SUCCESS.

Its doing your job the best you can And being just to your fellow-man; It's making money, but holding friends, And staying true to your aims and ends; It's figuring how and learning why, And looking forward and thinking high, And dreaming a little and doing much; It's keeping always in closest touch With what is finest in word and deed; It's being thorough, yet making speed; It's daring blithely the field of chance While making your work a brave romance; It's going onward despite defeat And fighting stanchly, but keeping sweet It's being clean and it's playing fair; It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair; It's looking up at the stars above, And drinking deeply of life and love; It's struggling on with the will to win, But taking loss with a cheerful grin; It's sharing sorrow, and work and mirth, And making better this dear old earth; It's serving, striving through strain and

stress. It's doing your noblest-that's Success.

AN ALTAR ON LITTLE THUNDER.

The toy-like, narrow-gauge railroad

Blue Ride & Western by namemeanders lazily across blue-grass pasture-lands for some eighty miles, and then makes a sudden dash up Appalachia's instep to Pardeeville, after further progress is barred by a lofty, semi-circular escarpment of mountain-side.

Up this grade, late one summer afternoon, a quaint little wood-burning locomotive with a mushroom stack dragged its train of two diminutive coaches, taking a fresh grip every few rods, as it were, like a terrier tugging at a door-mat, until at last, all hot and panting, it drew alongside the

shabby station.
A solitary passenger appeared and swung himself down and out from the steps, with a quick, peculiar motion, as if the train were a tricky horse whose heels and teeth were dangerous. He lifted his light blue eyes at once to a hoary, lightning-riven pine far, far above, gazed fixedly for a moment, and swallowed convulsively. Then, as if remembering himself, he shot a suspicious glance about.

No one else was in sight except a lean man whose battered cap still re-tained a tinge of official blue, and this man nodded civilly. The young trav-eler's coarse, square-toed shoes, cheap gray suit, and broad-brimmed hat— all harshly new—were familiar to the station agent. Once or twice a year a mountaineer, in an outfit tallying exactly with this one, would step off the train and look about him in a dazed, half-frightened manner. And though the train always drew in at supper-time, when a cheery light shone from the chintzed windows of the Henry Clay House, just across the street, and the aroma of sugar-cured ham or fried chicken floated invitingly over to the station, the agent had nev-er known one of these men to tarry for a meal, much less a bed.

The call of the highlands was too strong. So, after getting their bearings, like a cat dropped by a strange roadside, they always struck up the So, after getting their bearnarrow, winding trail, at a gait whose easy swing disguised its swiftness.

And being a tactful man, the agent never showed any undue interest-for these brogans and shoddy clothes were the Commonwealth's parting gift to its discharged convicts.

Ash Whipple proved no exception to the rule; he made straight for the steep inlet, and his pace was such that dawn found him thirty miles from Pardeeville. He was tired. His new shoes had chafed his feet. His breakfast, after no supper, consisted only of a handful of blackberries and a draught of icy water. But the drink was sweeter to him than mulled wine, and he was happy, for his home was

the thicket at sight or sound of a fellow-being. But at this early hour he met no one, and he presently fell to rehabilitate his domestic relations bewatching, with the keenness of a boy, for certain memorable objects along the road—the skeleton oak from which he had once dropped an eagle at two hundred yards, the pool by which he had trapped nine otters in one season, Rizpah church, where he had first become conscious of his love for Nance, and the little God's acre in which his parents slept their last long sleep. But it was the "Bald" of Little

Thunder upon which his glistening eyes rested oftenest. Never in all his life, until he had ridden away with the sheriff's irons upon his wrists, had there been a day when he had not lifted his eyes to this commanding landmark, rooted in the unshakable bosom of earth, yet as changeable as the

a smoking crater. He had passed the graveyard, when, as if struck by a thought, he turned back, climbed the rail fence, and wandered among the graves, stooping here and there to scrutinize a lowly he wanted, he paused beside a mound marked only with a board and evidently comparatively new, for the brambles and bittersweet had not yet smothered it in their thorny embrace.

