

## Political Comment

### The Scandal Factories.

The rumor manufacturers concerned in the Panama scandal racket have narrowed their charges down to this: "If there was really nothing understood in the purchase of the canal rights the whole matter was at least suspicious."

And this is all the tangible support they present to back up the accusation. It turns out that many attempts have been made to start a scandal of the sort ever since the zone came under the control of the United States. The first to pour forth their innuendoes were those who had set their hearts upon the government taking up with the Nicaragua project. It was a grievous disappointment to them that the other and shorter route was selected. It is history that Senator Morgan never did get over it until the day of his death. Then from time to time there were revivals of the "story." The New York World lifted it out of the pages of the past for the purpose of confounding the administration during the campaign. The Indianapolis News picked it up because it was eager to express its bitterness over the failure of the party to name Vice President Fairbanks as the Presidential candidate. It is too bad that so much fuss should be made on charges refuted by a newspaper which had only a few days before complacently admitted it had lied in the case of the interview with the German Kaiser.

William Nelson Cromwell, who arranged the transfer of the canal from the French owners, says:

"I am also positive that not a man in public life in America, in or out of Congress, ever had the least pecuniary interest in the Panama Canal. I do not know and never have known of an American citizen who has ever dealt in any of the shares of the new Panama Canal Company or the shares or bonds of the old company. A further instance of the unwarranted attitude of the Indianapolis News and of other journals repeating the statement is furnished with respect to Mr. C. F. Taft and Mr. Douglas Robinson. The introduction of these gentlemen in the Panama affair is like the creation of a character in a work of fiction. They did not exist in the sense of having any relation to the canal matter."

The President's hint that the responsibility for the falsehoods might be fixed on the country with justification, in particular by those journals which hold to the path of decency and honesty in the face of competition the policy of which is mendacity and shamelessness.— *Toledo Blade.*

### Canada's Wheat Supply.

American farmers who have prospered under the protective tariff of the past twelve years, enacted and maintained by the Republican party, should take notice of the fact that a recent report issued by a leading mercantile agency, shows that, while the total available supply of wheat in this country about the close of September was 18,000,000 bushels less than at the same time last year, the Canadian supply was 3,500,000 bushels more than a year ago.

This statement indicates the great importance of keeping the American market for the American farmer and of building up the home market so that any loss of foreign demand on account of Canada's increasing supply may be more than offset by the American consumer.

One of the great principles of the Republican party, as every farmer knows, is to build up the home market and protect the American farmer and wage earner. The mercantile agency item quoted above proves what a Democratic tariff revision would mean for the American farmer in putting him at the mercy of Canada and Argentina.

Another difficulty about giving the President a rebuke is that he might not care to receive it, and then what?—*Washington Times.*

Somebody is most sure to complicate the situation to a degree still more terrible by daring the secret service people to tell all they know.—*Washington Star.*

Getting into a controversy with the President is still another hazardous occupation.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Something is very likely to happen when Congress attempts to carry out its relentless program of eliminating President Roosevelt on the wrist.—*Kansas City Star.*

Over in England objection is made to the President's message because it contains too many copy-book maxims. There are critics who find much more serious faults than that in it.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

### An Annual Gift.

Although the Mr. Carter knew that the senior deacon of his new church was a thirty New Englander, he was not entirely prepared for some of the evidences of Deacon Getchell's peculiar thrift. "I don't know as I favor your exchanging with the Harborville minister more than once in the year," said the deacon, shaking his head at Mr. Carter's suggestion of a second change.

"I thought you all enjoyed his preaching," said the minister, with surprise. "I had understood so."

"That's not the point," and the deacon's chin took on the look so familiar to his family and friends. "The point is that we pay five dollars and twenty cents more a Sunday for our pulpit than they do over at Harborville so when you go over there it's just the same as making the Harborville church a present of that sum, and what I'm saying is that once a season is enough for us to contribute to their support."

What He Needed.

"You can see that I am in need, can't you?" said the husky boy. "Can't you give me a little assistance?"

