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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1906.

The Truth About Glasgow.

For many years the city of Glascow has been exploited as the most successful model of the municipal ownership idea in the world. If half of the stories told by enthusiastic upholders of the new faith were true, Glasgow was a paradise on earth, wherein the people were abundantly cared for by the civic authorities, and where all the necessaries of life were furnished at the lowest price.

This dream of perfect municipal ownership is in danger, however, of being sadly shattered. The latest reports show that the tramways, instead of being remarkable financial successes, are only kept from showing a deficit by juggling with the account books, and that, in time, they will become a burden to the taxpayers. Another witness against the city is Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, whose description of the conditions which she encountered during a recent visit is by no means an agreeable one. "We went to Glasgow," she says, "prepared to find the cleanest city in the world, and to join the noble army who in magazine articles and on the platform have held it up as a model of municipal government and a shining example of the people's ownership of public utilities. We found one of the dirtiest cities in Europe, poor gas and electric light, wretched street cars, and streets everywhere out of repair."

This general arraignment is buttressed by specific detail. The streets were nearly all paved with cobblestones, and looked as if they had not been cleaned for weeks—much like Washington's, no doubt. The railway stations were found to be in a filthy condition, "and," continues Mrs. Harper, "we threaded our way through droves of miserable, half-fed children, while out from the foul alleys came barefooted women in the lowest stages of poverty and dissipation." Nor was this all. "Beggars," the story continues, "besieged us almost to the extent of those in Naples." The alleys are said to be narrow and moldy, terminating in cellars, where the people live like rats. "They remind me of Chinatown in the old days of San Francisco, but they seem infinitely worse because inhabited by white people and teeming with children."

Altogether, it is a severe indictment of Glasgow administration, and one that shakes our faith in the much-vaunted municipal ownership. No matter what system of government prevails, however, these conditions ought not to be allowed to exist. The poor will, of course, always be with us, but the material side of a city can be improved by good administration. Rough pavements, bad lights, dirty cars, the prevalence of intoxication, the existence of almost uninhabitable slums—all these things can be corrected by the exercise of proper authority. If Glasgow is cursed with them, its system of government is radically wrong. No glamour of municipal ownership can hide the unpleasant truth.

It was Senator Zeb Vance who said "Democracy is immortal and cannot die." This ought to be cheering to the patient.

Mr. Taft and the Tariff.

We note with pleasure that Secretary Taft, in his Baltimore speech, while he did not repudiate the protective tariff principle, remained true to his repeatedly expressed belief in the wisdom and necessity of tariff revision. His difference with Senator Rayner is largely one of degree and method, for the Senator, to use his own words, is not a revolutionist on the subject of the tariff, and he would not destroy or impair a single business interest making a legitimate profit by tariff revision. We have no doubt the Secretary and the Senator could go a long way in the tariff revision road without parting company. But, as Mr. Taft remarked:

> "The tariff affects so many interests that it is becoming quite difficult to get any political party to take decided action upon it. There seems to be a crystallization of sentiment in the Republican party in favor of a revision of the tariff on the principle that the protective system has been approved by the American people, and we ought not to depart from it, but improve it."

Quite true; and there is evidence that tariff revision sentiment is increasing among members of both parties to such an extent that Congress will be compelled before long to pay heed to it. Like many other political questions, the tariff question is losing its partisan character; the hard and fast line dividing Republicans and Democrats on that issue is becoming fainter, and there is much feeling that tariff revision should be taken out of the domain of politics and permanently placed in the field of administration, where it could be dealt with as a purely economic matter. So long as there was any marked division of sentiment on the protective principle, this was impossible; but the opposition to a protective tariff nowadays is almost entirely theoretical. Senator Rayner, for example, may declare himself for a revenue tariff but in the next breath, by admitting that in revising the tariff he would not injure any business interest, he lets the protective principle in by the back door. The only real issue in the whole tariff business is one of schedules and percentages, and how they shall be arranged so as to do the least damage and the most good.

How the tariff question is regarded by conservative industrial interests appears in the action of the Carriage Builders' National Association at Atlanta, which adopted a series of resolutions declaring for tariff revision and asserting that the people are rapidly approaching unanimity in favor of a fair protective tariff policy; that the tariff question is not properly a party question; that it should not be allowed to become one again; and suggesting that if it were constitutionally possible, the whole matter of rearranging schedules to suit varying business exigencies should be turned over to a permanent board of commercial experts appointed by the Federal government.

Let the standpatters take warning from such a refreshing expression of opinion; Secretary Taft knows the sentiment of the country better than they.

The naval recruiting service is to adopt the gay and festive postal card as a means of inducing sailors to enlist. By this means Uncle Sam ought soon to acquire a fine collection of souvenir sailors.