Tim, yo're thar and I'm hyer," he soliloquized aloud respectfully doffing his hat. "A second's dif'rence on the trigger, and I'd be lookin' up and you lookin' down. Don't know as you got ed into the lists and borne off the fair much the wust of it, arfter all. Be pretty sure you didn't, if it wa'n't fer and it was with a distinctly pleasing and it was with a distinctly pleasing the state of the stalk. Nance and the boy. As it is, more'n once I've wished I war in your place. Be there in a few years at the most, anyhow. You know it warn't my fault, Tim. You know who picked the quall. You war always fair and aboveboard, and if your sperit could have gone on the witness-stand, the jury'd never sent me to the pen-tenchy, fer they give a recommendation of mercy as it war. You'd 'a' told 'em Rufe Couch lied. I wish you could speak now and tell the mountain how it war, fer I'm afraid some of 'em air goin' to hold your takin'-off agin me."

He replaced his hat and slowly retired. Once outside the inclosure, however, he all but ran in his eagerness, with his pulse pounding in his ear. But when he reached the last turn in the road which hid his cabin from view he adroitly halted, tremb-ling, and with a sudden weakness in his legs. For the first time it occurred to him that he might not find things as he had left them—that fire or pestilence, disease or death, in their threshold and laid their spectral hands upon his loved ones. During his two years' absence he had received no tidings from them, nor had expected any, for neither he nor Nance could write.

Fearing the worst, therefore, he did not start at the cabin's closed door, the rank weeds which hedged about the corner had the sunken appearance of long disuse. No firewood littered the inglenook. The basswood bin contained no meal, no bacon hung from the rafters, no remnant of food was anywhere.

Ash returned to the roadside and sat down on a stump, with dazed his way.

Presently a barefooted boy carrying a fish pole trudged by, whist-ling—a boy whom Ash had never

"Bub," said he, in a husky voice, "kin you tell me where Mrs. Whipple air at?"

The boy stared as if amazed. "Why, stranger, she air gone to live with her pap, over on Haws Run. Her husbunt's in the pen'tenchy fer killin' and the roadside packed with vehicles. Tim Wildwith. Good thing, too, pap says, and hopes he'll die thar. What mought your name be?"

And the roadside packed with For a moment his throat tight it might be a funeral! If so—But sliding down two or the

"It mought be Andy Jackson, but it ain't," answered Ash, with a wan smile. "Obleeged, though, bub." When the boy had passed out of sight Ash re-entered the cabin and put on his old suit of "butternuts," telved that the gathering was of a festal character. He then remembered that this was Nance's birthday—her twenty-second. He came empty-handboots, and gray wool hat. Lifting a loose puncheon in the floor, he stuffed the hated clothes which he had just her than himself? For a moment he removed through the cpening. Then he took his rifle from its pegs above the mantel, dropped a handful of cartridges into his pocket, thrust a spy-glass into another pocket, and, after scanning the road, slipped round to

the rear of his cabin. Next to seeing his wife and babe, his mind during the last days of his imprisonment had dwelt on the pleasure of dropping into Cube Acre's smithy at the hamlet of Paint Rock and shaking hands with the "boys." Cube's place was a social clearinghouse for the men of upper Little Thunder. Nestling beneath a huge chinkapin oak, its cool, dark interior and compacted cinder floor were peculiarly inviting on a hot day. The anvil music possessed a timber which stirred the hardy denizens of these granite girders of the earth; and the showers of sparks, the cherry-red on stockade. iron, the thud of sledge were so true, so genuine, so elemental that the smithy was even more popular than smithy was even more popular than
the doggery across the road, where a
barnel of whiskey was always on tap.
But the barefooted boy's unconscious thrust had touched the quick

with Ash, and though he still felt sure of the loyalty of the habitues of the smithy, several of whom had laid out bread and coffee for him when he was hiding from the sheriff's posse, his enthusiasm over meeting them was chilled. Again, while Nance's return to her parental home, after the deprivation of her husband, was a perfectly natural thing, the news of it had somehow jarred Ash. It had obliter-ated by one rude stroke that picture of his home-coming which his fancy had lovingly retouched day after day; it was the first clash between dream

and reality. The root of his chagrin, doubtless, was the fact that Jethro Haws, Nance's father, was no friend of his. Jethro had opposed his marriage, had extended no helping hand in his subonly ten miles ahead.

