

THE DAILY JOURNAL THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1904.

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Weekly Edition. One copy, one year, \$1.00. One copy, six months, \$1.00. One copy, three months, \$1.00.

THE INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL NEWSPAPER CO. Indianapolis, Ind. Persons sending the Journal through the mails in the United States should put on an eight-cent stamp...

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For two weeks the trial of Machen and others has been in progress, and the government has not yet rested its case. No chances are to be taken, evidently, of failure to convict.

"Shall we give our sympathy to a heathen nation as against a Christian power?" asks a pro-Russian contemporary of the Southland. Why not? Japanese paganism seems infinitely preferable to the Russian brand of Christianity.

When Judge Parker was asked if he voted for Bryan in 1896 and 1900 he answered diplomatically that he had always voted the Democratic ticket.

A Correspondent of a city paper announces, as a discovery, that no Vice President who succeeded to the presidency through the death of a President has ever been elected President.

The joint wage conference of bituminous coal operators and miners, which meets in this city to-day, is an outcome of several years of friendly discussion and agreement between the parties relative to the annual wage scale.

Prof. Herman Eduard Von Holst, who died the other day, was a foreigner who understood the government of this country better than most native students of political science.

Floor Leader Williams, the Democratic congressman, appears to believe that he is addressing an organization of gamblers whenever he makes a speech in the House.

The suicide of Whittaker Wright, the London promoter and speculator, was coolly planned and skillfully executed. The dispatches indicate that he felt confident of acquittal, but he was evidently prepared for the worst.

DEBS A DANGEROUS AGITATOR. Eugene V. Debs's speech at Masonic Hall Tuesday night was a plea for socialism, which the miners have repeatedly repudiated.

Architects and fireproofing manufacturers are making money out of the Iroquois Theater disaster. They are sending out circulars over the country and booming the business of fireproof buildings for all it is worth.

Organized labor could not do a more suicidal thing than to follow Mr. Debs's advice. Socialism is opposed to American ideas and is hateful to a large majority of the people.

Why is it that there is a natural tendency to lavish pity on the poverty-stricken portion of the population during extremely cold weather rather than in extremely hot weather? The fact is that the poor in the winter suffer much more in summer than in winter.

winter, and that, while there are comparatively few deaths from exposure and cold, there are hundreds and thousands from heat in the congested districts. Coal and warm clothing for the poor is a worthy object of charitable expenditure, but not nearly so necessary as some means of relieving the terrible conditions of a July in the slums.

PERSONAL CANDIDATES AND PERSONAL POPULARITY.

There are many persons who believe that President Roosevelt is at present the most popular man in the United States. No doubt there are some, even among Republicans, who would not concur in this opinion, but it is held by a great many people.

It is interesting to note how much more the personality of a presidential candidate enters into an election nowadays than it did formerly. In the early history of the country and until after the middle of the last century the people who did the voting had very little to do with selecting the candidates, and in some instances knew very little about them when they were nominated.

When James Monroe was first nominated for President in 1816 he was little known outside of a few States and had no personal popularity, yet he received 183 electoral votes, against 34 for the Federalist candidate.

Since the civil war and the wonderful multiplication of newspapers, telegraphs and other means of disseminating intelligence the personality of presidential candidates cuts a much larger figure. The people will not vote blindly for any candidate their party may put up. They know pretty much all about every man in public life, and they size them up for themselves.

THE COUNTY SHOULD BUILD BRIDGES. County Commissioner McGregor's plan for building all the new bridges needed over White river and Fall creek offers a simple, easy and just solution of the question. He proposes that the county build the bridges, and that in order to raise the necessary funds the Legislature be asked to authorize the county to issue bonds to the amount of one million dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary for the purpose.

Several cities are trying to reform the barbarous custom of "morning tea" still adhered to by some telephone companies. It has long ago proved unnecessary; one of the Indianapolis companies has discontinued the practice, and the service is fully as good as that of the other, which still keeps it up. For the sake of twenty-one cents it is especially annoying to have the telephone bell start an incessant jangle at 8 in the morning, not stopping until answered.

