

made. We are all indebted to you also for your aid in the national campaign."

To representative W. B. McKinley the candidate wired: "I am delighted to know that we shall have a republican house, for that is absolutely necessary for future work."

Timothy L. Woodruff was sent an expression of gratitude "for the great campaign which was carried on." He also expressed great gratification at the success of Governor Hughes.

MR. ROOSEVELT IS HAPPY

Following is an Associated Press dispatch: Washington, November 3.—The president tonight sent the following dispatch to Judge Taft:

"The White House, Washington, November 3, 1908.—William H. Taft, Cincinnati, O.: I need hardly say how heartily I congratulate you and the country even more.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

He also sent the following dispatch to Representative Sherman:

"The White House, Washington, November 3, 1908.—J. S. Sherman, Utica, N. Y.: I most heartily congratulate you.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

The president sent the following to Governor Hughes:

"The White House, Washington, November 3, 1908.—Governor Charles E. Hughes, Albany, N. Y.: Accept my heartiest congratulations for you and for the state.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

The following was sent to Chairman Hitchcock:

"The White House, Washington, November 3, 1908.—Chairman F. H. Hitchcock, 1 Madison Avenue, New York: Accept my heartiest congratulations upon the great result which you have done so much to bring about.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

The following was sent to Representative Loudenslager:

"The White House, Washington, November 3, 1908.—Hon. H. C. Loudenslager, Republican Congressional Committee, New York: Accept my heartiest congratulations.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

No statement was made by the president on the result of the election tonight.

WHO HE WAS

Irvin Cobb tells a story of a little, weary negro who went into a resort in Natchez, displayed a large roll of bills and bought a drink.

As he was paying for it another negro came in, very large and very black. He looked at the little man and said: "Niggah, whar you git all dat money?"

"Bah-tendah," said the little negro, by way of a reply, "Ah think Ah shall tek a bottle of dat-ah stuff. 'Pears quite satisfyin, tuh me."

"Niggah," roared the big one, "whar you git dat money? I ast you. I's the town bully, I is. I follow bullyin' foh a trade. Whar you git it?"

The little negro began stuffing the money back into his pockets. "Seems to me," he mused, "I ain't got 'nuff pockets to hold all mah wealth."

The big negro jumped at the little one. "You hear what I said?" he demanded. "I's the town bully an' I wanter know whar you git all dat money?"

Quick as a flash the little negro uppercut the big one, catching him on the point of the jaw and knocking him down. In a moment the big negro revived enough to look up from the floor and ask humbly: "Niggah, who is you, anyhow?"

"Why," replied the little one, blowing his knuckles, "I's th' pusson you thought you wuz when you come in."—Saturday Evening Post.

A PRETTY STORY

The New York World prints this interesting story:

Minneapolis, September 27.—Mr. Bryan reached here at 1:30 p. m. There was a big crowd at the station to meet him and in the rush to get close to him one man's arm was broken. Crowds greeted him at Winona, Red Wing and other points before arrival here, demanding a speech, but he refused because it was Sunday.

He was met at St. Paul by Frederick B. Lynch, national committeeman, from Minnesota, and manager of the recent presidential boom of Governor Johnson. The governor was unable

to be present owing to a speaking engagement. Mr. Bryan declared that there was no politics in his visit here.

On the train this morning Mr. Bryan met and became fast friends with Miss Major's Miller, aged eight, of this city. They negotiated a trade by which Mr. Bryan swapped Miss Margie a large badge bearing his picture with an ornamental gold frame for a small campaign button, which the little miss had acquired from a fellow traveler. She displayed her big badge with great pride until St. Paul was reached and Mr. Miller boarded the train to meet the little girl and her mother. "Papa's" face dropped when he saw the badge.

"You'll make trouble at home if you wear that," he said. Then Miss Margie introduced him to Mr. Bryan.

"He gave it to me, he's nice," she said. "I brought him to Minneapolis with me."

Then "Papa" Miller's republican heart melted and he shook hands with Mr. Bryan and thanked him. Margie beamed when her father said:

"She may make me vote for you yet."

"If she can't nobody can," said Mr. Bryan.

HOURS AND WAGES

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., familiarly known as "Teddy, Jr." is getting considerable publicity these days. The young man has gone to work in a carpet mill at Hartford, Conn. October 1 was the date of his first work in the mill, and a special dispatch from Hartford to the Chicago Record-Herald of October 2, says:

"Teddy was up at 6 o'clock this morning and at five minutes of seven was wending his way with 3,200 other mill hands to his new job. After bowing his acknowledgements to a dozen typewriter girls in the office, he covered up his cheap shoddy work suit with overalls and went along with William Lyford, general superintendent, to the uninviting wool department. For ten and a half hours each day he will sort dirty wool according to grades, then wash, bleach and spin it, all for the stupendous stipend of \$5 a week."

Ten and one-half hours a day! The republican national platform says:

"The same wise policy which has induced the republican party to maintain protection to American labor, etc., etc."