He was very shy, however, of his clothes, and was ready to plunge into public knowledge, and an instinctive sense of propriety prompted Ash to fore seeking readmission to the circle of his friends.

He set off at once for Haws Run, and, deciding to keep his return a se-cret for the present, he struck into the pathless forest which walled about the tiny clearing. Amid the trunks of the mighty liriodendrons, or "yellow poplars," he was as insignificant an object as an ant in a timothy meadow. Yet he laid a course as straight as a crow's flight except where he swerved to avoid the presence of man. Just one habitation he did not avoid,

and that, curiously enough, belonged to Rufus Couch, the man whose testimony had sent him to the penitentia-Rufe's farm lay in a little emerry. Rufe's farm lay in a little with ald pocket which fairly bulged with higher smile of a coquette, now quivering from heat, now murky with cloud-stuff, dazzling white under its winter mantle, or wreathed with vapor like most of Rufe's possessions. He was, in Little Thunder's rating, a commercial genius. He kept a store, bought hides and pelts, ground sorghum, owned a grist-mill and a saw-mill, operated charcoal-ovens, and turpentinestills. That he profited from stills of headstone. Finally, as if finding what a less innocent nature was an open secret, though "moonshining" is a topic me. which mountain etiquette wisely in-

terdicts. Yet, at the age of forty, when a fair share of Appalachian men are grandfathers, Rufe was still unmarried. Once he had gone a-wooing, it is true; but when the maid was all but won a man fifteen years his junior had dashrecollection of this feat that he stalk ed cautiously toward a point which

would afford him a view of Couch's cabin. An instant later an ejaculation fell from his lips. Instead of a cabin there was projected against his vision a two-story, weather-boarded house, with an ell in the rear and a veranda across the front, all painted a glistening white in the morning sun. It was such a house as Ash had never seen until his enforced journey to the lowlands, and its presence here in the mountain might almost have been accredited to the magic of a jinee.

"And him a bachelor," murmured Ash, "with no woman to tidy up or set before the fire and knit a baby's sock." And as he—who had a wife to sit before the fire-thought of his own humble abode, a sense of the unequal distribution of the gifts of the gods set his lips in a line as straight and hard as a joint of masonry. For this pet of Fortune was a hard man, as Ash saw him, a usurer, an exacter of the last penny; and it was his smug, stalking to and fro over the face of the earth, might have crossed his own false, which had tilted the scales against Ash. For this act the young convict had registered a vow-and registered it again and again, night after night, in lieu of a prayer—that his first act of freedom should be the

body into buzzard's meat. But this tigerish thirst for vengeance had passed. One Sunday afterthe limestone doorstep, the absence of dogs and chickens. Mechanically he pulled the latch-string and entered. A smothery closeness pinched his nostrils like invisible fingers. The bed in the corner had the sunken appearance of long disuse. No firewood littered promised himself and God—it was his first prayer—that he would not injure the man who had so grievously injur-ed him. Recalling this promise now, he turned his back upon the new house as upon a temptation, and went

converting of Rufe Couch's plump

He desired to speak first to Nance, if possible, without the knowledge of her family; so he approached the Hawses' big double cabin in true from above, along the precipitous side of a peak known as Ellen's Needle. He soon discovered that something unusual was going on below. The "You've been so good to me." and the roadside packed with vehicles. For a moment his throat tightened—

But sliding down two or three hundred feet farther, with perilous haste, to where he could hear voices, he perceived that the gathering was of a fes-tal character. He then remembered ness restrained him, and again counseled him to reveal himself first to his wife alone.

