

churches, if they only knew it, house a lot of circus people who are devout Christians and never miss an opportunity to attend church service.

Goodness gracious, why don't that parade start! Here we've been grinding away for an hour, waiting to hear the band, and it hasn't toot-

ed yet. We can't stand this suspense much longer. If the parade don't show up pretty soon we're going to desert the office and go out to meet it. We just can wait much—Whoop-ee! There she comes!!  
No more work for this little boy today. It's wrong to make a boy work on circus day.

be left to the sense of justice of the American people. The lecture platform has upheld the greatest men of the United States. Wendell Phillips spoke from it and was never a pampered presidential pet. Henry Ward Beecher graced it and did some of his best work for the union with its aid. Horace Greeley, Emerson, Lowell—men of station in politics and literature—have not disdained the lecture platform. To impress their views on the people they did not think a fat office and a fatter salary necessary.

Mr. Taft's sneer applies equally to Senators Beveridge and LaFollette of his own party and to Senators Tillman and Dubois, democrats. It does not affect the railway attorneys or millionaires of the senate.—Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat.

#### DEFINING THE ISSUES

W. J. Bryan's letter to Tammany defining the real issues between the two national parties is a beautifully simple platform. He would direct attention to the fact that the tariff, the trusts, and the railroad regulation are all one question in essence, namely, whether the government shall be administered in the interest of a few favorites or in behalf of the whole people.

On that platform it should not be difficult to make a winning fight in the next presidential campaign, because the people understand the issue, they have had a personal and painful demonstration of the workings of tariff and trusts, and they are ready to support the party that will make a sincere, determined effort to revise the tariff and abolish trust monopoly.

As between the democracy and the republican party there is no question which is the friend of the trusts and which the foe; nor is there any doubt as to which favors a tariff for the benefit of the trusts and monopolists. Indeed, the identity of the republican party and the favorites of the tariff is so perfect that it is axiomatic.

Under trust control of the tariff the cost of nearly every article which enters into living expenses has been advanced beyond all reasonable bounds. Part of the advance has been doled out to labor under pressure, the larger part has been added to trust dividends on inflated stocks. Scarcely any industry has escaped the monopolists, and the common man depending upon a salary or fixed income finds himself robbed on every hand. Yet the republican party "stands pat" for the trusts, and will continue to favor them.

It is urged by the republicans that the national administration has shown its determination to restrain the trusts, and that it is accomplishing more in this direction than could be hoped for from a democratic president and congress. Such a plea is futile in the face of the record. The beef trust was prosecuted and some of its members fined. The people are paying the fine, small as it was. The paper trust was forced to dissolve its illegal combination; and the price of paper is higher today than it has ever been, while the members of this illegal combination are doing business at the old stand, unharmed and unafraid. Where any trust is prosecuted it has nothing to fear of a simple fine, because it can add that to its price any time and still retain its monopoly. There is no way to really reach a trust which has established a monopoly of the American market through the tariff except by revising the tariff to permit competition on a reasonable basis.

The American people are the most patient nation on the broad footstool, but when they reach the limit of patience they have an unpleasant way of letting the fact be known. They have been robbed by an un-

just tariff for years and stood it with equanimity, because they were enjoying a period of unparalleled prosperity in crops and in industry; now the trust beneficiaries who were enjoying more than their share of the national profits, have put on the thumb-screws unendurably and the people will tolerate it no longer.

Mr. Bryan's outline of a campaign declaration coincides exactly with the temper of the people; and on such a platform the democratic party can win.—Salt Lake Herald.

#### THE QUEEREST RAILROAD

The Nome-Arctic railroad is the northernmost railroad on this continent. From the shore of Behring sea at Nome it crosses the flowering tundra and creeps and bumps its way into the heart of the snow-crowned Sawtooth mountain range.

It was built for the transportation of supplies to mining camps, scattered along the creeks and the Snake and Nome rivers and in the mining district of the Kougurok. Passengers are still unconsidered trifles, who, at the rate of ten cents a mile, are permitted to hang on if they can. Naturally it runs only in summer.

The roofless Pullman car is flanked with kitchen benches. It is solidly packed with miners and track laborers, with pick and shovel and pan, brown canvas bags or oilcloth packs. There are also women and children, going out to gather wild flowers. A roofless freight car was piled with merchandise. The one available seat was a keg of nails.

Freight aboard, the flat-topped little logging engine begins to sing like a Dutch kettle, then slowly, cautiously it teeters northward, skirting Queen Anne cottages and canvas, tin can and tar paper shacks. Once across Dry Creek bridge the town begins to drop out of sight until the imperceptibly rising tundra is on a level with the sea.

Scarcely has the town vanished than foothills, hung in purple shadows, begin to appear. The tundra, everywhere broken with natural lagoons and man-made ditches, is riotous with flowers and waving fields of cotton. Where cotton grows look out for ice not far below, veteran miners say.

Man of all work is the Nome-Arctic's conductor. In leather overalls and puffing a huge cigar he stumbles over freight and passengers in an effort to gather fares, while everything animate or inanimate scrambles to keep from rolling off into the tundra or creeks.

In building rail or wagon roads Alaska's unsolved problem is the tundra. Composed of decayed vegetation, peat and reindeer moss, it covers, like an alluring carpet, ground frozen nobody knows how deep. Parallel with the sea for leagues, it stretches back from Nome Beach four or five miles into the foothills of the Sawtooth mountains.

