### HEN FEVER.

My Henny's got the chicken craze.
I'll let you have the cue.
He's cackling 'bout the hen that lays
And crowing somewhat too.

He's going to buy a hatch machine And send for high priced eggs. He's building coops and brooder things Most running off his legs.

But that's the way 'tis every year, And when the season's done; There'll be the same old chickens here As when the year begun.

If your old man gets chicken craze,
Just tell him he's a dear,
For when he's got the chicken craze
He's not out guzzling ber.
C. M. B.

## THAT BRASS ROOSTER.

Not the one on the weather vane, but the yellow quilled fellow that will soon have a brazen backle and saddle feathers, and you do wish him to keep white as snow.

Can't blame you, for white birds are the fad—not simply because they look pretty on a green lawn, lay eggs and taste for more, but our good cooks don't like dressed chickens that look like yellow cushions stuck full of

ou are anxious to keep your Dottes and Leghorns snowy

You don't want your chicken house to look like a junk shop full of two legged brass kettles. Well, brassiness is simply a matter of too much fat. The large breeds especially will put on fat if you feed them that way, and that way is generally yellow corn, and yellow corn is the main cause of brassi-

greedy things won't lay. I can't make them lay, and they eat like hogs." Yes, there's "hog corn" scattered ev-erywhere, and his White Rocks are fat

as hogs and yellow as butter.
You'd think his hens would lay corn mufilns. The trouble with many people is they feed a fattening ration instead of one for eggs. They feed all carbohydrates and no proteids. It's corn, corn, corn—fat and brass. Their hens are great for the cook pot, but nit

Are you the fellow that weighs his extra ounce across to your next neigh bor, who gathers lots of eggs? Well, the difference is just here—you raise hen fat at 12 cents a pound, and he produces eggs at 40 to 60 cents a dozen. He uses less feed, his hens are white and healthy, and he has a good egg

Your corn bill makes you poor. Your chickens are laying on fat for apoplexy, and your lazy hens and roosters look like a patch of goldenrod.

Now, if you're not mad, listen longer. Don't feed more than 20 per cent corn—white corn for white birds, and not too much of that.

If you have fed creaminess or brass into the plumage, feed it out, using no corn for a month.

Cook pot panacea cures confirmed

If your hens are very fat, starve them

down and make them scratch for every grain in deep litter.

Feed little corn at the time when old hens molt and blood is in the quills

g chickens. such heat may affect the health of chicks so their feathers will not

come perfect, but we do not believe sunshine makes brassiness. When we have to pass parasols round to the Biddles and decorate our long

tailed roosters with sunbonnets to keep off freckles we will adjourn sine die

# CHESTNUTS.

The complaints about fruit in poultry yards may lead to something entirely different. The fowls get most of the fruit that falls, and what they miss is

At Irish Valley, near Shamokin, Pa., is an Italian chestnut grove of 600,000 trees that bear and a nursery of 130. 000 young trees. The yield the past year was 2,000 bushels, which were sold at \$12 per bushel. These trees are all grafted on our ordinary young chestnut sprouts and grow on wasce ground. They are extremely hardy. not tall and require very little atten-tion. At the same time they pay big

profit.

Is not this a solution of the question,
"What fruit can we plant in our poultry yards and on free range that will
not be spoiled by the poultry?"

# DON'TS.

Don't use slugshot for vermin. It's a sure chicken and louse killer.

Don't lose your temper at a contrary cluck. Urge her not to do what you want, and she will do it. Remember she is a female hen.

Don't envy the other fellow. When you see the birds that he brags up you may laugh yourself full and tip your hat and apologize to your poorest culf.
All is not gold that's told.

Don't rush the growler. If you are doing growling stunts go out and growl with the buildog. He will teach you some new doggerel duets and give you some choice lessons in backbiting.