Turning a Wedding Into a Farce.

A wedding episode in which the bride rode to the railway station in a street car rather than make the trip in a carriage ornamented with fluttering white ribbons and pasteboard hearts furnished interesting reading for the Washington public recently. There is a more or less serious side to such incidents, which is often overlooked, owing to the fact that the serio-comic villain is likely to be a jolly good fellow who, in the vealy abandon of his frolicsome animal nature, forces his slap-stick personality into the drama in the best of friendly high spirits. And surely the jolly good fellow is all right where he belongs. But when he presumes to make a burlesque of sacred ceremonies, and terrorizes blushing brides and pallid bridegrooms, he becomes, to use a feminine expression appropriate to the subject, a mean, horrid old thing.

In the home circle or among the close friends of "the happy pair" a little innocent waggery may not appear unbearably out of place. But waggery, as soon as it approaches horse play, is objectionable as a feature of wedding festivities. The marriage rite is as holy and as impressive and as beautiful as any associated with what is known as our Christian civilization, and the jolly good fellow who interferes with its proper observance is at once changed into a jolly bad yahoo.

The cruelty of the thing is also worth considering. All the feminine love of ceremonial display and careful attention to artistic details is awakened in a bride, and of all things in the heavens above or on the earth beneath there is nothing she would rather have perfect and altogether seemly than her marriage day, even to the most trifling circumstance connected with it. But along comes the jolly good fellow and makes it a source of torment. He flings rice down the bridegroom's neck, hits the bride in the eye with a venerable old shoe, and generally tries to make the happy pair the unhappy laughing-stock of the town. It is easy to imagine the chagrin, anger, disgust, and nervous condition of a well-bred young woman when a dozen or more strapping yahoos join in trying to turn her wedding into a howling farce.

With Edward Bok ready to lay down his life in defense of good form, and every newspaper full of notes on how to behave, it does seem a bit strange that the charivari in all its variations did not become taboo in refined localities long ago.

Chicago captured ten out of sixteen of the recent Carnegie medals. But, then, a man who lives in Chicago is ninety-five per cent hero to begin with.

Jamestown.

It is an auspicious augury for us as a people that we are to have a renaissance of Jamestown. The simple recital of the struggle and survival of that little settlement is full of romance. They were troubled on every side. They were fighting for their very existence continually against ruthless and remorseless foes—hunger, cold, nakedness, disease, the tomahawk of the wary and relentless savage, and the defection and malingering of their own number.

And yet, incredible as it seems, this great republic was born at Jamestown.

In 1621, the first deliberative body that met on this continent assembled there and affirmed the position for which the colonies fought a century and a half later.

These colonists were the fathers of our Revolutionary sires. They had the same robust understanding, the same sanity of reasoning, the same lofty theory of government, and the same unshaken fortitude and self-reliance. The bill of rights and the Virginia constitution of 1776 were but the unfolding of the affirmations made by the house of burgesses in 1621. Mason and Jefferson and Marshall and Madison might have been congenial members of that body.

Our whole united people are going to testify to Virginia's splendid and comprehensive history the next year of grace.

The old Mother was the author and finisher of our faith.

We cannot amplify her renown.

Our governmental system is informed and instinct with her life.

Our civic institutions are the lengthened shadows of her sons.

But if Mr. Hearst should be elected, where is the New York American going to get any wood type sufficiently large to tell about it?

The Honorable Mayor of Altona.

On the Burlington Railroad, in Knox County, Ill., at the head waters of Walnut Creek, is the little town of Altona. Hitherto it has been shrouded in obscurity. Henceforth it will rival Chicago, the great metropolis of the West; or Springfield, the capital of the State; or Danville, which has a world-wide fame as the home of Speaker Cannon.

Altona recently elected a mayor, and all because he built some apartment houses where little children were heartily welcomed. Every one knows how, in larger cities, the janitor stands, like Cerberus, and guards the outer door against the little ones. Families without children may enter and remain, but for all else the bolts are tightly fastened. Within the walls of these great modern homes there is no patter of little feet, no sound of childish voice, no echoing of innocent laughter. We have these barren structures here in Washington, inhabited by men and women who forget that they were children once, and from whose hearts the sap of youth has long since disappeared.

The honorable mayor of Altona does not belong to the curmudgeon set. He loves the little ones. Like the Master of old, he takes pity upon them and suffers them to come unto him. It is not with hostile intent that he asks of his prospective tenants, as King Edward VI inquired of Lady Grey, "How many children hast thou?" And if the answer should be "three," as it was in the Shakespearean dialogue, then is the mayor's heart made glad. The more the merrier. For him the halls shall be filled with happy children. He revels in their play and looks with deep affection into their laughing eyes. The dimples in their cheeks appeal to him with all the beauty of an Italian landscape, and every hair on their curly heads is three times blessed.

