

A MURDER IN THE AIR

(New York World.)

There is a man living today who has gone through the whole thrilling, horror-filled experience of killing a man in the clouds. The marks of grief and woe on his face and his shattered nerves tell the whole story. Robert F. Scanlon was known through the Middle West as one of the most daring and even foolhardy aeronauts and parachute jumpers in all the country. Rarely was a day too windy or a district too dangerous for him to make his ascension according to contract and on time. Then in a day, in an hour, it was all changed.

It was during Fair Week at Cahokia, Ill. People from all the surrounding country and towns had come in on the last day of the week to make merry when Scanlon was billed to make a balloon ascension and parachute leap. He himself superintended the filling of the balloon with hot air and coal gas by throwing light wood and coal oil on the fire in the furnace a few yards from the balloon. The gas was sent into the canvas bag through a tunnel and a pipe, the mouth of the balloon over the opening. The gas bag began to expand, puffing up in little lumps almost like a life preserver. The balloon began to beat its head off the ground the beating of a great heart. As it the people packed in closer and shouted out in excitement. Around the balloon like a fringe were rows of bags of sand to weight it down, and in addition, men from the crowd were pressed in to cling to the guy ropes that the last possible minute of gas might be got in before it should be released for its shoot up into the air.

The Balloon is Inflated.
Slowly the balloon rose until its tail brushed the ground bearing itself for a flight like some great creature of the air. Scanlon in his tights and spangles had to keep running from one side of the balloon to the other and then out to the furnace to give orders to his assistants. It was hard work and the delay of a second meant that something might go wrong and that the ascension might be a failure. Little by little he ordered the men standing about the balloon, their arms stretched holding the guy lines to slack their ropes. As the great bag tugged the men would be lifted off their feet, the balloon rolling from side to side as though drunk.

Stretched out on the ground was the parachute fastened to the bag of the balloon so that when the balloon shot up it would be swishing directly under it, fastened only by one rope. A cord led up to a knife so that when the aeronaut wanted to descend he would cut the cord, cutting the rope and float down to earth and safety. Under the parachute the trapeze bar was hanging, a bright brass rod on which Scanlon was to hang and go through his gymnastics while being wafted to the clouds.

As the bag straightened up it began to tug so that the farmers and townspeople swinging on it for "a last began to grow afraid and anxious to release their hold.

"Hey, Mac," he called to his assistant, "throw in another chunk!" Mac knew what that meant, and on the fire tossed a small bucket of coal oil. A blaze of fire leaped through the tunnel and the balloon tore itself out of the hands of the ballast men. The balloon wobbled up.

A muttering shout ran around the crowd for the tension was at its height, and a man from their midst was about to be whisked into the heavens. Women threw up their hands and shouted out words of warning.

"Hold on tight," called out an old man leaning on a gnarled cane for support.

"Oh, I know he will be killed," sobbed a woman, turning away her eyes.

"Let Go, or You Will Be Killed!" But all this was met with at every performance and served in no way to unstring Scanlon's nerves. All his mind and energies were bent on clearing the buildings and treetops.

"Let her go, boys," he called out over the exclamations of the people and the cracking of the fire. "Cut loose."

Running back Scanlon picked up the brass trapeze rod and seated himself on it, one hand on each rope. Then as the balloon slipped up into the air he ran forward under it, the long-folded parachute tugging him gently, thus saving himself from being dragged over the ground. There had not been a hitch, the weather was perfect, he was getting a good start. The ascent seemed no different from a dozen others he had made.

But there is where the risk of a balloon jumper comes in. He never knows what moment something will happen.

Suddenly a drunken man burst through the crowd and threw his arms around Scanlon.

He was a big muscular man, and in his dazed eyes was the look of an intoxicated man who cares not the least what happens. Scanlon had to grasp the ropes on the ends of the bar to be kept from being pulled off backward.

The parachute bar was just being lifted off the ground, and Scanlon had no way to fight back except by kicking.

"Let loose, let loose," he yelled frantically, but the man only tightened his grip and buried his face in Scanlon's spangles, afraid to look down.

For a moment the crowd stood too horrified to move, then several of the men coming to themselves rushed out and sprang wildly at the drunken man's dangling feet. But they missed and in a second more the balloon had risen above the tops of the trees and the two men over the heads of the people.

