

WHO WILL MAKE THE FLIGHT?



—From the Minneapolis Journal.

MENACE TO INDUSTRY

EVIL IN DEMOCRATIC JUGGLING WITH THE TARIFF.

Party is at its Old Tricks, Subordinating the interests of the Country to its Own Welfare—Obligations Disregarded.

If the Democratic leaders in the house of representatives were able to get their program for tariff tinkering taken more seriously they might influence profoundly the whole course of trade and industry in the United States.

In that case the public could not fail to note with dismay that the party dominant in the house of representatives deliberately turns away from light and seeks to work its will in darkness.

This method, this attitude, is so illogical, so careless of the obligation all lawmakers ought to recognize to get at the truth and act with the fullest possible knowledge, that if it could be made effective in the work of amending the tariff grave business disturbances would inevitably follow.

It needs nothing more than such legislative trifling with the basic business conditions of the country to tip the balance toward failure for many a venture which might succeed with a little better opportunity.

In this case, fortunately, there is no reason to fear that in the near future any reckless and ignorant tariff legislation can become a part of the law of the nation.

Currency Reform.

The question of currency reform is of immense importance, but Mr. Taft's recommendations concerning that problem seem in a measure to lack definiteness and will serve only as a check upon possible extreme and ill-judged action.

Where Labor Benefits.

Labor's share in tariff benefits is to be found in wages from two to twenty times higher than in other parts of the world; also in the certainty of employment.

The real test of Democratic sincerity will come when the time arrives to open the congressional pork barrel.

PLAY TO THE GALLERY

DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSIONAL PROGRAM IS REVEALED.

Iron and Steel Schedules Are to Be Taken Up First Because Leaders Fear to Deal With Wool and Cotton.

The leaders among the Democratic congressmen have finally thrown aside all pretenses and decided to relegate the wool and cotton schedules to the background and take up iron and steel first.

As was expected, the game of politics is to be played with the tariff. Bryan's attack on Underwood was due to the fact that the steel schedule was not taken up during the last session.

The steel investigation is now occupying the attention of the public. Wool and cotton have become an old story and, therefore, are of less value than they were for use in playing to the galleries.

The Democratic congressmen will not recognize the tariff board unless they are convinced that not to do so will lose votes for their party.

The Democratic congressmen are deliberately taking to this line. Every tariff law the country has had was framed by the method they seem determined to follow.

Why did Harper's love Wilson so? That is a publication avowedly devoted to the old-time theories of government. And Woodrow Wilson was its presidential choice.

The Many-Sided Wilson. Why did Harper's love Wilson so? That is a publication avowedly devoted to the old-time theories of government.

The suspicion could not be remote that Editor Harvey felt that Mr. Wilson would become conservative if elected president. That has often happened before to men suddenly charged with authority.

But does the Democratic party, in the now ascendant radicalism, purpose to elect a man whose relapse from liberalism could be thus clearly anticipated? These questions the break between the governor and discoverer Harvey naturally suggests.

The Washington Post recalls to Democrats celebrating Jackson day the tariff platform on which he was elected for his second term.

The Washington correspondent of the Statesville Landmark says: "A piece of interesting news received here to-day is that E. Spencer Blackburn is back in politics and has a chance to come to Congress again."

The facts regarding the cost of wool and the cost and profit to the manufacturer of the cloth are unassailable. The public is not held up by either of the above factors.

Unassailable Facts. The manufacturers of the suits and overcoats and women's wear goods want the reduced tariff in many instances because it means a reduced price for cloth.

Taxpayers Are Interested. President Taft is trying to make the taxpayer's dollar go a good deal further than it has gone heretofore.

Didn't Meet Death—It Caught Him. We questioned the applicant for a position as laundress. "Are you married?" we asked.

No Place for Spouters. A Nebraska girl who is attending Colorado university loses her voice every time she goes home. This is a warning to Champ Clark and others to stay away from Colorado university.

Dorothy's Campaign

By John Philip Orth

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

State Senator John Andrews, widower, with a daughter Dorothy, had heard things, but had been too busy starting his campaign for re-election to investigate them.

"Yes, father," was the quiet reply. "I want you to drop it." "I will just as soon as my committee reports."

"Yes. We have a committee on legislative graft, and I am the chairman of it. We have uncovered some things to astonish the public."

"Do, eh? Well, you won't, and I don't want you fooling with such things. All this talk about graft is pure moonshine. Who has been telling you a lot of stuff?"