Thus does the mayor of Altona earn his honorable title. No wonder that the children of his town hold him as dear as S Nicholas and Mother Goose and all th

other patron saints of infancy. Still less we wonder that the happy parents give him the tribute of their suffrage. May his days be long in the city he has made famous, and may his love for little children never grow cold.

To the weather man: Stand pat; let well enough alone.

"Uncle Remus" on Parade.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, affectionately known throughout all the land as "Uncle Remus," has just performed the almost unheard-of act of appearing at a public reception in Atlanta and shaking hands with "his many friends."

No man lives that loves the quiet and peace of the restful home like "Uncle Remus." He is as shy as any girl. Indeed, but two other instances of his public appearance are on record; one when he dined with a party of friends at a neighbor's, "once upon a time," and again when he donned his reception clothes to meet Mrs. Roosevelt, when she and the President were last in Atlanta. Unless historical data be at fault and records not faithfully kept, these two instances alone constitute the entire sum and substance of "Uncle Remus'" social ventures.

No wonder the Atlanta Constitution thought the third event of sufficient importance to give it double column display. It was an event of rare occurrence. One not knowing Mr. Harris would think that the creator of such a bold and active gentleman as "Brer Rabbit," not to mention the sly but unfortunate "Brer Fox," must have, within himself, some of those qualities with which he has invested his heroes. But such is not the case. While "Brer Rabbit" has been continually "noratin' around" into other folks' affairs, his creator has spent his life at home, and at peace with all the world. While "Brer Fox," the swashbuckler of the "creeters," has invariably fallen victim to the wiles of his unscrupulous fellow-beings, his creator has been scattering the sunshine in spots subdued and quiet.

"Uncle Remus" made his third but, we trust, not his farewell appearance at an old-fashioned barbecue the other day. It is told of him that he was the merriest of the merry and the gayest of the gay. We are glad to hear it. More life to the social germ with which he has at last become infected. There is hope for him yet; that is, if people refrain from telling him how much they admire his work, or from quoting the sayings of his pets in his presence. If that starts, back he will go to his "Wren's Nest" home, and we shall see him in public never more.

Abe Hummel, the greater part of whose life so far has been spent keeping other people out of jail, is now having the time of his life keeping himself out.

Mr. Rockefeller cheerfully states that he has great hopes of the Ohio tangle being "smoothed out in time." In the meantime, keep your lamps trimmed and burning.

Of course, George Bernard Shaw finds fault with the Ten Commandments. Why, one of them contains only four words, and very short ones at that!

The Cuban arms have been cast into the sea. Thus has been passed up a great opportunity to turn them into plowshares.

Secretary Cortelyou is rather a silent man, which would indicate that the Treasury Department is about to pass to a golden standard.

Kansas boasts a grandmother only thirty-six years of age. If women were allowed to hold office, this would entitle her to nothing short of a Cabinet portfolio.

You will note one shrewd omission from the pure-food law. Those Congressmen failed to provide for a proper labeling of the campaign cigar.

A Cleveland (Ohio) Y. M. C. A. debating society has decided that a millionaire cannot be honest. Mr. Rockefeller can now reflect that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, anyhow.

Joseph Medill Patterson's Socialist paper remarks: "High and low alike must pay their toll." What of it; in this respect they have no undue advantage over jack and the game.

Cornell students have invented a college yell in honor of Mr. Hughes. Something strenuous had to be done to head off that Hearst racket.

Vice President Fairbanks was greeted at Topeka the other night with "bonfires, fireworks, and torchlights." Topeka was determined to warm things up for once in Mr. Fairbanks' life.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan outbid King Edward for possession of a rare old book the other day. This looks suspiciously like lese majeste.

The straw hat and the straw ballot both met an early frost this season.

Those inclined to rate Ananias as an amateur must remember that Ananias made the mistake of being born before New York governors were invented. In his day and time, Ananias stood right at the head of his profession.

The gateway to the University of Michigan's new athletic field cost $11,000. This, however, will not dull the enthusiasm of the fan who acquired his education while perched upon the soft side of an undressed plank.

Evidently General Apathy looks upon New York as the enemy's country, though he isn't campaigning there.

As the Hardeman Free Press would say, Gen. Picquart must be convinced it is a long lane that has no silver lining.

An Ohio man has been arrested for sleeping on the courthouse steps. Since that Standard Oil verdict, nobody is allowed to sleep around an Ohio courthouse, not even the judge.

The Duke of Marlborough's credentials for membership in the Count Boni de Castellane class seem to be O. K.

Sir Thomas Lipton told those Milwaukee people that he contemplated the construction of a lake yacht, because the city had made such a fine impression upon him. Milwaukee understands, too, that it wasn't tea that made it famous.

