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STROTHER & STOCKWELL, Proprietors.

RENEWALS—The date opposite your name on your paper, or wrapper shows to what time your subscription is paid. When your subscription expires, you will receive notice by letter to discontinue, when all arrears must be paid. If you do not wish to discontinue, you must send us the amount for the next year, or you will be discontinued.

CHANGES IN ADDRESS—When ordering a change in the address, subscribers should be sure to give their old as well as their new address.

Let the people rule!

Even Missouri has repudiated Mr. Bryan.

Chairman Hitchcock has earned a cabinet position.

Attention! Forward march! The pie brigade is moving to Lincoln.

Samuel Gompers is the man who drew the shortest straw on election day.

It is now certain that Jim Dahlgren will not be a member of the next president's cabinet.

Platte county and Texas can always be depended upon to vote the same way on election day.

Governor-elect Shallenberger is being appealed to by an army of the un-terrified for positions under his administration.

Nebraska, Colorado and Nevada belong to the lonesome squad in the north. The other states are enrolled in the Taft column.

One of the surprises of the campaign—to Samuel Gompers—was the re-election of Uncle Joe Cannon to Congress by a majority of 7,000.

If Governor-elect Shallenberger had 27,000 deputy oil inspectors to appoint he could just about find places for all the applicants who are anxious to test Mr. Rockefeller's kerosene.

Governor Sheldon contemplates calling a special session of the legislature to pass a new liquor law. Nebraska already has the best liquor law of any state in the Union, and there is no general demand for a change.

To Chris Gruenther, more than any other man connected with the Democratic state organization, is due the showing made by Bryan and especially Shallenberger on election day. Early in the campaign Mr. Gruenther organized the Bryan Volunteers and sent them out as scouts in advance of the organization of the state committee. When the state committee got ready for business they found in nearly every county in the state a well organized band of Bryan shouters and workers. With Mr. Gruenther's experience as an organizer he was of great assistance to the state committee in the work of waging an aggressive campaign, and bringing about the victory won by his party in the state on election day.

TOO MUCH "REFORM"

If, as the Lincoln Journal asserts, the brewery owners were responsible for the defeat of Governor Sheldon, they were not the only cause that contributed to the election of a democratic executive. It is conceded that Governor Sheldon is a fair minded man, and that he does not entertain nor has he been in harmony with some of the radical ideas of reform which the so-called progressive press demanded. Governor Sheldon's administration got all that it asked for and all that the Republican party demanded. Passenger rates were reduced one-third, the terminal tax bill passed, a railway commission secured and the commodity bill enacted. But the demand for other alleged reforms on the eve of a presidential campaign created discord within the party which the state committee could not harmonize.

For weeks before election the Anti-Saloon League commenced sending out circulars requesting Republicans to work against candidates of their party who refused to pledge themselves to vote for county option. Then the breweries got busy and entered the contest, and when the votes were counted the verdict rendered was against county option—Sheldon was defeated and a Democratic legislature elected in a state which has a republican majority.

THE VERDICT.

For the third time the voters of the country have rendered a verdict against Mr. Bryan in a presidential contest. They have said: Mr. Bryan, we dare not trust you and the party you represent with the affairs of this nation—we have faith in Wm. H. Taft and the republican party. In this verdict the American people have taken a common sense course in protecting themselves against a man who could experiment with new ideas or with old ones that have been exploded or abandoned as impracticable.

The complete, crushing and humiliating defeat of Democracy ought to convince that party it cannot hope to win with a candidate who goes before the people every year with some new "paramount" issue for the purpose of deceiving and deluding them into the belief that their social and financial conditions could be vastly improved by a dose of medicine prescribed by a quack political doctor.

The country is in a prosperous condition; people are satisfied with present conditions and had no desire to allow themselves to be experimented with by a party that hasn't redeemed a promise made or passed a single national law of benefit to the American people in the past forty-eight years.

GOVERNOR HUGHES' TRIUMPH.

The news of Governor Hughes' victory will be received with profound satisfaction throughout the United States. Democrats as well as republicans will be pleased by it because the victory is a victory for decency, for morality and for law.

Hughes has been a great executive. Back of his extraordinary abilities a splendid will has been at work. He has gone on unflinchingly from one reform to another. He has succeeded in correcting the abuses that crept into the management of powerful corporations; he has placed those corporations under public control; he has accepted the challenge of gamblers and all their long train of vile associates and he has given them a drubbing that they will not forget in many a year.