"Certainly," answered the kind lady as she handed him a cake of soap. "Here is what you need."

As Amended.

"Experience," remarked the thoughtful thinker, "is worth all we pay for it."

"It would be," replied the contrary person, "if we didn't go out and run the same sort of bill again."

### Talking in Large Figures.

In recent years the idea has been familiarized that the United States is a billion-dollar country. Within a few days conventions have been held in Washington that necessarily discussed questions on this scale, for the subjects in hand relate to waterways, the conservation of natural resources, and the development of Southern commerce and industry. These are matters touching the production of the American people and the possibilities of their great domain, which, for the most part, is in the opening stage of its utilization. The spirit of the people in taking hold of vast improvements could have no better example than that at Panama, where this country is putting a quarter of a billion into a short cut for the ships of the world, with a saving of thousands of miles of travel to all races concerned in ocean traffic, and this enterprise practically the entire population of the earth. Americans are "getting their hands in" at Panama. With such a start, and valuable experience, internal improvements on a suitable general plan are sure to follow over it until the day of his death.

A notable beginning has been made in Illinois. The city of Chicago, at its own cost, has completed a strip of ship canal. At the recent election the voters of Illinois approved the issue of \$20,000,000 State bonds to extend the ship canal to the head of navigation on the Illinois River. This the first 100 miles of the lakes-to-gulf channel for ships will be constructed by the State of Illinois and its chief city, without calling on the national treasury for a cent. But much more than inland navigation for commerce is contemplated, as Gov. Denison has just pointed out at one of the Washington conventions. He explained how the strip of ship canal to be built by the State would furnish water power worth \$2,500,000 a year, an income sufficient to wipe out the debt in seventeen years, after which the State will derive \$2,500,000 a year net revenue from this source. Beyond the procurement of a ship canal and of water power is the project of reclaiming 5,000 square miles now under water in Illinois, but easily worth \$100,000,000, when drained, for farming purposes.

Speaker Cannon remarks in relation to these great questions of internal improvement on a permanent scale: "The expenditures should be safe and sane. We want to be practical, safe and sane, and get our money's worth." The speaker is right in principle. There must be no wild or doubtful ventures. For every dollar spent a dollar's value should be obtained. But the figures are certain to run large from the nature of the case. Take a few apart from the question of money to be provided. In 1906 in this country 27,000,000,000 tons of freight was carried by the railroads. The cost of transportation by water is one-fourth that by rail. In the streams of the United States the water power amounts to 230,000,000 horse power, of which 2 per cent is in service. Floods and soil erosion cost the country \$50,000,000 a year. The reclamation of wet lands represents billions. The population of the whole territory under the flag at the next census will be not far from 100,000,000. Figures are big because the country is big.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

### Demand for Free Wool.

There will probably be the old standard "demand" for free wool—a demand that the tariff law makers of 1891 granted. It will be renewed, at the same time reducing the duties on the manufactures of wool. And the exportation of wool in 1896 alone a loss to the United States treasury of \$21,000,000 in revenue; a loss to our American farmers of a market for the eighty million pounds of wool which they raised in 1895 in excess of what they raised in 1894, as well as nearly 16 cents a pound in the price—meaning an aggregate loss to them of nearly \$30,000,000 a year on this one farm product; and a loss to our manufacturers and their workmen of a market for the goods that the farmers and the masses of the people were able to buy in 1893, but which they could not buy in 1894 because of a loss of employment and purchasing power; and, as Chairman Dingley remarked in introducing his bill in 1897, free wool had been followed by a large increase in the importation of shoddy.—*New York Commercial.*

### Never Had Money Enough.

An Irishman who complained of high prices in the United States, says ex-Governor Ladd of Rhode Island, was asked: "Why do you stay here? Why not go back to Ireland, where everything is cheaper?" His reply was: "Oh, at home I could not earn money to buy cheaper goods." Similarly an Englishman commented unfavorably on the higher cost here of the better grades of wearing apparel. "Why," said he, "at home I could buy a dress suit for half the money." "But was the suit as good as that which you pay double for in this country?" "I don't know whether it was or not," was the frank reply. "I never had money enough over there to buy a dress suit." Those who abuse protection because of high prices might learn something from these two incidents.