Cambridge University has abolished the senior wrangler. That's right; there is too much wrangling going on anyhow.

The London Chronicle declares that the Dreadnought is a pretty poor battle ship, and that all its alleged wonderful achievements at the trial trip were nothing but "fakes." This will give Capt. Hobson an opportunity to come out of his lair and breathe easy for a while.

"Secretary Shaw," says Senator Scott, "is attracting more attention than any man on the stump." Now, is that a bouquet or a lemon?

There is a strike on in the Russian town of Briansk. Will some anti-government ownership crank kindly call the attention of the Commoner to this?

Senator Morgan thinks he has a great joke on Senator Pettus because Mr. Morgan's election to the Senate cost $60, while that of his colleague cost $70. Probably that new suit of clothes Senator Pettus is wearing accounts for the difference.

A LAY SERMON.

BY A LAYMAN.

* * * To die—to sleep—
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.—HAMLET.

This extract from Hamlet's soliloquy was inspired by the same thoughts which brought forth from the man of Uz centuries before: "If a man die shall he live again?" Of death it has been said:

> Death is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday or a maid-servant today; and at the same time in which you die, in that same night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not assist them, and the folly of the last does not make them unable to die.

This question asked by Hamlet and by Job has been asked by thousands and millions of human beings, and answered, to some by revelation, to others, by reason, and to many by doubt. All are assailed by the dread of death, and all are concerned for a true answer. "And Pilate saith unto him (Jesus), 'What is truth?' and when he had said this, he went out." He dared not wait for a reply. It would have overwhelmed him as the faithless vessel is overwhelmed by the roaring and resistless waters. I think the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" may be put, and though the answer may be waited for with trembling, it will be received with joy.

If revelation be true, if the results of the interpretation of the highest reason be true, all who ever lived will continue to live, and be met by those who now live on earth, and they by those who may come after them. Not one human being from the first of creation down to the last one born has ceased to be. Think of the long roll of peoples and nations which have inhabited the earth, and all those who are yet to come and live and die, and grasp in your mind, if you can, that they will never cease to exist.

And may we not think that in that wold to which we are all tending there will be no confusion Each spirit will appear clear and distinct from its neighbor, as it was upon earth. In that countless multitude every soul holds its own joy or bears its own burden of sorrow. Each one has its place, and increased as it will be when generations yet to come shall have swelled its ranks, still will each spirit free and unincumbered by any other spirit, dear friend, or deadly foe, be known as it was on earth.

We build monuments and costly tombs to our dead that they may be remembered, and the ashes of the dead sometimes repose in places in which they teach silent lessons to the living.

Jeremy Taylor tells us that "in the same Escurial, where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more; and in that abbey, where the English kings have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsires' heads to take a walk."

There is a lesson in the story of Ninus, a great Assyrian monarch, who is said to have possessed "an ocean of gold, and other riches more than the sand in the Caspian Sea. He never saw the stars, and perhaps never desired it * * * He never offered sacrifice nor worshipped the Deity, nor administered justice nor spoke to the people * * * but was valiant to eat and drink, and having mingled his wines he threw the rest upon the stones. The man is dead, behold his sepulchre, and now hear where Ninus is. Sometime I was Ninus, and drew the breath of a living man, but now I am nothing but clay. I have nothing but what I did eat and what I served to myself in lust is all my portion; the wealth with which I was blessed my enemies meeting together shall carry away as the mad Thyades carry a raw goat. I am come to hell, and when I went thither I neither carried gold, nor horse, nor silver change. I that wore a mitre am now a little heap of dust."

In the great and awful questions that have ever perplexed the human soul—the conditions of the hereafter and the prospect of the disencumbered spirit—the attitude of trustful patience best becomes man.

The man from whom the secrets of his own heart are hidden, who has never felt profoundly that he is a living spirit, may put futile questions to solve his doubts. But if he would go calmly to the destiny that awaits us all he should solve these doubts by his conduct in life, and not merely by good intentions. "Heaven does not send happiness to men, but sends them the means and power to form it in their own hearts." Man ought not so much to strive to reach heaven as to bring heaven down to dwell with him. He who has not happiness within himself seeks it in vain elsewhere. To attain happiness, faith and conscience must guide the footsteps, and not turn from the world as it is; listen to the inward voice, and seek to walk uprightly in it yourself, then all will be right within."

