

MY COLLEGE FRIEND.

HAD SEEN A LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT OF PROSPERITY.

How He Arrived at the Conclusion That the Only Sure Basis of Good Times for This Country Is a Protective Tariff.

I had occasion to visit a college town in an eastern state a few days ago, and in a few leisure moments I took a run up to the old familiar campus. College had just opened and students were everywhere. Soon a familiar voice greeted me, and I turned to see a young fellow whom I knew well.

"You here?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply; "I'm here and every one else is here. Biggest freshman class we ever had. That is what prosperity means. I tell you, the colleges feel it is well as every one else. And I'm back for my senior year. Been out two years, you know, on account of hard times, but I can see my finish now all right."

"Got free silver out your way?" I asked. "I remember that two years when you told me that your college days were done on account of hard times, you said that there never would be any better times until the country had free silver and the people had more money. And when I told you that the way for us to get more money was to kill free trade, give protection to American industries and employment to American labor, you thought that I was an antiquated fool and that's why I was talking 'dead issues,' and you didn't hesitate to say so."

A sheepish look had come over the young fellow's face, so I thought I wouldn't rub it in any harder just then and I said: "Well, never mind that just now. Tell us how it happened."

"Well, as you know," he began, "my father is a business man, and at the time of the panic of 1893—"

"When the free-trade party came into power," I interrupted.

"At the time of the panic of 1893," he went on, "things began to go down. A lot of his customers failed, trade fell off and business didn't pay. My father is pretty solid sort of man, though, and he managed to pull through pretty well for three years. Then, as you know, two years ago he had to pull in more, and he couldn't afford college for me, so I—"

"Had to go to work. Yes, I know," I put in again.

"Well, not just exactly that," was the reply. "You see, I couldn't find any work outside the business, and I wasn't needed there, though I did hang



around the place and do what there was for me to do."

"Among other things, shouted for free-trade Bryan, I suppose?"

"Some," was the answer. "But anyhow, things have begun to pick up in great shape. In fact, business is nearly as good as it was in 1892, and here I am."

"What has brought it up?" I asked.

"Well, people have bought more because they have had more money," he began.

"If it wasn't silver," I remarked.

"Then two or three factories in the place that had been shut down for some time started up on full time," he went on.

"Dingley bill been heard from?" I put in.

"The factory hands had work and, of course, more money," he continued. They could buy more and did buy more, and that started up the business of the small traders, and they bought more, and so on. Then the big crops and good prices that the farmers got made them able to buy more, and so the country traders wanted more. Farm mortgages were paid off and there was money to invest in new enterprises, and so employment for more people and we profited at every turn."

"Yes," I said; "a sort of 'endless chain.' Not the kind of a one the prophet of free trade used to talk about, but an 'endless chain' of prosperity such as is always hitched to a protective tariff. Now, look here," I went on; "don't you see what is at the bottom of all this? It is just as President McKinley said during the campaign. The thing we wanted was more employment for labor and a protective tariff to give more employment for labor. More employment for labor meant more money for the laborers, and more demand by the laborers for what everybody else, farmers, manufacturers, whatever they were, had to sell. You have told the whole story very clearly. The beginning of your prosperity and the prosperity of every one was the election of President McKinley and the resultant repeal of the free-trade Wilson-Gorman law, and the enactment of a law giving protection to American labor and, as a result, employment to American labor-

ers. When we were at the height of prosperity in 1891 and 1892 we had the same financial system as in 1893-1896, but a different tariff policy. There was prosperity in 1891 and 1892, because American labor was protected, and, as I told you, free silver or no free silver, we will never have prosperity without a protective tariff. We have proved that again and again. And, as you see, a protective tariff brought back prosperity without any change in our financial system. Don't the facts prove what I say?" I asked.

"I will be frank with you," said my young friend, "and admit that it does look that way. I have been doing some thinking, and I have thought a good deal about what you said two years ago, and when McKinley was elected I said to myself, 'I'll put my whole stake on one thing. If we get back to prosperity again with no great change in our policy other than the change from what is practically free trade to a protective tariff, from that time on I will be a protectionist first and anything else afterward.' We have done it. The only great change in policy has been in our tariff system. Money has rolled into the country, labor has been employed, business has started up, prosperity has come back, and all this, too, when we have been obliged to carry on a foreign war. And we have carried it on successfully, too."

Nashville, Ore.

The Friendly Shadow.
By Frances Bennett Callaway.

Once upon a time there grew by the wayside a sturdy oak with such wide-spreading branches, rustling leaves and glossy acorns, that passers-by used to look up and exclaim with admiration: "What a magnificent tree!"

But no one ever noticed the friendly shadow. The oak tree used to stand until hoarse, while this quiet companion would nod pleasantly in reply, and sometimes, after the longest monologue one might have suspected the shadow was sound asleep.

The shadow, though so quiet, had a way of entering intimately into all one's thoughts and feelings which the oak understood perfectly; so the oak tree loved the shadow, and felt lonely and dismal enough on dark days when this friend was hidden away.

On a sunshiny May morning, when the oak was clad in downy, half-open leaves, the shadow would come forth as shy as any young girl, in light and filmy dress, and every step would be as soft as a caress over the young grass. How different in midsummer when the leaves were crisp and dark!

Then the shadow, grown more confident, put on innumerable crimped and frills with opulent rich gowns which threw a velvet coolness all about the tree.

In autumn weather when red leaves were flying fast, the shadow would come in fluttering skirts all shimmering with drops of brightness, and to and fro with joyous steps dance in perfect time while the oak tree and the wind whistled measures of shrill music together. The scene was changed on a winter's night when the moon peering between wild, dark clouds found only a few torn leaves shivering on the oak tree and the faithful shadow also wrapped in rags, shivered with the tree.