### Of More Importance.

"And now that you are of age," said the anxious father, "I want to give you a few pointers on how to keep money."

"Say, dad," rejoined the son of his father, "hadn't you better begin by giving me a few pointers on how to get it?"

Not Promising.

"He said he'd greatly encouraged because you turned the gas down low when he was calling on you."

"Well, he didn't feel encouraged. It takes a dark room to develop a negative, you know."—*Philadelphia Press.*

His Station.

"What was your station in life before you became a wanderer?" asked the kind old soul.

"I forgot what it was," answered the husky boy, "but now it's de perise station most uv 'em."

His Idea of Telemetering.

Tom—Well, well, is that your new hat?

His Sister—Oh, it has to be trimmed you know.

Tom—Too large, eh?—The Catholic Standard and Times.

# WOMEN AND FASHION

### Next Mistress of the White House.

The next mistress of the White House is as averse as is Mrs. Roosevelt to thrusting herself forward into public notice. Her lot as wife and mother is a proud and happy one, and her ambitions are all for her husband and children.

"The only lines in her face," says one writer, "are the relics of habitual smiles." Life has been good to her, and the world a good place to live in. She, as well as her husband, has kept young, clear-eyed and clear-skinned. She reads much, speaks French excellently.

underskirts necessary for present dress skirts.

The variation of the usual pierrot ruff is one composed of white and gray maline, from the collar of which spring minute tails of brown fur.

The deep, narrow yoke is an insistent feature of this season's modes and is in perfect harmony with the tendency toward tall, slender skirts.

In this day of slashed skirts and petticoated ankles both slippers and stockings have assumed a place of luxury and importance undreamed of in other times.

The fashionable coat is long, form revealing, but not tight fitting, hipless in effect, with small sleeves and some touch in the form of button or revers to suggest the direction.

Crystal bedwork is found upon very dressy evening frocks, but the style is not so well received as satin flower decorations. Persian bandings are used under slashed waist seams.

A reaction is already setting in against the much-trimmed tailored suit. The cut is still in the hipless effect, but trimmings are omitted, the collar is mannish and the sleeves suggestive of those of a man's coat.

### A Puzzling Question.

"What is going to become of all the unmarried business women when they are too old to work?" was the rather startling question propounded at a meeting of a woman's club in New York.

A business man, member of a leading publishing house, said to me: "Have you ever noticed what a lot of vice old maids there are in our employ? What will finally become of them?" "These women are 'nice.' They are usually in receipt of a good salary, but they haven't saved anything. Improvident? No, not necessarily."

"They live in accordance with the American standard of living, and they can afford to live in that way with the money they earn, besides it is required of a woman in a good position to dress well. If they were saving, 'provident' you would call it, how could they save, at the best, enough to secure them from want for the rest of their natural lives? Their business usefulness ends at 50 years of age, say. Some firms generously pension women worn out in their employ, but these are few. Something will have to be done to meet this emergency. Proud, independent, superior as they are and so many of them!"

### The Chattering Woman.

Many offshoots of the suffragette movement are found in England, and one of the most amusing is a campaign against the wife who pesters her husband about trifles in the household. Many leaders in the suffragette cause assert wives must talk politics, instead of household cares, with their husbands. Probably the most interesting contribution to the discussion has come from Canon Horsley of London, who says there are three classes of "chattering" women, all responsible for many evils. "First of all, there is the woman who has no sense of proportion," says the analytical canon. "She chatters away about insignificant little things. This kind of woman in the upper classes drives her husband to the club. Among the poor she drives her husband to drink. The second chattering woman is the wife who hurls abuse on one string. Here again the husband goes to the club or to the bar. The third class of chattering women is the one who cannot express herself with directness. She wanders from one point to another, and it is impossible to bring her back to the main topic. The husband is lucky who is not driven by her to insanity." There is truth in what the canon says, but he does not point out a remedy. It is significant, too, that not one engaged in the discussion has prescribed a plan for the muzzling of the chattering woman. Evidently in that respect she is looked upon as beyond reform.