"The changing seasons remind us forcibly of the mortal and immortal life of man. If we could observe changes but once they would have no such lessons as their fixed recurrence impresses on us. The year is born—it is full of hope and promise; as it grows older these promises are fulfilled, these hopes are realized. The buds blossom, the earth is clothed with verdue, the air is laden with perfume; in its full maturity the year revels in the wealth of nature—the clustering vine is purpled and the ripening corn gilded for the harvest. The year is rich, its garner houses full, and the sun shines brightly on the bare fields, but it does not shine as it does in June; the air is not so warm as it was, the days are shorter than they were, and the indications of decay begin to show themselves. A mist hangs over field and meadow in the morning, and gathers there at night; then the wind becomes sharp and chilly, a few snow-flakes fall and the frosts sets in, and the days creep on dark and lowering, till the end comes, and the brave old year breathes his last and is gathered into the past. Had we seen this but once—had seen nature live through spring and summer and yield her fruit in autumn and die in bleak December—we might deplore the ruin and think the decay was death. But nature teaches us a different lesson. She dies only to revive again—dies only to live with renewed vitality—and after her seeming death breaks into a second spring."

Had His Choice.

From Punch.

Uncle (to little Bertie, aged five, who is being taken off to bed)—Good-night, Bertie. Of course, you always remember your aunts and uncles in your prayers?

Bertie—Oh, yes, Uncle Felix. Shall I tell you what I say? I say: "God bless Aunty Kitty, and make her thin, and God bless Uncle James, and make him fat; and God bless Uncle Felix, and—which do you want to be—fat or thin?"

Mixed.

From Punch.

Scene: Registry office. Bridegroom to registrar—"The first time I was married was in a church, the second time in a chapel, but I like this way best. It's so plain and simple—and I should come here if I ever got married again—(catches sight of the bride and sees he has said the wrong thing)—that is, my dear, if I ever have the—er—misfortune to get married again, of course!"

THE FLAT-HUNTER'S SONG.

Kathleen Mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking
The voice of the hunter is heard on the Hill,
Out in the Bronx and in Harlem it's making
  A similar noise to a ten-dollar bill.
Oh! hast thou forgotten that we must endeavor
  To locate a flat? Come, Mavourneen, let's start.
We may hunt for years and we may hunt forever,
  Oh! when shall we find it, thou voice of my hea

—New York Mai

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

The Imperturbable Hearst.

Imperturbability is the most striking trait of the character of the Hon. William Randolph Hearst, according to numerous men who know him well, and who have worked in his service for years. These two actual occurrences are related to illustrate this trait:

In Mr. Hearst's employ ever since he has been a publisher, is a certain rollicking individual who was the publisher's class-mate at Harvard. Their relations are still so cordial that the employe calls him "Will." The rollicking individual is much given to the cup that cheers, and sometimes inebriates—and none of Hearst's editors dares discharge him. Mr. Hearst was writing an editorial at his desk in his New York office one night, and was so deeply engrossed in his subject that he was not aware of the entrance to the sanctuary sanctorium of his old college chum, who, of course, was half seas over. Without other formality than a "hello, Will," the inebriated employe smashed down over the ears of his employer the stiff hat that covered the editorial head, exclaiming the while:

"Will, why the devil don't you increase my salary?"

Calmly readjusting his headgear, Mr. Hearst beamed beniguantly upon his rude employe and half yowned indifferently:

"Oh, go see the business manager about that." Then he resumed his writing.

On his San Francisco paper several years ago, Mr. Hearst had an efficient, but quite irascible night editor. In the midst of the rush and turmoil that attended the making up of the forms for the first edition to catch the early mail, the proprietor entered the composing room one night and proceeded to interfere with the work of his night editor by ordering the placing of certain articles in positions different from those designated by the irascible employe. A dispute arose between them, and the night editor shouted at the proprietor:

"Go to the devil!"

"Oh, go to the devil yourself—I want to make up the paper to-night," imperturbably replied Hearst.

The night editor forthwith resigned, thinking thereby to forestall a discharge, but Hearst refused to accept his resignation.

Mitchell, the Die-maker.

Henry Mitchell, of Boston, has been for forty years the maker of the dies for the stamped envelopes issued by the government, with a brief intermission in 1885. The besom of reform that swept Grover Cleveland and the Democratic party into place and power in the year named swept Mitchell out. But he was not out long—only a few months—for it was soon discovered that nobody but Mitchell could properly make the dies needed by the government. Mr. Mitchell holds the secret of the making of them, which he says consists mainly in the art of cutting downward in the small steel block used for the die. The greatest difficulty of engraving is to cut downward—that is, to make an intaglio instead of relief. The envelopes are made and stamped at Hartford, more than one set of dies being used, but all of them come from the original matrix made by Mitchell. This he calls the mother. New hubs are mated with the mother; they in turn create new matrices, and the process of propagation is kept up until evidences of wear and tear on the original dies show and the finer lines begin to lose their absolute resemblance to the original engraving. When Mr. Mitchell dies the art of making these dies will be lost, for he seems either unwilling or unable to impart its secret to another.

