

PERHAPS THE GENTLEMAN DOETH PROTEST TOO MUCH



TARIFF GIVEN CREDIT BANK STATEMENTS ARE GOOD

PRESIDENT POINTS OUT HOW IT HAS ADVANCED PROSPERITY.

Combined With the Economical Administration of the Government by the Republicans the Record is Most Worthy.

President Taft in a recent interview said: "Again, there is my economy commission. If, as I expect, it can tell us how to run the government so as to get the largest returns for the smallest outlay, I hope congress will give it an extension of three years to demonstrate its conclusions experimentally."

"And speaking of economy reminds me of what we have accomplished even without the aid of any board. On entering office I warned every cabinet member and bureau chief that I should hold him individually responsible for cutting to the bone the expenditures under his control. On July 1, 1909 we faced a deficit of \$56,000,000; July 1, 1910, saw that changed to a surplus of \$14,000,000; and by July 1, 1911, the surplus had risen to \$47,000,000."

"Pardon me, Mr. President, but do I understand that you attribute all this to your administrative economies?"

"Oh, no; I am coming to that. Just now, though, I want you to note that the normal increase of government expenditures each fiscal year is about four per cent.; yet the expenditures which were \$662,000,000 during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909, had shrunk by June 30, 1911 to \$654,000,000, an actual decrease instead of the normal increase. This scaling down process for the fiscal year 1911 involved cutting the estimates made by the department heads \$50,000,000."

"But to come back to your question: I fully realize, and I wish our people would, that the present prosperity of the treasury is due in no small measure to the existing tariff, which, notwithstanding all its faults, is a revenue producer. There is a good deal more that can be said of that act. It gave us a maximum-and-minimum tariff proviso which I deem of the highest importance, and which tended to increase our foreign trade substantially. It gave free trade with the Philippines which has made the islands more prosperous than ever in their history, without injury to any American industry. It gave authority that I used to create and appoint a tariff board, which, though not the commission I sought, is doing a most useful work; and it imposed a corporation tax, on which I had set my heart, but which at times I despaired of getting through."

Prospects of Tariff Legislation. Men are told there is little likelihood of any completed tariff legislation at this session of congress. That may be fairly accurate as a general statement two or three months ahead of time. It is very improbable that there will be any revision of the duties on leather and boots and shoes before the presidential election. The reason for that is apparent. The president is now fully committed to the policy of not revising till after the tariff board reports, and it is not likely that the tariff board can report on leather before this session of congress adjourns.

Come Back to Republican Party. Day by day thousands of voters who temporarily left the party or stayed at home on election day of 1910 are regretting their action and announcing their return to their party. They will be found supporting the candidate and platform of the Chicago convention and when the Democrats wake up on the morning of November 6th next they will find that the victory they are winning on paper now will be a stupendous defeat, and that old time Republican politics and principles have prevailed.

Proof That the Country Has Little Fear of "Presidential Year's" Effect on Business.

Bank statements in New York show that the surplus reserves of specie and legal tender are rising rapidly and are above the levels of last year and the year before. There is no doubt of the strength of the position of the banks in the greatest financial center of the country, and it is increasing from week to week.

This readiness of the banks for more active trade and industry is not limited to New York. It is a general condition which speaks well for the promise of the year in business. Increased confidence and larger operations of many kinds may be looked for soon and the financial institutions which must furnish the means of carrying on great undertakings are prepared to do their part in making 1912 a time of notable prosperity and progress.

The country is coming to the presidential campaign with diminishing fear of the effect of politics upon industries and commerce. It realizes better than it did a few months ago that the chances are in favor of better times in a presidential year instead of any loss of ground.—Cleveland Leader.

The free wool Democrats who were steam rolled by Underwood last session threaten to upset the machine this season. More harmony!—Pittsburg Dispatch.