Could there be better proof that the best politics, even from the standpoint of expediency, is the politics that is inspired by devotion to principle? Hughes' triumph will act as a tonic. It will dismay the big and little grafters in all the states, give heart to reformers everywhere and add to the prestige that the governor has enjoyed because of his admirable record and remarkable achievements.—Chicago Record-Herald.

IS THERE A PARALLEL?

James G. Blaine once said to Colonel A. M. McClure: "I am the Henry Clay of the republican party; I can never be president." With even greater justice W. J. Bryan may regard himself as the democratic Henry Clay. These are the only two men to be thrice defeated for the presidency. Clay was first a candidate in 1824, when he was 47 years old—eleven years older than Bryan in 1896. He was fourth in the electoral colleges and J. Q. Adams got the decision when the contest was thrown into the house of representatives. In 1832 Clay ran against Jackson, but got only forty-nine votes to his opponent's 219. His third and final contest was against Polk in 1844, when he was beaten by sixty-five in the electoral colleges.

It was an affecting scene at Ashland, Clay's home, when the Kentucky electors sent a committee to condole with him. At the close of the chairman's address the defeated leader responded: "I heartily thank you, sir, for your friendly wishes for my happiness in the retirement which henceforth best becomes me."

"The retirement." Will the parallel hold good? Clay was then 67. Bryan is only 48.—Kansas City Star.

A DEMOCRATIC VIEW.

An administration with Mr. Taft at its head may be looked forward to with out apprehension or fear of unseemly or serious disturbance. He has intellect, dignity, experience and balance. Relieved of the necessity of acknowledging political expediency, candor demands that we restore to him the qualities he declared before he became the candidate of his party. It is only essential that Mr. Taft asserts himself and shake off the domination of Mr. Roosevelt to be the president whose dignity, poise and sanity will become the man who was made known to the people by reason of sturdy accomplishments in their behalf.—St. Louis Republic.

REPUBLICAN RECUPERATION.

The victory is the greater for republican principles and for Taft because it was won in the face of a profound demoralization of organized republicanism in several great states. It shows the power of recuperation that the republican party possesses when compelled to face a real emergency. The victory was won against an opposition, united and confident, as it has not been in three preceding national contests.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

FACING THE FUTURE

"There she is, Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past at least is famous."

Webster's famous eulogy of Massachusetts might well be used in the present hour of the republican party. Its history is the history of the United States during the last half century. All the world knows it. As it faces the future it can do so with satisfaction over its achievements and with a certain confidence born of triumphant accomplishment in years gone by. The past at least is secure.

The republican party came into being as the expression of earnest patriots who were determined to prevent the further extension of slavery into the territories. The logic of events made it the leader of the larger movement for human freedom. The attempt of the dominant wing of the democratic party to destroy the United States placed upon the new party the responsibility for the saving of the union. The exigencies of civil war compelled it to adopt a policy which resulted in a wide extension of federal authority in contrast with the older notion of state rights. Emancipation was necessarily followed by constitutional amendments securing freedom and civil and political rights for a downtrodden race. Even in the midst of battles it planned a wise homestead policy and the building of a railroad across the continent for the greater glory of the new United States which appears after the smoke of conflict had rolled away.

LESSONS OF THE ELECTION.

Prosperity and a revival of business are spelled by the election of Taft. That is the general view of business men, as expressed last night after the result of the election was no longer in doubt.

The revival in industrial and commercial fields is not to be confined to any particular kind of business, but will be general in the belief of those who are qualified to speak. All lines of trade and industry will feel the beneficial effects of that Taft election. The revival is likely to begin almost immediately and will continue in ever increasing volume during the next six months or so until the affairs of the nation in a business way are once more normal.

Railroad men and bankers, manufacturers and merchants, stock brokers and board of trade men all join in declaring that the transformation of former Judge Taft into President-elect Taft means the end of depression. One of the immediate effects of the election will be the carrying through of many deals, and many of them for large sums, which were awaiting the success of the republican nominee. It is stated that millions of dollars are represented in business transactions which were dependent on Taft's election. All this volume of business will now be electrified life.—Chicago Record-Herald.

SHE HAD PLAN ALL HER OWN.

Mrs. Schmidt's Method of Solving the "Servant Question."

