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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1906.

Supernstition.

In the District jail last week a murderer paid the penalty of death for his crime. He was hanged on Friday. It would take an unusual degree of moral courage in a criminal judge, apparently, to fix an execution upon any other day than Friday. Why? Simply because there is an old superstition that Friday is hangman's day, a superstition that has so ingrained itself upon our customs that it has actually the sanction of law. It is a curious thing, this matter of superstition. No matter how brave and indifferent we may appear to be, the time comes when we shrink because of some untoward sign or portent. We may long since have freed ourselves from the domination of the number thirteen, and even may pass under a ladder without fear of death. The fact is, however, that if we are not influenced by one thing we are by another. If we do not shiver when the salt spilt on the table, we touch wood when we are felicitating ourselves upon the absence of ill fortune. It is doubtful whether any human being exists who is absolutely free from any trace of superstition. There are many men who claim to be immune. It is a claim which they themselves believe almost every day in the year.

The origin of this curious trait in human character can be traced back to the very beginning of the race. Primal man came out of the first series of manifestations that were beyond his ken. He shrank instinctively from a power outside of himself and beyond his control. It was necessary to propitiate these mysterious and potent influences. Unable to prevent the wrath of storm, the ruthlessness of the sea, the darkening of the sun, he sought to appease the gods who controlled the various agencies of nature. The infancy of the human race was cradled in fear, and though thousands—perhaps millions—of years have intervened, that fear has never been eradicated. To be sure, there has been some degree of emancipation. We do not now beat the tom-tom to frighten away the devils of the air, nor do we swing a torch to divert the lightning's stroke. Still, the old remains in our system, however, some of the objectionable virus. We cannot entirely rid ourselves of it. It is extremely doubtful, too, whether the time will ever come when we shall be free. As long as there is mystery in nature, and the inexplicable occurs to stir our imagination, just so long will we cower, and shrink, and pray.

A child who fears to enter a dark room will have no feeling of fright if the same room is lighted. It is the dread of the unknown that breeds superstition. On the other hand, as the old proverb says, knowledge is power. "Ye shall know the truth," says the wise book, "and the truth shall make you free." When the knowledge of truth is universal, then will superstition depart. This happy consummation is, however, far away. There are secrets in the world which seem beyond our penetration. The greatest of these is death. It is unfathomable. We know not whence we come nor whither we go. Beyond the grave is a sea of darkness, wherein faint gleams of light are given out by faith and not by knowledge. And as long as we are ignorant of what that darkness hides, we will be weighed down by superstition and by fear.

No wonder that the law hanes a man on Friday. The burden of superstition bears heavily upon us all.

Senator Platt says it is true that he will not resign. "His true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'his true'."

Campaign Expenses. Mr. Hearst deserves credit for owning up to the expenditure of \$250,000 in his gubernatorial campaign, but the fact that his opponent spent but \$35, and won out, suggests the inquiry whether such a large outlay was really necessary, and whether if Mr. Hearst had been a relatively poor man, like Mr. Hughes, he could not have made as good a showing without so considerable a depletion of his bank account.

As no details are given of the ways in which his campaign managers spent Mr. Hearst's contribution, nothing can be said as to the legitimacy of their use of it, and we assume it was swallowed up in what are designated by the politicians, rather euphemistically in many instances, as "legitimate campaign expenses."

What are legitimate campaign expenses? Printing and the circulation of campaign literature, of course, and the traveling expense of speakers, hire of halls and headquarters, postage and stationery. But there are other expenses not so clearly justifiable. Congressman Jackson enumerates some of these in his explanation of the use of money to secure his election. It took a great deal of cash, he says, to procure the registration of voters, and then the expenditure had to be duplicated in order to bring these same voters to the polls. In some parts of the country it has become a recognized practice to pay voters for coming to the polls, on the theory that they are entitled to pay for time lost in doing so. In large cities it is customary to pay watchers and other party attendants at the polling places, and in New York considerable expense is incurred in order to secure signatures to the petitions required for the nomination of candidates not put up by a recognized political party.

It is obvious that the use of money for all these purposes opens the door to multiplied if not overt bribery of voters. A candidate expects that the voters for whose registration he pays, and for whose "lost time" he makes recompense, shall cast their ballots for him; and the same is true of hired party workers. Large expenditures for the payment of voters for casting their ballots, or for other party service to be debauched because it tends to debase the franchise and to destroy the motive for voluntary exercise of the right of suffrage and for voluntary party service grounded on faith in party principles.