"In all tariff legislation the true principle of protection is best maintained by the imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of protection at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American industries."

The Dingley tariff law shows the following schedules on carpets:

"Carpets, treble ingrain, 22 cents per square yard and forty per cent ad valorem."

"Carpets, two ply, 18 cents per square yard and forty per cent ad valorem."

"Carpets, tapestry Brussels, 28 cents per square yard and forty per cent ad valorem."

"Carpets, Wilton, Axminster, velvet, 60 cents per square yard and forty per cent ad valorem."

"Equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad," says the republican platform.

Ten and one-half hours a day, "sorting dirty wool according to grades, then wash, bleach and spin it, all for the stupendous stipend of \$5 a week."

"Teddy, Jr." is to be congratulated on his determination to learn the carpet business, but after forty years of "protection to American labor" isn't \$5 for sixty-three hours' work—eight cents an hour—rather a poor showing for the system that is claimed to do so much for American labor?

ANOTHER JACKSON VOTER

A few weeks ago The Commoner reprinted from the New York World an account of a visit paid to Mr. Bryan by Pitcairn Simon Morrison of Big Horn Basin, Wyoming. Mr. Morrison voted for Andrew Jackson.

A friend writes from Union, Knox county, Maine to say that Mr. Morrison is not the only living man who voted for Andrew Jackson. Abner Dunton of Hope, Maine, who lives on the farm upon which he was born, voted for John Quincy Adams in 1828 and for Andrew Jackson in 1832. He was a member of the Maine house of representatives in 1841 and 1843. He is 101 years old, and for seventy years was actively engaged at his trade as a shoemaker. He expects to vote for Bryan on November 3.

While Mr. Dunton has lived on the same farm all his life he has lived in two states, three

counties, a plantation and a town. Maine was formerly a part of Massachusetts, during which time the plantation system of organization prevailed. Knox county was once a part of Waldo county, and before that a part of Lincoln county. The town of Hope was laid out upon a part of the Dunton farm. If there is a living democrat with an equal record The Commoner would be glad to hear from him.

LAND OF THE HEART'S DESIRE

Where is the land of the heart's desire?
The land where men cease to mourn?
Does it rest in the west where the suns expire,
Or east where the suns are born?
Is it hidden deep where gold rivers flow?
Is it high aloft where the sleep winds blow?
Or is it between, where the laurels grow—
This land of the heart's desire?

Where is the land of the heart's desire?
The land of a hope fulfilled?
Goes one forth to the north where the hills
are higher?
Or south where the fields are filled?
Is its vastness the stretch of two clinging arms?
Are its peaks of achievements above alarms?
Or are vales of oblivion the chiefest charms
Of the land of the heart's desire?

Where is the land of the heart's desire?
Of what use that the sage should say?
So near by that the eye and the soul aspire,
Yet a lifetime meeting of earth and sky;
A little beyond where the marsh lights die;
Where the desert's mirage waters lie
Is the land of the heart's desire!
—Channing Pollock.

THE CONSTANT MENACE

No one can be blind to the fact that these mighty corporations are holding out most tempting inducements to lawmakers to regard in their lawmaking those interests rather than the welfare of the nation.

Senators and representatives have owed their places to corporate influence, and that influence has been exerted under an expectation, if not an understanding, that as lawmakers the corporate interest shall be subserved.

There may be no written agreement, there may be in fact no agreement at all, and yet when the lawmaker understands that that power exists which may make for his advancement or otherwise, that it may be exerted according to the pliancy with which he yields to the solicitation, it lifts the corporation into a position of constant danger and menace to republican institutions.—(From an address by Justice David J. Brewer, of the United States supreme court, to the graduating class of the Albany law school June 1, 1904.)

WHERE IS THAT PROSPERITY?

"Sir," began the tramp, as he entered the lawyer's office on the fifth floor; "have you any coal to carry up?"

"No, sir. This building is steam-heated in the winter."

"Do you want to send out after any gum?"

"I never use it."

"Want me to take out a ten-dollar bill and get change?"

"I haven't had a ten-dollar bill in three months."

"I am willing to scrub the floor."

"The janitor sees to that."

"I write a pretty good hand."

"I have nothing to write."

"See here," said the caller, "there must be something around your house I can do."

"I have sold my home and am boarding."

"Can't you use me as a witness in a lawsuit?"

"I have none on hand."

"Want anybody licked?"

"No. The only man I wanted licked died last week."

"Can't I take your mail to the postoffice?"

"I haven't written a letter in a week."

"But don't tell me you can't give me tea cents."

"But I'll have to. My laundry just went back because I couldn't pay for it."

"And right here in this paper," said the tramp, as he struck his breast, "is an article saying that times have improved fifty per cent since last fall, and all we've got to do to get out of the woods is to have faith! Say, hold me in your arms and let me starve to death!"—New Orleans Picayune.