"Well, Mrs. Rosenberg, you should have seen me," said one out-gunning-the-air woman to another last evening on West Callowhill street. "There was all my lovely dishes and my cut-glass punch bowl broken, broken in a thousand pieces. She had dropped the whole tray. There she was, looking at me, with all my lovely china on the floor. Ach, Gott, it was awful! I could hardly get my breath. I was so mad and so excited. I just looked at her, and what do you think I said. Mrs. Rosenberg, what do you think I said to her?"

"Oh, oh, oh, I can't imagine, Mrs. Schmidt. What did you say? What did you say?"

"Not one word. Not one single word. She thought I was going to scold her; but I never opened my mouth. And I never do. Mrs. Rosenberg, no matter what she breaks or what she does. Why, she has broken more than \$20 worth of china, cut glass and furniture and burned up some of my best underclothes when she irons. Every washday she lets some of my fine things blow off the roof or forgets to bring them down and they are stolen; but I never say one word to her. That is the way I keep her. All my friends have trouble with their maids and are always changing, but Minna stays with us. If I let her see I was mad, and scolded her all the time, I would be sitting on a chair in an employment agency trying to get maids. No, ma'am, keep your mouth shut is my plan, and you can keep your servant."

"Ain't it the truth?" said Mrs. Rosenberg, admiringly.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ants Dielike Cloves.

This time of the year many ants find their way into the house, especially into the pantry. Scatter ground cloves on the pantry shelves and in places where the ants appear the most, and in a few days the ants will all be gone.

A Thriller.

"Slow Walter." "Have I ever been in the country, sir? No sir. Why do you ask?" "Tired Customer." "I was just thinking how thrilling you'd find it to sit on the fence and watch the tortoise visit by."—Pick-Me-Up.

Advocating the protection of American industries and the related protection of American labor, it secured also the resumption of specie payments and stood like a rock for sound money against all sorts of threatened financial bills. Brought face to face with the new and formidable problems of the Spanish-American war, it never wavered, but led the country forward along the highway of destiny, despite the jere-mids of those who talked of imperialism and un-American policies. If in all these notable forward movements it increased the tendency toward centralization of power, it did nothing more than keep step with the trend of the times. It found its reward in the support of the people and in the recognition by all the earth of the United States as a world power.

With such a record the republican party may safely be trusted with the important responsibilities which face it and which the people have insisted that it continue to bear. The regulation of railroads and trusts, the conservation of natural and national resources, the completion of the Panama canal, the better organization of machinery for the preservation of health and the fighting of disease, the wise administration of colonial dependencies and other great tasks await it. The past has its wonderful story of accomplishment. That is why the people have decided to leave it to the republican party "to maintain the policies, perpetuate the blessings and make secure the achievements of a greater America."—Chicago Tribune.

CHASED AWAY THE MASHERS

American Girl's Wit Works Better Than a Strong Right Arm.

American girls, whose ideas of independence do not agree with those of the French people, are bothered by masher whenever they attempt to go about unescorted in Paris. No French girl whose parents have a proper regard for her is ever allowed to do such a thing, and the idea has become implanted in the native mind that any young woman who appears alone is at least unconventional.

It did not take a young and attractive American girl long to learn this fact when she traveled around Paris as she was accustomed to in New York. All manner of men smirked at her, lifted their hats, tried to act as her escort and endeavored to begin conversations.

But every one faded suddenly when she gave him her anti-masher treatment, which worked better than a strong right arm. To each she extended her hand, palm up, with one of those minute bits of fractional currency that they have over there balanced on her palm.

BUILT INTO THE BIRDS' NEST.

Appropriate Place for Lace Intended for Coming Baby's Cap.

A young mother sat under an apple tree while the blossoms fell about her, listening to the glad twittering of a couple of song sparrows who were building their nest in the lilac bush which grew beside the fence. She was fashioning a tiny cap of softest lawn and lace, and smiling to herself while she sewed, after the manner of her kind. She was wondering what the little face would be like that would look out from the dainty cap of ruffles and frills. It was almost done except for one little piece of lace, which she could not find to finish it. She had to give up her search for it, though she knew she had had it when she put her work basket on the grass beside her and had gone into the house to get some forgotten thing.