We cannot but think that wealthy men in politics are largely responsible for the questionable use of money for campaign purposes. Knowing the power of money to effect results in the business world, they use it in like manner in the political world, achieving the results aimed at, but with unfortunate consequences to the electorate. A candidate with a "bar" is the center about which swarms a horde of political parasites, and no doubt many a party nominee pays more for his campaign than is necessary, simply because he is rich and can afford it. In either case the rich man cannot escape responsibility for the use of his wealth, and he ought to see that it does not go into the hands of those who will expend it in the many dubious ways known to the political manager.

Senator Cullom says the tariff should be taken out of politics. But wouldn't it be wiser to take politics out of the tariff? What care we for Drednoughts and Samsatsos so long as we have our passenger boats to but them with? Last year England got \$12,000,000 out of the estates of dead millionaires. It would take a derick and a sixteen-ply cork-screw to get one-tenth of that out of the live ones. A Cuban revolutionist was arrested and locked up for disorderly conduct recently. How hath the mighty fallen! "A Pittsburg man died a natural death the other day," notes the Parkersburg Sentinel. Just for the novelty of the thing, we presume.

Ohio Democrats blame Mr. Bryan for their defeat, however, Mr. Bryan is just as much at home in the role of chopping-block as that of hero.

Judge Parker has accepted a retainer from the sugar trust, which may be taken as final evidence that he believes in the old saying about lightning never striking twice in the same place.

The Indianapolis Star is worried trying to figure which speaks the more eloquently, the banker's money or the Presbyterian orators. We should say a priest, judiciously arranged, would bring out the true eloquence of both.

One point is settled—neither Bond de Castellane nor Senator Platt has any intention of resigning office. However, Bond may be kicked out again.

The highwayman said to have held up "an entire road," admits doing it, but it seems the road was only six miles long. He probably thought it best to make sure of even that before Mr. Harriman came along.

The Atlanta Journal says the Juggernaut now has rubber tires and says "Honk, honk!" Why not call it the Chuggernaut, then?

Stonewall Jackson once said, "Nothing justifies profanity." And, after awhile, along came George Bernard Shaw and justified it, just as the general professed.

They are having snowstorms down in Georgia, and the poets are as thick as the flakes.

Russian officials are accused of throwing bombs at themselves in order to fool the people and create a feeling in their favor. Over in this country our officials are constantly throwing bouquets at themselves for the same purpose.

That Nebraska Congressman will find that his good example of refunding unearned salary will be, like the mottoes framed upon the wall, seldom followed. Besides, how would most of the Congressmen live, if it were followed?

Uncle Sam also seems inclined to go after the turpentine trust in a rather spirited manner.

One of those little South American republics boasts of "El general holidays" a year. It probably takes that many to furnish each general with a holiday all to himself.

Now, if Mr. Roosevelt just had some sort of a flying machine in which to make the return trip, the whole journey would perhaps rank as a big success.

"Cheer up," says the Chattanooga News, "every dog has his day." Certainly, even the dog with a tin can tied to his tail may find some consolation in the thought that he isn't in the can.

The report that Uncle Sam has four elephants on his hands indicates that he has managed to get rid of quite a few.

Santos-Dumont wrecked an airship the other day rather than run into a crowd of curious spectators. The wonder is that some of the spectators didn't drop dead, anyhow, out of sheer surprise.

According to the Census Bureau, the United States is worth just \$108,831,450,000. The great majority of us make up the 600.

A Swedish nobleman has stolen \$40,000. As there is no American girl tied to it, he is welcome to the money so far as we are concerned.

Lead pencils are to be advanced in price. Probably one of the results of the great amount of scratching done by the voters in this year's elections.

"When Mr. Carnegie gets enough, he spells it e-n-u-g." says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. That sounds like treason thinly veiled, when does he ever expect to get enough?

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"One of our inspectors went one day to inspect an old house in the country. There was a good deal of smell about the old place. The inspector walked about smiling."

"Dear me," he said, "what an unpleasant odor. Can it be the drains?" The owner of the house shook his head positively.

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Efficient Public Service. From the Kansas City Journal. The public is eager to reward efficient, fearless public servants. It is so eager that it falls down and worships every man who shows the slightest disposition to do his duty better than the common herd of public servants. Great reward, place, and fame and fortune await a man who does his duty fearlessly, honestly, and energetically. But how few of them thus do their duty!

