

Two Panics Compared

Many have been the explanations of the stock market crash and the runs on banks. President Roosevelt and a majority of the American people are agreed the financial shock was due to a culmination of abuses by men who have played fast and loose with honest and honorable business principles. There have been those, however, who have blamed not the evils which were threatening our most sacred institution, but the President for turning the light on the evils. Some have accused newspaper headlines for announcing that the Clearing House Committee was throwing high financiers out of the presidencies of banks and trust companies, and for telling that there were runs on depositories when there were runs. Others have charged the disturbances to the defects of our currency system. Still others have offered different reasons—some weird, yet not insane; some picturesque, yet partly true.

But it has remained for the sapient Tariff editor of the "Evening Post" to discover that the thing to blame for the whole business is the Dingley law, or since the panic befell us under the Dingley act that no one ever again shall be able to say that the Wilson law was responsible for the bankruptcy, poverty and misery which overwhelmed us at the beginning of President Cleveland's second administration and continued to rage like a plague until the voters of the United States went to the polls in 1896 and cast their ballots for the restoration of the American Tariff system now in operation.

There are some facts of sensational difference, of course, in the two events. The Wilson law panic did not expire in forty-eight hours; it endured for several years. Then, season after season, farmers burned their crops in their stoves for fuel and in the fields to clear them, because it did not pay to send them to market. Now there are hundreds of millions of profits in the crops, and at this moment the farmers, with mortgages paid off and bank accounts fat, are sending to market some six or seven billions of products bid for by our people and by the world at prosperity prices. As they receive their checks for their new wealth now pouring upon them the farmers, going to their banks to deposit the proceeds, ride in automobiles. Then the factories and mills and forges closed; they remained closed; through the gloomy weeks and months and years. Now there is an unbroken hum of industry over the land. Then wage earners had their pay cut, lost it altogether, ate up their savings in the banks and joined the bread lines. For a full Presidential term the most conspicuous thing in the world was the empty dinner pail of America, the most active industry in this country the charity soup house. Now this is a nation of workers on full time, with a surplus of wages and profits, the week after the panic as the week before, to swell the savings banks accounts by millions, to buy homes and to give the best living anywhere on earth. Then the United States Government, along with the public "went broke." It had not enough income to equal its expenditures; it could scarcely borrow enough money to pay its bills from day to day. Now the Treasury piles up such a daily surplus that it can toss a few hundred millions into the banks to supply currency and stop a Prosperity Panic.

In the Wilson law period there was a panic of long duration, not because there was insufficient currency with which to do the business of the people, but because there was no business to provide American bread and butter. Farms were wastes, mills and factories were abandoned. Industry was prostrate. And this misery—the misery of a

Poverty Panic—was long continued.

Yet the jocose Free-Trade oracle tells us, though the facts of the two panics—the Prosperity Panic and the Poverty Panic—are different, the principles involved are the same. Wherefore is Protection now banished from us as a superstition; wherefore shall this be the end of the American Tariff system. Perhaps—when the people of the United States are able to subsist on green cheese imported from the moon.—New York "Press."

Way to Teach Children Manners

The simplest and surest way of inculcating good manners in children is to practice them yourself, and a home where courtesy and consideration for others is the keynote scarcely can fail to be a happy one. A pretty baby way of the best mannered boy of my acquaintance was to kiss his mother's hand. It was not merely the instinct of an affectionate heart; he had seen his father do it so repeatedly that it began as one of the imitative acts to which children are so prone.

It is not an easy task, that of cooking and serving a meal and molding the children's manners at the same time, but where parents are in accord it can be done. As to when one shall begin, it is well to remember Oliver Wendell Holmes' famous saying when, upon being asked, "How soon should you begin to train a child?" he replied, "300 years before it is born." Failing the ability to do this, it is well at least to begin a few months after the child is born, so as he can be made to comprehend, and this at a younger age than many parents think.

One of the worst faults to which young children are liable consists in interrupting the conversation of older people. Another tendency which brings the blush of shame to the mother's brow is that which children have to contradict the statements of their elders. This is so strong a habit with many children that it is only necessary for a mother to make a statement involving statistics to elicit they every-ready, "Oh, no; it was only three times," or "only two miles." Nor is it confined to young children, but is quite as common, and much more shameful, among grown boys and girls. If taken in time this should not be difficult to correct, but the first step must be on the part of the parent, who must take the greatest care to be truthful.

