

## WASHINGTON SIDE-LIGHTS

Continued From page Four.

man from sitting on the commission. Woodrow Wilson is not popular with "our best people." Neither is the memory of the late Mrs. Wilson reverenced among "our best people." She exposed the alleys graft and put an end to it from her deathbed. I have often wondered why the so-called muck rakers who fill the pages of magazines have never tried their hand on Washington. It would make mighty interesting reading. Well, Gallenger is exceptionally popular among "our best people." The papers here are all for him.

Now it is a new stunt for Gallenger—this thing of appealing to the people. He has never had to do so. His friends here love to dilate upon the fact that always until now Gallenger has remained on the job and left the work of the campaign for his friends. In the good old days it only required three or four "friends" in New Hampshire—if they were the right sort. Now all is changed and Gallenger is out on the stump. Marvelous! Revolutionary! Nevertheless, the old time "friends" who managed things before are just as busy now. It is said that much depends on the vote in Manchester, where there is a large textile factory employing 7,000 voters. Now the owners of this factory are among the most ardent of Gallenger's "friends." In the gladsome days of old, such as '96, it would have been easy enough. These 7,000 would have found a little note to return for work the day after the election "if Gallenger is re-elected." But now that is considered a crime. Nevertheless, it is an open secret that the owners of the factory, who feel that they also own the men, will move heaven and earth to vote them "right" for Gallenger.

## Times Have Changed.

Fortunately, however, the working men are doing their own thinking and are taking no orders from the boss as to their vote, and the democrats are making their appeal directly to this magic 7,000. The democratic nominee is Congressman Stevens, whose popularity is attested by his presence in the house. He is a Harvard man and he records himself in the congressional directory as a farmer.

Now much will depend on the progressive vote. Two years ago republicans got 32,000 votes, the democrats 34,000, and the progressives 14,000. It is figured that these 14,000 progressives voted an honest conviction against the reactionary policies of the republican party. Of all the reactionaries in the republican party, Gallenger is the king bee. Thus it is assumed that there is little likelihood of the democrats losing anything of their former vote or of the republicans making any gains. It can readily be seen that while Penrose can scarcely be defeated, there is good ground to hope for the defeat of Gallenger.

Apropos of the senate there was an interesting little incident illustrative of certain silly things on the floor the other day when a certain senator who has something to say about the rules of the senate undertook to chastise Vice-President Marshall, and got the raw end of it for his pains. There has been too much of divinity hedging the United States senate. Of course the senate is a dignified and impressive legislative body—no doubt the most impressive in the world. But the citizen who knows not his Washington has no conception of the Washingtonian's idea of the senator. The denizen of this city who lives here year after year engaged in work other than congressional has his own idea of the relative importance of public officials. Now he has nothing but a condescending contempt for practically all the members of the house of representatives. A Clark, a Cannon, or an Underwood counts with him, but there are few beside. The local man has seen 'em come and go in the house without even hearing their names so long that he comes to look upon them just about as he looks upon a tourist.

The president of the United States is a little interesting, but he is not so impressive to the Washingtonian as to the citizen of the states. Presidents come and go. Some stay four years, others eight. That is not long in a lifetime. When Taft comes back to Washington he passes through the streets without attracting a crowd. He is just an ex-president. But with the United States senator it is different. He comes for six, twelve, eighteen, twenty-four, and thirty years. He is more or less of a fixture. He is the ambassador from one of the states. And, of course, he usually has a more or less distinguished career behind him when he enters the senate. Aside from that impressive memoirs and traditions cling to the historical senate chamber. The senator counts—even in Washington. But the real monarchs in Washington are the justices of the supreme court. They are here for life. Talk about divinity hedging kings. Why, if you, dear reader, were to inadvertently step into the elevator reserved for the "exclusive" use of the justices you would have a run for your money. When you enter the supreme court room you do so on tip toe, and you must be careful how

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## Triple Plated Pomp.

Well, to return to the Marshall incident: There are all sorts of silly rules about the senate, and just now there are some sillier than ever before in recent years. For illustration: when you sit on the front row in the senate gallery you must not rest your hand, kind lady, on the railing. It might fall off and injure some delicate senator. If you thoughtlessly rest your hand on the railing a burly officer hurries to you and makes it quite clear that you ought to be hung. You must not laugh or applaud. That is unthinkable in the senate. It would result probably in the clearing of the galleries. It is too human—this laughing or applauding.

And so I might go on with a score of silly rules. But these rules are terribly important to some senators. One of the rules is that the picture of the rules in session must never be taken. It can't even be sketched. If you are seen writing in the gallery you are hurriedly shown the door. A cat can't even look at a king. Notwithstanding which rule the other day some moving pictures of the senate were taken for exhibition at San Francisco. Before the senate convened, Vice-President Marshall and the chaplain entered the chamber, took their places and opened the senate. Several senators were in their seats. The pages were busy on the floor. The clerks were at their desks. A little later Senator Kern, the leader, was asked to perform to the extent of writing a letter on his desk, rising and presenting a bill and making a few remarks. This all happened before the senate convened.

