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Democratic State Ticket.

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Democratic County Ticket.

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FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER, CLARENCE W. SEIDEL.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR, THOS. VAN SANT.

AMANDUS SHULTZ.

WHY? OH WHY?

AMERICAN men very generally accord womankind all the virtues of the race. They say women are endowed with a keener perception of right and wrong, a quicker intuition of justice, greater regard for truth, and call attention to the fact that the larger per cent. of high school graduates year after year are girls.

Now these same men are in congress, state legislatures and city councils, where they can endow all degrees of executive power on women, and why is it that they accord so much ability in theory and grant so little exercise of it in the practical affairs of government? A keener perception of right and wrong brought to bear on questions of corporate as against individual interests would be of great value in many quarters; and a quicker intuition of the justice of the measure would enable legislatures to dispose of bills looking toward humanitarian ends with a saving of time, while a greater regard for truth would materially improve almost any public or private enterprise.

There are grave questions confronting this generation of men and women who have grown up since the war, requiring clear, high thinking and moral courage to settle. For instance, regulations of public utilities, enforcement of present and passage of better laws relating to rights of children, the problem of converting shiploads of immigrants to our ideal of citizenship, the negro, the treason of Utah, to say nothing of nice points of diplomacy in the relations with foreign countries.

Now if our chivalrous brothers think woman so capable and worthy, why do they refuse her assistance? Where is the consistency in attributing ability and deny any play for its exercise? Why not utilize this reserve of moral and intellectual power? may be her arguments.

The ordinary, matter-of-fact woman fails to comprehend but let her ever remember and cherish the fact that her Creator intended her for the home; to be mistress of her own domicile and mother to her offspring.

In view of what is now known in regard to the situation at Portsmouth it is generally assumed that Japan made a great sacrifice in the peace treaty. It is certain that Japan might have got some indemnity. The original demand would never have been met. But, as a matter of fact, Japan came out victorious, and time will show this to be the case. The wisdom of the mikado and his elder statesmen will be recognized in time. Japan might have continued the war, but another year would have cost upwards of \$400,000,000, and at the end of that time, assuming that Japanese arms were victorious in Manchuria and at Vladivostok, the redoubtable Russian would still be protesting against indemnity. But by making peace now this enormous expense is saved, the possibility of financial ruin is averted and Japan is in a position to take part in a great revival of industry that will soon wipe out all evidences of the war. Japan has done well. The attitude of the rabble toward the peace-makers represents only the first impulse of the people.

The vision of Kensington at a prize distribution recently told of a case in which a boy got the better of the examiner. "Suppose," asked the examiner, "I offered you half an orange and two-thirds of an orange, which piece would you take?" "Please, sir, the half!" shouted the lad. "Strut! boy!" exclaimed the examiner. "I shall put a black mark against you for that!" Subsequently a deputation of scholars waited on the examiner to convince him that he was wrong. "Why am I wrong?" he inquired. "Because you do not like oranges at all," was the conclusive answer.

At the Court of Rex

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

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"I am lost," said the pretty maiden with a quaintly tragic air.

She stood back against the window of a big department store on Canal street, and gazed at the display before her. It was Marj's Grand day in New Orleans, and the pretty maiden had been in town only three hours, two of which had been spent in a hotel.

"I have lost my mother," she said again as if to impress the fact upon herself, "and I never shall see her again."

In the street the people crowded each other for more room, and there was a constant stream of inns, say, dominated fellows with tinkling bells and snapping whips, and the pretty maiden watched them from the entrance to the department store, and her ideas quite lost their balance and toppled over into the mad whirl of carnival.

"I'm glad I'm lost," she said to herself, "they'll find me sooner or later, and I'll be home before the crowd and they'll be fearfully worried, but after awhile they'll find me, and meantime I feel as if something were going to happen—a wild adventure perhaps. Oh, I love carnival, I'm glad I came."

A drum thrashed merrily in the distance, the crowd surged to the edge of the lanquette, then surged back again with easy laughter, for no parade appeared.

"Ah," said some one at the pretty maiden's elbow. "I beg your pardon, but I thought I'd never going to find you. The crowd is so thick."

The pretty maiden stared. A young man, clean shaven and eminently presentable, was regarding her, but in hand.

"I'm afraid you don't remember me," he suggested, with a crestfallen air. "Isn't this Miss Preston?"

The pretty maiden's eyes widened. To herself she cried, "The adventurer!"

"I'm afraid the advantage is yours," she answered, with a demure smile.

"But please don't think me an impertinent stranger. My cousin wrote me to meet you here, you and your sister. She asked me to show you around for the parade. I—my name is Robert Randolph, he is the fellow who is with you."

The pretty maiden hesitated a bare moment, but the carnival spirit was strong within her, and the trick that in her natural environment would have been impossible unfolded itself like magic in this atmosphere.

"The moment was yours one—then—"

"Oh," she said, with the friendliest smile imaginable, "you are Bobby Randolph?"

"Of course," he agreed cheerfully. "It's been a great while since we saw each other, but I'm glad to see you."

"So it has," said the pretty maiden candidly. "Let me see, just how long exactly?"