# QUACKERY.

Are you a chicken quack? Shake! We are glad you aren't a hatchet flend. They tell you "it seldom pays to doctor a sick chicken." Well, here are 100 big Rocks. They show signs of roup. You may lose a half dozen in treatment, but the hatchet remedy cleans up the coop. Yes, that was civil war surgery. "Saw off that leg," and off it came till legs and arms piled even with the window sill. Oslerize your chickens? Well, we don't. The investigation of disease has led to a system of symptoms, causes and cures for poultry aliments that's a blessing to poultryman and fowl alike.

There is nothing worse for than a vagabond life.—Homer.

DON'TS.

Don't quote Scripture to the man who swindles you. It's casting pearls before swine.

Don't feed your chickens rot and expect them to be fit to eat and lay pure eggs. It's rotten. Don't carry chickens by the legs.

It's barbarous business. Ducarried by the neck. Rubber! Ducks are Don't sell salt, lime, glass or storage eggs for fresh stock. It's a mighty meaky fox that never gets caught.

Don't let your wife get the reputa-tion of having all the chicken knowl-edge on the place. It shows you're lazy

Don't pretend that you have good stock to make a sale. Chickens of breed always come home to scratch.

Don't get crazy if your neighbor's hen flies over the fence, especially when your "yaller" dog tracks all the porches in town. Hiss! Don't get chicken crazy and mort-

gage your house to buy incubators. When the sheriff comes in at the door chicken fever files out at the window. Don't get the chicken fever simply because the other fellow won a silver cup. Not every honest fellow gets a silver cup, and all is not silver that

Don't get the blues if eggs drop in price. The farmer's pullets are making their debut. But, if a manager, you are getting more eggs now than ever, and the quantity makes up for

THE BACK YARD FANCIER. Is he a new bird? No; he is older even than his oldest hen, and she is related to the cock that crew thrice Is he restricted to any locality? No; he is everywhere. His rooster chal-lenge in Malne is answered by a Shanghai in Porto Rico. His Plymouth Rock's clarion to the sun as it rises from the Atlantic is shouted back by the cocks of Honolulu and Manila bay, where they raise game chickens for re ligious purposes. You have the back yard fancier in your own town. He is so near that when his hen cackles over a new laid egg it wakens the baby. His roosters crow so loudly on a

day morning that you are cheated out of a half day's sleep.

This gentleman of back lotters has thus far succeeded in confining the chicken fever to a small area. If it succeeds in reaching the solar plexus, he will soon have a bad case of poultry than the solar plexus, he will soon have a bad case of poultry. farm. His stock is "fair to middlin' and generally provides eggs for the family cakes and custards and an occasional roast for the preacher.

Does poultry pay him? It does. If he makes a little profit, his investment is small, and he can rejoice. If he just makes the feed, he can buy eggs and roasts no cheaper, and his principal has waxed fat. If he falls a little back, he must remember that owner. back, he must remember that eggs from his own hens and roasts from his own pens are more delicious and valuable than an unknown quantity

## FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

When you look round for eggs for hatching, don't get the cheap kind. Too many Canadian chickens are crossing the line to suit some northern

California business men are offering inducements to poultrymen to settle in that state. A fine flock of White Leg-horns would look mighty pretty in an

orange grove. If you have done your best to get a match from that old claptrap incubator and only half succeeded, what's the use to try, try again? Buy a dependable machine and you'll quit swearing.

"I'm dirty, and John's dirty, too," re plied a lady when asked the age of her-self and husband. In her case she was dirty and yet clean, but some poultrymen are never above being

dirty and yet are overdirty. Pennsylvania raised over 400,000 reen ducks in 1907. Old Jeff and the University of Pennsylvania turned out a drove of young green quacks, but they are now outdone. Cornell has established a chair of poultry husbandry. Will Old Jeff and the U, of P. still keep their slow waddle, or have they enough quack specialists?

quaces specialists?

