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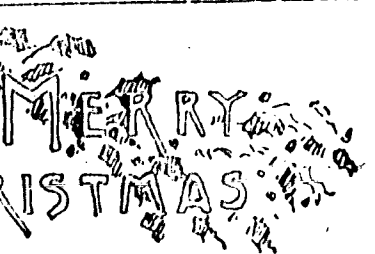
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FOREIGN ADVERTISING.

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 Sole Agent Foreign Advertising.

DAY, DECEMBER 25, 1893.



THE WEATHER.

young man imbibed from contact with the
 American people he would probably never
 have risen to his present position. America
 calls upon her rail-splitters not only for good
 Presidents at home, but for other countries
 as well.

A PLEA FOR TRUSTS.

The minority report of the Hon. Thomas B. Reed and his Republican associates on the ways and means committee, may properly be denominated a plea for trusts. Its recommendations are not only against the interests and welfare of the great body of the people of the United States, but they would, if adopted by Congress, tend still further to establish the grip and control of monopolies upon production, transportation and markets in this country and to enslave the working-man. Who is it that is really clamoring today for a continuation of the McKinley tariff policy? Surely, not the great mass of consumers. Not the small or infant industries. Not the farmers who receive no protection in return for the heavy taxes which they pay upon everything they buy, and whose agricultural products make up seventy-two per cent of the total exports of the United States. Not the labor organizations, for they have discovered that the increased prices of home manufactured products go into the pockets of the trust barons and make them the more invulnerable against all organized efforts of the laboring classes to increase their wages and better their condition.

The real beneficiaries of the McKinley tariff policy are the great monopolies like the Carnegie Company and the Sugar Refiners' trust, which have perfected their plans under the high protective tariff system to destroy all the smaller industries, absolutely crush out competition, control the American markets and limit production and regulate wages. They desire no foreign markets if they can have American markets exclusively for themselves and can control prices.

If they can build a Chinese wall around the commerce of the United States, it is a matter of small import to them what price the farmer receives for wheat. The markets will be large enough for their purposes even though they be restricted.

The crocodile tears which Mr. Reed sheds for the laboring man are mixed with the genuine fountains that are induced to flow at the prospect of the doom of the trusts which have been the chief contributors to and supporters of the Republican party.

The statement of Mr. Reed that "we must meet the price of foreign goods, which are our competitors by reduction of the price of labor," is mere buncombe. The unanimous testimony of all respectable and honest American manufacturers is that they can compete with the manufacturers of any country on earth if they be not compelled to pay a tax upon the raw materials of

With a ten or fifteen aero tract irrigated on every quarter section it is not improbable that the result would be to gradually modify climatic conditions and insure greater rainfall year by year. At any rate it shows what could be done, and gives the farmer something to work at instead of having him depend eternally upon great schemes and instantaneous transformations.

It is reassuring to learn that the number of students at the State University at Columbia, in spite of the much-insisted-upon hard times, is greater than at this time last year, and the prospects are good for increased attendance after the holidays. As Governor Stone said in a recent speech: "It is in our colleges, universities and schools that the manhood and womanhood is to be moulded that will make Missouri take her place as the great 'Empire State of the Union.'" Hard times have not decreased the value of Missouri manhood or made the State less rich than formerly in all the elements of wealth. It is well also that they have not depressed Missouri schools, without the training of which all the wonderful riches of the State in other respects would be as nothing.

THE country has been treated to the spectacle of farmers burning their corn for fuel, and feeding wheat to hogs. Now the cows are getting the wheat. The farmers in the Schuylkill valley in Pennsylvania argue thus: Bran is a cent a pound, corn nearly a cent, oats and wheat the same. They claim that the milk-producing qualities of wheat are at least one-third greater than any of the other kinds of feed, and many of them are chopping up the great Kansas cereal for the lowly service of cattle food. Although the milk from such a process is pronounced richer and of greater abundance than from any other feed, farmers in other parts of the country will go a little slow about following the example.