Weaver Redivivus.

It has been so long a time since anything had been heard from Gen. James B. Weaver that perhaps most everybody thought this once powerful exponent of reform was dead. It appears, however, that he is still living and that he is about again to become a factor in the much muddled politics of Iowa. In the furious clash of factions among the Hawkeye Republicans and the jarring quarrels of the Democrats out there the name of Weaver is frequently mentioned as possibly presenting favorable material for compromise. The veteran's party affiation seems to be enveloped in considerable doubt just at present, and both parties are laying claim to him. It was Gen. Weaver's candidacy for President at the head of the exultant forces of the Populist party which contributed the determing factor to the sweeping triumph of the Democracy under the third leadership of Grover Cleveland in 1892. In that campaign Gen. Weaver carried Kansas and three or four other of the smaller States of the West, which gave him about a million votes and divided the electoral college into three groups for the first time in the life of this generation of American voters. In that election one of Gen. Weaver's principal campaign managers was Mary Ellen Lease, who has since turned Republican, but of whom nothing has been heard for four or five years. At last accounts Mrs. Lease had changed her base of operations from Kansas to New York City, where she was offering to practice law.

Nothing Against Mr. Moody.

Very little credence is given in well-informed circles in Washington to the stories being scattered over the country to the effect that Senators Bailey and Tillman will probably oppose the confirmation of Attorney General Moody as a Supreme Court justice, to which President Roosevelt will nominate him before the forthcoming session of Congress shall adjourn. The reports referred to have it that Senators Bailey and Tillman were made angry at Mr. Moody as a result of the part he took in the sensational incident over railroad rate legislation involving President Roosevelt in a dispute over a question of veracity, or understanding, with former Senator Chandler and Messrs. Bailey and Tillman. It is known that at the solicitation of Mr. Chandler, acting presumably as the agent of the President, the Texas Senator conferred with the Attorney General on certain legal phases of rate legislation proposed by Mr. Bailey and acceptable to the President. When the President decided that he could not accomplish the exact form of legislation desired by co-operating with an element of Democratic Senators he withdrew from whatever compact these Senators may have thought he had entered into with them. This withdrawal was signalized by President Roosevelt's announced acceptance of the so-called Allison amendments. At that time Attorney General Moody was out of the city, and he knew absolutely nothing of the proposition bearing Senator Allison's name until he read about them in the newspapers. At the President's summons Mr. Moody hurried back to Washington, and after examining the compromise amendments agreed with the President that they quite probably embodied about as much as could be hoped for at that session of Congress. It can be stated positively that Senators Tillman and Bailey never suspected the Attorney General of bad faith, but that on the contrary they were entirely satisfied with the explanation he made to them. For this reason it is believed that there is no foundation whatever for the reports declaring that they will oppose his confirmation. On the contrary, it is known that the relations between the three men are entirely cordial.

A Sensible Reform.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

While we're about this business of r forming why not make it a felony write "meteorological conditions," inste of "weather."

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

MORE THAN LIKELY.

I often think of what I'd do
If I had lots of dough;
I dream of how my coin I'd strew
Among the poor I know.
But if I had much wealth, perhaps
Unto it I would cling.
Conduct myself like other chaps,
And never do a thing.

In 2006.

"..hat are these quaint ruins, professor?"

"I think they must be the remains of the famous immunity baths of the Rooseveltian period."

Persecution.

"This here vindictiveness against United States Senators is bein' carried too far."

"So?"

"Yes, sir. Some people don't want to give a Senator no time off fer good behavior."

Sidetracked.

"So you are not making headway with that young heiress?"

"No, curse it; her father was too foxy. He's ordered her to accept my addresses."

The Topic.

To-day when Greek meets Grecian stout,
If you're alert you can
Pick up the latest news about
The price of the "banan'."

Asked and Answered.

"What becomes of the womanly woman?" murmured the poet.

"A good many of them," replied the practical person, "marry more or less manly men and have more or less childish children."

New York Papers.

This motto in some glaring tint on walls they might paint: "We've all the news that's fit to print and lots of news that ain't."

Wow!

"Pa, what is political economy?"

"Something seldom used in erecting a State capitol, my boy."

STRANGERS—From Her Standpoint.

(With apologies to the author of "A Little Nonsense.")

They never speak as they pass by,
She always looks the nice man's way;
With earnest bow and kindly eye,
He looks at her, too, day by day.

She never falters, never stops,
But always heaves a kindly sigh;
Adown the street he quickly drops,
And up the street she passes by.

They never speak as they pass by;
She always casts on him a look.
The sight of him provokes no cry.
'Twould not be proper, says the book.

Thus every day, they coldly pass;
It is a source of much regret.
But it must be, for ah, alas!
They have to own they've never met.