"Let go or you will be killed," cried Scanlon, squirming in the man's grasp and kicking as best he could. But the man held on grimly without answering a word.

The horror of it all flashed through Scanlon's mind and made him fight now resolutely. Here he was sitting on a brass rod twenty feet under the balloon, riding a balloon built for only 150 pounds, plus the weight of

the parachute, and he himself was over weight by ten pounds. The man clinging to his arms must weigh at least 170 pounds. To make the ascent this way would be absolute folly. So he redoubled his energies toward kicking off the unwelcome passenger. Letting go of one hand he clung to one swinging, bending rope and with the free hand tried to tear apart the man's fingers kicking him madly on the thighs with his heels.

"Drop, drop, you can make it yet," called out Scanlon, almost out of breath.

But the man paid no heed, holding on as grimly as death itself. Catching hold of one of the man's hands Scanlon tore it away. The man freed his hand again and fastened it in another place. Surging back and forth, Scanlon tried to wriggle out of the man's grasp, the combined weight sending a wave clear up to the balloon like a quick jerk traveling along a rope. Kicking with quick intakes of breath, partly from exhaustion and partly from the effect of the liquor, the man clung to Scanlon without speaking a word. One idea was firmly fixed in his mind, and that was that he must hold on tight, and with the grip and determination of a drowning man he carried out his idea.

Working his hand up the man's back Scanlon set it against the man's face by a quick surge and pushed madly and blindly, but the man buried his face in the other side of Scanlon's back and the short advantage was gone.

Rapidly but with stately dignity the balloon rose into the air each second adding to the distance that one of them must fall. Scanlon's hands sank deep into the bar ropes and they came down almost to the level of the bar, his head was pulled back until he could see nothing but the drooping skirts of the parachute and the bulging sides of the balloon over him. Squirming and kicking, he struggled till his breath was almost spent, fighting against time, knowing that each moment the balloon was getting higher and higher.

Finally, twisting his head around, Scanlon says that they were fully five hundred feet high and that a drop meant instant death. He could see the crowd standing almost as he had left it, scarcely making a sound, all faces tense and set, silent watchers of the struggle for life in mid-air.

A Single Chance of Escape.
Suddenly the man gave a lunge and flung one arm over the bar, then in spite of all Scanlon could do he swung back and hooked a knee over it, like an acrobat in a show.

Scanlon looked down into the man's face. It was wrinkled into lines of fear and determination. His eyes were wide open and staring, but afraid to look down. There was not the slightest sign of drunkenness about the face, the terrible struggle had completely cleared his mind. Scanlon could see that the man was possessed of but one idea and that was to hold madly to the swinging bar. His whole strength and his whole mind were set in carrying this out.

As Scanlon looked down at the man he turned over every possible chance to escape.

To drop meant destruction. The parachute was built to carry only one man. Possibly one of them might go down in the parachute and the other ride the balloon down by waiting till the night air chilled the gas. It was a straw, but worth seizing.

"All right—let's too late for you to drop off now," said Scanlon gruffly. "Swing yourself up on this bar."

The man looked up at him more like a wild animal than a human being, like a dog trying to understand just what his master means. So firmly fixed in his mind was the idea that he must cling to the bar that he could not comprehend what Scanlon meant.

"Climb up, damn you!" growled Scanlon. "We've got to stick it out together."

The light of understanding broke into the man's eyes, and with rigid, trembling muscles he drew himself up on the bar and wound his arm around the supporting rope. The two sat crowded shoulder to shoulder facing, with scarcely enough room to move.

"Don't hurt me, whined the man, speaking for the first time. "Shut up and don't shake the balloon, snapped Scanlon.

The man kept his eyes on Scanlon, afraid to look toward the earth. "Is it very, very far?"

"You'll think so going down," Scanlon shot back.

The Fight for Life.
The man whimpered and shrank the rope without looking down.

"What are you going to do about it?" demanded Scanlon, taking this chance to punish the intruder. The danger now did not seem so imminent, and so Scanlon was bound to impress on the man what he had done.

The man whimpered and shrank away from the aeronaut. The fight was gone out of him; he dreaded the upbraidings more than the kicking.

"What made you do it?" demanded Scanlon.

"I thought—I don't know"—A slight rippin' sounded over their heads. Scanlon became electrified, but to the unwelcome passenger it meant nothing. Scanlon glanced up. His worst fears were confirmed.