That Pension. Pensions! Pensions are usually granted only to those who, by reason of disability or poverty, after years of faithful service, are entitled to them. Governor Wilson is still a young man, in the prime of life and abundantly able to make a first-class living. Yet he sought a pension, at the age of fifty-three, from the Carnegie Foundation. Professor Wilson then had a salary of \$8,000 a year. Of course it was refused. We are not surprised that the governor is humiliated by the unexpected disclosure. Compare his action with that of Governor Hughes in declining to accept a trusteeship of Mr. Pulitzer's estate, though it carried with it an emolument of \$100,000. Governor Wilson's rejected pension claim has shrunk him a foot in public estimation. It marks the end of Woodrow Wilson as a candidate for the presidency. He would be laughed out of the campaign. Little things measure the little man.—Leslie's Weekly.

Tariff Object Lesson. The price of coffee has increased more than 100 per cent. since 1908. In December, 1908, No. 7 coffee sold at 8 1/2 cents per pound in New York. On January 1, 1911, the same grade sold for 13 1/2 cents per pound in New York. There is no coffee raised in the United States—775 per cent. of the total world's supply coming from Brazil—and coffee is admitted free of duty into the United States. There being no tariff on coffee, this raise of over 100 per cent. in coffee, thus increasing the cost of living for each family, cannot be charged to the "infamous" Payne-Aldrich tariff bill. Therefore, will our free trade friends—who propose a reduction of the tariff as a cure for all increased cost of living ills—please explain to us the why and wherefore of this enormous increase in the price of coffee.—Enid (Okla.) Events.

Free Trade a Fake. This is how tariff reform is working in practical operation: The imports on which duty was paid amounted to \$750,000,000. The imports which came in free amounted to \$776,000,000. Can you see wherein the country profited? Not one article that came in free has been reduced in price, but almost every article, especially all articles of food, have increased in price. Free trade is a fake and ruinous to the nation that adopts it.—Pueblo (Colo.) Opinion.

A Girl of Yesterday

By Martha McCulloch Williams

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"It's no use—not the least," Dora said despondently, though her lips curled faintly. "Wear that—thing to the Marstons! I won't. That's flat. I don't expect, of course, to have things like other girls—but this once—well, it seems to me, if father—"

"Shut up!" Prudence, her elder, worn and worried, said imperatively. "Nag me all you want to, but leave father out. The salt of the earth—that's what he is—so good I don't see how he can have a flirty, flighty child such as you."

Dora was used to such sisterly amenities. There were just the two of them—father did not count. Unlucky, mild, the soul of honor, he had a talent for losing whatever he ventured, so had ceased from venturing—not quite voluntarily, to be sure. Squire Hexly, his wife's father, had tied up his daughter's portion, so it inured solely to the benefit of the two girls. It was safely invested—so safely the income was mighty slender. Hence the chafings of Dora—and Prudence's careworn face.

Prudence loved her father passionately—because she understood him. The fine fibre that made it impossible for him to be shrewd and money-making seemed to her the most wonderful thing in the world. She petted him undemonstratively—chiefly in the way of cooking what he liked, exactly as he liked it. Further, she made Dora keep the peace—mainly by giving the young lady much more than was equitably hers. But she had refused the new party dress, firmly, and spent herself on refurbishing an old one. Dora had already spent much more than her share of the joint income—and Prudence was bent upon buying her father a new greatcoat—he had needed one for two winters at least.

Commonly, she either coaxed Dora out of the sulks, or ended them herself giving in. This time she did neither. Instead, she nonchalantly took up her shears, saying over her



"Give it to her and welcome."

shoulder. "If you are so set against this dress, I know a girl that'll be glad to have it. It only needs a little shortening and a bit of the waist measure to make it fit Elinor Lee—"

"She shan't have it—it's my dress—even if I don't mean to wear it," Dora flashed out. "Hateful thing! She'd feel fine as Friday—though she knew everybody was laughing at her, because she had on my cast-off clothes."

"You don't want them to laugh at her, I suppose," Prudence said argumentatively. Dora gave her a withering look, saying, "You know I don't want her to go. She's so uppish, and forward, always pushing herself into everything."

"I say she's nice—always trying to help along. Tastes differ," Prudence countered loftily, still clutching the shears. "As you say—this is your frock. Wonder if I haven't got something that might do for Elinor? There's my graduating dress—you turn up your nose at it—but those old-fashioned rosebud silks are coming back again."

