

Roosevelt announces that the progressives and republican parties will merge provided the republicans join the progressives. However, no one cares particularly now what Roosevelt thinks or wants. He is a mere figment, a fly on the wheel of events, a man who shot his bolt and will henceforth stand on the outside of the fence and growl at the processions that go along.

THE BOW IN CAMP.

One wee doth tread upon the heels of another. A mere man has created trouble in the camp of the suffragettes. Mrs. Booth, who is one of the leaders in the holy cause of woman suffrage, has a husband, Sherman Booth, and Sherman in his zeal to mix in where he had no business, sent to the press a story that there was to be a riot when the bill for equal suffrage came up. The item was as follows: "All the details were carefully worked out. The man who was to start the riot was selected and consented to. Those who were to stand on their desks and shout 'roll call' were picked. The men who were to rush the speaker were to be chosen. The present speaker was to be deposed and a new one chosen. All that prevented it was the fair play accorded to us by the speaker and the granting to us of roll calls on all matters." When this statement was published there was a row. It seems there is jealousy between Mrs. Booth and Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch. Thereupon the leaders in the movement met and gave out the following statement: "We were aghast, astounded and dismayed when we read this morning that the suffrage lobby at Springfield was militant and had planned riot and chaos in the house of representatives. It was the first intimation of such a state of facts. "It is reported that Mr. Sherman Booth is responsible for the statement which was erroneous in its very re-

veal and without foundation in fact. "We jointly and severally deny that any such action or any action of riot and disorder was ever contemplated by any of us, and we hereby protest against militancy in any form, either on our own part or upon the part of others working with us in the interest of suffrage. "Any idea of militancy being abhorrent to the lobby our policy has been at all times to gain votes by argument and by otherwise spreading suffrage propaganda among the members of this assembly. (Signed) "GRACE WILBUR TROUT, "ELIZABETH K. BOOTH, "ANTOINETTE FUNK."

The suffrage leaders also issued a statement showing that Mrs. McCulloch has been the legislative superintendent for twenty years. She drafted the present bills, and her friends insist that she is entitled to the credit for the victory. Whether Mrs. Booth will be ousted as one of the directors remains to be seen, but it is a very pretty row as it stands.—Exchange.

GOOD FOR THE U. C. T.

The United Commercial Travelers held a convention at Des Moines last week and among other things they quite properly protested against the rules of railroads which refuse to carry passengers on freight trains, against the discontinuance of general mail delivery at any postoffice on Sunday and urged that the election laws be amended so that they shall be allowed to vote while absent from their home cities, but these were the least conspicuous portions of their contentions. Here is the portion that should command more than passing attention:

Be it resolved, That we most heartily indorse the movement of the Iowa Public Welfare league for the protection of girls in hotel and restaurant service against improper advances and immoral solicitations on the part of some men. We also indorse their official poster bearing this statement: "YOUR MOTHER WAS A WOMAN. YOU BE A MAN. RESPECT WOMANHOOD. PROTECT HER VIRTUE."

We also request hotel and restaurant proprietors and traveling men in general to co-operate with the league in this movement for the protection of girls in hotel and restaurant service."

The foregoing resolution is epoch-making for at one and the same time the traveling men enlisted in commendable movement as well as wiping out a libel that has been placed against them for years. There are some so prejudiced and ignorant they

believe the traveling man should be classed among the moral lepers of the land. No class has been more slandered in this way than the traveling man and yet the truth is that no class has a higher respect for womanhood than the man whose experience on the road gives him the keenest possible insight to humanity.

But to come to the other portion of the resolution which pledges the support of the traveling men to a movement to protect young women employed as waitresses in hotels and restaurants. There is no more nauseating spectacle than to witness some young sprout or old roue annoy a waitress. They would not do it on the street or in a theatre, but because a girl's duties bring her in contact with the guests there is a class ignorant enough to believe they are privileged to press their attentions on her. It is this class that the United Commercial Travelers are going gunning for. The travelers know there are few of this class in their ranks. That class does not make good on the road. There are mere flotsam. Again we say the traveling men who met at Des Moines had an epoch-making convention. More power to them.—Dubuque Times-Journal.

ON BOARD THE MANCHURIA.

Travel Letter from Col. Frank L. Smith Who is Making Trip Around the World.

China Sea, May 13, 1913.

I have often read of the treacherous China Sea and the dread monster that playfully spreads death and destruction in her wake—the typhoon. We were assured, however, that this was not the season for typhoons, and that one at this time of year was unknown, and for the first three days out of Nagasaki on our way to Manila it seemed as though the weather and sea had been made to order for poor sailors; in fact we had picked up the west coast of the Island of Luzon, one of the Philippine group, before this monster of the sea struck us. If you have never been in a cyclone you cannot appreciate a full grown typhoon, which is in reality a cyclone on water. We came face to face with a wind which inside of three hours was blowing at a rate of over a hundred miles an hour.