A REPUBLICAN paper has been found which is not afraid to advocate the right in the matter of pensions. It is the Cincinnati Times-Star. Listen to it: "The order of the chief of the G. A. R. in regard to pensions has the

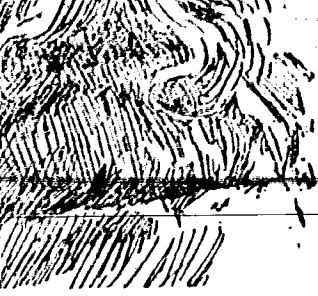
says. Let those who are unworthy of this place be stricken from the roll and let all pensions go to those who deserve them." These are noble sentiments to come from such an unexpected source. Where is the Republican paper with backbone and decency enough to re-echo them.

A TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.

It Is From a Man, and His Experience Must Speak for His Feelings.
 [New York Tribune.]

This is a tribute from a meek and lowly man to the genius of woman. He wishes to answer those men who sneer at women and their shopping. He wishes to express in an humble way his fervent gratitude. He is not rich; he has several relatives and many warm friends. He is fond of them all, and it pleases him to please them. He had estimated, figured, planned, walked, shopped, lain awake nights, torn his hair, pinched his expenditures to add to his capital, and all for what? Christmas, of course. He saw bankruptcy and poverty staring him in the face. He hunted high and he dug low, and he could find

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THE WEATHER.

D. C., Dec. 21.—For Missouri—wind becoming north-

air; cold wave; northwesterly

Generally fair; northerly winds. Oklahoma and Indian Territory; winds becoming northwest-

ers, turning into snow in the north; cold wave; winds becoming

Fair; preceded tonight and in the morning by snow flurries in the eastern part; westerly gales; cold wave in the

of severe criticism that has been met foot ball, both in this country and abroad, no more unkind out has been made than that of an Englishman on the Malay peninsula.

As he says, foot ball has been known since time immemorial. The visitors kick a ball around the field to play. Two teams were lined up with an English captain

The thermometer being at 90 degrees, the natives stripped off all unnecessary clothing. The English raconteur, soon ceased to be taken as a veritable battle.

and even teeth were used at the time; blood flowed freely, and the field were soon to be seen almost the slain, whose places were taken by others with eager shouts.

and groans of defeat rent the air. The things became so serious that the captains were obliged to seize the flag and bolt with it to the pavilion.

name in Malay. Surely after the count and imagining the scene as it will accuse foot ball of being as it is played in this country.

think that emigration to the United States has been at a standstill since the last summer, will doubtless be surprised to know that the total of steerage passengers from European countries landed in this country last year is about 367,857, against 350,000 in 1901.

Italy leads with 65,200, Germany next with 51,100. Austria is third with 44,400 and Spain brings up the rear with only 70. By reason of the large number of unemployed in the Eastern States the emigrants soon become

and their money is spent, and they are thereby of fortune. The immigrants thus have an added duty to perform, they are called upon to aid the unemployed almost the first thing. On the other hand, the emigrants who come over are not only enough to found them a home in the West, but they are also better, though, to get rid of the large number of unemployed in the European immigration is to be

at the prospect of the doom of the trusts which have been the chief contributors to and supporters of the Republican party.

The statement of Mr. Reed that "we must meet the price of foreign goods, which are our competitors by reduction of the price of labor," is mere buncombe. The unanimous testimony of all respectable and honest American manufacturers is that they can compete with the manufacturers of any country on earth if they be not compelled to pay a tax upon the raw materials of industry.

Let them buy where they please and they can undersell the world without any reduction of wages, and that by reason of the superior skill and industry of American laborers.

He predicts disaster for the American wool industry under the Wilson bill, but passes in silence over the fact that the wools imported by the American woolen manufacturer are of a kind and quality that are not and can not be grown in this country, and whose free importation will increase the use of and demand for the American product. And he passes in silence over the further historical fact that the higher the tariff on wool has been the lower has been the price which the American wool-grower has received for his product, and that the present price of American wool under the "protection" of the McKinley bill is the lowest ever known.

As for the cotton growing States, they all voted for a reduction of the tariff and none of them up to the present time have petitioned either Mr. Reed or Mr. McKinley to champion their interests.