"Give it to her and welcome—if she comes in it, she will be worse than a laughing stock," Dora said, scowling. Prudence turned sharply on her. "You're my blood—whether or no," she said. "Don't let a beau, more or less, make you so mean and hateful. You're afraid Elinor will cut you out with Tazewell Gray. I hope she won't—be's the best chance you'll ever have—but you won't get him by being so despicable. He has eyes that see deeper than a pretty face—even if it is yours."

"Yet—you won't help me," Dora sniffed, hiding her eyes. "You know how particular he is—that's why I must have something new—"

"You can't! That's the word with the bark on it," Prudence retorted. "But if you'll be sensible, I'll drape my lace shawl over this green satin—and then nobody will know it isn't new—right straight from the city."

ed from a great grandmother, to whom fine and costly things were not rare. It would give distinction to any frock. Instantly, Dora was smiling. She even patted her sister's hand, saying, "Oh, but you are clever, Prue. I won't be naughty again for a whole month."

Then the two fell to work, with the result that Prudence had time next day to fit the rosebud silk to slight, pretty Elinor Lee—and feel more than rewarded by the girl's shy yet genuine gratitude.

"You—you are—better than a fairy godmother, Miss Prue," she said. "Because this beautiful frock won't turn to rags even if I do dance on past 12 o'clock."

The Marston dance reached almost the dignity of a ball. Dora was easily the belle of it—tall and dashing, vivid in color, mobile of face, she caught every eye. The transfigured green satin became her as no other gown had ever done. It swathed her slender, curving shape modestly, yet alluringly. Because she knew she was looking her best, she was at her best—until the unexpected happened. Elinor was unaccountably late in coming. Truth to tell, she had come long before the rest, and spent the interval in helping kind Mrs. Marston with the fine, last details of supper. She had been wise enough to rest afterward—even to sleep a little while. As a result she came among the dancers dewy-eyed, and as rosy fresh as the flowers upon her frock. They had held color, and showed finely against a ground once white but now the softest cream. The low bodice had a lace berth at top—the frostwork of it was caught up in front with a knot of real pink roses. Tiny ruffles fluffed over the foot of the full skirt. Truly, Elinor's feet, beneath, "like little mice, played in and out." Her mass of fair, wavy hair, simply parted, and coiled low, went beautifully with the gown's lines. Altogether, she was a picture, the sweetest picture in all the world to one pair of eyes—Tazewell Gray's eyes.

He had hung about Dora half a year, all the while conscious of Elinor's attraction. Commonly he had seen her in the world of workaday—a fragment of the huge machine known as public education. Rosy and rose-beset, he knew her for what she was—the woman of all the world to fill and crown his life.

He strode toward her, forgetting all else. But before he came to her, Allan Muir had whisked her off in a waltz. Indeed, for a full hour he could not get near her. Outblowing the roses of yesterday, she put even Dora in the shade. Partners, the most finicky, the most eligible, swarmed about her—her card was full in a twinkling. By way of keeping the peace she even parted dances between the young fellows she knew best.

Tazewell would have no such partnership. Audaciously, in the face of an eager partner, he drew Elinor out on the piazza to say:

"Girls of yesterday didn't flirt—you look the part—are you going to live up to it?"

"No—because I don't know how," Elinor murmured, drooping lightly toward him.

Then and there he kissed her—quite forgetting Dora.

FIND REST IN NEEDLEWORK

More Women Should Realize the Beneficial Effects Such Employment Has on the Nerves.

Not many realize what a restful effect needlework has on one, and it has this great advantage over books, that one is not lost to all around. One woman of artistic tastes goes to the museum and makes sketches of well-known pieces of art needlework and tapestry designs, and then sets to work to copy them. And the woman who would look charmingly picturesque well knows she is most fascinating sitting before a frame, with exquisite colored silks near her.

But this kind of needlework needs more thought than white work. As one remembers, the thoughts come fast. One remembers one's grandmother, showing one how to put the needle in, and advising stroking the cotton under the hem neatly, when an impatient beginner would tie a knot. One also remembers the beautiful work she accomplished.