The mothers must know when to bestow judicious praise. "Don't" is a word that should be eliminated from every mother's vocabulary. It is just as easy and a great deal more satisfactory as to results to say, "Do thus and so" than it is to say "Don't do thus and so."

Parents too often forget to tell a child "why." Implicit obedience is, of course, beautiful, but an obedience founded on reason is more intelligent. Nor will a child with whom this rule has been followed be less apt to obey without question in a crisis.

Two hangings are soon to take place within the penitentiary walls if nothing happens. Under the law all legal hangings must take place at the penitentiary in place of in the counties where a convict is convicted. Harrison Clarke, the negro murderer of Omaha who killed a street car conductor in an attempt to rob, is to be put to death December 13. As that date falls on Friday the number 13 is all the more significant. Frank Barker, double murderer from Webster county, whose life has been prolonged by the action of Governor Mickey and by legal stays, is to be hanged January 17. The last hangings at the penitentiary were during Governor Mickey's term. Neigenfind and Wray were the men who suffered death during his term of office.—State Journal.

ORCHIDS GROW IN NUMBER

By Having Different Species Growers Have Added Thousands to the Known Specimens.

The ordinary individual, to whom the mere name "orchid" suggests something rare and extraordinary, is not exactly prepared for the information that there are 12,000 known species of the flower.

That the number will soon be very much greater will be due to the mania which orchid growers have developed for producing hybrids by mating different species. It is estimated that there are now 2,500 species under cultivation.

"If any and all of these could be induced to pair, says a writer in the Cornhill Magazine, 'the number of hybridizations possible would be reckoned in millions. I suppose. That cannot be, though some crosses seem almost to suggest that there is no limit.'"

The catalogue of orchid hybrids lately issued by Messrs. Sander is the first compilation of its sort offered for public sale.

Mr. Rolfe, editor of the Orchid Review, is preparing a "stud book" which will give not only the list of hybrids and their parentage, but also the names of the gentlemen who raised them, the date of their first appearance and a reference to publications where each is described or figured. But meantime the Messrs. Sander catalogue is invaluable.

SAVING FIFTY A DAY.

Samuel Untermyer, the insurance expert, once said of a certain proposed retrenchment:

"It would be a good thing, an excellent thing, all around. But on some it would bear harder than on others. Hence discontent and growling, the usual accompaniment of economies."

"It is like the case of the husband who, looking at his wife, reproachfully said:

"My love, in view of the approaching holidays, I thought we were going to practice economy for a time?"

"O, so we are, dear," the lady answered. "I went downtown and countermanded the order you had given your tailor for a \$250 fur-lined overcoat, and got instead an ermine stole that only cost \$200. A clean saving, you see, of \$50. Not bad for one day, was it?"

VANISHING OLD LONDON.

After the end of this month the "Old Curiosity Shop," in Portsmouth street, and other contiguous property leading into Lincoln's Inn Fields, will be demolished, the freehold having been sold, and a block of business premises will be erected. The quaint-looking building, which has had a great fascination for American tourists, is said to be more than 300 years old, dating back to the early days of James I., but the fact has never been established that this was the "Old Curiosity Shop" immortalized by Charles Dickens. The lucrative attraction of the name of the great humorist will, therefore, come to an end, but the tenants of the shop have received compensation, and will carry on their printing business in Great Queen street.

INHUMANITY.



Tired Tim—Ah, it's a cruel, heartless world, Jimmy. What d'yer think a woman done the other day when I asked her to give me something to keep body and soul together?
Jimmy—Dunno.
Tired Tim—She stung me a safety pin.

LIKE PAINTING THE LILY.

"When I was in Chicago," remarked the artistic New Yorker, "I was going through the Field collection and missed a few of the Old Masters. I inquired where they were.

"They are down in the basement," they informed me. "Some of our artists are retouching them."

"Retouching the Old Masters! And Chicago artists!" — N. Y. Press.

BROUGHT FLATTERY TO BEAR

Persians Acted Shrewdly in Effort to Save Comrade Who Had Been Indiscreet.

A modern instance of the quickness of Persian wit was told me by a missionary physician of Teheran, says a correspondent. Whatever the estimate in which the missionary who deals with the soul or with the mind may be held, the missionary who deals with the body is always regarded with respect not unmingled with awe. To him is given the title of "The Wise Man."