When strictly fresh eggs are taken to the store the grocer should allow an even trade at the retail price. If the positryman drops below the retail egg price, then the grocer should lower the price on goods exchanged. No fair dealer will demand two profits. A dog in the prayer is held a head to be the control of the price of the control of the price of the control of the price of the control of the con in the manger is bad, a hog in the hen's nest is worse, but a cross of dog and hog in a business deal is a blue

ribbon hybrid. The prevalence of soft corn is af-fording a problem for farmer, miller, stock raiser and poultryman to worr; over. In some states half the corn is moldy. We have saved ours by running it through the power cutter and feeding it cob and all. But where's the corn to come from next summer.
The duck men will yell the loudest out these soft roaster fellows ought to leap for joy.

# Einno ET. M. of

The mountain village of Artigue, in the Luchor region, in France, is being gradually raised in elevation. Forty years ago the village was not visible from Luchon. Now it can be clearly seen and bids fair to become a striking object to the entire plain of Luchon. It is believed that the mountain ledge on which it stands is slowly undergoing a rotary movement.

Golfer-Dear, dear! There cannot be orse players than myself! Caddie-Weel, maybe they're worse players, but they dinna play!

At the Wind's Mercy.
"Scroggins is always boasting about is new balloon."

"That's all it's good for." "What's all it's good for?"
"To blow about."—Cleveland Plain

Use For Them All. You have three pairs of glasses, pro-

"Yes; I use one to read with, one to see at a distance and the third to find the other two."

There is nothing worse for mortals

**•••••••••••••••••••••** 

# CHECKING A RUN.

... By TAYLOR WHITE ...

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\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* "Is it true that your father's bank cannot stand the run?" asked Sydney Ware. Eunice Whitehead nodded.

"Dad says that he cannot meet the run before the current funds will be-come exhausted," she said. "That that the bank will have to be closed down. He is solvent, but he sent too much of the currency to town to be put out at the high interest they

"The run is only on the savings department," said Sydney. "That should not bother him much."

"It will break his heart," she returned, "if the bank has to close down even for a couple of days. Dr. Dunnham says that he is afraid it will give father a shock which will leave its

permanent imprint on him."

"He can make his home with us if the bank falls," said Ware. "It may be for the best, so far as we are con-

cerned. "That's what I came to talk to you about," said Eunice gravely. "If the bank fails, Syd, I shall have to give you up, dear. Father would never con-sent to share a home with a Ware, and could not leave him."
"You were willing enough to leave

him last week," suggested Sydney. "That was before the trouble came," she reminded. "Then he had his bank and his friends. If he loses one, he will probably lose most of the others,

and my place is with him."
Sydney nodded gloomily

Sydney nodded gloomily Thirty years fore Joshua Whitehead and Cyrus Ware had been rival suitors for the hand of pretty Nellie Morton. White-head had won, and Ware had never forgiven him his victory. Whitehead had then just founded the First National bank of Carrsville, and Ware had drawn his funds from the bank and had vowed that he would never patronize the institution. Such banking as he had done was transacted through an institution in the next town, but Ware had conceived a dis-trust for all banks, and most of the large fortune which he had accumulated was stored in gold and bills and bonds in the huge vault in the knitting mills, a vault as large and as safe

as that in the bank. But in the second generation the feud was not carried on. Eunice Whitehead and Sydney Ware had fallen in love with each other and, realizing the uselessness of asking parental sanction, had agreed to elope and ocen ...

the run on the bank should have commenced the very day they had set for their marriage. Instead of meeting Sydney with her sult case in hand she had come to tell him that her place had come to tell him that her place would you?" With a promise that no names would be mentioned, he finally constant the latter of two.

ble.

Mrs. Whitehead had died shortly after her little daughter was born, and Eunice had brayely striven to take the place of her gentle mother in her father's house. She could not leave him in his extremity even for the man she loved.