It was an unfortunate thing for the magazines and clubs which adopted the name "Nineteenth Century" as a sign of progress to have outlived the century; they are now back numbers. Some of the clubs have changed their names to "Twentieth Century," but even this will pass away. A London publication has added "and after" to its name—which makes it clumsy. Why not follow the example of the Pennsylvania Club, which calls itself "The New Century." That may last always, and still be up to date.

The severe cold with the ground covered with snow for several weeks, has been very hard on birds, great numbers of which have been frozen. The Journal was told yesterday of a farmer near the city who had deposited a load of straw where it would furnish shelter for two covies of quail in the neighborhood and who threw them fresh wheat every day. There is a man with a heart.

The Rev. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton, is a fisherman of renown, but maybe not altogether orthodox in some of his scriptural views. At any rate, he says there is only one true fish story in the Bible. This is where it is said that when the Lord and his disciples were fishing all night they caught nothing. Shall Dr. Van Dyke be entered as another preacher who "has his doubts" about Jonah?

"Hearts—darts; eyes—singles; mine—valentine." And only a little over two weeks more to do it in. You would better begin early and get it off your mind. The above list of rhymes has the sanction of the ages, and may be recommended to all.

George Ade has joined the ranks of the "I-told-you-so" nuisances. He says he prophesied war in Korea several years ago, when he was on an Eastern trip. Now it has occurred, after all, George will say he was only joking.

It is pleasant and comforting to think of how nice and warm the wheat and the grass and the straw-plants of Indiana are sleeping under the blanket of snow. The longer it stays on the better it will be for the crops.

Had Robert Burns lived until this week he would have been 165 years old. In recognition of this fact Scotland has been having a four days' celebration, and doing it in a way which "Hobby" would have approved.

Judge Bancroft, assistant attorney general of Wisconsin, has been asked to resign because he has been using a railroad pass. Nobody had suspected that Wisconsin people were so terribly conscientious.

word, being probably engaged in going over his figures to find out where he made his mistake.

If winter's backbone keeps on stiffening at this rate, it will not be possible to break it up before Easter. Spring may as well get her lap ready to be lingered in by winter for a protracted period.

A woman "desperado" forcibly kidnaped a young male drug clerk in Miller (S. D.). Perhaps, though, she was not a desperado, after all, but only a courageous woman exercising her leap-year prerogative.

Pool King Peter Karageorgevitch, of Servia, seems to be between the devil and the deep blue sea. He doesn't even dare to abdicate until he has everybody's express permission.

King Edward is reported to be leading a crusade against gambling in England. Who would ever have suspected this from a man whom the game of baccarat made famous?

Season tickets, good for every day of the seven months of the season, will be issued at 25 cents. They will not be transferable.

Belgium will make a great exhibit of draft horses at the world's fair. The animals are being assembled at Springfield, Ill., where they will be kept until the exposition opens.

According to statistics "Mine Sans Gene" returned M. Sarrin in three American seasons \$25,000. Sarrin in three seasons of "Fedora," "Theodora," "Cleopatra," "Gismonda" and "Tosca" only brought him in a net revenue of \$275,000.

Not long ago John Burns, M. P., was seen by a Battersea electric walking arm in arm with a shabbily dressed man who Jacob Tomson, resident took to be a tramp. Drawing Burns, deo-moed, he said to him: "Look ere, John, dee-moed, 's' all very fine, but don't you recollect what's due to your position as a member of the 'ouse'?" "Fancy walkin' about harm in harm, in broad daylight, with a workin' man." "Sh," whispered Burns, "that's the Duke of Norfolk." And it was.