In the fullness of time her mother heart was satisfied, for her child lay in her arms and slept upon her breast. She carried the babe out and sat again under the apple tree, now laden with fruit. She glanced into the lilac bushes where the birds had builded their nest in the spring and found that the birdlings had taken wing and it was deserted, but cunningly woven into it around the top was the lost bit of lace for which when making the baby cap she had searched so long in vain.

Beads.

Beads are, perhaps, the oldest kind of ornaments in all countries of the world, and among savage races their value as a form of money is well known. The beauties of ancient Rome were very much in favor of wearing amber beads, amber having been introduced after the expeditions of the Romans to Northern Europe.

Glass beads were first made by the Egyptians and the Phoenicians who traded with Cornwall in far-off times brought glass beads to the British maidens, and when some of the ancient "barrows" were opened quantities of glass beads were found, as fresh in coloring as the day they were placed there with the corpse, says Home Notes.

Venetian beads are world famous on account of their marvelous hues and designs and, among the many attractions of Venice, the glass factories at Murano should be omitted by no visitor to the "Queen of the Adriatic."

Troubles of To-Day.

In these days of scientific miracles when a man sees a mysterious monster in the air he has to guess whether it is a flying machine or a woman's hat.—New York Press.

HEARTACHES ON EVERY PAGE.

Pathos and Tragedy in the Leaves of the Old Album.

On every page of an old album is written heartache, downfall, disillusion, loneliness. Here is the picture of the boy whose every waking hour outside of school was partly yours. So genial a fellow he was, so ambitious, so brilliant. You saw him last year, and hardly recognized the shabby wreck that drink had made, hardly were able to eke out half an hour's conversation with him. Here is the college chum with the fine head who was to do great things in life. Consumption. The blossom blighted ere the fruit was set. This other classmate with the face of Keats—the merest hair's breadth of misdirection in a furrow of his brain, first manifested in a comic oddity. After the flesh, our friend still lives; only his mind is dead.

And here is one whose every lineament shows forth engaging frankness and the joy of life—worse than dead. Embesment, guilty fugitive with a neighbor's wife. His broken-hearted old father, his wife, his children—all of us who trusted him, how much rather would we have followed him to his grave than have this come upon him! And then the long list of those with whom our lives were intertwined, for whom we hoped, believed, expected—mere insipidities, trifles, failures, half-successes, living along somehow. And we ourselves. What we meant then to be, and what we are!—Eugene Wood.

HICKORY TREE IS A MONUMENT.

It Marks the Grave of an Admirer of President Jackson.

In the Baptist graveyard at Canton, Pa., near Salem, lies the body of an old revolutionary soldier named James Sayres. A rude, unlettered sandstone marks his grave, but a more conspicuous monument is a large hickory tree the trunk of which, three feet from the ground, measures 51 1/2 inches in circumference.

James Sayres was an ardent admirer of Andrew Jackson, so often called "Old Hickory" from the character of being so unbending in any cause which he believed to be right. Mr. Sayres always wore a sprig of hickory on his breast. On "training days," and before he died directed that a hickory tree be planted on his grave. This was done, and after the tree attained proportions deemed unsuitable to adorn a grave it was dug up. Another tree sprang from the roots left in, and this in time was also dug up.

When a third tree appeared, with a persistency in a good cause worthy of emulation, relatives of the deceased directed that it be not disturbed. Hence the tree of large proportions that annually showers its nuts over the grave of the deceased admirer of "Old Hickory."

The Essence of Government.

Man, born in a family, is compelled to maintain society, from necessity, from natural inclination and from habit. The same creature, in his farther progress, is engaged to establish political society in order to administer justice, without which there can be no peace among them, nor safety nor mutual intercourse. We are, therefore, to look upon all the vast apparatus of our government as having ultimately no other object or purpose but the distribution of justice, or, in other words, the support of the 12 judges. Kings and parliaments, fleets and armies, officers of the court and revenue, ambassadors, ministers and privy counsellors are all subordinate to this part of administration.—Hume's Essay on "The Origin of Government."

A Nomadic Piece of Land.

Cape Cod itself is sand, and like everything of a desert nature is nomadic. Like the Arab, it is always silently stealing away, so that the appearance of the peninsula constantly changes. The prevailing winds in the winter being from the north, the sand is blown south; in summer it is blown to the west, but the winter winds being stronger, the land is gradually working south. Monomoy at the lower end used to be an island, its extremity being called Cape Malabar, a name not used now. Why, I cannot say. This island of Monomoy is rapidly growing toward Nantucket, it having advanced some five miles in the last 50 years.—Outing Magazine.