You have noticed once in a while the wind forms a circular cloud of dust on our roads, well, the typhoon does the same at sea, raising the water to great heights and dashing it at the ship with full intent to destroy. The Captain of the Manchuria, which is a 27,000 ton ship, immediately put out to sea to keep from being dashed

on the rocks, and put the ship with her powerful engine at full speed with her nose against the storm and was just able to hold her own and keep from drifting. All night and all the next day the storm raged and strong hearted men felt apprehensive of the result. At about ten o'clock on the second day the look-out discovered a small sailing vessel of about 80 ton with masts and cabin gone and the signal of distress being frantically waved, but in the heavy sea and wind and rain lost her; everyone supposed she had gone down, but the captain who kept circling his ship for hours at about 4-00 p. m. came upon the little craft bobbing up and down like a cork. By able seamanship he put his 27,000 boat in such position as to make the schooner drift over to us and tried to fasten her by ropes to the Manchuria, but Mr. Typhoon became angry and dashed her against the big ship, tearing her loose and compelling all on board to jump into the raging sea from which they were rescued by life lines and rope ladders. This certainly was a thriller for a land lubber like me, and the subsequent days made it an experience long to be remembered. Finally the storm passed and the sun shone as much as to say, "See, I am still master here," and we commenced to take stock of the situation. As we steamed into Manila harbor we found ships practically out of commission, and others just able to crawl into port, and were welcomed with the news that it was the worst typhoon in twenty years, but very unusual at this time of year.

Today we have been 160 miles in the sea from Manila rescuing twenty-six sailors from a Swedish Tramp Steamer that had gone on the reefs 90 miles out of the course of navigation where they had been for five days. There were originally thirty-six men in the crew and ten of them under the First Mate put out to sea after the storm in a small life boat and rowed 150 miles to land where they gave an account of their trouble, so take it all in all our steamer rescued forty people. One typhoon is enough for a life time and I am praying to get out of this ocean with no more. But I am digressing from Manila and the Philippine Islands. First of all let me say that Manila is the best city in the east. She has better water, better electric lights, better streets and last but not most important of all, better sewerage—in fact is the one Oriental city that has a decent sewerage system. One can hardly give much of a description of conditions in the Philippines on such a short stay, but if you will pardon the presumption I will give you a skeleton idea as I found it.

First of all, the Philippine Islands are a large group and cover a vast territory. One thing to get firmly fixed in your mind however is this: There are no Filipinos. The islands are populated by eight million people comprising fourteen tribes, each hating the other and speaking fourteen different dialects, and each proud of his province. Like the Jap he is an imitator and is devoid of initiative and energy. He doesn't like work and until the American invasion cared little for money, as his wants were small. Wherever the American goes, however, he creates a demand for money which in turn creates a better condition. Lying way over here in the east are fertile islands susceptible to cultivation for coconuts (a valuable crop) rice, tobacco, rubber, sugar, coffee, and covered with the finest hard woods in the world, awaiting the progress of civilization, and some day will again be repeated the rush to Alaska, in the avalanche of energy and capital that will come to these valuable islands. I have often looked upon the heathen Chinese with compassion, but I find him everywhere over here the business man of the Orient, and he is the middleman of the Philippine Islands, and the only progressive Filipino are the Matesos, or half Chinese and half Filipinos. The speaker of the house is a Mateso, and is from all accounts a powerful and crafty man. The business of the east is in the hands of the Britons and Germans and they are fighting for it like wild cats, while we are sitting on the side lines saying we don't want it. Can you realize that there is an awakening of about a billion people over here and that the first ones to get in are going to get the business. What we need is a merchant marine. Even Japan is bidding for the trade by a heavy subsidized merchant marine. We are so rich at home and the home consumption so large we don't notice it now, but the time will come when Mr. Taft's reciprocity plan will be regarded as sage and advanced statesmanship. I dislike to hear all this talk about the conservation of our natural resources and then overlook the conservation of our mercantile and trade resources which affect every man, woman and child in our great Republic.

There is much to be said on both sides of how to govern the Philippine Islands, but one thing is certain we cannot for their own good give them self government, and for our own good we must not give up this doorstep key to this vast awakening trade of the east. On the whole the Filipinos like the new order of things and the evolution of time will work out the problem all right. Continuous

change of political parties are not good for our colonies as they must have a local treatment that has nothing to do with the beliefs pro and con of political leaders and party platforms—govern the Islands by a properly clothed unhampered authority. One of the most interesting places I visited on the Islands was Bilbid prison. You may be glad to know that it is no particular disgrace to have gone to Bilbid, but rather a recommendation, for when a prisoner leaves he is educated and has a trade, which is not the case with the bulk of the Islanders.

When I want to have a delightful case of homesickness I get out my atlas and see how far I am from home and the effect is complete. It is a great game this travel. Just as you get comfortably situated it is a case of pack up, rush for boat or train, which you usually just manage to make. The whole thing brings to me a story on a friend of mine who used to travel for a furniture house. His territory was up in Minnesota and in those days, fifteen years ago, they only had one passenger train a day each way, and the boys were in the habit of taking the way freight, and as the train pulled into the small towns rush over while the train was doing its work, and see if their customers wanted anything in their line. If so, they would lay over until the passenger in the evening. If not, they would rush back and catch the way freight to the next town. My friend Davis dropped off at the little town of Fisher one wintry day and as he stepped in the store, found the proprietor in the hands of a fellow salesman. After waiting a reasonable length of time he thought he ought to do something, and was decided to quick action on seeing the freight back up and couple up preparatory to leaving town. So he butted in and asked the man if there was anything he needed in his line, but before the proprietor could answer, the train started and so did my friend without waiting for a reply, and as he rushed away he heard the prospective customer shout, "Go it, d— you, you'll make a lot of towns any way."

Sincerely, FRANK L. SMITH.

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