Born with a golden spoon in his mouth, William Astor did not rest himself to a life of ease, but already in his early manhood has achieved more than the average man of his age. He is a great-grandson of John Jacob Astor and a great-grandson of the late William Astor, who was the first to have conducted an expedition to the heart of Africa, where he discovered a river, a waterfall, and a hitherto unknown tribe of blue-eyed, straight-haired people, utterly unlike the surrounding negro nations. He took an active part in the "Suez-Nile" scheme, and the war was over was elected to Congress.

THE HUMORISTS.

The "Smarm" Boy. Sunday-school Teacher—We should never do our words, desecrating the house of Jacob Tomson. "L'enfant Terrible—How 'bout taking a bath?" —Princeton Joke.

Not While Sober. Judge—They say you were drunk and wanted to fight because you were asked to drink. Mike the Soak—Well, your Honor, I guess I'll plead guilty. I must have been pretty drunk to refuse a drink—Butte Iron Mountain.

The Biblical Hero. She—Papa gave me this cute little Skye terrier. He—Why don't you call him Samson? She—No, because he's not strong. He—Yes, but he was nothing without his hair. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Qualified. "She sings like a bird," we whisper to our companion, a fair young thing who has accompanied us to the recital given by a rival belle. "She ought to," replied the gentleman. "She talks like a parrot, everybody says she is a goose and she is pigeon-toed." —Judge.

Medea and Jason. Medea was assisting Jason in his effort to capture the Golden Fleece. "Just follow my instructions," she said, "and everything will turn out for the best." "But if Mrs. Jason hears of this the yellow journals won't do a thing to me!" "With much misgiving, he went about his task. —Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Retort in Kind. W. D. Howells, the novelist, seldom fails, when any one has animadverted on his compulsion, to come out with a neat retort. When Mr. Howells was consulted at Venice one day Josephly: "If I were as fat as you I'd go and hang myself." "Well," said Mr. Howells, "if I ever take your advice I'll use you for a rope." —New York Tribune.

Kemble and the Cracker. No one else draws the truly Southern dazey and "Cracker" as Mr. Kemble does. He understands and appreciates them both artistically and humanly. Not long ago he was working under the blanket of snow. The longer it stays on the better it will be for the crops.

Footwork on the Piano. Clifton Bingham, the author of "In Old Madrid," is not himself a musician, but his ear is delicate and sensitive, and nothing annoys him more than to hear bad singing or bad playing. He was visiting, last month, a cousin of his in London, and this cousin has a son, a boy of twelve or thirteen, who practices on the piano every morning. The muscular lad, bearing

false notes from the instrument with tremendous vigor, tried Mr. Bingham not a little.

"What on earth are you playing there, Jimmy?" the song writer called from the next room one morning.

"An exercise from 'First Steps in Music,'" the boy answered.

"I knew you were playing with your feet," said Mr. Bingham, "but would you mind stepping a little lighter on the keys?" —New York Tribune.

No Place for a Railroad.

A Scotchman who had been employed nearly all his life in the building of railways in the highlands of Scotland went to the United States in his later years and settled in a new section on the plains of the far West. Soon after his arrival a project came up in his new home for the construction of a railway through the district, and the Scotchman was applied to as a matter of expertise in such matters.

"Hoot, hoot," said he to the spokesman of the scheme, "ye canna build a railway across the country."

"Why not, Mr. Ferguson?" "Why not? Dae ye no see the country's as flat as a floor, and ye dinna hae any place whatever to run your tunnels through?" —Spare Moments.

Not in the List of States. Delegate Rodey, of New Mexico, was on the Senate side of the Capitol yesterday, bemoaning the lack of information which the average individual in the States displays about that Territory in the far west.

There is testimony of record that Senator Tillman's record is not so high. That it is mutual esteem, no one privileged to witness those masters of repartee living at each other on every occasion when either undertakes to address the Senate can dispute.