One of the ropes fastening on the sides of the balloon and supporting the parachute had ripped down a few inches and the gas and smoke were pouring out. The bar rocked back and forth again and the rent enlarged. In a moment it might tear larger and the two would go rocking swiftly downward.

The only chance for safety was for one of them to go in the parachute—and self-preservation is the first law of nature.

GIRLS, READ THIS

A SENSIBLE TALK TO THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO KISSES.

Dorothy Dix Tells Her She Is Losing Something Beautiful Every Time Strange Lips Meet Hers.

"Dorothy Dix" writes a great many things that tend to elevate and make girls purer and sweeter. She says two young men recently wrote her a letter in which they asked her to settle a dispute that has arisen between them. Here is her answer: The point at issue is whether a girl who kisses a young man, to whom she is not engaged to be married, displays thereby an affectionate disposition or not. A contends that she does, and asserts that he would not marry any woman who did not like to kiss, while B takes the opposite position on the subject.

As far as my opinion is concerned, I should say that any girl who kisses a man to whom she is not betrothed—and the wedding day set—shows that she has an exceedingly affectionate temperament. Entirely too affectionate. Dangerously affectionate. It likewise shows that she is utterly lacking in maidenly modesty and delicacy. And it indicates that she is a great many kinds of a fool.

If I were a man, I would no more pick out for a wife the girl that would let any man with whom she had a casual acquaintance kiss her than I would go to a florist shop and buy the battered, bruised, overblown roses that had had their freshness rubbed off by too many hands.

This is also the opinion of most men. It takes a man of very undiscriminating taste to really care for a girl whose lips are free to every Tom, Dick and Harry who comes along. Of course, as long as a woman is young and good looking and has a nice red mouth pouted to a Cupid's bow, every man will kiss her who can; but such kisses only make him have a contempt for the girl, and ready to believe any evil he may hear of her.

That kind of a girl is not the sort of a woman that a fastidious man wants to marry. His wife must have kept her lips as austerely pure as those of a saint; for every man, in love is a monopolist, and his eternal creed is that his lady love shall be fire to him, and ice to every other man.

Burning Lime at Home.
Where oyster shell can be had cheaply, the oyster shell lime is, doubtless, the best. But so far as I have observed most of the manufacturers put too high a price on this lime. If you can get shells cheaply (we can get them where I live for about 50 cents a ton), you can make the lime economically on the farm.

Put a layer of logs on the ground with an opening between the middle ones to be stuffed with straw for firing. Then put on a layer of shells six inches thick. Then a layer of wood and brush. Carry up in the middle an opening like a chimney from the firing opening and stuff it with straw or broomstraw. Then build up the heap in a conical shape with alternate layers of shells and wood till it is about six or eight feet high. Then start the fire from the opening left between the logs, and as soon as the wood seems to be burning well, cover the whole heap with earth and burn it as you would a tar kiln or a charcoal kiln, keeping the chimney open till it is burning well, and then close over with earth. You can make as much lime in this way as you will need, and in sections where there is limestone it can be baked up and burned in the same way on the farm. When well burned, the lime and ashes will go together and be a better article than you could buy. I have done this and know what I am writing about.—W. F. Massey, in Raleigh (N. C.) Progressive Farmer.

Scanlon lunged at the man and tore madly at his fingers gripped around the rope and the end of the bar. Silently the two fought, their breaths coming quick and fast, their nails bringing great gashes on each other's hands. The bar and the parachute rocked to the struggle, but that alone told the story of the struggle to the birds. Finally Scanlon got the man's fingers loose from the rope, and in one surge of strength pushed him off backward. The other hand of the man, gripped around the bar, undoubled, and without a sound he went whirling through the air, turning grotesquely, his arms striking out as if they expected to catch on something.

Fascinated, Scanlon could not keep his eyes off the whirling body. So squarely under him was it that he felt for the turning it did not seem to be moving. It seemed to be resting in space. As it got farther away it ceased to struggle, falling like a dead mass. A sparrowhawk darted to catch it curiously, then turned away.

Then the body struck the ground—in a small pasture lot. The sound which travels upward more easily came to him with sickening clearness. It seemed as though he was only a few feet away. But look as he might, Scanlon could not see where the body had struck. It seemed to have buried itself in the ground.