"Just ten years," said Mr. Randolph; "ten years, three months, seven days, two hours and I think, twenty-seven minutes."

"Dear me," she murmured breathlessly. "And by the way, where's your sister? Didn't she come?"

"My sister?" said the pretty maiden, quite astonished. "Oh, my sister? Oh—yes, of course she came. But she had a fearful headache, and she decided to stay at the hotel, and I hate to miss the parade, you see."

"Of course. Too bad she won't see it," said Mr. Randolph, regretfully. "The trip was so long and tiresome," said the pretty maiden incautiously.

"Two hours' long! I like that. Why, it's only forty-eight miles between here and Pass Christian."

"Distances," said the pretty maiden sentimentally, "is not a matter of miles—with me, at least," she added prudently.

"Well, we can have a jolly time by ourselves, anyhow," Mr. Randolph assured her.

The pretty maiden hesitated—that is, she would have hesitated, but Mr. Randolph's cheerful confidence left her no room to do so.

They strolled on rather slowly, for the crowd was so thick, and Mr. Randolph's shaggy head acted as a buffer more than once.

"We'll have time to go and get some hot chocolate before Rex goes here," he calculated cheerfully. "Look out! Here, will you?"

They walked on, and a band of college boys who were going through the crowd like an animated wedge.

The pretty maiden laughed delightedly.

"You looked so angry," she explained, "between games, then stopped and suddenly became a small red devil, with battered mask, aimed a shower of confetti at her laughing face."

There was a glare of trumpet down the street and the long roll of a drum. A wave of excitement swept through the people. Randolph used shoulder and elbows with a skill that bespoke long experience on the football field, and the pretty maiden found herself in the front of the crowd. Mounted policemen pruned slowly, a hand shaking forth "If Ever I Cease to Love," and then Rex and his cohorts.

The pretty maiden dimpled and blushed from sheer delight at the gorgeous spectacle, and the capering maskers on the parade were regarded with interest. One there was a great fragrant bunch of violets, which she clasped with both hands like an excited child; another tossed an armlet of brass; a third a box of French sweets, until young Randolph was largely protected by her. Then, when the last silver and blue shimmering veil had melted down the street, he swung her into the crowd again, her cheeks pale with excitement and the great purple violets nestling in the furs under her pretty chin.

"Now let's have that chocolate," said Mr. Randolph. They found a corner in a pretty tea room, and he dispatched a waiter for their order, while the room filled steadily.

"Do you know," he said, "you've changed somehow?"

"The pretty maiden came back with a start to the fact that Mr. Randolph was not a lifelong friend.

"Have I?" she asked feebly.

"Yes," he repeated, "somehow you've changed. You were so pretty; you know, and I always was your object slave, but now—"

"I've changed?" asked the pretty maiden nonchalantly.

"You're so—so much more so," he exclaimed, "I don't remember," asked Mr. Randolph presently, "how we used to love each other when you were ten and I was fourteen?"

"We didn't," she said, with a start. "Oh, no! You cried your eyes out when I left for school. And you said you'd marry me when you grew up—and when we said good-by—you

kissed me."

"I did nothing of the sort," cried the pretty maiden, very pink and furious.

"You've forgotten," said Mr. Randolph. "There's no reason why you should be ashamed of it. A childish affection is the most sincere—and you certainly were fond of me," he finished tamely.

"I've changed very much," said the pretty maiden, thoughtfully selecting a macaroon from the plate of cakes.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Randolph simply, "because you're even nicer than you used to be."

"I want to tell you something," she said. "I'm not Miss Preston—I never saw you before. I'm here for the carnival, and I lost my people in the crowd this morning; and then you came and—I know it was horrid of me."

"Well," said Mr. Randolph stiffly. "It was just a lark," she pleaded indignantly, "and now, you see, I'm—now—burry, please." The pretty maiden had seen her mother and father around the room.

"If you wish it, of course," said Mr. Randolph with most unbecoming dignity.

"I think you better," she said, and fairly pushed him away, and in a moment she turned to her father and mother with indignation in her eye.

"Well, you lost me," she said with hypocritical anger, "for two whole hours, and I'm nearly starved."

The pretty maiden and her parents dined with friends that night, and the pretty maiden went in to dinner with Mr. Randolph, to her unbounded surprise. Mr. Randolph looked a similar feeling. Then they both laughed.

"The world isn't so large after all," she said.

"My world," said Mr. Randolph, "comes only just up to my shoulder."

A Manky Water Slide.

In Pennsylvania in the Straits Settlements, the Malays have one form of amusement which is probably not to be enjoyed anywhere else in the world.

There is a huge granite slope in the course of a mountain river, down which people slide about two inches deep, the main stream having carved out a bed by the side of the boulder. This rock, the face of which has been rendered as smooth as glass by the constant flow of water during hundreds of years, is the pool of water.

This is a favorite sport on sunny mornings, as many as 2000 folks being engaged at a time and sliding so quickly one after another or forming rows of two, four or even eight persons that they tumble into a pool of water.

There is little danger in the game, and, though some choose to sit on a piece of plank, most of the toboggans are content to squat on their haunches.