"Mr. Rayburn. He's a young man on the 'Examiner,' you know."

"What, you are acquainted with any one on that dish-rag of a sheet!" almost howled the father.

"Nice! Nice! Why the whole pack of them on that paper are liars and scoundrels! Don't you know that they are pitching into me in almost every issue?"

"Of course they can't," replied the senator as he hitched uneasily, "but one doesn't want the curs a yapping at his heels all the time. You just drop that young Rayburn like a hot potato!"

"If he does I'll throw him through a window!" "Thinking of calling on you to ask for my hand!"

The senator gave three jumps. The first carried him ten feet from his chair.

"Never! Never! Never!" he started from. Then he shouted: "Never! Never! Never! Warn him not to come! Tell him he'll walk into his own grave if he does! I believe it was his hand that penned the article slandering me last Sunday. If you read it it should have made your blood boil!"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the loving daughter. "You see, we, as suffragettes, get used to such things. Then George can't come and ask for my hand?"

"No! No!" "All right, father. He'll naturally be disappointed, but he must put up with it."

"Then you are not going to elope?" "Oh, no. I shall not marry without your consent!"

"And you'll never get it to marry Rayburn or any one else that has ever worked on the 'Examiner'?"

That closed the interview for three days. Then Miss Dorothy made opportunity to say: "Father, dear, I think it is my duty as an affectionate daughter to say that Mr. Rayburn has got hold of a document that seems to concern you."

"Concern me, how?" "It seems that he knows—or knew—a man named Tim Donahue. He went to the house the other night to smoke a pipe with him, and found him dying."

"What! Tim Donahue dying!" exclaimed the senator. "And poor Tim had something on his mind to confess. It seems that he was connected with some senatorial graft a year or two ago, and he felt his dying duty to expose it. He made a written confession, and Mr. Rayburn has it in his pocket. I think your name is mentioned, but of course, as your record has been whiter than snow—"

"It has—it has, but hang Tim if he gave me away! That is, if he lied about me! I want you to get that document for me!"

"I will try, but—I don't know. I told Mr. Rayburn how you felt toward him, and naturally he was hurt."

Three or four days passed, with the senator trying hard to appear indifferent, but really anxious, and then he felt compelled to ask: "Well, Dorothy, what about that wonderful death-bed confession?"

"I am sorry to tell you, daddy, that there is still worse news. Mr. Rayburn happened to be on the spot the other day when a man named Shane was run down by a street car. Mr. Rayburn is tender-hearted and generous, and he consoled the injured man and sent his wife \$50. He couldn't be saved, however, but before he died he made a confession. He was a member of the legislature when the good roads scandal came out. Perhaps you knew him?"

"The infernal rascal! Did he mention my name?" "I think he did, daddy. I think he confessed that he and you divvied up on something."

"It's a lie, of course, but I want that document as well as the other. There'll be some fools that will believe what a dying man says of an honest politician. Perhaps that Mr. Rayburn—"

"I don't think he would come to see you, daddy. You know you threatened him."

"Then he can stay away. I can get half a dozen good men to swear that Shane was a liar."

The senator walked around with his chest thrown out and a self-satisfied air, but he was worried. He was being written up in his party organs as the snow-white candidate. He wanted to seem defiant, even to his daughter, and it wasn't many days before he asked in what he thought was a jocular tone:

"Well, suffragette, any further alarms?" "Why, yes, daddy. That is, you may not think it worth minding, owing to your snow-white record, but Mr. Rayburn considers it a great find."

"Dang Mr. Rayburn!" "So I say, but you see he has got another death-bed confession. He drove out the other day to see Farmer Bramble. It seems that the farmer owned land where the aqueduct is to run, and by the aid of a certain politician and state senator he was enabled to get \$12,000 for land worth about \$2,000. Of course, there was a divvy in it."

"They can't prove it," shouted the senator. "Perhaps not, but you see the farmer had been kicked by a mule and lay dying. He couldn't die in peace until he had confessed that the senator got two-thirds of the graft. Mr. Rayburn has the document."

"And it says I'm the senator, does it?" "I think it does, daddy—I think so. Is there such an expression as dead-to-rights?"

"I believe so." "Well, I think that Mr. Rayburn thinks that that document gets you dead-to-rights. Don't they sometimes say that a man is caught with the goods on?"

"Y-yes." "And there is something about a man's goose being cooked?"