The question was, "Aren't men in Wall street carrying all sorts of queer things to try to change their luck?" In answer to this the writer heaved some curious stories. One man of worldwide fame, for example, carries a cane in the center of which there is a slender steel red. Circling the red.

away," said Cyrus. "I suppose that this young woman is to be your companion in your travels. She will need

"But you were willing to sneak away like a couple of thieves and be mar-ried secretly," taunted Cyrus. "I suppose that the plan was yours and you

entangled this boy."
"That is not so," said Sydney hotly. "It has taken me a year and more to persuade Eunice to elone. We knew that there was no use asking either her father or mine, and we did not see why your absurd stubbornness should

spoil our happiness." Cyrus stared at his son. Like most men of dominant personality, he secret-ly admired spirit in others. It was the first time that Sydney had ever taken so bold a stand against a parental edict, and he felt a thrill of satisfaction even

while he spoke. "I guess you'll find happiness without having to go to Josh Whitehead's daughter for it," he said harshly. "I want a girl I can recognize as my daughter, not the child of a bank wrecker."

Eunice sprang forward at the taunt. "You are a nasty, wicked old man," she cried. "You know that you are saying what is not true. I believe that you started this run because you knew that most of the country banks had sent their surplus to the city to take advantage of the money market. It is you who are a bank wrecker. I hate

She stamped her foot to emphasize her words, and something in the gesture brought back to Cyrus' memory a far earlier day when these same words

far earlier day when these same words were spoken. He and Josh and Nellie had been out nutting—three children with no thought of marriage.

He had killed a bird with a stone and had brought it to Nellie, proud of his prowess. Instead of the praise he had expected, she turned on him and scolded him for his wanton act. Etnice in her anger was very like her. Eunice in her anger was very like her mother, and the whole scene came back to him as vividly as though it had been

of a reminiscence of forty years and

more.

He looked into the eyes that were so like those he had loved in the long ago and partly turned away. For the first time he realized why Whitehead had won. Nellie had admired his gentle-ness even while she feared Cyrus'

roughness. Perhaps, after all, he, Cyrus, had been more to blame for his loss than had his old playfellow.
"You two go on with your spooning." he said gruffly, and they could not see that the shrewd gray eyes were filled

with tears. Cyrus stumbled blindly along the half defined path that led to the road. He was living over again his boyhood days, and he found therein much to re-

There was a howling mob about the bank. The employees of half a dozen big mills had taken the day off to resone mills had taken the day off to rescue their money from the fancied danger, and they clamored about the doors. As fast as those in the bank obtained their money they were let out and others were admitted. The tellers were others were admitted. The tellers were paying out as slowly as possible in the hope of being able to tide over the day. On the morrow they might expect help from the city. Cyrus Ware stamped his way up the

steps, the crowd giving way before him. The watchman at the door let him in at once, and, without explana-tion, Ware pushed his way into the president's office, where Whitehead puzzled over long columns of figures. He did not hear Ware's entrance, and

not until Cyrus' hand fell upon his shoulder did he look up. "Josh," he said thickly, "I've been a

blamed fool for more years than I care to remember, but that's no sign I've got to keep on to the end of my days. I've got about \$109,000 out there in my wagon. I want to open an account."

For a moment Whitehead glanced into the other man's face and saw in nis eyes the mute appeal for reconciliation which Cyrus could not frame in words. Their hands met in a clasp that wiped away the memory of bitter years, and together they went out of the office to where a guard of men stood over the boxes. Already the news that Cyrus Ware was going to deposit had broken the rush, and the

crowd had materially lessened.

The two men stood on the step surency. Cyrus passed Whitehead a ci-gar. "I'm glad I've squared up old accounts in opening a new one," he said, with a ponderous effort at care-lessness. "You see, our young people are planning to get married."

# CHARMS FOR LUCK.

The Sort of Superstitions Some Wall Street Men Harbor.

Let all the dear readers, feminine gender, take cognizance of what follows, for surely the fairer sex is, after all, the stronger sex. Women know no such abject obedience to superstitious fears and signs as do the men. With giveness afterward.

