

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1906.

Thanksgiving Day.

A joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful. The splendid pastoral literature of the ancient Hebrews abounds in expressions of gratitude to the Author of all good.

We call it "prosperity," but, after all, what other foundation has our superabundant material wealth than the simple fact that the earth is full of riches?

To the husbandman, to the tiller in forest and mine, and to the keeper of cattle upon a thousand hills, the homely truth is obvious and full of significance.

But that the marvelous processes of nature, guided by a Power known only by His works, stored up for ages the riches of the earth, we should be mere children of the wild.

Who by the orderly succession of the seasons, bringing winter and summer and harvest, and quite beyond the control of man stands between us and our quick extinction by starvation.

Our civilization is founded upon natural resources and our skill in making use of them. Dwellers in cities too often mistake human intelligence, not to say the lust of greed and power, for the real sources of wealth.

The best thing in the world to quell a Cuban revolution is the dinner bell. The Bayonet in Warfare. The divided military view of the value of the bayonet as an implement of warfare does not appear to be sustained, on one side or the other.

The most humanly interesting of the latter comes in the form of an article written by a company commander of one of the Siberian regiments, Capt. Goloviev, whose remarks, translated into English, are somewhat amusing.

Notwithstanding his "tough and rowdy" way, it is not at all probable that South Carolina would be willing to swap Tillman for—well, say, either or both of the highly respectable and polished Senators from New York.

Gratefully we acknowledge receipt of a letter from George Wright of Halifax, Nova Scotia, directing attention to a communication which recently appeared in our esteemed contemporary, the Hartford Times.

All of these things are told with the simplicity of the man who has lived through them and who does not love carnage or its sickening spectacle for the glory of it.

presence of ladies is painfully common in Hartford," we infer that the schoolmistress in Connecticut has her ears assailed as she moves about the streets.

The most trying thing to Senator Tillman was struggling through it all without the approving presence of Mayor Dunne.

There is another thought which occurs to us in connection with Senator Tillman's Chicago speech on Tuesday evening.

Senator Tillman has won our respect by an exhibition of many rare and most attractive traits. He is honest, bold, sincere.

The turkey, imagining itself an airship of late, will waltz the usual tumbler. The Early Bird, a New Mexican train, was held up the other day.

A Pennsylvania court has decided that a woman has a right to demand fine clothes, if necessary, to enhance her beauty.

Some of the things said about Mr. Guggenheim make his smelter trust look like a cold storage plant. Every bitter has its sweet; if Congress never met, it couldn't adjourn.

Some Massachusetts people are so proud they would speak at Eve wearing a pig-a-hoo shirt waist. "Pique," said Carnoso. "Pique," said the lady.

This transferring of ultimatum from the Sultan of Morocco to the Moroccan government, because Abdul Hamid is very much like going from the sublime to the ridiculous.

A Chicago woman wants a divorce because her husband prefers listening to a phonograph rather than her conversation. Her conversation must be something fierce.

It is quite evident that the colored brethren now look upon President Roosevelt and Senator Tillman as the unheavenly twins.

A Blinghamton minister claims to have solved the riddle of the Sphinx, but refuses to tell it. That's just the way the Sphinx acts about it also.

On Thanksgiving Day a man should be thankful for where he is, says a New York paper. Several well-known parties now sojourning at Sing Sing will decline to swallow any such advice as that.

We are not sure about the north pole, but if a lady ever goes hunting the south pole it is a sure thing that the latter will doff its hat politely and say, "At yab service, madam."

Another one of Capt. Cook's skulls has been discovered. What a heady fellow old Capt. Cook must have been, anyhow.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE MAGNATES' THANKSGIVING. "I'm in trouble," said the steel man. "They're confronting me with jail."

"Oh, it's tough," chimed in the coal man. "Just because I chance to thrive. And clean up a million dollars here, they find me out."

At giving thanks no one should shrink. Not even cranks. So for your fat and luscious turkey, give thanks.

"I do not cry, 'Oh, Fair! Oh, Fine!'" warbles a Georgia poetess. Perhaps she would, however, had she attained her jure in Porto Rico or Panama.

Now the post fourth doth blossom, for of topics here a stock when the frost is on the 'possum and the pie is in the shock.

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

Where my Aunt Lizzie's is, is where we go Thanksgiving Day, an' she wears tulle-shell combs in her hair.

An' my Aunt Lizzie, she is tres— An' I got 'quainted with 'r bees. An' she don't care how much I climb.

In mingled wrath and gloom the woman sits. "It is awful," she says. "It is simply awful. To-day I saw another woman who had on a dress that is precisely the same as mine."

THE OWL. It's made up of feathers and eyes— That's not much, but then his There are lots of wise men Who are judged by their looks and their size.

WILBUR NESBIT. (Copyright, 1906, by W. D. Nesbit.) Persistent Pessimism. From the Chicago Tribune. Raynor—What are you looking so blue about? Didn't the election go your way?

Fractomania. From the New Orleans States. The American people are aware of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt is afflicted with what, for the want of a better name, we might call fractomania.