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

AS IT MIGHT BE.

(The Mother Goose rhymes are in the main undignified, illiterate and crude; in some instances their tendency is to inculcate bad morals. They should be properly revised.—Eminent Authority.)

(BY .ROF. —— OF BOSTON.)

The piper had a son and heir of intellect and promise
Whose cognomen baptismal was the honored one of Thomas.
With sinister intentions that are always deprecated
An animal of genus sus the youth hypothecated.

But retribution left him of the prey non possessory
And it was made the chef d'ouvre of a banquet gustatory;
Full soon the penitential youth's regretful wails resounded
When subsequent to punishment his homeward way he bounded.

(BY E-G-R A-L-N P-E.)

Tommy Piper stole a pig—
Little pig!
(It was not so very tiny, it was not so very big.)
And he scurried, scurried, scurried
On his swiftly flying feet,
But the pig was taken from him
For some other folk to eat.
And they spanked, spanked, spanked
Him until he, spindle-shanked,
Ran with howls of deepest anguish from the conscience-stirring twig.
And he vowed when he grew big,
Very big, big, big,
He would never steal another pig.
A pig, pig, pig,
Never steal and run away with any pig.

(BY A. C. SW-NB-RN-.)

The pig than a lily was paler,
And as butter was temptingly fat,
The lad than his brothers was frailer—
He crept with the guilt of a cat
And pounced on the pig, which was squealing
With might and with fright and with main;
It 'scaped from his clutch, but, quickly-wheeling
He caught it again.

Alas! That the boy was a sinner!
Alas! That the pig was so fair!
It was served at the family dinner
But the boy was forbade to be there.
His rage and his grief newly spurred him,
He roared, though he knew 'twas in vain,
And when his stern father o'erheard him
He caught it again!

(BY R-DY-RD K-PL-NG.)

A lad there was and he stole a pig.
(Even as you and I.)
For he did not know it was wrong to prig.
(Even as you and I.)
The pig secured, he took to his heels
Unheeding all of the piggy's squeals—
For that is the way that a robber feels.
(Even as you and I.)

The pig they took from the wicked lad.
(Even as you and I.)
The pig at the table for days they had
In roasts and in fat pork pie.
They stripped the lad to his foolish hide
And lustily there they the gad applied
And he ran and he ran and he cried and cried.
(Even as you and I.)

DISSUADING HER.

"What is the distance from here to Guam, Charles?" asks the teacher.

A puzzled look creeps over the face of Charles. He rubs his brow thoughtfully, and at last speaks:

"Guam? The distance from here to Guam? Say, teacher, you don't want to go to that dead-and-done-for place, do you? Why, it's clean off the map."

MORE BURBANKING.

James Henry Tidmore, of Fresno, Cal., writes us that he has succeeded in developing the horse chestnut into a new species. He claims that he has grafted a gasoline can to a tree, and that this year the chestnuts have appeared in the form of goggles, of a dusty color, and with a distinct odor of gasoline. He has named them the auto-chestnut, and says that next spring he will cross them with the trumpet vine and produce a variety that will honk-honk in the breeze.

We would suggest that he cross them further with a monkey-wrench, so that they will repair themselves.

WILBUR NESBIT.

(Copyright, 1906, by W. D. Nesbit.)

Tantalizing Phyllis.

Phyllis, by some winding route,
Leads me onward through the sheaves;
When I want to press my suit
Keeps me pressing autumn leaves.
—Cleveland Plaindealer.

HEARD AT HOTELS.

"In our home in San Francisco we had a little Jap man servant who was a jewel," said Mr. T. J. Fitzpatrick, of California, at the Raleigh.

"He had been with us about a year, and was so clever and seemingly faithful that when business made it necessary for us to move to Los Angeles, it seemed the right thing to take Morry along. Before saying anything to him, I sounded my wife, and she answered instanter: 'Of course, we must take him, or how can we ever keep house?' I had some migratings that he might leave us after migrating, and interrogated him as to whether he intended to remain. He assured me with the most solemn protestations that he had no notion of leaving the service of such kind and noble people.

"Well, we settled in Los Angeles comfortably and about a week after landing Morry came to me with tears in his voice and begged to be allowed to go bury his poor brother, who had just died in Sacramento. Would I also let him have money for the expense of the trip there and back, as he was very poor. Of course, I would; and Morry got $30. It happened I had to go to San Francisco on the next train, and being frequently on the road, it was no surprise that Morry should guess I would be in town. At all events, he came to my hotel about the second day after my arrival and begged me for $10 more, as he had been to some unusual expense. Even as I gave him the money, some intuitive notion flashed through me, as I gazed on the vanishing and effusive yellow boy, that I'd never more set eyes on him. I had read the little rascal's soul, for never more did my eyes rest on him.