The Child the Hope of the Race.

There is nothing in the world so important as children, nothing so interesting. If you ever wish to go in for some philanthropy, if you ever wish to be of any real use in the world, do something for children. If you ever yearn to be truly wise, study children. We can dress the sore, bandage the wounded, imprison the criminal, heal the sick and bury the dead; but there is always a chance that we can save a child. If the great army of philanthropists ever exterminate sin and pestilence, ever work out our race's salvation; it will be because a little child has led them.—David Starr Jordan.

"Aftermath."

"Aftermath" is a persistently ill-used word. Early July is the time of the "mow"; that is, the first mowing of the meadow. The show grass with a sufficiency of rain—will grow again, and later will come the "second mow" or "aftermath." The phrase "the storm and its aftermath" seems a favorite with some story writers, but it is difficult to understand how a storm can have a second mowing!

Often the Case.

Don't think because a man looks embarrassed when with a young lady that he is trying to get up nerve enough to propose. He may be trying to get nerve enough to get out of proposing.

To Retain Friendship.

Let this be established as a primary law concerning friendship, that we expect from our friends only what is honorable and for our friends' sake do what is honorable.—Cleora.

The ABC and XYZ of ADVERTISING

A SERIES OF TEN TALKS ON ADVERTISING No. 6

I have a bunch of letters from advertisers asking me to criticize their advertisements; to tell them wherein the copy is bad or good.

It is nearly all bad; but most bad advertisements pay. The better the copy, as a general rule, the better the results. Good copy for one class of trade might be very poor copy for another. But there are a few broad general principles which are always true.

Your advertisement should be attractive enough to catch the eye. Size doesn't do this. A two inch single column card may be made to attract more notice than an announcement as big as a sheet of note paper. If your advertisement isn't seen it isn't read, and if it isn't read no matter if it has ten million circulation it isn't worth a postage stamp. You are not investing in circulation but in readers of advertisements.

The next point is to make your advertisement readable. As a rule the most readable copy is printed in fairly large book type; one kind of type with a display heading or two and the reading matter divided into easy paragraphs. Most advertisers think that by crowding the space to its utmost they are getting bigger value for their money. Within reasonable limits the very opposite is true. Ten words read are worth more than ten thousand words looked at.

If I were advertising a retail shop and I found that my advertising appropriation would allow me to take a two inch card daily in four newspapers I should multiply the two by four and take an eight inch card in one newspaper.

But the secret of copy is personality; red hot hustling life. Like breeds like. If your shop is a hustling go-ahead concern and this spirit is reflected in your advertising, the contagion will soon spread. The first hundred customers are the hardest to get; the second hundred come in about half the time; the third hundred are attracted by the crowd.

The full page announcements of the department stores overshadow the small dealer; but there is opening up a great field in every big city for the attractive advertising of the smaller shop. This advertising must be done in a new way; it must be pleasing, refined, convincing; it must appeal to the individual who loves quiet rather than noise; the very antithesis of the broadside bargain advertising so common in every newspaper.

Depository

Horses Made Deaf by Lightning.

An unusual incident occurred at Clark's Corners, two miles north of Conesus Lake, when an electrical storm passed over the place. The barn on the Bartlett farm was struck by lightning during the night, and when Stephen Bartlett went to the barn in the morning he found that the post between two of the horses stalled in the barn was smashed to kindling.

Three Miles of Seats.

Placed end to end, the tiers of seats in the monster stadium in which the Olympic games are to be held in London this summer would make a line more than three miles in length. The framework for the seats is constructed of steel, with timber platforms capable of holding 10,000 chairs. The steel weighs more than 400 tons, and there are 10,000 cubic feet of timber

His Hopes Went Up in Smoke.

Here is an instance of a man's hopes actually going up in smoke. The Rev. William Berg of Hartford was the man. He was the leading candidate for the pastorate of the Milwauque Congregational church. One day recently he offered a cigar to the deacon of the church. The parishioners heard of the minister's devotion to the weed, and by an overwhelming vote decided to choose a pastor who did not smoke.

FRISCHHOLZ BROS. SHOES CLOTHING Gents' Furnishing Goods RELIABLE GOODS AT RIGHT PRICES. FRISCHHOLZ BROS. 405 11th Street, Columbus.