That strange and interesting woman Princess Helene von Racowitzka, in her memoirs, amusingly describes her first attempt at tailoring, with which she was delighted. And she says ever since her first success she has made all her own clothes, including lingerie. The princess must be a monument of patience and cleverness, because the making of gowns, in these days, is an art not lightly acquired.

Bandit Career Nipped in Bud.

An amusing tale of a would-be bandit comes from Belgium, Rene Tasse-roul, aged 15, clerk in an office in Brussels, was sent by his employer to bank \$160. His employer heard no more of him. A week later Rene, now an elegant and well-dressed youth, resident in a private hotel, astonished the manager of the house by rushing into his private room, brandishing a pistol in either hand, and offering the old-fashioned alternative of "Your money or your life." Fortunately, the manager was too quick for him, and the young brigand was disarmed. Tasse-roul confessed that he had spent his employer's money in purchasing a store of pistols, knives, etc., and had decided to rob the hotel-keeper in order to obtain further funds before setting out for California, there to live the life of a bandit.

The Stone Gods

By Temple Bailey

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The Garden of the Stone Gods was set in the midst of a high city, but so high were the walls that surrounded it that it was cut off from the sight of outsiders, and the noise of traffic came faintly to the ears of Rosamond, as she sat day after day by the fountain working fairy webs of lace on a cushion, as she had been taught in a convent far across the seas.

So many years had she dwelt in the convent that she seemed less an American girl than a foreigner, and now that she was buried here in this strange old garden, she seemed to live in a dream life far removed from that of the girls, who, on the other side of the walls, went back and forth on gay modern quests of shopping and motoring, golfing and riding.

Once an airship had whizzed overhead, and the beat of its motors had come down to them faintly.

Rosamond's uncle had looked up into the skies and had said, fiercely, "Can we never get away from modern horrors?"

But Rosamond had looked up at the big airship, sailing over their heads like a huge silver dragonfly, and then down at the impassible stone gods which surrounded the fountain, and had sighed.

Rosamond hated the stone gods, and she yearned inexpressibly for the life that other girls led.

One day outside the walls she heard a voice singing. It was a man's voice, strong and sweet, and the song was a love song.

In her quiet garden, Rosamond had heard little of love. Her uncle had never married; he hated women. The song, as it floated out on the spring air, seemed a call to Rosamond to come out and be free.

So she left her lace pillow and ran to the end of the garden, and climbed from the stone bench to the low



Sitting on the top of the wall

branches of an old apple tree, and thence to the broad top of the wall, and peeped over.

Beneath her was the man who sang. His hat was off and he was down on his knees behind a big red motor car.

Rosamond watched him eagerly. Sitting on the top of the wall she sighed for the things which were forbidden her. Though the sigh was low, the man beneath looked up. It was as if her desire had drawn his eyes toward her.

His bright smile shone out as he saw her. "Beg pardon," he said, as he rose to his feet; "I'm in an awful fix. Do you think there's anyone in there who can help me out? I'm a doctor, and I've got to get to a patient as soon as possible."

"Oh," said Rosamond quickly, "I'll see." She ran at once to her uncle's study. There she told her breathless story.

"There's a doctor outside, and his motor car has broken down, and— and he wants help to fix it—"

"How," her uncle demanded, "did you know—"

But Rosamond went on, unheeding. "It would be cruel to keep him waiting—when he is needed at a sick bed, wouldn't it?"

"He might have one of the horses," the young doctor, mounted on one of the big blacks, was a gallant figure. Rosamond never forgot how he looked as he rode that morning out of the big gate and into the sunshine.

When he came back Rosamond was in the garden bending over her lace work.

He took it out of her hands and looked at her keenly. "You ought to be riding the big black horse," he said abruptly. "You will be a perfect shadow maiden if you shut yourself up in this dark old garden."

The color came into Rosamond's pale face until she was as vivid as a flame. "Oh, I hate it here," she said, with her little hands clenched; "I hate it."