So all day long, without bite or sup, he lay in a bit of thicket, like a hare in its form, harking for the attenuated sounds of merriment which floated up from below. Now he watched the guests playing their games, mere pawns on a chess-board they appeared, from this height; now he lay on his back with his face turned up to the fleecy cloud-drift, his mind also drifting, from present to past, from past to future, from his wild, free boyhood to his courtship and marriage, from his trailing a plow through his lean acres, awaiting Nance's call to dinner, to his breaking rock within the pris-

Toward sunset, when the guests be Toward sunset, when the guests began to straggle away, he moved still rarther down the declivity and took up a position on the brim of a little cuplike glen from which there issued a spring that served the Hawses for both well and refrigerator. It was an idyllic spot, cool, sequestered, and dusky with leaf-filtered light. Here if anywhere Ash would find Nance alone.

"Poverty never had no terrors fer me," spoke up the girl, quickly. "As fer as that went, we were just as happy as if he'd been as rich as—as you."

"Suttinly," agreed Couch at once. "Thar's wuss things 'n poverty. I was only sayin' that you can't do some things 'thout money that you kin do with it. Eddicatin' a boy is one of 'cm. And eddication air a great. gaze at her reflected image, to scoop day than his paw, and he knows that up the water in her palms and dash great city of Lexin'ton like you and it upon her face, to sit and listen to the wild cascade of music from the throat of the water-thrush which every year nested in the crevice of the rocks.

For Nance was not like other mountain girls. Though full of fun and as daring as a boy, she liked to steal off with only the pines and the sighing zephyrs for company, to search out the haunts of the ghostly Indian-pipe than I kin hyer, even with no eddicaand quaint lady's-slipper. Hence it tion." was regarded as a seven-days' wonder on the mountain when she married wild Ash Whipple.

At last, with a quickened pulse, saw her leave the house with a bucket in one hand and a child, who could be no other than his own little Judah, arfter you've lived with me a year or marvelously grown, clinging to the other. But she had proceeded only a little way when she was overtaken by a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, heavier than the run of mountaineers, don't look fer him back. Fust place, but brisk of foot, chesty, with no stoop, and adorned with hair and beard conspicuously black and glossy. This man was Rufus Couch.

He relieved Nance of her bucket and filled it at the spring, after which the pair seated themselves on a slab of stone scarcely forty feet from the clump of witch-hazel in which Whipple lav.

"Well, Nance," began Couch, in his soft voice, "'tween you and me, ain't you about ready to name the day?" She did not return his smile or allow him to catch her eye, but lifted the child into her lap and folded her arms about him. Her face was grave, and her dark eyes, usually so animated, were lack-luster and weary.
"Rufe, I ain't no more ready, so far

as that goes, than I was the day you asked me to marry you. Don't seem as if I'd ever be ready, in any proper way. I've only waited two years fer him. He'd wait longer than that fer

"Mebbe yes and mebbe no," answered Couch, with an owlish tilt of his head and popping into his mouth one of the peppermint-drops which he habitually used in lieu of whiskey or to-bacco. "If I remember right, he give you twenty-four hours to choose between me and him, and everybody knowed Sis Elkins war the other gell he had in mind."

"That was 'fore he married me answered Nance, listlessly. "He wouldn't be so brash to call time on me now. A wife is more'n a sweetheart. Livin' with a woman fer two years air different from just co'tin

"Mebbe yes and mebbe no. 'Sides, 'tain't a question of how long you've waited. Question is, how much long-er have you got to wait? As I've told you more'n once, Squire Galum says that under the new law you never know when a feller is a-goin' to git out of the pen'tenchy. The jedge don't sentence fer no specified time. He gives what they call an in'termin- (Kan.) Republican.

ate sentence, which means, I reckon, among other things, a good while. Anyhow, a feller's gittin' out depends on his behavior and the Board of Pardings. Now Ash might stay fourteen years, Squire says. That's the limit fer manslaughter. I ain't sayin' he will, ner I ain't hopin' he will. But you and me know that Ash ain't overly patient when he's crossed, and a man in the pen'tenchy, they tell me, air crossed at every turn. Part of the punishment, I s'pose. They don't allow he shell be happy, or too many of 'em would git to boardin' on the State, free gratis fer nothin."

ly. "No," he admitted. She blinked rapidly without quite restraining her tears, and Couch, perceiving his tactical error, burrowed into his whiskers with thumb and forefinger, and pressed them back along the sides of his jaw, outlining a chin as sharp as a fox's muzzle instead of the square one which would have