### A White Closet.

It was a sensible woman who had the large closet under the hall stairs papered in white and the door covered with white oiled cloth. On the wall were hung black iron dress hooks, which could easily be found, and the most convenient article in it was an electric light bulb on a long cord, which could be taken in hand when looking for boxes packed under the lower stair steps. These boxes were all white, the nature of the contents being shown by a printed label across one end in black letters. Over the door was hung an old portiere, which was hidden by the closet door, but it kept out considerable dust, the shelves were painted white and the books that were stored away were all wrapped neatly in white paper and packed in boxes.

### Guest and Host.

To one who is in the role of host there can be no more bitter rebuke than to have any guest or even a close caller go out from the portals with the feeling that he is sorry he came—that he is depressed rather than uplifted, saddened rather than gladdened, and in a mood of discord rather than harmony. For all personal association should leave behind it a lingering charm, as of something sweet and gracious. When a meeting does not do this some one is to blame.

### Big Hat for a Child.

Youngsters are wearing immense hats in winter in keeping with the fashion for grownups. The one in the sketch shows the fashionable size and shape. It is of soft champagne-colored felt, trimmed with a crown band of black satin, which has a streamer and tassel at the left side.

### New Woman in China.

China is beginning to have its mild excitement over women's rights. In Canton a strong idea of emancipation has taken hold of the Chinese women.

When you start to bite off a piece of thread remember that it scrapes the enamel off, which exposes the nerve and causes suffering, which results in a siege at the dentist's and means a big bill to pay. All this is a heavy penalty, self-imposed, for a moment's thoughtlessness.

And Will She?

Was it not a Greek philosopher who said that obedience is the mother of success? Yet among the "new" women there is many a bride who would rather risk the success than pledge herself to obey her husband, as she is now compelled to do.

To Clean Curtain Hooks.

To clean curtain hooks, place them in water in which a little ammonia has been dissolved, and leave them for a little while. When wiped with a clean cloth, the pins will fasten taut the curtains as easily as new ones.

Men of Yesterday and To-Day.

In our great-grandfather's young days a man was usually not on his hands and knees, but really was, elderly at 40, old at 50 and a gouty, fannel swathed wreck at 60.—*London Throne and Country.*

One way to keep your credit good is to pay your debts promptly.

HER LECTURE AND HER HAT.

The President of the Local Society Wanted Something Elegant.

Jack Hiss has recently related the sprightly, if not wholly flattering, remark of an old farmer who had just learned that the unassuming gentleman before him was also the distinguished speaker to whom he was to listen that evening.

"Well," he reflected, "you can't always tell by looking at a toad how far he can jump."

A woman who has lectured much in public was also not long ago made aware that her appearance did not satisfy the ideals of one prospective hearer—the president of the rural woman's club she was to address. As they chatted in the dressing room, it was evident she had something on her mind.

"This is the most important meeting we've ever held," she confided, at last, nervously. "The hall is decorated, and there will be a great many out-of-town guests, and we've just set our hearts on having everything really elegant and correct. Would you—your dress is so very simple—and no touch of color—and you'll be the center of everything up there on the platform."

"Of course that little gray toque is pretty, but three seats of nobody could more than tell it from your hair. Would you mind putting on something a little more effective? I'm sure that any of the committee would be glad to lend their hats, but Miss Jones has a beauty, with charming trimmings that happen to match the decorations. If you would be kind enough—"

But the distinguished lecturer really could not be kind enough, especially after Miss Jones and her huge yellow-flowered atrocity were pointed out to her. As considerably as possible she refused, even confessing to soothe the president's feelings, that the deepened gray toque ought to be "elegant and correct," even if it were not, since she had paid a price for it as a little ashamed of it at a famous Paris milliner's.