A LAY SERMON.

BY A LAYMAN.

Johnny Spratt, he ate no fat. His wife she ate no lean. Public service is the living pair. They looked the platter clean.

One of the most eminent of English authors has written, "There is no observation more frequently made, by such as employ themselves in surveying the conduct of mankind, than that marriage, through the dictate of nature and the institution of Providence, is every often the cause of misery, and that those who enter into that state can seldom forbear to express their repentance, and their envy of those whom either chance or caution hath withheld from it."

He then refers to the fact that this has given occasion for many sage and smart remarks among the gay, and that the moralist and philosopher and writer of epigrams have thrown their abilities upon it, some lamenting and others ridiculing it.

He further notes that the greater part of these smart and cutting sayings come from men who attribute unhappy marriages to the women—being the result of feminine folly, fickleness, ambition, cruelty, or extravagance.

Most of those who have written on marriage have insisted that to produce happiness in this relation there should be congeniality of taste, temperament, and habit, and these, no doubt, were intended for the best.

The instance presented in the text shows at least a want of congeniality of appetite, but one which, evidently serving the demands of economy, has produced happiness. Johnny Spratt, it seems, was fond of lean meat, while his wife, no doubt, detested it, and confined her eating entirely to the fat. The living pair, however, were satisfied with their meal, and usually consumed it all, leaving no part to go to waste, was certainly in the interest of economy. That this arrangement produced happiness is evident from the words of the text. They were "a loving pair."

It appears that Mr. and Mrs. Spratt were childless, as no mention is made of children partaking of the meal; and the fact that the living pair consumed it all, leaving none, adds strongly to the presumption. The word "licked" here used is not in the sense of Pope, when he says, "Poised to the last he crops the fowery food, And licks the rest up with his blood."

Or of Addison, who speaks of an antiquary looking an old cow, nor quite in the sense in which it is used by Walcott in Peter Pindar, "And oft the gentleman would lick her," but in an extended use of that sense in which the vulgar phrase, usually rendered "licking him," is used. No doubt this was a humble pair, making no noise in the world, but pursuing some avocation which furnished food, half for the fat, and half for the lean, and they may have passed through life "loving pair," happy and contented with their lot and station in life.

It may be that this couple early after the marriage presented to the world, as a happy pair, but it is not probable that they were a loving pair. They were a loving pair, but it is not probable that they were a loving pair.

Government and the Mail Service. From the Atlanta Constitution. Now that the Post-office Department at Washington has taken hold of this matter of delayed trains, broken schedules, and bad mail service, the public may hope for a marked improvement in the service.

Interference with the part of the Post-office Department was frequently in view of the numerous complaints which have been pouring in from the South, and it has come none too soon. While it is not only within the province of the department to require prompt mail service in compliance with contracts, but it is a duty which it owes to the public to see that the department is to be commended for the prompt activity it has displayed in seeking to remedy the evil and to remove an annoyance from which the people are so generally so exempt. When it comes to touching the pockets of the railroads, there is no doubt that they will hasten to give that better service which is demanded.

Royalty Having a Good Time. An American woman who has been in England and used her eyes to advantage says that the children of the crown prince of Greece have at "Rosta," a private house close to the sea, a pretty good time. They came from Greece with two nurses, a governess, a Greek footman, and a tutor, but they have no tasks in vacation. Holiday time, however, is so filled up with healthful sports that Satan seldom has a chance to get into their minds to get into mischief. The eldest son, Prince George, is an excellent oarsman, and the younger boys, with the Princess Ellen, enjoy shrimping from the rocks and fishing with rods and reels. The young aristocrats are willing to cheerfully ignore their rank and play with any child on the shore on terms of equality and perfect friendship.

Ent Crickets if Too Fat. From the San Francisco News Letter. We poke fun at the Chinese ideals of medicine, but events in Sacramento prove that the Mongolians know more than we give them credit for. For centuries the Chinese have used cricket stew, powdered crickets, essence of cricket, and plain raw crickets for the reduction of obesity.

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PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Ida M. Tarbell.