"Would you?" asked Nance, quiet-

matched the rest of his physique. "Nance, if you won't name the day, won't you at least go ahead and git your divorce? All you got to do is to ask fer it. Cote will hand it right out, like I would a steel trap to a customer. Got to. Law says so—and no questions asked arfter you tell 'em your husband is a feling. It would make my comin' hyer look more proper-like to neighbors. It would please your paw and your Aunt Dill and un-cle Tice, and all your relatives 'cept a mountaineer fashion, dropping down few that dont' count. It would please

"All I want is a chanct to be still better. My new house is done and fer you, all 'cept the furniture, which I want you to have a hand in choosin'. I don't want to hurry you. I don't agree with what your paw said today about people lookin' down on you as a poor-sperited thing, afraid to get a divorce from a feling and a murd'rer.

"And I don't expect you to love me at first, like you did Ash. 'Tain't in female nater, I s'pose. All I ask you to do is to let me give you a good home—the best on this hayr mounting -and leave things so you'll always have it, whether I drap off suddint or

"You don't want to keep on livin' with your paw and mommoy, fer six, eight, ten, or twelve year yet, especially when they're so sot on your marryin' me. 'Tain't like a home of your own. Ag'in, 'twon't be so long before that little hap thar in your lap will shoot up like a willar sprout. I've often heerd you say you'd like to send him down to Sharpsburg to school, whar Chad Oaks went. You can't do it, Nance, 'thout money. Even if Ash should come back tomorrer you could not do it. Thar's nobody likes Ash better'n me, and it went agin my grain to testify agin him, especially as I was afeerd you'd hate me fer it. But he never was a good pervider and never will be. Sooner shoot in a turkeymatch than plow corn any day."

"Poverty never had no terrors fer anywhere Ash would find Nance alone. of 'em. And eddication air a great She had always loved the place; loved thing these days. That little tad of a kneeling on the edge of the pool, to Chad Oaks air makin' more money tome know our back-yards.'

Nance's eyes grew luminous, perhaps with a vision of such a future for her little Judah; then the light died away. "They all leave the mounting and their mothers when they git an eddication," said she slowly.

"Yes; but mebbe you and me'll want to leave, too, by the time Jude grows

He paused, as if to let this observation soak in, and then returned to the subject from which his mind was never long absent.

"Applyin' your own words of a min-ute ago, you'll feel different to'ds me so. I mean about shakin' Ash. S'fer as that goes, he's dead to you now. If he ever comes back, it'll be like a man prison's a bad place feran outdoor man like him. Consumption gits 'em them long-term fellers—like it did Blake Orr. And even if they let him out, 'count of his sickness, like they did Blake, he'd only be a pore, no-count, dead-alive kind of a man. He'd on'y be-"

He broke off at Nance's shudder. "Rufus Couch," she exclaimed, in a tone which made him quail, "if ever Ash Whipple comes back lookin' like Blake Orr did, I'll nuss him to his dying day, wife or no wife of yours."
I'll give you that permission, right

hyer and now," he answered, quickly. "Kin a man do more? And kin you do less than promise you'll git your divorce right soon now?

pretty square chin nestled in the palm of one brown hand, gazing at the distant, fringy sky-line of pines. "I'll get it soon," she promised. He seized her free hand gratefully.

She sat for some time with her

'Kin I kiss you now, Nance-just once?"
"No-not while I'm another man's wife."

She rose, Couch lifted the bucket of water, and they walked away together, little Jude chasing a monarch butterfly.

(Concluded next week.)

A Matter of Training.

Executive ability has been variously defined, but the following from an executive with a sense of humor seems to cover the whole subject. He said: "Executive ability is the ability to hire someone to do the work for which you will get the credit, and, if there is a slip-up, having some one at whose door to lay the blame."—New York Evening Post.

-When an energetic man finds a four-leaf clover, it generally means that he will have good luck.—Jewell

"GALLERY GODS" HAD POWER

Actors Respected Those Who Sat Among the Clouds in Old Drury Lane Theater, London.