One day the oak tree was cut down and carried away. Then the little children cried because their old playmate, the shadow, was gone, and the poor, tired woman with a burden to bear sighed whenever she passed the spot where the shadow had been, feeling as if she had lost some sweet solace out of her life. The harvesters complained loudly because there was no shadow at noon to fan them to coolness, and the poor wayfarer in the blazing sun found no resting place. One and all lamented as if a friend was gone when they said,

"How we miss the shadow!"

Patriotism.
By Rev. D. Sutherland.

Patriotism, the love of the land in which we were born, the pride in it, the desire for it whenever we are absent, is among the noblest of human affections. It has often been observed that a man who is incapable of it is incapable of all high emotion. The feeling lies deeper than any logical expression, among those pulses of the heart which vibrate to the sanctities of home and to the thoughts which leap from the graves of our fathers. It has the power to transfigure the least attractive country with a halo of glory peculiarly its own. Even the desert is remembered with pleasure if it be the place where life began. The Cretans called it by a name which indicated a mother's love for her children. The Ethiopian is possessed by the conviction that God made his sands and deserts, while only angels were employed in the making of other portions of the globe. Some Arabian tribes fancy that the sun, moon and stars rise only for them. The Maltese, isolated on a rock, distinguish their island by the appellation of "The Flower of the World," and in the Caribbes patriotism becomes so concealed that the people esteem their country a paradise and themselves alone entitled to the name of men.

We live in days when some globetrotters would have us believe that patriotism is but a rudimentary passion and that it passes into a higher stage when it is merged in an affection which they call cosmopolitanism; but closer acquaintance with such people reveals the fact that either in their hearts, in spite of all that they say, they love their own country best, or else that in exchanging patriotism for cosmopolitanism they have lost a great deal more than they have gained. The God who gave us birth on this continent, putting American blood in our

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Patriotism, What It Is and What It Means—"The Friendly Shadow," a Juvenile Story by Frances Bennett Callaway—"Over the Hills," a Song.

Over the Hills.
Over the hills to "sleepy hollow,"
Over the hills and away;
The red sun's gone, and you must follow,
Tired quite out with play.

Over the hills with lagging footstep
Hard "to say good-by,"
Long he waits on the pale blue door-step,
Before he leaves the sky.

Over the hills a starry lantern
Lit to show the way
To "sleepy hollow's" cozy curtain,
To say good-by to play.

"Up over the stairs, I'm going slowly
Into my cozy cot.
Good-night, good-night, I'm saying
only
That must n't be forgot!"

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How to Get Strong.

By Dr. Williams.

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veins and American memories in our minds, never intended us to esteem one nation as good as another. At least so we believe, and so we know every right-thinking man feels. He who sneers at patriotism is unworthy of the country that gave him birth and nourishes him from day to day. Ian McLaren, the famous novelist and equally famous preacher, emphasized the truth in his noble sermon that the most ardent patriotism is the most real cosmopolitanism. The highest development of the human race and of the human character is worked out, according to him, not by making little of patriotism, but by each country fulfilling its own destiny, being loyal to its own history, and accomplishing its own mission. Thus all countries, uniting in one harmonious whole, shall build up the prosperity of humanity. The brotherhood of man is best served by the brotherhood of the members of one country working for the welfare of the citizens of the state in which they were born and to which their allegiance is due.

Men who place self first, personal friends second, party third, and country fourth, in the order of consideration, swell the ranks of corrupt politicians, who are the caterpillars of the state. Those who place country first, party second, personal friends third, and self last, constitute the company of true citizens and faithful patriots in whom the hope of the state is to be found. Which question you ask in any crisis—"What is best for me?" or "What is best for my country?" decides your claim to the proud name of patriot. Your duty is determined by the call of the hour for the service that will best promote the welfare of the country. In the time of war it is to shoulder the musket and march to the front against the enemy. In the time of election it is to go to the ballot-box and cast your vote for just measures and honest men. In all circumstances it is to pay a fair share of the expense of government. Virgil wrote long ago: "The noblest motive is the public good;" and that country is truly happy and prosperous where parents train their children to manliness, self-reliance and fidelity to the duties of the station in which they are placed, where the schoolmaster instills into the minds of his pupils the principles that shall rule well the destinies of the coming generation, where editors and preachers of the gospel teach the people that righteous seeking of the common weal is a nobler code of conduct than selfishness of policy. Such patriotism is the claimant need of the day.

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An Electrical Postman.

In the Swiss city of Geneva there is an electrical postman, or at least a substitute for the postman. In high houses letters rightly dropped into the box provided ring an electrical bell on the floor to which they are going, and activate an automatic hydraulic lift, which carries the letter up to the floor and descends to be ready for the next.

German university students have increased in number from about 10,000 twenty-five years ago to 32,241 last year. The increase is out of proportion to the population.

A Cheerful Woman.

There are emergencies in every household which call for the display of a statesman's skill. The cheerful woman is pre-eminent on such occasions. She conquers the grim uncle or the dyspeptic cousin with her infectious cheerfulness, and her servants recognize her as their ally and friend in all matters that are essential to their welfare. The length of time she keeps her servants is a source of wonderment to her less fortunate friends, but the secret of it is in her own winsome disposition. She soothes the tired worker with a word of kind commendation where another might make a querulous complaint.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive one known to the medical world. It cures per se constitutional disease, requiring a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the body, thus removing the cause of the disease, giving strength and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any person who fails to cure by it. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Even the optimist forgets to smile when the tax-collector comes around.

Do You Want to Live?

In a fine, mild and healthy climate, where cyclones and blizzards are unknown, where good, rich lands can be bought at low prices, near cheap transportation and with educational and industrial advantages? Homeseekers' excursions to Virginia via the "Big Four Route" and the Ches