"That's all, save this final word—and I'm not saying this for soreness at that ancient scaliness of Morry—there isn't in my opinion, which is the universal white opinion on the coast, such a thing existing as an honest Japanese. Honor and square dealing are undreamed of in their philosophy. To cheat you in business dealings is their delight, and to go back on their word, if lying means the gain of a cent, is the universal custom of the race."

A good-looking, modest spoken, and level-headed negro is C. H. Payne, American consul at St. Thomas, D. W. I., who was seen last evening in conversation with his political sponsor, Senator Scott, of West Virginia. Mr. Payne is a man who enjoys the good will and respect of many people in his own State, and he has made an excellent record as a consul. He was the first colored man ever elected to the West Virginia legislature, but gaining that office did not give him the big head. In conversation with a Herald reporter, Consul Payne said:

"The Danish islands of St. Thomas and St. Croix would prove valuable in a way if they could be acquired by the United States government, as very nearly happened a little while back; especially St. Thomas, which has a most magnificent harbor and is the outpost of the entire West Indies. Were any hostile power to gain a footing there in spite of the Monroe doctrine, it would be a heavy blow to us. St. Thomas has a population of 11,000, mostly negroes, and the island is only about thirteen miles long by three wide. The soil isn't very good, and owing to frequent droughts, it yields but scanty crops. The larger island of St. Croix—forty miles away and famous for its Santa Cruz rum—is far better agriculturally, and produces a considerable amount of sugar. The Danish government down there is efficient and tolerant, and the people are very orderly and well-behaved."

"I have just returned from a visit to my old home in Giles County, Middle Tennessee, and my belief is that the Democrats will elect their State ticket," said Mr. Benjamin Carter, the well-known lawyer, at the Shoreham.

"There is considerable soreness growing out of the Patterson-Cox and Carmack-Taylor contests, and some of the most bitter of the defeated candidates' followers will take revenge by knifing Patterson, Democratic nominee for governor. But to offset this defection is the tightening of party lines because of the terrific arraignment of H. Clay Evans, the Republican candidate, on account of his support of the force bill while in Congress. The Atlanta race troubles are also having an effect to solidify the Democratic voters. The next notable feature of an exciting campaign is the series of magnificent speeches that Senator Carmack is making. His friends go wild whenever he appears, and he is making votes for his party."

Hon. Frank H. Waskey, of Nome, Alaska, who was seen at the Raleigh last evening, will be the first man from that great Territory to be admitted as a delegate upon the floor of the House. Mr. Waskey is a young man, a thorough miner, and will do all in his power to advance the welfare of his people. He will only serve till March 4, as Thomas Cale, of Fairbanks, was chosen at the same time for the full term, that includes the Sixtieth Congress.

One of the most prominent Hebrew preachers in the country is Rev. Dr. Jacob Voorsanger, of San Francisco. Dr. Voorsanger, who is at the Arlington with his wife and daughter, has come to attend the birthday festivities in honor of [illegible], the two being devoted friends. The magnificent Temple Emanuel, of which the former is pastor, was destroyed in the big fire following the earthquake, but Dr. Voorsanger told a Herald reporter the new temple to take its place would be a finer edifice than the one that was lost.

Mr. J. Henry Iles, one of the leading band impresarios, of England, is at the Raleigh Hotel. In addition to being one of the foremost figures of the English musical world, Mr. Iles is president of the "Royal Besses o' th' Barn," which is a band made of British workingman musicians. Mr. Iles said:

"The reception given these workingman musicians wherever they have appeared shows that the American public has a deep admiration for the high artistic skill attained by non-professional artists. In England there are more than 5,000 bands composed of workingmen. The interest thus awakened in music among the toiling classes has become a great moral force, keeping these men away from the public houses and raising their ideals. It is my hope that something of this spirit may be transmitted to the United States and result in a similar tendency here."

Against Government Ownership.

From the Dallas News.

Government ownership of railroads is going to be one of the live issues to be fought over in the next National Democratic convention. The News is inclined to agree with Mr. Williams that the South will line up against it, but there is no reason to disregard the fact that the ownership policy has taken deep root in the East, in the North, and in the West, and that the South must defeat the movement toward this sort of centralization if it is to be defeated at all.

Deserves Well the Honor.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Oscar Straus deserves well the honor that has been done him. The place he will occupy will be about the highest that a man not a native of this country can hold in the government. It is safe to say that the duties of his office will be performed thoroughly, faithfully, and efficiently.

A New Kind of Rebate.

From the Omaha Bee.

One Kansas City grain firm has been found with a member carried on the payroll of a railroad company, and it may now be necessary to prove that a salary is not a "rebate."