An Understudy. From the Yonkers Statesman. "Have you got a job, Sam?" "Yes, sah."

Why He Remains. From the Baltimore American. The Honorable Senator Platt feels that it is his duty to remain in the Senate, so that he can uphold the honor of that body by voting to exclude Smoot.

THE SIMPLE LIFE. I ask you wealth or high estate; No bundles of toe bags a brand. The constant strain of being great. Would only make me bored.

On the Contrary. From the Chicago Evening Post. A Hook Island professor says a world language is an idle dream. On the contrary, it is a busy nightmare.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Dubois Almost Won. By a margin of only about 500 votes the Republicans carried their legislative ticket in Idaho.

Walsh Turns Up Again. It develops that the Hon. Charles A. Walsh, who was secretary of the Democratic National committee.

Can Chandler Get Back? The press representatives at the Capitol, to say nothing of other groups of persons whose business or pleasure is to follow the proceedings of Congress.

ONE RAY OF JOY. In mingled wrath and gloom the woman sits. "It is awful," she says. "It is simply awful. To-day I saw another woman who had on a dress that is precisely the same as mine."

THE FAITH OF THE BOY. From the American Spectator. The four-year-old son of a certain Western Senator had a very high opinion of the importance of his father.

THE CANAL'S PROGRESS. From the Savannah News. Some critic said the other day that work on the Panama Canal was "moving along at a snail's pace."

THE MORNING NIP. "Major," said Deacon Goodley, who had come to reconstrate with Maj. Kaintuck on the morning after, "your friends are becoming alarmed about you."

THE LAST WORD. From the Catholic Standard and Times. "Major," said the British soldier, attempting to end the argument.

THOUGHTS THAT BURR. From the Hamilton Post. "I have here some verse that is full of fire."

IN CHICAGO, ANYWAY. From the Chicago Record-Herald. "The worst feature about a divorce is that it usually results in two more marriages."

WHAT THEY REALLY WANT. From the Houston Post. Young Rockefeller says wealth leads to idleness and sin.

THE TEMPER OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. The temper of the American people must change greatly before they will admit to an equal share in their government.

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GOTHAM'S BAD MANNERS.

Mr. Bok Returns to His Criticism of New York's Wicked Ways. From the Ladies' Home Journal.

Stand on a New York street corner, for instance, and hail a trolley; car after car will whirl by you with the motorman as absolutely regardless of you as if you did not exist.

"They did," was the illuminating answer. "Don't you stop this car when people want to get on?"

"I don't know," said the man, "but I've found it's the only way to get these fellows to notice you, and I'm in a hurry."

"Four dollars," came the reply as two tickets were slid under the glass window. "Let me see the diagram, please, I asked."

"Good seats," came the answer. "Take them or leave them." "I'll answer that question, my friend."

THE VENUS OF MILO BEING USED TO CONCEAL CONFESSIONS. Torley, one of the three leaders of the Crystal Coilers gang, proves to be the son of an anarchist.

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HEARD AT HOTELS.

A noted Westerner at the Arlington is Maj. T. S. Clarkson, formerly of Omaha, but now of Seattle, who has come East as special commissioner for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

"I set out from Seattle on the 1st of last September," said Maj. Clarkson, "to interview the governors of every State and Territory in the Union to solicit their co-operation and friendly interest in our exposition."

"We are going to hold an exposition that will be without a parallel in this or any other country. The citizens of Seattle raised in one day \$25,000 toward financing it, and before the week was over \$25,000 had been contributed."

"We will not ask of the Federal government one dollar, but confidently expect that the United States will have as fine a national exhibit as was made at St. Louis. No European nation will be invited to take part, but there will be a full participation of Oriental countries."

"Always genial and full of good humor, Dr. Richard Bartholdi, the St. Louis Congressman, comes to Washington this year in special high spirits, for did not a well-pleased constituency re-elect him a few weeks ago by the enormous plurality of 15,000 votes?"

"The great cause now appealing to humanity," said Dr. Bartholdi, "is international arbitration for the settlement of all contentions between nations, instead of resorting to the arbitrament of the sword."

"Yes, there will be two of the 'James gang' in the next Congress, and both from Kentucky," said that splendid specimen of physical manhood, Representative Ollie James, of the Blue Grass State.

"But," he continued, with a hearty laugh, "this new James that has broken into the House is no kin of mine, because he is a Republican, and none of my clan were ever accused of that."

"I am for Bryan, first, last, and all the time, and am here to advise you that he is going to be swept into the White House by the greatest landslide in the history of our country."

"Hon. Charles McGavin, who represents one of the Chicago districts in Congress, is at the Dewey. He is only thirty-two years of age, and is a lawyer by profession, having been assistant city attorney."

"I suppose that I should be in a grateful mood toward the Independence League, or Hearst faction, in our city," said Mr. McGavin, "because it was through that split in the Democratic vote that I was able to get a seat in the next House."

A shining example of the scholar in politics is furnished by Hon. Hugh Thomas Miller, lieutenant governor of Indiana, who is at the New Willard. Gov. Miller was a professor in Butler College before he went into political life.

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