His courage almost gone, Scanlon pulled the rope that severed the parachute from the balloon and dropped to the ground. When the people came running up he was so weak that he could scarcely stand alone. That evening he was arrested, and later stood trial for the man's death, but was acquitted on the ground of self-defense.

But it was Scanlon's last ascension. He is now afraid as death of a balloon, and will scarcely look at a flying machine in the air. His nerves are completely gone, and as he talks he keeps moving his hands aimlessly around over his lap and knees. He makes his living during the summer in small towns and during the winter in Vandeville by doing high diving.

"It's the nights that make me miserable," he said, buttoning and unbuttoning his coat. "I can stand the daytime pretty well, but for the next few days around there. But for nights—I always see something falling, falling and waving its hands."

USE BIG SUM

Congress Appropriates Over One Billion Dollars Last Session.

NEAR THE ESTIMATES

According to Both Tawney and Livingston This Exceeds President Taft's Figures by Only One Million Dollars When He Estimated Amount to Run the Government.

Appropriations at the last session of congress aggregated \$1,025,498,662, according to the statements issued Friday by Former Representative Tawney of Minnesota and Livingston of Georgia, who were respectively chairman and ranking Democrat of the house appropriations committee in the last congress. Mr. Tawney-Tawney, saying this is less than \$1,000,000 in excess of the total estimate of President Taft on which appropriations are based, pays high tribute to the executive for good faith in scrutinizing estimates and computes that the surplus of revenues next year will be not less than \$26,542,000, which, with any part of the treasury cash balance, may be applied to the sinking fund.

Against this Mr. Livingston says the last session record demonstrated that when the Democratic party comes into complete control of the government, "this billion dollar mark for a session's appropriations established four years ago at the first session of the Sixtieth congress, can not be substantially lowered, if lowered at all."

Mr. Tawney renews his recommendation for the consolidation of the appropriating jurisdiction of the house under a single committee of sufficient size to be representative of all sections of the country and of all branches of the public service. Eight committees now consider and report appropriation bills and Mr. Tawney says no reform is more important.

The committee on appropriations, which reports more than half of the total appropriations of congress, reported during the first regular session of the last congress \$16,933,923 less than the estimates, while the appropriations by all the other appropriating committees, according to Mr. Tawney, were \$27,931,402 in excess. He effected, it would have saved \$6,000,000 at that session alone.

Mr. Tawney says one of the evils incident to this divided appropriation jurisdiction is the practice of making appropriations immediately available, large portions of many appropriation bills being in fact designed to cover up deficiencies in the preceding year. He points out that the aggregate for the past session, which includes \$4,069,000 for the Appalachian forest reserve, is \$2,500,000 less than the aggregate for the preceding session of the entire last congress, which extended aggregate is not given in his statement, is an increase of \$609,000 over the preceding congress.

Mr. Tawney says that in the six years of his chairmanship of the appropriations committee the estimates have amounted to \$6,061,257,132, of which congress granted all but \$165,662,264.

Declaring that the Democrats want to save the people of this country from the danger which threatens them because of the rampant expenditure of their money that has been going on for the past 12 years, Mr. Livingston in his statement contends that militarism is a menace and that Democratic accession will prevent national bankruptcy. He says it is a superhuman task to restore expenditures to a normal level because of the enormous liability fastened upon the treasury "by the status quo of the army and its four-fold since Mr. Roosevelt was so un happily called to the executive office of the republic."

Sounding a note of warning against "threatened onerous" direct tax with all its iniquitous features, Mr. Livingston said that if that day comes, "the people will rise in their might with a cry that will be heard to the remotest corners of the earth and shake from themselves and their posterity the manacles of burdensome taxation fostered by the Republican party. That day is not distant unless we stop instantly in this precipitous, money wasting race we are now engaged in."

Mr. Livingston says the nations of the old world stand aghast and wonder over the magnitude of appropriations and increased federal activity. He compares appropriations for the Fifty-third congress, the last Democratic one, aggregating \$917,013,523, with those of the past congress for the two fiscal years of 1911 and 1912, aggregating \$2,050,391,291 and declares that in 12 years there has been more than a 50 per cent increase in all expenditures; the army and navy each increasing more than 400 per cent. He laments for the incoming Democratic house economy, particularly in those government departments relating to the enormous expenditures for war purposes.

