

A. GRIFFIN REPLIES TO DAILY NEWS EDITORIAL ON FREIGHT RATE ADVANCES

(From Chicago Daily News.)

Mr. Griffin Replies.

I desire to call attention to an editorial printed in 'The Daily News,' May 21, headed 'Back Fire on the Shippers,' in which you make the following statements: First, that my representation of the case is not candid; second, that what I did have to say was based upon the action of the shippers' conference, and, third, that I had no right to pose as a business man having interests in common with the shippers.

The circulation for signatures of a statement relating to freight rates was, as far as I was concerned, confined to fellow members of the Railway Business Association, and no reference was made to the shippers' conference. I personally attended this conference and have no criticism to make on anything that was done there and none was made or intended by me, but what I 'deprecated' was contained in an article sent out by the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, dated May 7, and, as a member of that Association, I personally wrote a letter to each of its individual members, dated May 17. In this I referred to the misleading and unfair statements contained in the circular of May 7 mentioned above, and in doing so I was 'candid.' I said that the statement 'that railroads are rapidly increasing their net earnings' was not true and as to the correctness of my statement I beg to refer to the following:

The latest interstate-commerce commission reports show that during the month of March eleven systems, representing every railroad north and west on a line drawn through Chicago and St. Louis, show an increase in gross earnings for the month of March, of nearly \$7,000,000 compared with March, 1909, while the net earnings for the same roads in the same period show a decrease of \$966,000; and the interstate-commerce commission figures for the ten months, July to March 31, in 1910, as compared with 1909, show an increase in gross of over \$50,000,000, while the net earnings of these same systems in the same period of comparison, show a falling off of over \$3,500,000. And, as comparatively little of the increases in wages had even gone into effect during March, the railroads must provide some means to increase a revenue that is already decreasing on an increased amount of business, and there is no way for railroads to provide this except by increasing their rates, and surely there is 'reason for the need of it.'

In the third paragraph on the second page of this Illinois Manufacturers' Association circular of May 7 it is stated that 7.99 per cent. was earned on the dividend-paying stock, making no allowance for the 34 per cent. of stock on which no dividends were paid. I might, with equal propriety, make the statement that there was no dividend paid on the non-divi-

dend paying stock. For a clearer definition, the average earnings should be based upon the entire stock, and not upon the best paying portion of it, unless there is some reason why the \$2,500,000,000 representing the 34 per cent. should not have received any dividends at all.

In the final paragraph of the editorial it is stated that I should not be allowed to pose as a business man, 'having no interest in common with the shippers.' Inasmuch as my concern shipped an average of 350,000 tons of finished product during 1906 and 1907, and we were obliged to receive more than 350,000 tons of iron to furnish this, plus enormous quantities of coke, coal and other supplies, I can safely claim to have shipped in and out 750,000 tons a year, and as there are no railroads who can afford to haul this material, or any part of it, without having a revenue from it, an increase of 10 cents a ton on my hauling charge would amount to \$75,000 and, therefore, I have 'business' interests in common with other shippers. The 350,000 tons of finished product shipped represented in the neighborhood of \$10,000,000. This \$10,000,000 represented mostly labor, with the exception of the cost of the ore and coal in the mines. All the balance was made up of wages and profit on the different conditions of the raw material until it was finished product.

My Illinois plants produced 60 per cent. of this amount, or \$6,000,000 a year. For three years our Chicago plants have not run more than half capacity. Therefore, there was \$3,000,000 a year less in distribution because of a corresponding shrinkage in sales. As most of our iron and coal comes from Illinois, this \$3,000,000 a year was not distributed in Chicago, as would have been the case had we worked on the same output that we did in 1906 and 1907. And a great deal of that \$3,000,000 which was not paid was taken out of the business firms situated in or near Chicago by the non-purchases from their varied business on the part of the community that would have received the \$3,000,000 a year for three years. That is the reason why I have a right, as a business man, to deprecate any unfair or uncalled-for obstacles that are placed in the way of my business and the hundred other varieties of business in this country that are affected by the money put into circulation by the railroads. When it is further considered that my business constitutes but 10 per cent. of the cost of a car and that there were nine other units similarly affected, most of which would have been tributary to Chicago, anyone can see how important it is to his individual interests that the railroad companies should have ample funds to make these improvements and purchases, and will realize how comparatively easy it will be to stand a reasonable advance on the freight for any material he will need, if he is receiving increased orders.

Chicago. T. A. GRIFFIN.
(Advertisement.)

BOYS TAKE A BACK SEAT

Spelling Contests Held in New Orleans Prove Girls Superior to Their Brothers.