One of America's most wonderful women is Miss Ida M. Tarbell, who is now the guest of Col. Henry Watterson in Louisville, and before she returns to her editorial desk in New York there is good reason to believe that some new policy in the marvellously successful fight she has made on the Standard Oil Company will be decided upon. That influence the late Charles D. Jones had upon the character and career of Miss Tarbell belongs to that category of things that are pleasant, but profitless to speculate upon. She was for several years that great editor's private secretary, and soon after she quit his service she began to write her history of the Standard Oil, which, it is conceded, has done more than anything else to stir the country to a re-estimation of the tremendous power and menace of the giant corporation.

For all of the great work she has done and the fame that has come to her, Miss Tarbell has never lost the graces of mind or manner that characterize the gentle woman. One popular fiction concerning her that amuses her more than any other is that she became the Nemesis of the Standard because of an injustice done to her father years ago by John D. Rockefeller and associates. As a matter of fact, Miss Tarbell's father was one of the original successful operators in the Pennsylvania oil field, and died only a few years ago at Titusville very well off. He suffered no more from the Standard's methods than did scores of his neighbors. Miss Tarbell's brother, W. W. Tarbell, is the manager of the Standard's chief competitor in the United States, the Pure Oil Company, a seventy-five-cent corporation. He further notes that the greater part of these smart and cutting sayings come from men who attribute unhappy marriages to the women—being the result of feminine folly, fickleness, ambition, cruelty, or extravagance.

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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

NO EXCEPTION.

When'er I meet a man of brawn, I fawn. In case his bank account be tall, I crawl. If he has blood's of bluish tinge, I cringe.

When I meet men with little tin, I grin. At every member of this tribe I gibe; And if he be a trifle queer, I sneer.

You think I am a monster, hey? Nay, nay. And as your way about you wend, My friends, I'm much like others of my kind, You'll find.

Explained. "Rhymer is the only fat poet I ever knew." "Known him long?" "Not very." "Then I want to tell you that he got fat before he became a poet."

Hard to Handle. "Yes," said the Boston girl, "I admit that I am fond of beans." "So'm I," declared Farmer Swayback. "Only trouble is the pesky things roll off yer knife."

Sorehead. "It always makes a professional humorist mad to read a good joke." "Why?" "He wonders why he didn't think of it."

Revised Version. Little Jack Horner sat in a corner Eating a modern pie. In acids mopped, with borates topped And colored up with dye.

Too Much Effort. "I like vaudeville." "What's the matter with musical comedy?" "They don't placard the performers' names. You have to look 'em up on the programme."

Supreme Test. "She is grace itself." "Indeed?" "Yes, she can even separate herself from a street car without reminding one very much of an awkward elephant."

PARAMECIIUM IS PROLIFIC. If left to itself it would soon swamp the universe. From the London Morning Post.

It is generally understood that every living creature is struggling to occupy the whole earth with its progeny, and is restrained from doing so only by accident or by the similar effort on the part of other living organisms or by the lack of a sufficient food supply. But the operation of these efforts is seldom brought home with such peculiar force as in an article on the "Physical Basis of Life," which is written by Mr. W. B. Hardy, F. R. S. He is quoting the experiments made in the propagation of a very active, slipper-shaped animal called Paramecium caudatum, which develops from wind-carried spores, and is to be found in pools by the wayside.

It was desired to find out how many generations Paramecia would multiply if every facility were given them for propagation. First it was found that after the 17th generation the race died out. Then Profs. Calkin and Woodsworth, by improving the conditions and giving stimulants to the race of Paramecia at the points where the race seemed to be falling into senile decay, succeeded in prolonging the duration of the race to the 80th generation. "Consider for a moment," remarks Mr. Hardy, "what incredible chemical activity and stability of character these figures imply. If it were possible to preserve alive all the individuals of the race, then at the 80th generation we should have a number which would need a row of some hundreds of figures to express. The parent cell would have produced the 99th power of two individuals like itself." The increase in the bulk of living matter would be such that at the 80th generation the bulk of the living Paramecia would have the dimensions of a sphere larger than the known universe. And the surface of the sphere would be growing outward at the rate of miles a second. All this would happen, if the Paramecia never died in less than two years. Such are the marvels of chemical and physical activity, and we may add, of the law of geometrical progression. The sum of energy is not less surprising. Paramecia have been watched continuously for five days and throughout that time they were ceaselessly moving.