Wet or dry, the tundra is spongy. When dry it yields to the tread with a crisp crackle not unlike burnt paper or straw. Saturated with rain, a characteristic of northwestern Alaska summers, it is as dangerous to man or beast as a fog or a quicksand.

When the Nome-Arctic railroad, the second in Alaska and the first on the peninsula, was built, July, 1902, by the Wild Goose Mining and Trading company for the transportation of freight to its properties on Anvil creek, four and a half miles from Nome, wooden ties were laid over the tundra, with little or no roadbed preparation. The tracks when it rained sank into the tundra until the water often covered the floor of the cars. In winter, when the Great

## Tolstoy on American Politics

Stephen Bonsal writing for the Cincinnati Enquirer reports Tolstoy as saying:

"Prosperity, prosperity! What a shameful plea that is which your American platform makers address to the voters. They do not say, 'We will give you an honest, righteous government,' but they say 'We'll make you all fat and sleek. If you vote for me you will have a double chin!' And no one arises to say, 'What will your full dinner pails profit you if while gorging your bellies you lose your immortal souls?' Then the count stopped and gazed at the photographs which adorn his study, speaking likenesses that were of Emerson, Thoreau, Channing, Bryan, Henry George and the late Ernest Howard Crosby.

"Oh! I thank you for what your country has given the world in the lives of these men. I thank you for what you have given us in the past. But in the future I have my fears. I see no one to follow in their footsteps." There were tears in the count's eyes as he spoke of his love and affection for these great Americans. Of Mr. Bryan's visit to the farm he spoke with gratitude. But for the rest of our statesmen he made it quite clear that they are outside the Tolstoyan pale.

"The fall of America!" he continued. "When I see the deserted shrines of your forefathers I think it will come more swiftly than came the fall of Rome. We of Russia have of late been punished for our covetous designs upon the lands and the wealth of our neighbors, but with what mercy and tenderness we were punished! I can not but think that the great Judge knew that at heart the Russian people were not guilty of covetousness; that they, blind-folded and bound, were led on by the score of misguided or wicked men, and so it seemed right that our punishment should be tempered with mercy. But you stole the Philippines, or at the best paid another robber to give up his claim, and your people at the polls have time and again sanctioned the theft. I hope there are extenuating circumstances that will speak for you, but I confess I see none."

Then, with an acrobatic mental jump, the count returned to the Rus-

## Dizzy Spells

That dizzy spell is an important message from the heart—a plea for help.

If this message receives no attention others come; Shortness of breath, palpitation, weak or fainting spells, smothering or choking sensations, pains around the heart, in side or shoulders, and so on, until it receives the necessary help, or is compelled to give up—stop.

### DR. MILES' HEART CURE

which cures heart disease in every stage.

Every day we read of sudden deaths from heart disease, yet it is a fact that the heart had been pleading for help, and gave up the struggle only when it had exhausted the last spark of vitality—and they call it sudden.

"For more than six years I was troubled with my heart. I would have dizzy spells, then difficulty in breathing, choking sensations, my heart would flutter, become painful. I could not breathe lying down. I commenced taking Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, and in a few weeks I was entirely cured."  
—MINNIE E. JOHNSON, Olivia, Minn.  
The first bottle will benefit, if not, the druggist will return your money.

sian situation. Here his renunciation of the leading men of all the parties was quite as sweeping and much less courteous than had been his characterization of our political leaders in America. Then for one moment his iron mood relaxed, and, relenting, he said: "No, no, forget that I had the temerity to say that. They are not all bad men; I pray not; but hopelessly misguided. Of course, as you must know, the vital phase of our situation in Russia is the land question, and yet no man, much less a party, not those who say yea to confiscation any more than those that say nay, dare to approach it in frankness and sincerity. In this very douma the agrarians of the liberal groups stand convicted of bad faith or of ignorance. There is but one solution of the land question in Russia as well as elsewhere which can be regarded as just and equitable and final as far as anything can be final in this transitory world, and that is, of course, the land laws as preached in their modern form by Henry George.

"But our wily agrarians never mention this solution because it promises no class advantage, and I take it as a recognized axiom in party politics that if you want to secure votes and get into office you have to promise a numerous class decidedly favorable treatment. As I understand it, the idea of the land confiscators would seem to be that those from whom the land is taken should still in the future be compelled to pay the taxes, while those to whom the land is given should not be harassed by taxes, but live happily ever afterward in ease and plenty and without labor. Of course, this makes a better battle cry than the words of Henry George, and, of course, battle cries are necessary to success in party strife, while principles—well, they are better thrown overboard. Then, of course, George was an honest man, and the world rejected him; our agrarians are not so honest, and they won't be rejected if they can help it."

When I saw the count later in the afternoon his day's work was done, the plow men and women were returning from the fields singing and laughing. They are a merry, happy folk, as rare among the Russian peasants as is their former landlord among his class. He carried in his hand a little weekly paper published in Portland, Ore. He had his finger on a paragraph, and hastened to say: "You see the Public of Chicago, with its revelations of corruption and rotteness, is not the only American paper that I read, as you charged. See here, is this not beautiful? It is from 'Key Thoughts' of Lucy A. Mallory, and I read them every week. While people in America write as she does, I know the salt has not yet quite lost its savor."

#### LECTURING AND POLITICS

Mr. Taft's unmanly sneer at Mr. Bryan for speaking from lecture platforms is raising the question whether it is better to draw a salary from the treasury and use official time in stumping tours, or to support yourself and secure your audiences, as do both Bryan and LaFollette, by writing and lecturing while still struggling for that in which you may believe? That can

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