The result of the spelling contests in the New Orleans public schools again demonstrates the superior proficiency of the girls, practically all of the victors being members of the gentler sex. Last year the same thing was true and the matter was quite generally commented on in the press and at gatherings where educational subjects were discussed.

So far as our information goes there have been no contests to determine the pupils in other branches of study, but it would be interesting to know if this feminine superiority is found to exist in all studies, or if they are confined only to particular branches. Doubtless this result is due in part to the fact that the female mind ripens at an earlier age than is the case with the masculine mind, although there is little doubt that the feminine intellect along certain lines is more acute than the masculine, which would seem to justify the conclusion that certain branches of study are more readily mastered by girls and women.

In view of the growing number of young women that are going into positions as stenographers, typewriters and other positions requiring an accurate knowledge of spelling, this demonstrated proficiency is most gratifying. The public school administration is to be commended upon the efforts it has made to improve the spelling of the public school pupils and the triumphant girls to be congratulated upon their easy victory over the boys.

Long Wait.

"Why don't you wait on a sport like me?" demanded the patron who had made the tenth unsuccessful attempt to give his order for "ham and—"

"Sport!" laughed the sarcastic waiter, "you look like a sport. Why, you need a shave!"

"Well, that's your fault if I do. I didn't need it when I came in."

Invitation Accepted.

It is told that a certain lady of a western Kansas town desired to show kindness to the captain of the local state militia company and wrote the following invitation: "Mrs. — requests the pleasure of Captain —'s company at a reception on Friday evening."

A prompt reply came: "With the exception of three men who are sick with measles, Captain —'s company accepts your kind invitation and will come with pleasure to your reception Friday evening."

The Outing Spirit.

If you want to have a good time on your outings you must make up your mind to help along by acquiring the outing spirit. This means:

Learn to put up with whatever turns up.

Don't grumble, fidget or expect impossibilities.

Don't pose. That is, pretend you like roughing it and outdoor life when all you crave is a crowded board walk and the glitter of a summer hotel.

Don't attempt more than you have strength for.

Be a good sport without being reckless.

Look after your health. Remember the worker's outing must have rest and strength building for the underlying motive. Therefore, don't overtake yourself or trifle with bad water and messy foods.

Make your outing come well within your means. It is foolish to "blow in" in two weeks the savings of months.

Season all with a determination to have a good time, keep happy and never let your temper run away with you.

Pocket Wireless.

The Italian savant, Mgr. Cerobotani, papal nuncio at Munich, is the inventor of an instrument like a large watch, which enables a person to receive messages transmitted from "wireless" stations. The apparatus is merely a pocket receiver, and the only accessories are a bobbin of wire and a metallic encased cane. A person thus equipped can at a given moment receive communications from a station within a radius of twenty to thirty miles.

Midas.

Midas had come to that point in his career where everything he touched turned to gold.

"What shall you ever do with the stuff?" asked his entourage in visible alarm.

Midas affected not to be uneasy. "Just wait till the boys begin to touch me!" quoth he, displaying an acquaintance with economic tendencies far in advance of his age.—Puck.

Truly Wonderful Climate.

Hyperbole Gassaway went from here to a little town in southern California for his health. In two weeks he wrote home that he felt ten years younger. Some days later he wrote again that he felt 20 years younger. Then his family heard no more from him. They telegraphed the mayor of the California town for information about their Hyperbole Gassaway and got this answer: "I regret to inform you that your beloved husband and father, after a month's residence here, died from cholera infantum."

The Old Time Celebration

THE old-time celebration is the kind I like the best: The girls, they looked their sweetest, all in fluffy muslin dresses; And the marshal of the day, Mounted on a prancing bay, Rode about a-shouting orders, and a-clearing of the way, Into town the folks came pouring, While the anvil shots were roaring, With the bird of freedom soaring All the day.

Oh, the old-time celebration always meant a big parade: Thirteen floats of lovely maidens, all in stately flags arrayed, And the Goddess, Lib-er-tee, Waved the emblem of the free. Sitting on her throne of beauty, unconcerned as she could be, And the "horribles" came after, Clad in rage and causing laughter, And nobody acted duffer, Then than me.

The old-time celebration meant a picnic in the grove— Oh, the patriotic frenzies that the "noted speakers" wove! Why, if England with her men Had swooped down upon us then, We who "licked her twice already" would have "licked" her once again! For we tweaked the lion's tail Till we seemed to hear his wail Echo over hill and dale, Field and glen.