"Um!" "And with the three death-bed confessions in Mr. Rayburn's pocket, and with the suffragettes investigating, and with the 'Examiner' hot on the trail, I think, daddy, dear—I think that you will be snowed under ten feet deep at the coming election!"

But he wasn't. What does a poor, innocent girl know about the tricks of snow-white politicians? The senator fixed that thing in a day. When Mr. Rayburn came calling again he seemed to feel perfectly at home, but he did sigh as he observed:

"You are worth it ten times over, but really I almost hated to do it." And Dorothy's answer was:

"But if you were a suffragette you would understand that graft must be met with graft. Daddy grafts the public and we graft him!"

Too Polite. There are many humorous anecdotes current among his countrymen, which Chedo Mijatovich relates in "Servia of the Servians." The following neatly illustrates the point that there are other things more important than mere etiquette:

Nasradin Chodja took much trouble to teach his pupils how to behave politely. Among other things he taught them always to clap their hands and shout, "Hayr Allah!" (God bless you) whenever they heard an older person sneeze.

Once the Chodja, mending something in the open pit in his garden, slipped and fell in. Nearly drowned in the deep water of the pit, he called to his pupils to bring a rope and drag him out.

The dutiful schoolboys soon found a rope and threw it down to their master, and when he had seized it, began to drag him out. Only a few feet more and he would be out of the pit—when, unfortunately, thoroughly wet as he was, he sneezed!

In an instant all his pupils dropped the rope to clap their hands, shouting: "Hayr Allah, Chodja!"

The poor Chodja fell back down to the bottom of the pit.

"Ah, it serves me right!" he cried. "I ought to have taught these boys common sense first and then politeness!"—Youth's Companion.

Getting a Delightful Sensation. "An aerial expert says that in twenty years one will be able to go from New York to Europe in fifteen hours."

"It will certainly be a delightful sensation for one to feel that he is getting away from New York at such speed as that."

DEMOCRACY IN RHYME

The Mocking Bird begins to sing Of Aycock and of Glyn. Because they're wanting the office Some office again.

I've know the Democrats Ever since my birth. And they'er the hungriest On this earth.

Why is the price of cotton So very low? Because the Democratic party Has made it so.

If you will only think Of what it has been— You will never put the Democrats In office again.

It must be true, As every one say, The people nearly perished In Cleveland's day.

And are these any better? I answer, No. And can prove it by cotton Being so low.

The farmer has to sell, At the Democrat docket, And gets nothing from his labor To fill his empty pocket.

But if the farmers Will join with me, We will ship our cotton Across the sea.

And then we'll hear The Democrats cry: Will some Republican Give me some pie?

Mr. Champ Clark Has been taking sips And talking unadvisedly With his lips.

The Democrat party Is subject to change, Unless their candidates Get clear of the mangle.

The farmers in general Are raising a racket About their cotton Going Democratic.

The Senatorial candidates Started the ball rolling. It scared the Democrats And they went to strolling.

We learn of Marion Butler, Who saw their joy and pride, But when he saw the evil He joined the other side.

New York and Rhode Island, We learn, as of old, Have also returned to The Republican fold.

Col. Wm. J. Bryan Says in advance, The Democrats haven't A shadow of chance.

The Baltimore Sun Has already said That Governor Wilson Is politically dead.

Robeson County says Please hold the Democrats, Or we shall be taken By political rats.

Governor Kitchin, in every Political round, We learn from Winston Journal, Is losing his ground.

Old Gaston is rebellious, And we hear the farmer cry, We are locked up in prison Because taxes are so high.

And, in fact, we are nothing Compared with their measure. And receiving nothing extra But annoyance and displeasure. ISAAC D. CAISON, Shallotte, N. C.

The Trials of a Traveler. "I am a traveling salesman," writes E. E. Youngs, E. Berkshire, Vt., "and was often troubled with constipation and indigestion till I began to use Dr. King's New Life Pills, which I have found an excellent remedy." For all stomach, liver or kidney troubles they are unequalled. Only 25 cents at all druggists.

NOTICE. In the Superior Court— January Term, 1912. North Carolina—Wake County.

John R. McLean vs. Frances McLean.

The defendant above-named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Wake County for an absolute divorce for her on the grounds of adultery, and the said defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear at the term of the Superior Court of said county to be held on the second Monday before the first Monday in March, which is the 18th day of February, 1912, at the court-house of said county in Raleigh, N. C., and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or for the relief demanded in said complaint. MILARD MIAL, Clerk Superior Court of Wake County. This the 8th day of January, 1912.