But it was printed in the paper. Horrors! The end of the world! Great consternation in some senatorial breasts! Awful! The sanctity of the senate violated! Terrible! And thus one of these senators rose and protested when the senate met against the ineffable violation. The vice-president made some tart remarks which were timely and justified by the facts and announced that the pictures would not be used as a result of the tumult in certain senatorial breasts. Then he retired to his chamber and sent for the irate senator to whom he said things. Just what these things were no one but the two men know, but a little later this senator alighted from his high horse and the announcement was made that the pictures would be used.

## Running Around in Rings.

But "Ain't it awful, Mable?"

Perhaps this is the silly season here because every one is worn out and on edge. No better evidence of this is seen than the outbreak of Congressman Mann, the republican leader in the house, the other day when he ran amuck in the most amazing manner and insulted every democrat in the country shamelessly. The reader of these letters will bear witness that they have always been friendly to Mann. He has heretofore conducted himself after the fashion of a gentleman. The other day he gave the most boorish exhibition ever witnessed on the floor.

It all came about over woman's suffrage.

Now, once upon a time there was a great parade of the women in the capital. It was about the time of the Wilson inauguration. There was some discussion about permitting the women the use of the avenue for the parade. The matter was discussed on the floor of congress. Some members were bitterly antagonistic. None more so than Mann.

Then came a change over the dreams of Mann. The women of Illinois, his own state, won the ballot. As soon as they won the ballot they decided they would get the political scalp of the man who had so strenuously opposed them the poor right of parading the avenue. That move on the part of the women has evidently worried Mann. He has evidently decided that it will pay to cultivate the ladies.

Thus Mann rose to address the house for the benefit of the women. Realizing no doubt the embarrassment of his position, he probably thought it was up to him to make it strong. Knowing that Congressman Heflin, a democrat of Alabama, has a pet aversion to the women, and justly so, he decided to attack him.

Now for the nerve. Ground and Lofty Tumbling.

At the same time Mann made his unfortunate speech against the women Heflin had stood shoulder to shoulder with him and had also addressed the house. The republican leader with a freak memory recalled Heflin's speech and forgot his own. He actually had the adamant gall to declare that Heflin's speech brought the blush of shame to every respect of womanhood. But that was not the climax. When pressed to explain his opposition to the parade he replied that he knew that the democ-

rats in Washington would insult the young girls in the parade.

Of course Jim Mann lied. And of course Jim Mann lied with malicious intent.

When Heflin called him a liar to his beard Mann did not have the manhood to resent it.

It is quite probable that such a scene would have been impossible earlier in the session. Again it is possible that Jim Mann has heard from home. But now that he needs 'em, Mann has joined Roosevelt, Beveridge and Fairbanks and is strong for the women—although while in power none of these gentlemen had anything to say in their behalf. Their attitude is monumental hypocrisy. I wonder if any woman with brains in her head is fooled.

Well—perhaps.

Now there is the so-called Congressional union. It is financed by some women of the plutocracy. Mrs. McCormick, daughter of Mark Hanna of odiferous memory is one of them. This union has taken a position. It is not in partisan politics—oh no. But it has taken a position against the election of every democratic member of congress. Even where democrats have steadfastly voted for suffrage these women are out on the stump fighting them because they are democrats! Even where republicans opposed suffrage—these women are out working for them because they are not democrats! They are fighting the democrats in Colorado where every democratic congressman and the two social democratic senators not only voted for them, spoke for them, and marched with them.

Is that honest politics? Well say—

The fact is this union is not a suffrage organization—it is a republican organization.

Take the state of Rhode Island: The other day the democrats met in state convention and took a strong stand for suffrage. Two days later the republican state convention met. It utterly ignored suffrage and refused the women a hearing. The Congressional union, using the money of Mark Hanna's daughter, is sending speakers up there to fight the democrats for the republicans.

Is that crooked politics?

Well, it is the night dark?

So much for this crooked and dishonest organization of subsidized partisans. No wonder Dr. Anna Shaw has seen fit to repudiate the Congressional union. She has sense enough to know that such conduct is assassin—*if not worse*.

Now the plain truth is that the democrats in eighteen months have shown more consideration for the rights of the women than the opposition has in forty years. In the good old days of Cannonism and Rooseveltism it was impossible to get a hearing in the senate for the cause of suffrage. Resolutions, petitions, were received and buried. There was no possible way to get the cause before the senate for discussion. The republicans did not think enough of their cause to give them a hearing. They were treated with utter contempt. Then the democrats got possession of the senate and the first thing Senator King, the leader, did was to appoint a committee on woman's suffrage. I wonder if the women of Indiana appreciate the significance of that. Now Senator Beveridge was in the senate twelve years and never did that much.