Nearly every American has at some time in his career, generally the earlier part of it, been a "gallery god." That is to say, he has seated himself high in the topmost gallery of a theater, to follow with tenseness the adventures of the heroine and hero. How he obtained his title of "gallery god" is a matter that goes back a great many years, to the old English Drury Lane theater in London.

The theater was decorated in a somewhat giddy manner, with cupids and cherubs scattered about in careless confusion. To carry on the motif of airy summer days peopled with lightsome creatures of fairy gardens, the decorators painted the ceiling a bright blue, and then placed puffy white clouds here and there to represent the sky, with the smirking faces of wee angels and fairles peering out.

The gallery was built to get money, and not to give any particular comfort to those who paid their penny or so to sit there, so that the heads of the gallery sitters were in reality among the clouds. The actors had a great respect for this gallery, nevertheless, for its displeasure was manifested by booing in no uncertain tones. and the combination of painted sky, and the desire for the approval of the gallery provided the phrase "gallery gods."

PAINTED OVER COURT FINERY

Ruse by Which Nuns Had Queen Depicted as a Member of Their Religious Order.

Through a chance discovery in the garret of a ducal palace in Madrid, a three-hundred-year-old romance of a wonderful Velasquez has been revealed. Hidden for three centuries as a picture of a nun, this portrait of Queen Isabella of Spain, the first wife of King Philip IV, has recently been restored in London.

In the disguised picture practically nothing but the face and hands of the original was left uncovered, and the secret was first guessed at owing to the paint peeling away from the nun's hood, when there was revealed the fringe of a lace collar.

Princess Isabella of Bourbon was married to Philip in 1615, and in 1624 was staying in the convent of the nuns belonging to the order of the Descalzos. As a mark of the kindness she there received she presented the nuns with this Velasquez portrait of her-

self. Later Isabella wished to enter the convent, but the pope would not consent. The inmates of the convent called in a painter, and secretly instructed him to paint out the queen's court dress and the lace handkerchief in her left hand, and to present her in the complete garb of a professed nun.

Excellence Need Fear No Rival.

Multitudes of employees constantly live in terror of some one who, they fear, is after their place. They are suspicious of office politics, suspicious that somebody working close behind them is trying to crowd them out. What is the result? This fear and suspicion interferes with their advancement to the place above them. Instead of looking back and thinking of the men after their place they should, instead, look about to the man above them, and be prepared for an advance when there is a vacancy. Perfect yourself in your line of work and you need never have any fear of others' rivalry. There is always room at the top for the man or woman who has stamped the trademark of individuality, superiority and distinctiveness upon his or her work. Such a one need have no fear of the usurpation of his rights by others. His position is assured.-Orison Swett Marden in the New Success.

In Algerian Bazaars.

Cobbled steps mark the ways of the Moors in the Kasbah, the native quarter of Algeria, and once the traveler leaves the streets where street cars clang and Europeans walk, he must climb. Pepperpods and onions hang in rosaries beside bazaars. Mosques are hidden here and there in nests of houses, and cafes are open to the street with the guttural gossip of the Arab drinkers and the click of dominces drifting outward.

Sandals of leather, laced and filled with golden threads, are made by black-eyed Arab girls with long, soft eyelashes. Some of these girls are only twelve years old, but married; and they sit on carpets, twittering through their veils at passersby, meanwhile embroidering deftly the things they have to sell for gold .- Century Magazine.

First Girl Ever Photographed.

While France claims to have invented photography through the genius of Daguerre, the painter, America is proud of the fact that it was one of her sons who photographed the first

After years of patient labor Daguerre succeeded in taking sunlight pictures of scenery on a sensitive

This was in 1839, and a year later Prof. John W. Draper of New York took a photograph of his sister Dorothy, the first person to have her likeness reproduced on a prepared background with the help of the sun's

It took an hour to take the photograph, and the picture may still be

LESSONS IN CITIZENSHIP.

Democratic Party.

DEMOCRATIC PARTY PLATFORM. Ouhline the principles of the Demo-cratic party adopted in 1916. Answer: First of all the Democratic party re-affirmed its belief in tariff for revenue only, and to this end endosed the Underwood taiff bill. It also endorsed the then pending shipping bill.