Don't Depend on the Hoe.
The hoe is too costly an implement to be depended upon, for it takes a man, and you will never need it if the cotton is planted in hills, and if the cotton is planted in hills, there will be little need for chopping. For the cultivation of the hood crops you will need power, and we must have the horse-power to start with the smoothing harrow and the weeder. With these you can get over the land so rapidly that you will never be caught in the grass, and will need to put a plow in to cover the grass in the rows, for the early use of the smoothing harrow and weeder will prevent its starting there.—W. F. Massey, in Raleigh (N. C.) Progressive Farmer.

Murderer Captured.
Bascom Carlton, charged with the murder of Deputy Sheriff White and A. Schneider last Sunday night at Espanola, Fla., while they were searching him and two other prisoners, was captured at 2 o'clock Wednesday morning on island in the middle of a lake near there.

BLOWS UP THE TOWN

DYNAMITE SHOCKS WRECK VILLAGES IN WISCONSIN.

Nearly Every House in Village of 700 Inhabitants Carried Down by Force of Concussions.

Smouldering ruins and the wrecks of cottages strewn the site of the little village of Pleasant Prairie, Wis., where Friday night the magazines of the Dupont de Nemours Power Company exploded, killing at least one man, injuring 200 persons, causing damage of \$1,500,000 with a radius of 100 miles, and rocking seven States.

While the officers of the company assert that all the employees except E. S. Thompson, a foreman, were accounted for, three of the men could not be found after the explosion. Pleasant Prairie is ten miles west of Kenosha, Wis. The powder mill is a mile north of the village. The force of the explosion completely demolished the houses on Geneva road, which were nearest the mill, and every house in the village was wrecked. Almost equal damage was done in Bristol, four miles west.

Blown from their beds and with the wreckage of their houses tumbling about them the residents of Pleasant Prairie loaded their half clad families on farm wagons and moved in a long procession in search of shelter in Kenosha.

The escape of Supt. Clarence Brady was remarkable. He was in the soda house with Engineer Flynn at the time of the explosion. The men were blown through the building and landed on the roof of the adjoining magazine. This exploded instantly, and Brady and Flynn, the latter badly injured, were thrown a hundred feet from the building. Flynn suffered internal injuries and inhaled poisonous fumes. His condition is precarious. Brady escaped practically unscathed.

Brady's wife of three months in his residence a mile from the works, was badly cut by broken glass and bruised by falling debris. That the powder in the plant was being rushed through on a hurry order from the government for use in the Texas frontier was denied Friday night by Supt. Brady. When daylight gave a clear view of the ruins it was seen that the fire was out.

Three holes marked the sites where three of the magazines had stood. The holes were each more than fifty feet across and as deep. One had broken into a spring and was half full of water. Part of the engine house and the hundred foot brick chimney of the plant still stand.

The village was almost completely deserted by women and the men here, as to be blown down and broken up, but the supply of food is so scattered as to be of little use.

The district school house near the village was wrecked. It was not necessary to dismiss school, however, for of the 45 pupils all but a half dozen either were too injured to attend or had moved with their parents during the night to places of safety.

A steel cylinder, thought to have been used in the glazing room, was hurled through the air and crashed through the roof of the general store, two miles away, tearing a hole five feet in diameter through the roof, the first and second floor and into the earth. H. A. King, in an adjoining room, was thrown to the floor unconscious by the shock. Roads and fields in the vicinity are strewn with boulders, some of which weigh several hundred pounds.

In spite of tremendous force of the explosion and the fact that nearly every one who was within ten miles of the factory when it took place was hurt, in no more than a half dozen cases were the injuries severe.

More Poultry for the Farms.
No careful observer can fail to note the increased interest in poultry raising in the South during the last year. Like all other lines of live stock raising, it is especially receiving attention in the area being invaded by the boll weevil. It is simply astonishing what capacity this little bug—the boll weevil—has for making men think and even act. All lines of live stock are receiving more attention than ever before and poultry is coming in for its share of increased attention. But, strange as it may seem, the greater part of this increase in poultry interest is among the people in the towns and not a much less degree among the farmers.