To Eunice it seemed almost a punishment for her contemplated sin that the run on the bank should have companyed the very day they had set for the very day they had s agreed to tell a thing or two.

For awhile they sat on the fallen there are rings made of leather and of trunk which formed the seat in their hard rubber, like the washers that trunk which formed the seat in their rustic parlor. Valuly Sydney sought to urge the girl to his views, but he could not shake her resolution, and Eunice had just risen to go when there came the sound of some one crashing through the underbrush, and Cyrus Ware came into view.

His eyes flashed as he caught sight of the suit case that Sydney had His eyes flashed as he caught sight of the suit case that Sydney had rought with him, and he turned to is son.

"So it appears that you are going fluid from another receptacle. Once upon a time, when he had, say, only a pleayune million or two, he signed a paper in a deal that doubled, then tre-bled, his wealth. The ink used that day was emptied into a long gold tube panion in your travels. She will need some one to support her now that her father has wrecked his bank, and I am not going away with Sydney," cried Eunice, with spirit. "Dad is afraid that he cannot meet this run and will have to shut the doors, but he did not wreck the bank. He will be able to pay dollar for dollar. I was be able to pay dollar for dollar. I was be the word of the will be able to pay dollar for dollar. I was be the word of the will be them. We have few secret drawers in going to elope with Sydney, but now them. We have few secret drawers in my place is by my father's side, and I desks or doors in houses, as they had in olden times, but there are many secret pockets in the suits made by smart tailors .- Brooklyn Life

At One Fell Swoop.

"Have you got any of those prepara-tions for removing superfluous hair?" asks the man who enters the drug store with a firm tread and a set countenance.

"Yes, sir." answers the druggist "Give me a pint. I want to use it on

"But, man, you haven't got any superfluous hair on your head. You're nearly bald now."

"I know it. And I've got so aggravated and tired watching the confounded hair leaking off day by day that I want to remove the rest of it at one sweep and have the agony over."

Shakespeare Notwithstanding. "Is there anything in a name? quired the man with mouse colored whiskers. "You can bet there is. Name a boy Stuyvesant or Van Rens-selaer or Gouverneur and he'll never hold anything but a first class job. Nobody will ever dare ask him to swah windows or mop floors. And by t time he's forty he'll be head of trust company and director in twenty- | coddleisis." seven prominent concerns. Oh, yes; there's a heap in a name, lemme tell there's a heap in a name you."—Washington Herald

The Infallible Man The most dull and wishy washy man in all the world must be he who never

made a mistake. But he is double dyed when he will make no mistake himself and lose sleep over the mis-takes of his neighbor. — Manchester

We often hear women criticised for their queer ways of doing things, but we rise to call attention to the ys many good men have of not things.—Hallock Enterprise

Wisconsin Representative Tells How Good Bills Are Killed.

EAGER TO AID CONSTITUENTS

Circular Letter Mailed to Them, Which He Expects to Do Some Good-Acmpanied by Double Allotment of Seeds and Offer of Farm Bulletins.

William J. Cary, who represents one of the Milwaukee districts in the house of representatives, is keeping his con-stituents thoroughly informed about affairs in Washington. Mr. Cary is serving his first term in congress. He had some legislative experience before coming to the capital, and accordingly in his three months' life as a maker of the nation's laws he has not been beguiled by the leaders.

As a rule, the new congressman changes his impressions of Washington when he has been here a month or two. Along this line a story is told of a western representative who came to Washington some years ago breathing hostility to every kind of corporate wealth, especially railroad corporations. Six weeks later he was a changed man and confided to one of his friends that the railroads "are all right." He confessed that observation and experience had convinced him of the error of his position in believing transportation companies enemies of the public. "Why," he continued, "I'm for the railroads, and, for all I care, they can make a roundhouse out of statuary

Representative Cary is not this kind of a congressman. He is "on the job" for the people and has informed the folks back home that he has found a deplorable condition of affairs in Washington, says a special correspondent of the New York Post. He has discovered also, he says, the way that good bills are killed.

