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Mr. Watterson should advise the "Star-eyed" to consult an occultist.

Also the opponents of the quantitative theory of money have been compelled to retire from the arena of public discussion for the time being.

The re-election of Tom Johnson means that the Cleveland election had no national significance. Had Burton been elected it would have been different.

Golden Rule Jones' toga seems to have fallen upon Brand Whitlock's shoulders. William H. Taft should visit Toledo and learn the secret of transfer.

Federal Judge Grosscup might have enjoined that jury from indicting him. Injunctions no better founded have been readily issued by federal judges.

The morning after Mr. Burton gaily rebounded from his congressional safety net and smiled as pleasantly as could be expected under the circumstances.

Republican organs mourn because Oklahoma shows a preference for being called a southern state. After gazing awhile at Pennsylvania can you blame Oklahoma?

John Hot Air is an Indian who is holding down an allotment in Oklahoma. A lot of his namesakes are holding down jobs in the protective tariff department.

One peculiar feature of the present crisis of the vociferous silence of those who were wont to point to the Dingley tariff as the safe and sure bulwark of our prosperity.

Augustus Heinze attributes his failure to the fact that he imparted a business secret to a lady stenographer. The Adamic excuse does not seem to grow weaker with age.

"It is a vile aspersion" said President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay Tuesday when asked if he had not voted for a democrat. Goodness, are we to have still another class of undesirables?

But it is pretty expensive business, this thing of keeping men like Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Morgan on hand all the time just for the purpose of having them handy in a financial crisis.

The Commoner.

THE OLD SILVER DOLLAR

VOLUME 7, NUMBER 46

An Admirer of "Old Cart Wheel" Writes Feelingly of the Poor Fellow's Many Vicissitudes and Return to Favor

(By James J. Burns in Denver News.)

The biography of this noted if not honored individual shows him to be of Low German origin. The founder of the family was named Thaler, the son of Joachimsthaler. He was born in the fifteenth century, and since that time his descendants have settled in almost every civilized country on the globe.

In Italy the family name is Tallero; in China, Tael; in Hayti, Gourde; in Japan, Yen; in Tripoli, Mahhub; in Ecuador, Suone; in Peru, Sol; in Spain and Spanish-American countries, Peso.

In the United States, Great Britain, Canada and other English-speaking countries, the patronymic is Dollar, the early English spelling being Doler.

Like all other families transplanted to a new country, there has entered an admixture into the blood. In the United States the strain is only nine-tenths pure. But, unlike that of other families, the crossing of the breed was enforced by law. Also, by law, the United States government insists that each individual member of this family shall weigh exactly 412 1/2 troy grains. Otherwise he shall not be eligible to civil service examination nor to "change partners" in the rhythmic dance of commerce.

THALER IN DISGRACE

In 1873 the American representative of the house of Thaler fell into disgrace. He was a jolly, rollicking, big-hearted fellow, who had come to be known under the sobriquet of "Cartwheel." Some busybodies had made complaint to his Uncle Samuel that he was a veritable spendthrift. The old man was told that unless he stopped this extravagance he would become bankrupt.

There were some few who questioned the motives of these Jeremiahs. They insinuated that more regard was had for certain Shylocks than for Uncle Sam. They contended that the prodigal's bounty had been used in releasing a countless horde of other nephews from the debtors' dock and that the products of only the Shylocks had been hurt. They insisted that the beneficent aid given to the deserving many far outweighed the harm to the cut-purse few. Also there were those who brought the captious objection that "Cartwheel" was too big for his size. And again others who thought him too poor for his wealth. All these objections were thought to have been sufficiently answered by the accused one's friends, and they relied upon justice vindicating him.

JUSTICE GOES AWRY

But, as has happened often, both before and since, what was seeming justice went awry. Uncle Sam waxed wroth. His wisest and warmest friends advised not only disownment, but even banishment. They loved the old man so well that his hurt was their hurt, and they mingled their tears with his. In their unselfish patriotism they went so far as to suggest measures by which a recurrence of such troubles should fall upon themselves alone. They would take charge of the old man's cash—all of it—even to the making of it.