The country will be entirely satisfied if Mr. Reed will confine his efforts to the championship of trusts and monopolies as he has done in the past, and leave the interests of the people to the protection and care of the Democratic majority in Congress which was chosen to represent them.

PRACTICAL IRRIGATION.

The subject of this caption is a misnomer in so far as it implies that any irrigation, which at all fulfils the purposes of irrigation, is impractical. If the various attempts that have been made to establish irrigation systems in the arid West be considered, however, it must be admitted that the qualifying adjective comes in good use for a majority of them. They have not been practical, and hence they have failed.

At the recent irrigation convention at Wichita Mr. B. A. McAllister of Omaha delivered an address upon this subject that might well be studied by every would-be irrigationist. There is none of the usual high-flown metaphors about fruitful fields and purling brooks, but Mr. McAllister comes right down to the consideration of how water can be best stored and saved for pouring out upon the ground in time of drought. In fact, there is so much talk about pipes and wind mills and cubic feet in the address that it is well calculated to pall upon the poetic fancy of the man who sees in irrigation

Must Speak for His Feelings.

[New York Tribune.]

This is a tribute from a meek and lowly man to the genius of woman. He wishes to answer those men who sneer at women and their shopping. He wishes to express in an humble way his fervent gratitude. He is not rich; he has several relatives and many warm friends. He is fond of them all, and it pleases him to please them. He had estimated, figured, planned, walked, shopped, lain awake nights, torn his hair, pinched his expenditures to add to his capital, and all for what? Christmas, of course. He saw bankruptcy and poverty staring him in the face. He hunted high and he dug low, and he could find nothing which his friends would like, as no thought. He was, in Western slang, absolutely stumped.

In a shamefaced way he went to his cousin. He hated to do it. She is a little woman in a big house, with servants limited, children unlimited and a husband to govern. She is interested in several charitable works. She is teaching her daughters to speak French, and is "grinding" mathematics with her son. She has numerous friends, and she manages to see them all and to be seen by them. She is a very busy woman, and her cousin hated to impose upon her, but he was desperate.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked when the good-for-nothing cousin appeared with a long face. She is five years younger than he is, but she is "motherly" to him because she knows his lack of woman's genius.

"I'm up a tree," he answered, and then he told her his woes and misfortunes.

"How much do you feel you can spend?" she asked.

He named his modest sum.

"And who is there?"

"Well, there's Ella and Jen and Ben, Tom"—and he gave her all the names, which promptly went down on a slip of paper.

"All right," she said. "Come around day after tomorrow and we'll see what we can do. And you're just in time for dinner," she added.

And on the second day following, that cousin, who had both transferred his responsibility and gained a good dinner, returned.

"Now, come in here," said that little woman, leading him to a room where, arrayed in an order to make a fascinating display, were a dozen and more Christmas gifts, on each a little tag showing for whom it was intended. Everything was beautiful, and everything seemed just the right one for the right person. It had all been done in one day.

"And here," she said, putting something in his hand. It was \$7 of change.

That is all there is to this story—just a tribute to the genius of woman.

THE NEWSBOY.

He Touched the Sympathies of People and Sold Out His Who's Pile.

[Buffalo Express.]

A pale-faced, half-starved boy came into a Main street restaurant about 7:30 o'clock last night. He carried a few papers under his left arm.

He looked cold. His shoes were out at the toes and his stockings had holes in both knees. He had no overcoat, and he stood shivering at the door for a moment, as if undecided what to do. Then he walked timidly over to the cashier and said: "Please, mum, kin I see if anybody wants 't' buy a paper?"

The cashier was about to refuse him when the little fellow spoke again: "Please, mum, Iemme. Me fadder won't let me cum home 'till I sell all dese papers an' trade 'em dead rotten on d' street. Please, mum, kin I?"

There were tears in his voice, and the cashier relented. She gave him a penny and bought a paper herself and then told him to go the tables if he wished.

The little fellow took off his cap and tucked it under his arm. He walked down between the tables and said in a weak little voice: "Poineral

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