNAL.

We suggest to brother Coffman of the *Argus-News* that he read up on the subject of tin. He says that we import pig tin from Wales. Wales has no tin mines, and if she had she could not export pig tin for the tin factories of Wales buy most of their pig tin in other countries. The amount of pig tin imported into Great Britain annually is over 20,000 tons.

CONGRESSMAN BROOKSHIRE who is now freed from public service can devote his time to making private explanations as to how and why he voted for the bill of "party perfidy and party dishonor." Perhaps he can explain President Cleveland's open charge that the recent Democratic legislation was the "communism of self," and that it was tinctured with the "deadly blight of treason."

THE *Argus-News* announces that it is only too glad to announce the opening of new tin plate factories in this State, especially when they have the appliances for rolling their own steel plates. If any Democratic paper had been bold enough to make this statement two years ago when these industries were struggling for a foothold in this State, it would have been kicked bodily out of the party. We cheerfully join our contemporary in rejoicing at the building of these great institutions in our State, and trust that the good work will continue until all can see the benefit in them and rejoice at their coming.

LISTEN to these truthful words of Grover Cleveland describing Democrats:

"Every true Democrat and every sincere tariff reformer knows that this bill, in its present form, and as it will be submitted to the Conference, falls far short of the consummation for which we have long labored. \* \* \* That our abandonment of the cause of the principles upon which it rests means party perfidy and party dishonor."

And yet every cuckoo newspaper in the land are shouting themselves hoarse in defense of the bill of "party perfidy and party dishonor," and although Grover in a later letter said that the bill "contains crudities and inconsistencies which ought not to appear in a tariff law or laws of any kind," they only yell the louder.

## FARMS AND HOMES.

The principal results of the investigation of farm and home proprietorship has been given by the Census Office. It appears from the statistics gathered in the report just issued that of the 12,690,152 families in the whole country at the date of the investigation almost 46 per cent owned their farms and homes. Of the families owning farms and homes almost 72 per cent had no incumbrance. The number of resident owners of land in the United States was 6,066,417, to which must be added any land owners who might be living in tenant families. The farm families (numbered 4,767,179, of which 66 per cent owned their farms. Of the owning families over 28 per cent had incumbrances on their farms. In 1880 25.56 per cent of the farms were hired. In the cities containing over 100,000 population there were 1,948,834 home families, of which almost 23 per cent owned and 77 per cent hired, while of the owning families 38 per cent owned subject to incumbrance.

HOW I LOVE HER.

How I love her nose may say—  
In what sweet and varied way—  
Loving her this way and that:  
For a ribbon on her hat—  
For a sprig of violets when noon dyes—  
For a trinket of her blue eyes—  
How I love her nose may say,  
Yet I love her all the day!

How I love her nose may know,  
Who can say why roses grow—  
How, where'er it breathes and blows—  
Still the rough wind loves the rose—  
For her lips are honey sweet,  
For the falling of her feet—  
Who shall all my love declare?  
Yet I love her all the year!

How I love her nose may say—  
In all seasons, dark or bright,  
Love by day and love by night!  
For her grace, her smile, the mere—  
Presence of her there and here—  
In my singing, in my song—  
Still I love her all life long!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

## THE NEW YORK ALPS.

A New Jersey Man's View of the City in 1920.

It was a sultry morning in August, 1920; having an idle day in New York, I had inveigled a friend into showing me its marvelous sights.

"I hope you've brought an overcoat," he said, to my amazement, as we started out. "You will need it," he added,摸ing his forehead.

"As we walked into a narrow street running north and south. Here a breeze struck our faces as cool as it bled from the ferny depths of a canyon. The light was twilight, and looking up I saw that we were walled in by gigantic buildings. Far above, between their black sides, ran a silver ribbon of sky.

"We are now entering the range of the New York Alps," he exclaimed.

"But what is the reason for this sudden change in the weather?" I asked, fearing to contract pneumonia before I could button my coat.

"Why, the sun rises at eleven and sets at two in this street. It is called Crevasse Alley. This building on the right is Jungfrau, the other Juggernaut. Both are snow-capped." He then began to stare so hard at Jungfrau that I thought he must be trying to discover a mortgage on it, but one glaze at his face assured me that I was wrong. He was weeping. "That is my old home," he sighed.

I looked at him amazed. "What a perfectly enormous family there must have been!"

"Only three children," he replied, puzzled at my surprise. "Oh, I see," he laughed; "you thought we occupied the whole building. No, indeed; there were forty-five other families under the same roof. My homeestead is the two extreme northeast windows of the tenth door. See, one of them has a jar of milk on it." Then followed an eloquent silence which I dared not break. "I tell you Tom," he at length continued, "it stirs all the poetry in my being to see my old home again. What fond memories cling to that window!"

I found myself instinctively looking up for the memories. Just then a peddler accosted us.

"Looking for your old homeestead?" he asked. "Hire one of my fine telephones."

My companion drew himself up stiffly. "My family were first settlers, and our windows can be seen with the naked eye. You see, my father," he continued to me, "owned a very valuable layer of air three hundred and fifty feet above the building. I was not old enough then to advise him, so he sold out. But it was a mistake. New York air is getting more valuable every day."

I thought it a kindness to check unhappy reminiscences, so I said: "But how can the memory of such a cooped-up life be grateful? What fun, for instance, can a boy have in such a place?"

"Oh, it was possible in those days to reach the sidewalk during the course of a morning, and there we played like rowdies. To be sure, we were cramped in many ways. We were like the elephant in the conundrum—we couldn't climb a tree; then the rules of the flat admitted no domestic animals—neither dogs, chickens nor horses."

"That was hard."