This appears to us wrong. Surely there is no place where the opportunities for raising strong, healthy poultry at a minimum of cost, are so good as out on the farms. Not only is this true as regards the production of utility poultry—eggs and birds for food—but it is especially true of the production of fancy poultry and birds for breeding.

By much care, constant work and intelligent feeding and management, good poultry is produced on the small lots in or near the towns; but it requires more intelligence and poultry knowledge to raise good birds under such conditions than it does to accomplish the same results on the farm. Why then, is most of our best poultry raised in the small towns or near the cities?

The range which may be given the birds on the farm, except perhaps during the breeding season, is almost unlimited and this means a variety of feed, such as poultry require, and ample exercise, two things most essential to the economical production of vigorous birds.

It requires some knowledge to raise good poultry and this can only be obtained by reading and studying the experience of others as set down in poultry journals or agricultural papers and in books, and by actual personal experience in the handling of the birds. In the past this has been thought too small a business for the farmer, but if that is still the idea, we insist that the women and children should be given an opportunity to add this additional industry to the farm. Nor would we limit them to the production of eggs and the raising of birds to be used as food; but would insist that where the inclination exists they be given a chance to produce the best, to be sold as broilers, or eggs to be sold for hatching.—Raleigh (N. C.) Progressive Farmer.

WANTS BAILEY

Tillman Says Texan Ought to be Senate Leader for Democrats.

BUT HE WILL NOT BE

The Senator Has a Chat With Governor Bleese, Which is Said to Have Been Brief But Friendly—Will Not Attend Special Session When It Meets.

Senator Tillman says that the only thing that can carry him back to Washington for the extra session is to see a Democratic senator from Main sworn in. Senator Hale, who is to be succeeded by Senator Johnson, speaks very highly of his successor. The Columbia Record says: The senior senator from South Carolina is looking very much better than he did a few months ago, but he has been told that it will be best for his health not to return to Washington and enter upon the activities of the special session; still, it may be that the call will be too strong for him, when the fighting begins. There is nothing new in a tariff fight, however, says the senator, and he has no appetite for gnawing an old bone.

In the opinion of Senator Tillman, the minority leadership in the senate ought to be conferred on Senator Bailey, for whose ability he has a very considerable admiration, but there is, as he expresses it, a coterie in the senate which is jealous of the Texas senator and it is not likely the honor will go to him. It would be unprecedented to make a new senator the leader, the "pillars of the temple would fall about our ears," says the senator, if that were done, and it may be that Senator Culler will be again made minority leader.

Some Appropriations.
Senator Tillman succeeded in having an appropriations of \$60,000 made for the dredging out of the mouth of the dry dock of the Charleston navy yard. The navy department experts have been claiming that there is a deposit of silt in the river opposite the dry docks which prevents large ships going into the dock and the passage of this appropriation is to have the silt removed. Inasmuch as there was no river and harbor bill passed at the recent session, there was no appropriation made for the general improvement of the Charleston harbor, and this will not be available until the next regular session, when a rivers and harbors bill will be brought in.

Senator Tillman, however, had had put in the special appropriation bill an item of \$17,000 for the Port Royal station and he intended to look after the item when the bill went to conference, but the conference committee met late at night when the South Carolina senator was absent and the item was lost in that way.

For the marine barracks at Fort Moultrie the senator had put in the bill an appropriation of \$6,000, which remains and will be available after the first of July.

A new thing for South Carolina will be the fish hatchery which is provided for by an appropriation of \$2,500 in the sundry civil appropriation bill. It will be left to the officials of the department to determine where this fish hatchery will be located, but it will probably be in the coast section of the State.

Senator Tillman is very much pleased on account of the election of Prof. Riggs as president of Clemson College. He attended the recent meeting of the Clemson board and was gratified that the board unanimously came to his opinion that Mr. Riggs is the best man for the presidency. The senator considers that his long familiarity with the conditions at Clemson, his magnetic personality and his youth and energy will enable Mr. Riggs to accomplish a great deal as the head of the institution. He has been acting president for some time and things have been moving very smoothly during that time.

Senator Tillman keeps thoroughly posted on South Carolina affairs and readily discusses the fine points of the recent controversies which have been going on in the State. He is strongly of the opinion that there is no violation of the constitution in any one holding the position of State college trustee and another office, but is glad that the matter will be settled.

At the request of Governor Bleese the senator called on the governor when he was in Columbia a few days ago and they had a brief but friendly chat about current events.