"Then why do you stay?" he asked gently. "Uncle had his heart broken when he was a young man," she said, simply. "He loved a woman who married another man. My father broke not believe in marriage. He kept me in a convent until I was eighteen, and two years ago we came here. He has always lived in India, and

he loves the stone gods which he brought from there, and he has put them around the fountain, and I have to look at them every day—"

He took her little trembling hands in his strong grasp. "Look at me," he commanded, and she raised her eyes and met his steady glance. "Listen—I am going to set the fairy princess free from the enchanted garden. But she must let me do it in my own way—and what me—will she?"

"Oh, yes," she breathed.

Every day after that he came. Rosamond did not know what power he used to charm her uncle, but the older man grew eager for talks and arguments with the young doctor. They lunched together and dined together, and every day Rosamond sat at the table content to listen, and meet the glance of the steady eyes which seemed to say, always: "Trust me."

And she did trust him, even when one day he went by her with averted head as he passed through the garden on his way to his motor.

At lunch she had the key to the situation. "I have thought some times," her uncle said, restlessly, "that the doctor looks at you as if he loves you—it would be a calamity if he should learn to care for you, Rosamond."

Rosamond's own heart beat furiously, but she said carelessly: "He scarcely notices me at all, uncle."

The next day the doctor came early to the garden. "I must speak to you before your uncle comes," he said to Rosamond, who had arisen at his approach. "I love you—I want you for my wife—but I don't want you to marry me in order to escape from bondage. You must know love, child, before you leave your garden."

Rosamond's eyes drooped before the adoration in his. "There—there is one man with whom I could live always in my garden," she whispered.

He bent to hear her. "Tell me his name," he commanded, then caught her in his arms as she whispered, "You—"

"I can't carry you off like a thief in the night," he said after a rapacious moment. "I shall have to beat the lion in his den, dear."

"He'll never consent," she said, fearfully.

"Wait here for me, my Rose," and he kissed her and went away.

Ten minutes later in the dim study two angry men faced each other.

"If you do not give your consent I shall run away with her," the doctor said steadily. "You are killing her—if not physically, at least mentally and spiritually—no girl can live constantly with your old gods and survive."

"Tomorrow she goes back to India with me," said the raging guardian. "You cannot take her away from me. I love her too well to have her hurt."

"Yet you are hurting her. There is no ache like a heart-ache. Surely you know that, sir."

The old man stared as if he had been stung, then covered his face. "I want to save her," he said.

"Then let her love and be loved." The younger man came over and put his hand on the bent shoulders.

"All that you would have been to the woman you loved, I will be to Rosamond. Can I say more than that?"

The face that was raised to his had in it renunciation, combined with hope. "Make her happy," quavered the old man.

STERN INDICTMENT OF EAGLE

According to Prof. Collett of Indianapolis, the National Bird is Nothing to Admire.

Prof. Collett, of Indianapolis, the great Hoosier naturalist, says that there is a good deal of poetic humbug about the eagle and that there isn't anything noble or inspiring about him. He is not only the biggest thief of all feathered thieves but he is the cruellest.

His special delight seems to be to attack and torture the most innocent of creatures. He will capture a lamb, tear out the eyes of the bleating little thing and watch the agonized movements of his victim with unmistakable gloating.

When the lamb gets so weak that it can't exhibit agony any longer the eagle will catch another in the flock and subject it to the same treatment. One eagle has been known to mutilate as many as 10 lambs in a flock in this way, frightening the ewes and even the most pugnacious rams and keeping them at a distance by his harsh cries and fierce flapping of his wings. The biggest eagle that flies will not attack any animal or thing capable of showing resistance.

It is all bosh about the eagle disdain to dine on anything it hasn't itself vanquished and killed, declares Prof. Collett. The bald eagle will settle down on and make a meal off as vile carrion as will any buzzard that ever scented a dead horse on the plains.

Properties of Metals. As is well known, some metals are unsuitable for casting, while others, like iron, can readily be cast in any desired shape. The property of casting well is said to depend upon whether the metal contracts or expands on solidifying from the liquid form. Iron, like water, expands in solidifying, and hence the solid metal may be seen floating in the liquid from about it. The expansion causes it to fill the die into which it is poured, and so it can be cast easily. Gold and silver contract in cooling, and, therefore, are not suitable for casting.