One day Dr. — was passing the house of a wealthy Persian. Several servants sat at the gate. With one exception they all knew the doctor, and, rising, saluted him with great respect. The stranger made some insulting remark about the "frangi" and spat at the foreigner. Dr. — instantly stopped, and ordered that the young man be brought to him. Two of the servants, seizing their companion by the shoulders, hurried him forward, and when they reached the doctor's carriage one of them said: "Oh, Chief of the Wise Men, this boy is an idiot whom our master has brought here from a distant province, thinking that you alone have the skill to cure him."

SPITZBERGEN HUNTING GOOD.

It is getting to be a fad among Parisian sportsmen to join the Norwegian hunting parties which start for the far northern seas every spring and bring back big bags of out of the way game. These expeditions embark in sloops of from 30 to 50 tons, each carrying a crew of eight or ten men. They usually sail from the northern and north-western parts of Norway. Tromso is the chief point of departure. Oftenest they make for Spitzbergen, but sometimes they cruise as far as the eastern coast of Greenland. Twenty-one boats sailed from Tromso in the spring of 1906. This is the record of the booty they brought back: 296 white bears, of which 26 were alive; 135 walrus, including three living ones; 4,494 mitted seals, 135 bearded seals and 572 common seals; 136 white whales, 288 reindeer; one narwhale; 61 blue foxes, 80 white foxes; 1,076 pounds of eiderdown, and 4,123 tons of whale oil. The total value of the cargoes brought in is estimated at about \$70,000.

WILL MAKERS' WHIMS.

The late T. Bevan, one time M. P. for Gravesend, who directed in his will that his body should be cremated and the "ash residue ground to powder and again burned and dispersed in the air," is one of many men (and women) who have made equally remarkable arrangements for the disposal of their mortal remains.

An angler who died recently directed that his ashes should be carried in a bait can and scattered from a boat over the surface of his favorite stream; Mrs. Erle-Drax directed that her body should be embalmed and placed in a glass paneled coffin, for the reception of which a circular mausoleum with stained glass dome was to be built; while, at his own wish, the body of one of the Lords Newborough, after 12 months' interment, was exhumed and reburied in Bardsey island, the reputed resting place of 20,000 saints.—Westminster Gazette.

FIRST FRICTION MATCH.

John Walker, a druggist in England, invented the first really practical friction matches, giving to them the name of "Congreves." They were of thin strips of wood, or cardboard, coated and dipped with sulphur and tipped with a mixture of sulphide of antimony, chlorate of potash and melleage. But they were expensive and beyond the reach of the common people, costing 25 cents for seven dozen of them. It would be difficult to mention an invention of greater utility to mankind as a genuine convenience and necessity than the common match that we hold so cheaply.

SUGGESTIVE.

"Hang it!" growled young Lovett to the girl of his heart. "It makes me mad every time I think of that money I lost to-day. I certainly feel as if I'd like to have somebody kick me!"

"By the way, Jack," said the dear girl, dreaming, "don't you think you'd better speak to father this evening?" — Illustrated Bits.

FARMERS, ATTENTION
SALT SALT SALT
I have bought a car of Oil Meal and will sell it out of car about November 1st at \$34 per ton. If you want any at this price you must place your order soon, as I will have to have more money after I store it.
Oil Meal per hundred - \$1.90
Rock Salt per hundred - 75c
Michigan Salt per barrel 1.40
Armour's Meat Meal, ton lots. \$43.00
Armour's Meat Meal, 500 lb. lots. 11.00
Armour's Meat Meal, 100 lb. lots. 2.25
Swift's Digester Tankage, ton lots. 43.00
Swift's Digester Tankage, 500 lb. lots. 11.00
Swift's Digester Tankage, 100 lb. lots. 2.25
Crushed Shells for Poultry, per 100 lbs. .90
Flour, Feed, Coal and Wood, Hay and Salt. A good supply always on hand. Cash paid for Butter, Eggs and Poultry. Yours for business.
O.P. HECK

Market Letter.