On the old-time celebration there would always fall a shower, Splashing on the red umbrellas, dripping from the leafy bower; And the women, helter skelter, Seized their skirts and ran for shelter, While the air was cooled and freshened, which before had made us sweeter, Then the bunting's dripping red, In the lemonade was shed, And on many a lady's head, There to welter.

So the old time celebration, which we celebrate in story, Ended when the day was ended, ended in a blaze of glory: With the pin-wheels flashing, whizzing; And the rockets crashing, sizzling; With the anvils booming, roaring; And the fireballs looming, soaring, There were bombs that broke in air, Throwing starlight everywhere; Roman candles, fire balloons, Firmaments of stars and moons; Then the set piece "Washington" Told us that the day was done— Died at last each glinting spark And home we traveled through the dark.

Declaring Her Independence



FROM the time she was five years old Gloria West had been imbued with patriotic feeling and a reverence for the constitution of her country.

Her father had been a soldier and her grandfather before him and when she was so little as to be unable to get up into a chair without being lifted, she had to sit solemnly by the side of her sisters and brothers and listen to tales of heroism told by her father.

On every Fourth of July, as regularly as that date rolled around, Gloria and all the members of her family had been forced to sit patiently and respectfully in a circle about the old dining room while their father read, impressively—so she had believed—every word of the declaration of independence.

No firecrackers, no torpedo, no celebration of any sort took place in the West family until after this patriotic duty had been done. And then the old flag was drawn high on its pole and the various members of the family were allowed to celebrate in their own ways.

Gloria was nineteen now, and though her father had long since passed on to the resting place of brave soldiers, the old custom of reading the declaration on the morning of every Fourth of July still prevailed in the family.

And there were many candidates for the place at Gloria's side. The young men in the pretty western town would gladly have joined the circle even though it meant absolute submission to the will of the beautiful Gloria.

"I wouldn't be married and submit to the wishes of a mere masculine person," she said to her sister one evening when the latter young woman was preparing to go to make a distasteful duty call for her husband.

"And what would you do?" asked the sister, indulgently.

"I'd assert my independence and—"

"And have war instead of peace in your family," interrupted the wiser sister.

"Not at all," protested Gloria laughing, "we're going to have a constitution in our family," she added with undue stress on the progressive pronouns. "And he shall abide by it."

"He?" asked her sister in surprise. "Then, have you decided which one it shall be?"

Gloria was noncommittal. "At least, if I have, he doesn't know it," she said. "It is poor policy to disclose the maneuvers of war, you know."

"You're bound to have war at all events," was her sister's parting comment.

Following a fancy, Gloria had asked six of her most constant admirers to the reading of the Declaration at the old homestead on the morning of her nineteenth Fourth of July.

"I shall declare my own independence on that day," she said to John Hammon, "and every one of you boys shall sign it. Won't it be fun—for me?" she added roguishly.

"And may I draw up a constitution to insure a perfect union, Gloria?" the young man asked, half in jest, half in earnest.

Even Gloria's quick wits failed her

for a moment. There were so many ways to take that.

"Yes," she said with a gleam of daring in her eyes, as she looked squarely at him, "draw up a constitution and we'll have it put before the whole house."

In the merry jest of the morning when Gloria had laughingly presented to her professed admirers a document wherein she had set forth her acts of independence, each had felt an underlying strain of seriousness and



Gloria Turned and Saw Him.

each wanted to talk with her. Jokingly they had signed it, thereby making themselves slaves to her whims henceforth, then, and forever—all but John Hammon.

Even in view of its being the veriest jest, he refused, laughingly though it was, to add his name to the list under Gloria's perpendicular squaw. Gloria had been accordingly pruned, and though she smiled and danced and made merry, still she wondered why he had refused so trifling a fancy on her part.

At last they were all gone and Gloria was standing on the threshold listening to their footsteps die away on the old brick walk. Presently she heard one pair of steps coming back. Someone had forgotten something.

"Gloria," said the deep voice of John Hammon, "just one moment before you go."

Gloria turned and saw him in the moonlight. "Yes," she acquiesced in such a strange little voice that she hardly recognized it.

"I—that is—I have drawn up the constitution," he said, his hand on his pocket.

"But you didn't sign the declaration," Gloria reminded him, a little pout on her lips.

"I'll sign anything if you say this is all right—read it," he broke off suddenly, thrusting a folded paper into her hand. "Look at it and tell me if you think it will insure us a perfect union, dear."

And in the moonlight Gloria unfolded the paper, to find lying tied within its folds a ring. She did not speak.

"Dear, give me your hand and let me draw up our constitution," he said. "Will you?"

She did; and it fitted so well—was so fitting, as Gloria put it some long minutes afterward—that she decided to accept it.

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