In order that the voters of the Fourth Wisconsin district may have an accurate account of his congressional stewardship Mr. Cary has prepared a circular letter which he is sending out. In the upper right hand corner of the letter is a half tone likeness of the Milwaukee representative and below it the label of the typographical union. Mr. Cary was a telegraph operator before he entered public life and has introduced several bills to regulate the af-

fairs of the telegraph companies.

It appears from Mr. Cary's letter that his committee work in Washington takes so much of his time that he cannot go into details in explaining what he has found since he became a national legislator. He is a member of two committees, District of Columbia and ventilation and acoustics. The last named meets on alternate leap years.

Every senator and representative gets an annual allotment of 15,000 packages of garden seed and an equal allotment of farmers' bulletins. It was to accompany his seeds and bulletins that Mr. Cary prepared his circular let-

ter. Hear him:
"I am writing a hasty note to inclose with your seed and to explain that I could not get all the varieties you wanted, as the government seed warehouse burned down and ruined all the seed originally gathered. However, I inclose a double allotment of every kind of seed in the seed department and hope you will find plenty to suit. If you need more, just write me. I inclose a list of farm bulletins. If you want any of these, just mark the numbers and send the list to me. You can

mark as many as you wish.
"I find affairs in Washington just about as described in the campaigns. If some of the people knew what their representatives do here they would be astounded. It is a terrible menace to the welfare of our country to see men here doing all they can to prevent bills going through congress for the benefit of the people, sneaking into corners to whisper to corporation lawyers and attending dinners and receptions given by men who have special bills to pass instead of attending their committee meetings for the good of the people. 1 have introduced several good bills, one of them the farmers' denatured alcohol bill, which will enable the farmer to make alcohol out of the waste material on his farm and use it to light and heat his house, pump his water and run his farm machinery with the stuff he now throws away. This is explained in farm machinery with the state to throws away. This is explained by John Dickert's letter on the exterior page of the Five Press of Feb. 17. I will send you a copy of the bill and a copy of the bill and the state of the state o John Dickert's letter on the e<sup>2</sup>-corial page of the Free Press of Feb. 17. I will send you a copy of the bill and say more about it later, as I am too busy now with committee work to do the page 1. I will be a proving any stock speculation or entering a risky undertaking. But such things quickly become known to other busy now with committee work to do it. A plan of killing a good bill is to call two or three committee meetings at the same time so that a congressman cannot get to them all, and they kill his bill in one committee while he is attending the other. However, I learned a few things myself while I was alderman and sheriff and these fellows have found out that they cannot put me up a tree.

"I inclose newspaper which printed an editorial about me here. If there is anything I can get you here, just drop me a line. Please write and let me know if you get the seed."

It is Mr. Cary's idea that a letter like this ought to help some. Have You Got "Mollycoddleitis?"

"Mollycoddleitis" is the latest dis coording to Dr. H. W. Wiley, chemist of the department of agriculture. In a speech at the University crab in Washington the other night h "The man who never has taken a

drink of alcoholic liquor or the mar who says, with a supercilious air, 'I do not drink,' is afflicted with 'molly-

the receiving line at the Washington

The disease is quite rare A Cannon Anecdote.

Speaker Cannon one evening stood in

residence of Vice President Fairbank cassing kindly word and grip with riends as they came along, says the Chicago Post. At length his own daugh ter approached, and, drawing up spare frame, he grasped her hand ormal fashion and inquired, with s well assumed disinterestedness. name, please?" "Lydia Pinkham," re plied Miss Cannon amiably. "Well, Lydis, my dear, we are well met," the speaker responded, "for I guess there's just about as much good in your reme-dles as there is in my presidentia-boom."

# CARY "ON THE JOB." ERRORS IN FINANCES THE INTERSTATE CLUB

Lord Welby Points Out America's and Suggests a Remedy.