Kansas City Stock Yards, Nov. 11, 1907. After Monday of last week cattle receipts were held down to a point slightly under the demand, and the result was a recovery from Monday's low level on all kinds. Weighty fed steers made only a slight gain, but light steers and westerns advanced 20 to 35 cents after Monday, and cows and heifers gained 15 to 25 cents, stockers and feeders remained about steady all week, with a smaller volume of trade as receipts of this class are falling off, and calves advanced 25 to 50 cents. The only bad feature today is an excessive supply at Chicago, with prices reported 10 to 25 cents lower there, otherwise the 11000 head received here today would be handled at steady to strong prices. As it is, heavy natives are weak to 10 lower, top \$6.10, lighter steers and westerns and she stuff about steady, stockers and feeders strong; calves steady. Short fed steers sell at \$5 to \$6, grass westerns \$3.40 to \$4.50. One string of westerns sold at \$3.75 first of last week, and similar steers brought \$4.15 before the end of the week; cows range from \$2.25 to \$3.75, a few at \$4 and upwards, heifers \$2.75 to \$4.25, bulls \$2 to \$3.50, calves \$3.50 to \$6.25, stockers \$2.75 to \$4.25, feeders \$3.50 to \$4.50. A fairly good number of Colorado, New Mexico and Panhandle stockers are to be had at \$3 to \$3.75.

Hogs suffered a net decline of 70 cents last week, but the big break had the effect of shutting off supplies, and a re-action set in Thursday, markets slightly higher each day since, including a rise of 5 to 10 cents today. Top today is \$5.30, bulk of sales \$5.10 to \$5.20. Run today is less than 5000 head here, and is light at all points. Packers have been predicting a still further decline, but it was noted that they were free buyers when the price got down to \$5 or lower, showing more activity than any time previously this fall.

Sheep and lambs have been coming freely, and prices have been going down steadily, with a few exceptions since a week ago. Run is 10000 head today market 10 lower, nearly all the supply range stock, with country kinds at prices that look cheap when compared with a short time ago, lambs at \$5 to \$5.60, wethers and ewes \$3.75 to \$4.75. Fat lambs bring around \$6 for the best, top yearling \$5, wethers \$4.75, ewes \$4.35.

The stability of American credit is proved daily in the shipments of gold to this country, notwithstanding the efforts that are made by European bankers to keep the money on that side of the ocean. High discount rates and emergency rules of all kinds have not stopped the flow of gold toward the United States. The world knows that Uncle Sam is a good, reliable debtor and it likes to have his name on the books.—Lincoln Star.

Keep Everlastingly at It.

Don't think that everybody knows you and your store, and that you are so well known that there is no need to advertise. The new firm advertises, and in time will be much better known than yourself if you don't adopt modern methods and advertise. Don't forget that there are experts in advertising, and that you have help. Don't think that advertising is simply a hit or miss affair. "Scientific publicity" pulls business, and if you pay for an advertisement that brings results, it is much better than filling space with copy that does no good. Don't regard your advertising costs as expensive, they are an investment, and the value they attain by persistent advertising is one of the finest elements of "good will" in any business.

Mrs. Grant Parsons received word this week that her nephew, Chester Hill of Ponemah, Ill., a member of the United States Geological survey, with a companion, has just completed a survey to determine the exact height of Pike's Peak, which is now found to be 14,107 instead of 14,147 feet as shown by the records. The undertaking is an unusual one and the two are now engaged in similar work near Silver City, New Mexico.—Humboldt Leader.

A Michigan doctor is laid up with a broken head. He gingered up a little deal about a neighbor suffering from a cold, by writing her "she had been sleeping too close to a window." The neighbor's compositior lost the letter and it came out—sleeping too close to a "widow" and the neighbor appeared with a club.

When the Stomach, Heart, or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the Stomach, nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. This is simply a makeshift. Get a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Free sample test sent on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Your health is surely worth this simple test. Sold by all dealers.

There is a bit of pretty sentiment in the announced purpose of the postoffice department to send the thousands of souvenir postal cards which reach the dead letter office in such great quantities every day to the orphan asylums and children's homes throughout the country. Heretofore these cards have been considered worthless. As a matter of fact each card, of the proper kind, would mean a day's joy for some little boy or girl in whose eyes a pretty picture is a great prize. The postmaster general is proving himself a Santa Claus worthy of the name.—Lincoln Star.

Now is the time to plant your holiday ads in the Tribune in order to bring forth good fruits.