Wilson arose from a sick bed to meet and greet a large delegation of women who called upon him in regard to suffrage—and in doing so defied his physician's orders. At that time he would not have seen a United States senator. He would have refused to see a delegation of the Pierpont Morgans. And yet, in the crowd of women on that occasion some of those who are now repaying the democratic party—the only party that ever made it possible for their cause to be mentioned on the floor of congress—with attack, actually sneered at the president of the United States and refused to clasp his hand in greeting.

It would be well for the women of the country to understand the situation as it pertains to this so-called congressional union. Especially for the women who believe in Woodrow Wilson and his marvelous achievements. Fortunately Mrs. Dr. Shaw has cleared the atmosphere by her hardy denunciation of the busby-babies of the union under the lead of Mark Hanna's daughter. Otherwise every self-respecting democrat would be impelled by virtue of his self-respect to withdraw all support from the movement.

Of course this is an age of fakes and folly. Women, just the same as men, are apt to "fall" for them. And still the wonder grows how easily some of them can be deceived.

## Sympathetic in Spots.

Theodore Roosevelt was president for seven and a half years. He wrote messages by the volume. He spoke liberally. And yet while in power he could not find a single word for the women. His sole message to them was to stay at home and have children! Just before the republican convention of 1912 he refused to define his position. After his defeat he became a convert—for votes.

Albert J. Beveridge was in the senate for twelve years. He spoke by the hour on every subject under the sun but one. This one subject was suffrage. Suddenly he became a convert—for votes.

Jim Mann eighteen months ago violently opposed permission to the women to march on the avenue. Now he is a violent convert.

And still the wonder grows.

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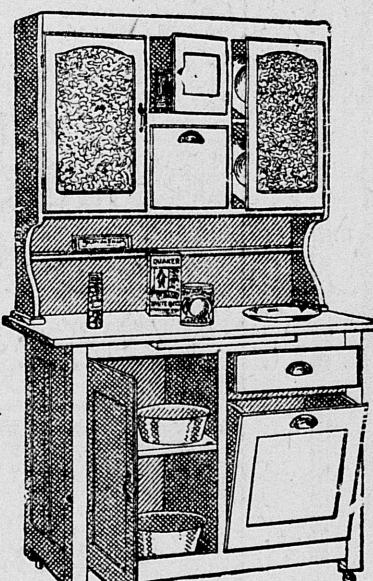
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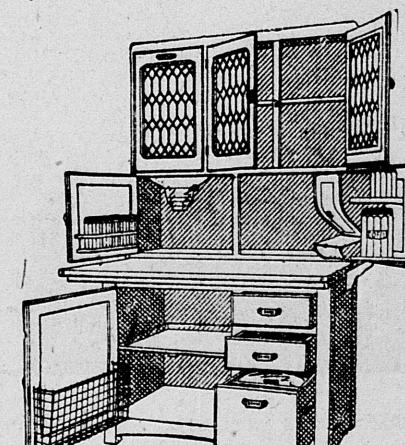
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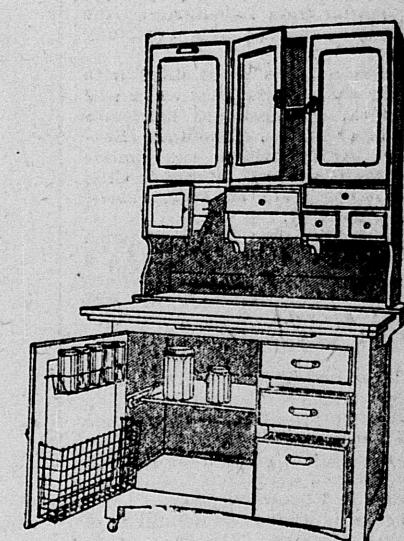
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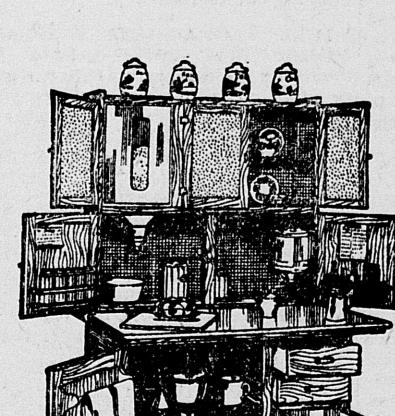
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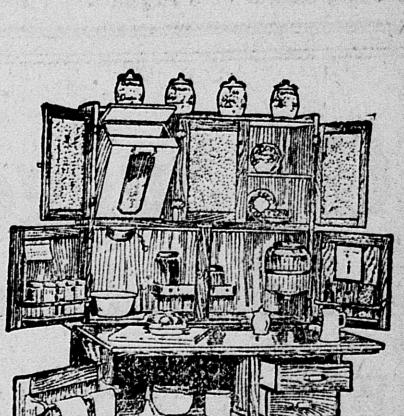
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