EXPERT COMMISSION NEEDED

Let It Frame Laws to Improve Currency, Advises Great British Financier-Tells of the Danger In Having Panic After Panic.

No man stands higher in the world of financial science than Lord Welby He was Gladstone's right hand adviser in financial affairs. As a member of the first London county council he established the existing system of financing the metropolis. For a score of years, as permanent undersecretary of the treasury, he practically trolled England's financial affairs. tired now, he watches the world with the keen observance of intimate un derstanding, particularly the United States. To the New York World's spe-cial correspondent at London he re-

cently said: "I have read President Roosevelt's recent message, and I think Europe regards him as a man of great force and ability and has confidence in his and ability and has conneence in his absolute integrity. You have great problems to solve and conditions to remedy. We have an interest in what you do. Fifty years ago the financial world was divided into separate money centers. Slow means of communication caused each capital to be dependent to a great extent upon its own reent to a great extent upon its own re-

"Now, however, the entire financial world is combined. The old centers are closely interwoven. What affects one affects the other. Therefore your financial panic and its causes are of much interest to us in London. If our financial structure had not been very sound I hesitate to think what might have happened to us at the time of your October crash. As it was we pull-ed through practically without a fail-ure. I will not say we did not feel its

effects "It strikes me that you have serious need of remedying your conditions. You cannot go on having panic after panic every few years. It weakens both your prestige and your structure. America has wonderful natural re-sources and has made wonderful progress. We divide that progress into two classes—the legitimate and the illegitimate. The legitimate you must carefully foster. It is very easy to overstep the line and cripple it. Hasty, ill advised legislation, often received. advised legislation often proves worse than no legislation at all. I am a firm believer in liberalism, in freedom of action, of too few rather than too many hampering laws, and, having found the best remedy, apply it. "There seems to be general agree-

ment that your currency system has proved inadequate, and various legis-lative measures are proposed to im-prove it. If I may venture a suggestion, I would say that before adopting hasty laws it might be well to get the advice of an expert commission on what is best to be done. Choose a body of men-distinguished men wh understand the subject thoroughly and, above all, men who have the confidence of the public—and let them draft the needed reforms. You have men who

are above personal interest.
"To my mind, one of the greatest
evils of any nation is the influence of pernicious lobbying in behalf of special interests. Having obtained the recommendations of your experts, enact distributions of your experts, enact legislation in accordance. Then the chances are that you will have fewer mistakes to correct than might happen after hasty action.

"You will pardon my criticism that

one important thing you lack in the United States is concentrated, forceful public opinion. I am speaking now in reference to what I call your illegitimate progress. Your people do not seem to put into practical effect their condemnations. They permit evils to continue and patronize them because of the temporary profits they derive. They do not always withdraw their support and frown down upon practices that are wrong. You need that kind of public opinion which will inflict its punishments upon wrongdoers. This force need not always come from the general public. It may be confined to a small

"There is no law in England to provent a bank from devoting as much of bankers, and the practice is checked by their disapproval.
"The position of your trust compa-

nies, combining banking with trustee ship, seems strange. You have plenty of banks to afford ample banking facilities without the trust companies, which appear to enjoy rather wide latitude. This condition, I believe, needs

that have gradually grown up. They before we were married, George hesitate to remedy and are slow to punish."

Defore we were Chicago Tribune.

Railroad Discrimination. The Big Four railroad—Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis— has its foot in it good and proper at Pana, Ill. The young ladies of the tewn are beauless now just because the Big Four time table has changed and the Sunday night train falls to stop at Shelbyville, Ill. The railroad wil at Shelbyville, Ill. The railroad will either be compelled to change the order of its trains or Shelbyville will have a surplus of bachelors and Pana

future. Took Kindly to the Water. They tell this story of the experience of two Maine boys in trying to catch

will have an old maids' club in the near

woodchuck:
They had tried quite a number of times to capture the animal, but unsuccessfully. At last they decided to drown him out; so, procuring four pails, each took two, and they carried water for two solid hours and poured It into the hole in the ground in which the said chuck had taken up his abode. Getting tired, they sat down. After about half an hour the woodchuck cautiously left the hole and deliberate walked down to the brook and took long drink of water and then scooted,

much to the disgust of the two hove

Organization Near Chattanooga Is For Whole Nation.

