

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

these columns. But there is grave doubt whether the A. P. A. is, properly speaking, patriotic. Whether its tendency is not to defeat the very purpose for which, it is claimed, it was organized, is open to question. Bespeaking freedom and liberty it may of itself be creating a condition of thralldom. Certainly it is provocative of bitter and unnecessary strife and the cause of denominational contention out of which no good can come. It allows itself to be ridden by unscrupulous men and made an agent for the accomplishment of purposes the very opposite of patriotic. Fundamentally opposed to any Jesuitical system it is today following in the footsteps of the Jesuits—so far as methods are concerned. Supposedly fighting intrigue and secret manipulation it is rearing a scheme of oath-bound allegiance and revenge that is repugnant to the great distinctive American idea.

The A. P. A. is rapidly obtaining a dominant influence in the politics of this county and this state. Surely patriotism can be subserved without recourse to mediaeval means. The schools and government can be effectively protected by other than secret processes.

The formidable intellect that is productive of so many and varied mental curios in the editorial columns of the reverently esteemed State Journal has finally been brought to bear upon the subject of libel. Possibly there may have been those who imagined that once the editorial genius of the Journal grappled with this subject it, the subject, would be completely exhausted. Any such apprehension was groundless. Whatever effect the editorial antics may have had on the impelling intellect, however wearied and exhausted the luminous journalistic servitor may have been, the subject itself remained untouched. All of the Journal's fecundity in artifice and oracular platitudinous ambiguity was called into play in dealing with a subject that is of interest to the press and people alike, and I may be pardoned for complimenting the Journal on its special and unusual agility in dodging the issue. Much practice has rendered the diurnal contemporary well nigh perfect in the peculiar art of filling columns of so-called editorial matter without the expression of a single opinion on any subject. Any fool can talk and give his convictions. The fool who can talk forever and never give expression to a single idea is specially favored.

The Journal in the editorial above referred to says tritely, "The publisher has nothing to fear if he tells the truth." The reproduction of this frequently voiced sentiment in the columns of the Journal seems to indicate, not that the Journal in any way fathers the bold idea advanced, but that it recognizes in a dim sort of way that a newspaper can properly tell the truth. The Journal is no iconoclast or pioneer, however, and it is not going to venture on a policy of truth-telling until such a course is much safer than it now is.

And now comes the remains of the once mortal body of Tom Majors and lo! the corpse dances on its own grave, disturbing the peace and solitude of the great City of Dead, sending quaint

shadows across the white spaces, and making wierd sounds that penetrate the furthest recesses of the graveyard, and carry beyond into the realm of the living, awakening unpleasant memories long since passed into quietude, moving men to indignation, to

ensued upon his death. The ghost of anathema, to disgust, to protest. Before this same Tom Majors yielded up his unwilling and most obstinate spirit it he was productive of discord, enmity, vexation. He walked into the abode of peace and there was war. He yearned for the flesh pots and stretched forth his covetous hands and injected his wearisome person and foment arose and smoke ascended, and there was tribulation and gnashing of teeth. And now, after going down on the field of battle, after the last requiem has been sounded, after being nailed into his coffin and pounded into the earth, his shade rises from the sepulcher and performs ghoulish antics in the quiet that Tom Majors, having already made one or two manifestations, makes bold appearance on the announcement of the candidacy of George Melkeljohn, and beckons and gesticulates and moans and yells. But to no purpose. Outside the City of Dead there is a great and moving sentiment that will brook no spectral visitations—particularly of the Tom Majors sort—and from this sentiment will come a flagellation of the spirit that will make it more transparent and hopelessly flattened than ever spirit was before.

Some months ago George W. Smalley, journalist, returned to this country

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