"Yet still I love the old spot."

As we talked we threaded our way through Rayne street and Gullay way, always in the cool shadow of buildings whose tops were lost in the clouds. I was thinking the while of the sweet, idle fields of my New Jersey farm, and I asked: "Is there not ground enough, that people should take to building castles in the air?"

"Is it possible, men, that you do not understand the wonderful advantage of those buildings?"

"Frankly, no; and, moreover, I've been racking my brain to discover why they are painted in stripes."

"The particular building before you is called the Refrigerator," he explained. "And those stripes are the isothermal lines representing the summer climate—red being torrid, green temperate, white approaching arctic. Well, I do no idea you know so little of the world you must have been living in New Jersey." Then, seeing my confusion, he said: "In that case you need a change of air. Let us ascend the Refrigerator. It only takes a day and a half."

"A day and a half!" I gasped. "And you sleep in the elevator?"

"Why, yes. There are Pullman sleepers attached. But don't say elevators, man; that's old American. They're called translators now. Come, it's sweltering here, and once there we'll have peaches for 75¢ and tobaggon slides for 25¢."

The plan was alluring, I agreed, and in an hour we were on board the translator, speeding upward.

The first stations were hot, noisy places, and as I am rich and poverty annoys me, I paid no attention to them. It grew more interesting in the afternoon, when we struck October weather, and as we neared a station the conductor called out: "Thirty minutes for shopping."

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Ask for it. For sale by Nye & Booze, Druggists.

"We're now entered the green mother," said my friend; "the summer reeks of the 'upper ten.' In fact,

the social scale runs up and down this building like a thermometer, and one often hears the elite described as a seventy-degree family."

"At least at one end of the scale they live on 0," I added.

"The next region is a queer contrast," he continued, as the translator again sped upwards. "The apartments are inexpensive, for clouds hang continually about the windows. The community is composed almost entirely of poets and artists, for they love to live in the clouds, you know."

I was much disappointed to see that, as our route lay through a dark shaft, we could see nothing of the scenery. The room was artificially lighted, and I only felt with horror that we were still flying upward.

"Aren't we almost up to heaven?" I asked, finally.

"No," lauged my friend. "But this is our last stop. We are now on the roof of the Arctic flats," he explained as we alighted. "This is mid winter climate."

I observed many bazaars where fur, skins and blankets were for sale, and Christmas trees were standing everywhere. There had been a light fall of snow, and children were coasting merrily down a slanting roof; there were even a few sleighs. I noticed shadows shifting over us continually, and looking up I saw air-ships flying in every direction.

"You will be surprised to hear," said my friend, "that many never leave these regions during their lifetime, which accounts for the fair northern type of the inhabitants. I have an aunt living here whom I've never seen. She was naturally frigid and preferred living in these flats. We call her Aunt Arctic, and often talk of fitting out an expedition to discover her."

"Had you any idea," I interrupted, "that it was half-past ten o'clock. It's perfectly light!"

"Oh, that's because we're so near the stars. You'll find out that all the astronomers live here. They tell us that there are indications that Mars is leaving her orbit to avoid the smoke from the chimneys of our high buildings."

"I don't doubt it. I should think on a soft summer evening one might even hear the music of the spheres here."

"You may laugh," he rejoined, "but queer things have happened. It's an actual fact that after the World building was completed one of Jupiter's moons deserted him and took to revolving around its dome. Astronomers were wild with excitement. But one night it disappeared, having discovered, I suppose, that the World was not exactly a heavenly body."

Just then we were attracted by a great crowd under a lightning-rod.

"Why, you see," explained a man, "we had a fight last night; a star got stuck on our lightning-rod."

"You don't mean it?"

"A fact, sir. After an hour of agony on our part, during which we played the hose on it, it wriggled itself clear and rolled off."

"How strange it all is!" I murmured as we walked on. "In my geography days I used to consider the Rocky mountains high, but after seeing the New York buildings I shall never again presume to think so. I understand now a sentence in my daughter's lesson which puzzled us both. It said 'The New York glacier rises in the New York Alps, takes a downward course, and empties into the West side sewer.'

"Oh, yes; that starts in the north gutter of the Iceberg flats."

As it was getting late we descended to the summer resorts, where we had decided to remain a time in preference to the Arctic region; for, as my friend said: "Living was too high up there."

"Caro Lloyd, in Leslie's Weekly.

## The Doctor's Rash Promise.

This is a true tale, and it points a moral. A physician of this city had treated a certain gentleman and was asked the question: "How much do I owe you?"

"Three dollars," said the physician.

But when the patient drew forth a ten dollar gold piece the healer looked chafed, and asked, anxiously: "Have you no change?"

"No," was the answer. "Only this and two nickels."

"Then give me the two nickels," said the physician, "for if I take the gold I shall be seven dollars out."

The unhappy man had rashly promised his wife that all the gold taken in by him in the discharge of his calling should be his wife's perquisite.—Louise Courier-Journal.

## A Genuine Hero.

A party of young men were telling what they would do were they wrecked far out to sea, and left buffeting the waves without a plank to assist them.

Each one gave his opinion except Paddy Murphy, who after being asked for his, replied:

"Bedad, ye cowardly set of spalpeens, ye'd all be after savin' yer-selves, an' not tryin' to save another. Why, it's Paddy Murphy that would swim ashore an' save himself, and thin come back an' thry to save another!"

—Toledo Blade.

## A Thorough Confession.

"Herbert," she said, "tell me one thing, and tell me truthfully. Were you ever intoxicated?"

"Well," replied the young man, "I was air-tight once."

"What do you mean?"

"I had a tooth pulled and took laughing gas."—Toledo Blade.

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