Men Are Imitative Animals. "Did you ever notice," asked a business woman who is a keen observer, "that men seldom quarrel with each other, but that a woman usually comes in with it settled in her mind. But a man either sandwiches in the menu between columns of the morning paper and orders something in a preoccupied tone, or else flatters the other before he settles at it as if it was his first lesson in algebra. He usually ends by ordering some simple thing like liver and bacon."

A Genuine Message in a Bottle. Six years ago the British schooner Ethel mysteriously disappeared on route from Bombay to Port Said. Her owners, Baskerville & Co., of the latter port, had her up for lost, and since that time until last month her fate remained a mystery to the world.

Omniscient Man. The man who pretends to have a thorough speaking acquaintance with every known subject under the sun, and is impudently enough endeavor to make people believe everything he says, is described in different ways. Some of his friends have formed these opinions of him: The Jemmer—He's a bluffer! The Contortionist—He's twisted! The Plumber—He's not on the level! The Spiritualist—He's in a trance! The Engineer—He's full of holes! The Conductor—He's off his trolley! The Miser—He's got rats in his garage! The Travelist—He's way up in the air! The Telegrapher—He thinks he's keying it all! The Theatrical Manager—He's only playing to the galleries!

The Dead Bicycle. "If any argument were needed to show that the bicycle is a dead one," said a former enthusiast yesterday, "the League of American Wheelmen can furnish all the necessary testimony. The L. A. W., whose membership at the height of its popularity, boasted a membership of over one hundred thousand. Every man, woman and child who rode a wheel seemed to think it necessary to join the organization that had such a strong field for good roads. And in this respect the league undoubtedly did good work. But now it has dwindled away until it is merely a shadow of its former self. There are only about four thousand members, and those are mostly old men. The bicycle has become a thing of the past, and the men are making a much greater output per turn, so that their weekly receipts are very much greater than they were when the bicycle was in its infancy. It is true the employment of helpers is much more general, but after they are paid the regular tonnage men still retain a part of the gain they have made." —Iron Trade Review.

A BATCH OF LITTLE STORIES. When Sheep Were Cheap. Representative Lacey, of Iowa, was talking about the low price of sheep in his State yesterday. The price of sheep in his State went to nothing. A mass meeting was called and attended by about 1,500 people. After discussing the low price of sheep one of the men made the following remarks: "On next Saturday we will have a barbecue and we are going to kill \$150 worth of sheep. Everybody is invited. There will be enough for all." —New York World.

Tin Plate Wages Highest Ever Paid. The present tin-plate wages are the highest ever paid, and are much higher per ton than those in the original scale which prevailed during the McKinley tariff. These wages were admittedly very high. Wages are still higher per ton now, and the men are making a much greater output per turn, so that their weekly receipts are very much greater than they were when the tin-plate was in its infancy. It is true the employment of helpers is much more general, but after they are paid the regular tonnage men still retain a part of the gain they have made." —Iron Trade Review.

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Mr. Smith is the fourth entry in the race for the nomination for reporter, George W. Self, of Lawrence, of Green, of Tippecanoe, and Leroy E. Nash, of Tippecanoe, have launched their candidacies several weeks ago. They are all young men—just turned thirty-seven—a lawyer by profession and at present occupies the position of chief clerk in the United States revenue office at Lawrence, Mo. He was graduated from the Law University with the class of 1894 and has since the practice of law in Brookville that summer.

A few months later on the nomination of some party he was taken in the prosecution of certain criminal cases, he was appointed deputy prosecutor, and was elected by George W. Patton, prosecuting attorney, who was a Democrat. This appointment was the most complimentary because of the fact that the commission of deputy of the opposite political faith had been elected to the position.

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SALE OF WASHINGTON PICTURES.

Portraits of Father of His Country Are in Demand. Prices ruled high and competition was as sharp yesterday, at the sale of the Carson collection of portraits of Washington, but while plain portraits were selling way up in the hundreds, an engraving depicting that memorable scene when the youthful George owned up to an assault upon an ornamental cherry tree went for the paltry sum of \$2.50.

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