His Greatest Service—To Resist. From the New York Sun. It is a mistake to suppose that the senior Senator for the Empire State, the Hon. Thomas Collier Platt, is incapable of further usefulness. He is not too old or too seriously incapacitated either in the physical sense or intellectually, or too shamefully discredited in his public and private relation to the community to perform now, at once, this week, to-day, the greatest service which it has ever been in his power to render to his honorable constituents, the people of New York. It is the statesman's last opportunity to win their approval and applause. With their fingers defending their oily fingers, they will applaud him with enthusiastic feet.

Hadn't the Capacity. From Harper's Weekly. The baby of a Maryland family had been through a siege of chicken-pox. The infant's sister, a girl of ten years, being met by the minister's wife one day, that good woman naturally inquired as to how the baby was getting on.

"He's home better, thank you," said the little girl, a shy and noncommittal child.

"Very much better, I trust," said the minister's wife.

"Oh, he couldn't be very much better," responded the child, "because, you see, he's too little."

GROVER CLEVELAND'S SOLILOQUY. Bryan or some one else—that is the question. Whether 'tis noble to forget the past insults and sneers of popular malice. Or to take arms against the Bryan wave and by opposing it to lose it. For him, and by that vote to say I end The heartache and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To vote, to speak: To speak, perchance to lose; 'ere, 'ere the rub; For in that speech which limeth thee may I see When I attempt to prove that he's the goods; This gives me pause; there's the respect That makes King Theodosius of so long life; For who could bear the rotten tariff tax? Certainly wrong, the vice insurance law; The pains of hope long thwarted, the law's break-down.

The insolence of the office and the spurns Humility of the advertiser takes Command. "Don't talk so much about effect Supporting Bryan? Who would rebates bear, And grant and sweat under a weary life, But that the dimmed and dulled by doubt The application of his wildest theories. The chilling fear of Hearst puzzles the will And makes its better half the ill we have Than fit to others that we know well of. This conscience does make skeptics of us all; And thus the great desire to win one fight before I die dimmed and dulled by doubt Of him who said I ne'er was a Democrat; And so I can not justly brag that I should bow the knee to Bryan."—Indianapolis News.

Injured Innocence. From the New York World. The fact of the injury to innocence on Standard Oil faces is more amusing than H. E. Rogers' best jokes.

HEARD AT HOTELS.

Three prominent citizens of Honolulu are staying at the Shoreham—Messrs. Thurston, Hatch, and Bailou. The first-named two were on the annexation commission which drafted the agreement that made Hawaii a part of United States territory. Mr. Thurston, besides important public service rendered at that period, has for a number of years been the owner of the Honolulu Advertiser, a daily newspaper that is more than any of the San Francisco papers, and the first English paper of any prestige to be published on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. In conversation with a Herald reporter, Mr. Thurston said:

"We are making a strong effort to fill our deficient labor supply in Hawaii by bringing in Portuguese from the Azores islands, because we have already a large number of these people, and experience has shown that they are the best laborers we have ever received from any quarter. It might surprise you to know that there are at least 15,000 of these people now in our country, far more than all the rest of the whites combined. They are honest, thrifty, industrious, and best of all, they assimilate with us and become permanent citizens.

"For twenty years immigrants from the Azores have been coming to Hawaii. They are nearly all of the old Finnish stock, their ancestors having come from Flanders generations ago. A goodly colony of them are in the Cape Cod region, where they have done well, and quite a number have found homes in California. The Azores is a little country incapable of sustaining a large population, and when the inhabitants get too thick they are forced to migrate. The importance of their presence in Hawaii can hardly be understood; they are an offset to the large Oriental element of our population, and give strength to the whites, excluding the Portuguese, are in a very heavy minority.

"A shipload of people from the Azores, some 1,250 souls, has probably by this time landed at Honolulu. They will be eagerly welcomed. Special inducements were made to get them by offering each head of a family a homestead at a nominal cost. The government and the owners of the big sugar plantations are co-operating in this effort to get settlers by selling them cheap homes on the most liberal terms."

"Our late election could scarcely be proclaimed a victory either for the advocates or the opponents of the State dispensary system. Our new governor, it is true, is not in love with the present plan of State operation of the liquor business, but is known to favor a somewhat different method. His idea is to let the people of each county decide for themselves whether they will have prohibition or a dispensary, to be maintained and operated by the county itself. This plan has been tried in Georgia and some other States with fair success.

"It is too early, as yet, however, to say that the State dispensary system will be abolished. That policy still has its retention, and a determined fight for its retention will be made in the legislature. But it can be said with some confidence that the people of South Carolina will never go back to the era of licensed saloons. Either they will