She had the humorous feeling of seeing this information passed in thrilling whispers from lip to lip in the social hall following the lecture, and of not being the respectful, not to say awed, glances bestowed on her modest headgear as the news spread.

At the guest-night meeting of another club, it chanced that this same lady arrived rather late—before her presence was required, but after the session had opened. In the anteroom she found a little woman fluttering about in such a state of obvious distress and expectancy that she thought her possibly some member of the committee in charge, to whom word of her arrival had not been given.

"I hope it is not the tardiness of your lecturer that disturbs you," she began.

"Lecturer?" cried the distracted little woman, wildly. "I don't care if the lecturer's in Kamchatka and stays there. It's a great deal worse than the lecturer—the ice cream hasn't come."—*Youth's Companion.*

AN OXFORD MAN OF SCIENCE.

"Prescientific science" is the term that has been applied to the awakening of interest in geological and other matters in the early years of the nineteenth century. In a book entitled "Reminiscences of Oxford," the Rev. W. Tuckwell describes some of the eager work of Buckland, the British geologist and clergyman, later Dean of Westminster, whose scientific lectures and writings attracted much attention—hostile as well as friendly—at the time.

Without the moral and intellectual support of his wife, Buckland would not so lightly and so confidently have faced the difficulties and achieved his aims. An accomplished mineralogist before their marriage, she threw her whole heart into her husband's work. She deciphered his horribly illegible papers, often adding polish to their style; and her skillful fingers illustrated many of his books.

Night after night, while his "Bridge-water Treatise"—his important contribution on geology and mineralogy—was in making, she sat up writing from his dictation till the morning sun shone through the shutters. From her came the first suggestion as to the true character of the fossil bones, a puzzling kind of fossil stone.

When, at 2 o'clock in the morning, the idea flashed upon him that the footprints of the Chelotherium—since found to be a large four-footed animal—were tortoise-like, he woke his wife from sleep. She hastened down to motherly duty from the kitchen table, while he fetched in a tortoise from the garden; and the pair soon saw with joint delight that his impressions on the paste were almost identical with those upon the slabs.

Cheerfulness in Adversity.

It is comparatively easy to be pleasant and cheerful when our bread-and-butter problem is solved, when we are strong and healthy, when we have harmonious, comfortable homes and money in the bank; but the test of character comes when there is a family to support, when a wife and little ones are looking to us for bread and clothing, and the wolf is pretty near the door; when we are struggling against poverty, a discordant home, a dishonest partner. It is a very difficult thing to be cheerful and helpful when a man is out of a job, with no money in the bank, and an invalid wife and children depending upon him.

It is comparatively easy to be optimistic when the granary is full, when there are no clouds on the horizon, but a very difficult thing to be hopeful and cheerful when the capital is small and business poor. It is hard to be optimistic when notes and bills are coming due and there is no money to pay for goods which lie unsold on the shelves.

It is easy to smile when we are well and everything is coming our way, but when everything goes wrong with us, when undergoing misfortunes and adversities, when those near to us are sick and in distress, when poverty pinches, when the flour is getting low in the barrel, and hungry children look longingly into one's face, then it is not so easy to smile, to give the cordial handshake, to be serene, balanced, and poised. But this is just the time that real character, that fine training, will stand one in good stead.—*Orison Sweet Marden, in Success Magazine.*

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## Smiles of the Day

### How They Don't Speak.

They stood at the hot chocolate counter.

"You should have seen that handsome policeman help me over the crowded street this morning," boasted the one with the blue plumes.

"I did," responded her jealous rival. "Well, it is not every one that can receive so much attention from a handsome policeman while crossing the street."

"No, indeed. And you should have heard what he said after you were safely over."

"Ah, a pretty compliment, I'll wager?"

"No, he said he gave you just as much attention as if you had been young and good looking."

The Retort Courtroom.