The senator was accompanied home from Washington by Mrs. Tillman and it is their expectation to remain at Trenton during the spring, as their two daughters are to be married within the next few months.

A Healthy Public Sentiment.
Opium, of course, has been one of the greatest evils with which the new China has had to grapple, and her almost marvelous success in dealing with it gives ground for the belief that she will be able to master other weaknesses as well. A fellow-passenger on my Yanzee steamer a few days ago spoke enthusiastically of the rare beauty of a Yanzee river trip in the poppy-blooming season a few years ago, immense fields aflame with gorgeous coloring, but this spectacle will probably never be seen again. In most provinces the bloom of the opium poppy is now a red flag of danger for its owner; an officer of the law will take heed concerning it.

Formerly, too, it was the custom for the host to offer opium to his guests, just as it was formerly the custom for the average Southerner to offer whiskey; but the Chinese have now quite a changed public sentiment. Because they recognize that opium is ruining the lives of many of their people, and lessening the efficiency of many others, because they regard it as a source of weakness to their country and danger to their sons, it has become a matter of shame for a man to be known as an opium-smoker, even "in moderation." To be free from such an envying disposition is regarded as the duty not only to one's self and one's family, but to the country as well, a patriotic duty. I saw a cartoon in a native Chinese paper the other day in which there were held up to especial scorn and humiliation the weakling officials who had lost their offices by reason of failure to shake off opium. In short, the opium smoker, instead of being a sort of "good fellow with human weaknesses"—and with possibilities, of course, of going utterly to wreck—has become an object of contempt, a bad citizen. The German Emperor in a speech to the boys in his navy last week urged them to let whiskey alone because of the nation's need for strong, clear-headed men unweakened by dissipation, and in her anti-opium crusade China is successfully making the same sort of appeal to her citizens.—Clarence Poe, in Raleigh (N. C.) Progressive Farmer.

ROYAL Baking Powder Economy

The manufacturers of Royal Baking Powder have always declined to produce a cheap baking powder at the sacrifice of quality.

Royal Baking Powder is made from pure grape cream of tartar, and is the embodiment of all the excellence possible to be attained in the highest class baking powder.

Royal Baking Powder costs only a fair price, and is more economical at its price than any other leavening agent, because of the superlative quality and absolute wholesomeness of the food it makes.

Mixtures made in imitation of baking powders, but containing alum, are frequently distributed from door to door, or given away in grocery stores. Such mixtures are dangerous to use in food. In England, France, Germany and some sections of the United States their sale is prohibited by law. Alum is a dangerous mineral acid, and all physicians condemn baking powders containing it.

The label of alum baking powders must show the ingredients. READ THE LABEL.

FARMERS' UNION PRESIDENT BARRETT TELLS OF ITS GOOD WORK.

Says They Have Made Federal Congress Sit Up and Take Notice—Situation Changed.

"That the power of the farmer, long held in cold storage, has been brought forth," and made its effect felt on congress, is the statement made by President Charles S. Barrett of the Farmers' National Union, in a letter issued to the members of the organization. The letter follows in full:

To the officers and members of the Farmers' Union: Your national and state officials who have been working in Washington this winter in behalf of the Farmers' Union have found that congress is growing more responsive to the demands of the American farmer than at any time in its history.

That we have not written demands of the farmers' Union into legislation is due, not to lack of influence, but to the congestion inevitable with a short session and the demoralization consequent upon pending political changes.

So far as a parcel post is concerned, I am convinced that that measure, in a national and not a rural sense, is nearer than any of our members or than, say, of the politicians, imagine.

The lobby against the parcel post has shot its bolt. It has exhausted its ammunition. If an extra session is called, congress will in all probability enact a general parcel post. If there is no extra session, the chances are strong that a general parcel post will be authorized at the regular session next December.

If you will dig up the letters I published last winter from congressmen, you will find that in nearly every instance they gave non-committal replies to the question regarding a parcel post.

But the situation has changed. At any moment, you may expect a battalion of statesmen to proclaim loudly that they have all along been in favor of a parcel post. Next, you may expect them to work for it with a vim.

The explanation of this singular about face is an easy one. The congressman has heard from the farmer; Representatives and senators from nearly all the states have been literally bombarded with letters from their farmer constituents.

The power of the farmer,