It commended the present administration for its legislation on behalf of the farmer.

It stated that the Federal Government should put into effect the fol-lowing "principles of just employ-ment" and urge them upon the vari-ous State Legislatures:

"A living wage for all employees.

"A working day not to exceed eight

hours, with one day of rest in every

"The adoption of safety appliances and the establishment of sanitary conditions of labor.

"Adequate compensation for industrial accidents. "The standards of Uniform Child Labor Law wherever minors are em-

"Provisions of decency, comfort and health where women are employed.

"An equitable retirement law for su-

peranuated and disabled employees of the Civil Service." It also favored the speedy enact-ment of a Federal Child Labor Law. A law to regulate shipments of

prison-made goods in interstate com-"The creation of a Federal Bureau of Safety within the Department of

Labor. "The extension of the powers and functions of the Federal Bureau of

Mines.
"The development of the means al-

ready begun under the present administration to assist laborers throughout the Union to seek and obtain employment."
Public health work.
The establishment by the Federal

Government of sanitoriums for needy tubercular patients. The alteration of the Senate rules,

to secure prompt transaction of busi-Self-government for the Philippine Islands was endorsed and legislation for the development of Alaskan resources was pledged; and the granting of the United States traditional territorial government to Alaska, Ha-

waii and Porto Rico was favored. These principles of prison reform were urged: Training in remunerative occupations; the setting apart of the net wages of the prisoner for his dependent family or to be paid to him upon his release, the liberal extension of the principles of the Federal Parole Law and the adoption of the pro-

bation system. Generous pensions for soldiers and their widows were recommended. The development of harbors and waterways was favored, and the con-trol of the Mississippi River was stated as a National problem to be handled by the National Government.

REPUBLICAN PARTY PLATFORM Describe briefly the Republican platform adopted in 1916.

The Republican party Answer: condemned the Democratic policy of granting self-government to the Philippine Islands at this time, and re-affirmed its policy of government by the United States with constantly increasing participation by the Philip-

pine people. It repeated its belief in a protective tariff and condemned the Uuderwood tariff bill.

It expressed itself in favor of "rigid supervision and strict regulation of the transportation and great corporations of the country," and that who violate the laws of the country in regulation of business be individu-

ally punished."

It declared that the Democratic administration had not made good claims of beneficial legislation for the farmer and pledged itself so to do. It condemned Government ownership of vessels proposed by the Democratic party, but recommended placing

the entire transportation system under Federal control It pledged the Republican party to the faithful enforcement of all Federal laws passed for the protection of

Declared for vocational education. The enactment and rigid enforcement of a Federal Child Labor Law. The enactment of a generous workman's compensation law. An accident compensation law cov-

ering all Government employees.

Legislation for public safety.

PROHIBITION PARTY PLATFORM. Outline the Prohibition platform adopted in 1916. Answer: As we would expect, the Prohibition platform declared first for

National and State legislation to stop

the liquor traffic. It endorsed suffrage for women, a world court for peace, abolition of militarism, employment of the army in peace times in reclamation work. It claimed protection for the Amer-

ican citizen, re-affirmed its faith in the Monroe Doctrine, recommended that the United States continue to govern the Phillippines, but allow to them increasing local privileges.

It also urged reciprocal trade treaties and a tariff investigation commis-It recommended legislation for the

control of the merchant marine, for the upholding of civil service regulations, it also recommended labor legislation, public grain elevators operated by the Federal Government, Federal grain inspection under a system of Civil Service, and the abolition of all institutions in which "gambling in grain" or "any other so called speculation is indulged in."

It endorsed having government warehouses for cotton, public owner-It endorsed having ship of utilities and the full development of free institutions.

It also endorsed conservation of our natural resources, economy in government and the budget system; the right of the President to veto any single item in an appropriation bill.

This party also put itself on record as favoring a reform greatly needed in this country, namely, the passage of uniform marriage and divorce laws. It also endorsed the initiative, referendum and recall, and declared itself in favor of a single presidential

term of six years.