She is a teacher in one of our high schools and she had been invited by the mother of one of her pupils to attend a large reception given by a fraternal society. The mother is one of those dear old women who just can't help being patronizing. In introducing her friend to a young man, she said:

"Mr. —, allow me to introduce Miss —, who teaches my Willie."

"And what is the gentleman's business, please?" interjected the school teacher.

Not Wholly in Vain.

Uncle Allen Sparks was returning gloomily from the funeral of an acquaintance.

"Well," he said, brightening visibly after a period of profound thought, "this life was a useful one, after all. He once planted a tree."—*Chicago Tribune.*

### The Correct Charge.

"What is this poor fellow charged with?"

"Attempted suicide, yer Honor," replied the bulky officer.

"Explain the case."

"Yer Honor, he wanted to fight me."—*Town Topics.*

### A Double Break.

Wife—I saw Mr. Chaver this afternoon, and he looks pretty bad. What's the matter with him, do you know?

Hubby—Compound fracture.

Wife—What sort of a compound fracture?

Hubby—He's broke, and Miss Dough-bug, discovering that fact, broke her engagement.

Different Now.

"I tell you what," said the old maid, "they make love much faster than they used to in my day."

"Yes," replied the sweet young thing, "in your day it was a rented horse and buggy; now it's a mortgaged, forty-horsepower, multi-valve touring car."

Wisdom of Experience.

"What man has done man can do," remarked the party with the quotation habit.

Consolation.

Mrs. Newell (up beside of three months)—Tom seems to be somewhat different since our marriage.

Mrs. Oldred—Oh, don't let that worry you. A year from now he'll be indifferent!

He Traveled Light.

"That hall-room boarder moved to-day."

"I didn't see any trunk go out."

"There was none. I guess he placed his effects in an envelope and mailed 'em to the new address."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Ahead of the Game.

Hyker—I attended a successful sleight-of-hand performance last night.

Pyker—So?

Hyker—Yes. I lent the conjurer a counterfeit dollar and he gave me back a good one.

The Real Thing.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is pe-sistency?

Pa—It is the trait a woman displays when she attempts to remove a wrinkle, my son."

Information.

Motorcyclist (in Dreamhurst)—What road would you advise me to take to get out of here?

Uncle Welby Gosh—See that foot-path leadin' to the top of the hill 'bout half a mile away, mister? Well, ride up to the top of it and then keep going. There's a stone quarry a hundred foot deep at the bottom.

Corrected.

Stranger—They say she's worth barrels of money.

The Other—It's a confounded lie. She's my wife.

Eyes All Around.

Pearl—It was awful, dear, awful! Ruby—What?

Pearl—Why, so many young men pass up our street in the evening, I told Jack to whistle "I've Got My Eye on You" when he was a block away.

Ruby—Gracious, and did he?

Pearl—Yes, and then I found the whole neighborhood had their eyes on him.

New Variety.

"You have deceived me," growled the man who had bought a bungalow in the suburbs.

"How so, sir?" asked the oily-tongued real estate agent.

"Why, when we were negotiating you said there were no common gossips in this neighborhood."

"And I spoke the truth, sir. They

are all uncommon. You couldn't find their equal in seven states."

Not What He Wanted.

"I think we shall not see you feel quite at home," remarked the hotel proprietor.

"Don't you try it," expostulated the married man. "I'm away from it to have a jolly good time."—*Bystander.*

What Willie Saw.

When Willie saw a peacock for the first time he said to his mother:

"Oh, mamma, you should have seen it! Electric lights all over the ferns and a turkey underneath."—*The De-linctor.*

An Up-to-Date Answer.

Teacher—Willie, what is the feminine corresponding to the masculine "stag"?

Willie—Afternoon tea.

Suggestive.

Stubb—What's the trouble with the writer's husband? He looks angry enough to chew tracks.

Penn—And he is. She dedicated her latest book to him.

Stubb—Gracious! I should consider that a compliment.

Penn—Not if you know the title of the book