BOTH FOR LIONS AND LAMBS

Prominent Men of All Parties on Its Roster—Splendid Property Will Cost Millions and Be Miles In Extent. Preserves For Game and Fish. waiden's ridge, near Chaffanooga,

Tenn., will, if certain large plans now afoot go through, become within a year or two the home of the greatest country club in America, if not in the world. The organization, which will be known as the Interstate club, has al-

ready been formed and is founded on idea that there is room in the United States for a great nonpolitical, nonsectional association to which citizens, big and little, of every state in the Union may repair for recreation and friendly intercourse.

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The club will have a distinguished membership. Senator J. C. S. Blackburn of Kentucky is president, and President Roosevelt, Vice President Fairbanks, former President Grover Cleveland and William J. Bryan are members. Some of the vice presidents are Secretaries Root and Taft, Speaker Cannon, Leslie M. Shaw, Truman H. Aldrich, Joseph Sibley, Nicholas Longworth, Charles S. Towne, Robert J. Lowe and Senator McLaurin.

The club is chartered under the laws of Tennessee and has acquired large tracts of land on Walden's ridge, con-tiguous to the Tennessee river and in the vicinity of famous Signal point.

The site for the clubhouse is on a high plateau overlooking thirty miles of beautiful country. The extensive plans contemplate the erection of an amphitheater and the maintenance of fisheries, game preserves, golf links, polo grounds and a trotting track and the building of an electric railway from the level of the Tennessee rive

clubhouse doors.

Engineers are now at work laying out within the club grounds an automobile boulevard that will be thirty two miles long and eighty feet wide. By reason of the vast tract owned by the club and the tableland formation the curves of the boulevard will be s few and so gradual as to be hardly Another plan is to make the club

members profit by certain locks and

dams now being built across the Ten-nessee river. The clubhouse site has been fixed at a point that will overlook what will be a three mile lake when the locks and dams are complete. By means of the lake it will be possible for members to go from New York and other places clear to the club float in yachts. The initial outlay for improvements

will run into the millions. The club-house alone will cost \$1,000,000 and the automobile course \$500,000.

The club will be inaugurated on June 25 at a banquet on the club property.

Men of prominence will be present.

There is to be nothing exclusive about the Interstate club. Founded with the idea that it should be nonpartisan and nonsectional, it will seek to attract men from the country over. The ex-penses of membership will be small, \$50 initiation fee and about the same

amount yearly dues. With a membership of from 250,000 to 1,000,000 it is expected the club will have no difficulty in the way of financing itself. All money received as initiation and dues will go to defray club expenses and to the reduction of such debt as the arganization may assume

at its begin g. Although the club is nonpartisan and Although the club is nonpartisan and nonpolitical, its projectors believe it will wield a large influence in national and industrial affairs through its opportunities of informal discussion. Men of prominence and influence can meet there, talk there and obtain the opinions of others there without fear of ions of others there without fear of committing themselves to anything and without fear of what they may say

eing considered official.

Work on the clubhouse will probably be commenced next summer. When fin ished, it will on account of its southerly position be a convenient all year round resort for its members.

Man and His Sweet Tooth "If you want to have that tradition upset about women only having a sweet tooth," remarked the stenogra pher who works downtown, "just g into a quick lunch room occasionally and watch the men who drink coffee or chocolate with their midday meals I give you my word I have seen not one, but many men, put six lumps of sugar into their one cup of coffee or chocolate and then eat appl

is fairly covered with powdered sugar. Impatient Husband (tired of holding remedying.

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