A Cult in China.

A cult in China and a craze for china are not synonymous, but they can claim to have the same foundation, and both have antiquity and very good reason to back them—yes, and refer to as having withstood the jests and caricatures of wits and artists ever since the Egyptians burned tiles on the Nile.

Hogarth, Charles Lamb, Sydney Smith and Hazlitt have all made their mark with brush or pen on this fascinating kind of fashionable woman, and to the writer's credit be it said, they have each shown a very well considered acquaintance with the matter, and the china fad always been beneficial to the world.

Charles Lamb was not ashamed to confess to an "almost feminine partiality for old china," and he didn't mind admitting that when he visited any great house he inquired first for the china, the racks of the wall, the propertions to charitable and educational institutions amounting to a vast sum each session. But to make this gift available, it is necessary to have an absolutely obedient and entirely competent man at the head of the committee. In the case of the china cases, Mr. McClain showed that he couldn't be depended upon, and Plummer proved that he could. Therefore, Plummer was taken.

State Charities Perverted.

The record of the appropriations committee of the last Legislature is so notorious and rotten that it's hardly worth while to cite it in detail. The managers of every charity in the State know how their recommendations were ignored, the members of the committee, the rates of the charity, and the general public were so slighted, and the general public have come to understand that political expediency rather than the merits of institutions or the necessities of the wards of the Commonwealth was considered in dispensing the charities. Remember, in the case of the State, a lifelong Republican and member of the committee, openly charged Chairman Plummer with usurping authority and betraying public interests by shaping the appropriations to serve the political machine rather than the interests of the needy. Plummer was silent under the accusation because he knew it could be proved.

His relationship to other vicious legislation of the session of 1905 may well be examined by the voters who are asked to endorse a bill with a closer association with the treasurer of the State. It can be said without fear of contradiction that he supported with voice or personal solicitation every iniquitous measure considered during the session, and that he didn't spare a single effort in the interest of the people unless it was some trifling which the machine consented to as a sort of sop to the reform whale. For example:

He voted against a resolution instructing Pennsylvania Senators, and requesting the legislature in Congress to vote for the legislation advocated by President Roosevelt prohibiting discrimination in freight charges and the payment of rebates. Legislative Record, pages 200-204.

Against Personal Registration.

He voted against the resolution offered by Mr. Sheetz, of Philadelphia, to discharge the elections committee from the further consideration of his personal registration bill for cities of the State. Legislative Record, pages 97-78. The measure had been held in committee so long that the purpose to smother it stood revealed, and the object of the motion was to put it in the calendar in order that it might have a chance of passing. Mr. Plummer and most of the Republicans under orders from the machine managers voted against the motion and defeated it.

He dodged the vote on the resolution offered by Mr. Creasy to put the bill allowing trolley railroads to carry freight on the calendar. Legislative Record, pages 219-22. That measure was also being stifled in committee by machine orders.

He voted against the resolution offered by Mr. Scofield, Republican, of Clearfield, to take the employers' liability law out of committee on Judiciary and place it on the calendar. Legislative Record, pages 223-27. This bill was advocated by the United Mine Workers and other labor organizations, and it is already in successful and satisfactory operation in a number of States.

The Infamous Vice Bills.

He voted for the atrocious Puhl bill, Legislative Record, pages 1029-40. This measure was designed to destroy the Philadelphia Law and Order League, the other direction, but between the police department and purveyors of vice became so notorious.

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A SHAMEFUL RECORD

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His Legislative Career Shows a Continuous Course of Iniquity and An Unbroken Record of Obedience to the Bosses—Voted For All the Vicious Legislation of the Gang and Against All Measures For the People.

(Concluded From Last Week.)

The Session of 1905.

J. Lee Plummer's abject subservency to the machine in the contested election cases disposed of during the session of 1905 made him a prime favorite at the beginning of the session of 1906. During the two previous sessions, Ward B. Bliss, of Delaware county, had been chairman of the committee on appropriations, admittedly the most important position in the Legislature from a machine standpoint, with the possible exception of the Speakership.

Plummer, in the previous sessions, had been re-elected, stood to succeed himself, with Mr. McClain, of Lancaster, the fittest man in the body, measured by experience and ability for the office, first in the line of succession. Shortly before the session opened, however, Mr. Bliss died and Plummer was jumped over McClain's head into the coveted position.

Few outside of those intimately associated with legislation understand the vast power for good or evil vested in the chairmanship of the house committee on appropriations.

In the chairmanship of the house committee on appropriations, Plummer was in fact in control of the purse-strings of the Commonwealth, and supported by a well-disciplined machine can dispose of the revenues of the State almost at his pleasure. For years it has been one of the principal sources of revenue for the machine, the rates of the charity, and the general public were so slighted, and the general public have come to understand that political expediency rather than the merits of institutions or the necessities of the wards of the Commonwealth was considered in dispensing the charities. Remember, in the case of the State, a lifelong Republican and member of the committee, openly charged Chairman Plummer with usurping authority and betraying public interests by shaping the appropriations to serve the political machine rather than the interests of the needy. Plummer was silent under the accusation because he knew it could be proved.

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