But Uncle Sam would not assent to this self-sacrifice. He was still strong in body and vigorous in mind, and could not think of allowing his friends to burden themselves with his troubles. He would be obliged to them for their always acceptable and thoroughly disinterested advice. Later on he might accept their proffered aid, but not now. He needed work to relieve his mind of the family disgrace. The atomy of ancient Greece had fallen on his house. His coat-of-arms was threatened with the fell abatement mark. He was disgraced, dishonored. He would sear upon the scapegrace brow the brand of sammatha and cry "Avaunt!"

In the meantime Miss Columbia had packed poor "Cartwheel's" grip, and he was told to go away by the back stairs. There were some distinguished senators and representatives in the front parlor, through which he would have to pass. It was more than possible that they would be embarrassed by his presence. And so down the back stairs, with a final admonition to beware of the dog, the outcast went away into the apologetic realm of desuetude.

THE COURT OF TIME

While his friends deplored and denounced the summary measure meted out to him, it is said that "Cartwheel" himself uttered never a

word. It is possible that he trusted his vindication to that court which never errs in its judgment—the court of time.

A short while later Bill Bryan found him lying in a ditch, all ragged and dirty and battered, and with but fifty cents between him and starvation. Bill tried to lift him and put him on his feet. He struggled strenuously and faithfully, and would have given the best heifer on his farm to have accomplished his purpose. But it was all of no avail. The task was insuperable. The poor outcast would so have to lie until further help availed. Would so have to lie, unmindful of the beauties of the star-strewn deep, unheedful of the strain of the cricket's song tunelessly "stitching the threads of night." Bill sorrowfully shouldered his sack of corn and trudgingly wended his way to the mill, leaving the erstwhile prodigal to slumber the sleep of the exheredate eremite.

A few days ago the telegraph announced that "Cartwheel" had been seen back east. He was still trusting in God and, according to report, there were countless others who were willing to trust in him. He was togged out in a new suit of clothes, looked spic and span, and the mark on his linen showed that he had come from Denver.

Rumor also has it that while Uncle Sam has not forgiven, he is inclined to relent. Also, some very respectable persons were seen to embrace him and were seemingly sincere in the act.

THE GLAD HAND WAITS

We are glad to hear all this. We are of the few who have always had confidence in the honesty, integrity and well-meaning of this forcibly-estranged one. We were once fairly well acquainted, and our great regret is that circumstances should arise to thwart our endeavor to ripen into intimacy than formal friendship.

As we remember him, one of the distinguishing characteristics of "Cartwheel" was his unaffected democracy. He was neither servile to the rich nor haughty to the poor—not frowning to the one nor exacting of the other. He was seemingly as well pleased while sitting on the bare table of the impoverished widow as when nestling midst the silks of my lady's boudoir, and gave his services as readily to the one as to the other.

His word was ever as good as a government bond. We never knew a merchant to refuse him credit. He was never asked for security. The soft words and fair promise of others oft times failed their end—his never. Although credited with being a good talker, his words were few and always to the point.

His most distinguishing characteristic, however, was his absolute loyalty. We never knew him to fail a friend in need. Like others of our kind, our cruise through life has not always been on balmy seas. The vicissitudes of fortune have sometimes left us stranded on the rocks. But we never knew the time when this big-hearted fellow was by us that he failed to serve us to the full extent of his capacity. We can recall instances, at certain periods of our life, when he was the only friend we had on earth—the one only friend upon whom we could implicitly rely for a bed for the night and a meal for the morrow.

So here's to you, old "Cartwheel." May you live long and prosper. May your progeny become as the sands of the sea. You have been nothing but good to us, and we believe you have been harmful to no one. Captious critics have carpied, and may carp again; selfish interests have ranted, and may rant again; but we trust that the good sense of Uncle Sam will eventually restore you to that place to which your lineage and your merits entitle you.

THREAD

The thread trust announces net profits of upwards of fifteen million dollars for the past year. A dividend of twenty per cent, together with an additional bonus of ten per cent will be paid stockholders.

Referring to these facts the Norfolk (Va.) Virginian Pilot says: "This doesn't look like the recent advance of one cent a spool in the price of thread was needed to enable the trust to earn a fair and legitimate return on its investment. But it does strikingly illustrate the blessings of our policy of inordinate tariff protection. Thirty per cent to the possessors of 'swollen' fortunes and the poor seamstresses pay the bill."