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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1906.

Our Difference with Japan.

The statement attributed to Harry B. Miller, our consul general at Yokohama, that the Japanese are willing to go so far as to compel the United States to stop discrimination against Japanese by the people of California, constitutes an indication of which no consular officer should be guilty. It is difficult to believe that his statement is in any respect true, or that it represents anything but irresponsible gossip on either side of the Pacific.

Amassador Aoki's protest raised delicate and important questions of treaty interpretation and of the relative jurisdiction of State and Federal governments, but it has developed nothing weighty enough to be fettered into a casus belli, even by the conquering heroes of the Orient. We have been through this sort of thing before, and have come out of it without a scratch. There are no record of serious diplomatic scurrilities presenting close analogies to the present controversy.

If, in the settlement of those disputes, the national government has not precisely covered itself with glory, owing to the dual nature of our government, the least avoidable shedding of blood or upsetting the framework of the Federal Union.

We may confidently predict a similar tame and peaceful conclusion of differences with Japan. The American people are inclined to be reasonable and just in their relations with the peoples of the earth, and especially are they desirous of keeping faith with a nation owing so much to our tutelage. But there is no call to be more than just toward the Japanese, to render them more than is their due, to read more into the interpretation of a treaty than there is in the text, or to insist upon a wider construction of Federal constitutional power than seems necessary or expedient.

There is no danger of war with Japan over a mere question whether Japanese children shall attend one school or another; but any attempt to coerce California will develop on the Pacific Coast a race issue that will be a source of constant and increasing friction between this country and Japan. We are handling a two-edged sword that may cut both ways. Diplomacy is the prime requisite in this emergency.

Mr. Jeff Davis may astonish the Senate, but he cannot shock it.

A Practical Field of the South.

Upon no section of the entire country does the tragic death of Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern Railway, fall so heavily as upon the South. Born and reared a Georgian, there was never a moment that his ear was not eagerly open to any suggestion which looked to the development and progress of the great section he loved so well. At the head of the great system of railroads that penetrates the very heart of Dixie, he was not only inclined to push the South to the front from motives of the patriot, but was in a position where he could do effective work along material lines.

Mr. Spencer was often the target of unrefined abuse on the part of demagogues and self-seeking politicians in the South. But never once did his affection and zeal for his native section cool. He always felt in his heart that the good people of the South understood him and knew that his heart was with them. It is but the truth to say that his people did know this, and that they were the people who realize to-day that in the death of Samuel Spencer the South has lost a powerful and trustworthy friend.

Of course, it is probable that Mr. Spencer's magnificent work will be carried forward uninterruptedly, and along essentially the same line as he had mapped out. The dropping out of any official of the Southern could not retard its onward march. But it is not probable that any such peculiarly well-qualified friend of the South will ever again occupy his station. Having been reared in the South, educated among Southern ways, and accustomed to Southern ways and prejudices, if you will—he knew the people among whom his railroad operated and appreciated the desires and the necessities of the one for the other.

Senator Platt now denies that he ever denied he would resign. So, after all, there is the faintest glimmer of hope.

An Epistle of the Farm.

It must be a poor stick of a farmer who does not get chesky as he reads Secretary Wilson's joyous narrative of the year's boocle triumphs. In the optimism animates every line, limitless figures dazzle and bewilder, and all the resources of simplified spelling are called upon to keep the astonished reader's attention firmly fixed to the astonishing facts. "Crops so large as to be beyond any rational comprehension" are our portion; nearly \$7,000,000,000 in value of product is the farmer's annual contribution to the national wealth.

Yet there is, we regret to say, a darker side to the amiable Secretary's glowing picture of the state of agriculture. Our keenest joys are oftentimes tinged with sorrow, and so we find a chastened lament over the unhappy shortcomings of the easy-going and unenterprising cow, who has all too frequently proved false to the hopes reposed in her by failing to pay for her keep. Likewise, Mr. Wilson gently chides the incomprehensible hen, who might, if she chose, add \$50,000,000 to the farmer's yearly pay roll by merely laying one more egg each month.

We trust that Mr. Wilson may be amply rewarded in his most commendable effort

to induce these recalcitrant elements in our national existence to conform to a higher standard of public duty. Failing in that, may he not induce Congress to take some action to bring about a much-needed reform in the conduct of the cow and the hen?

As we understand the colored societies, Mr. Tillman is a regular Theodore Roosevelt, and Mr. Roosevelt is a regular Ben Tillman.

The Inconsistent Public Conscience.

There are few questions concerning public morality that the American public is inclined to take seriously. Perhaps the tendency to levity on these subjects is helped by the peculiar sort of people who establish themselves as censors, and by mountebank methods intended to attract attention to themselves rather than to the cause they represent. The most recent evidence of our tendency to ridicule such matters occurred in connection with the case of the "Eve's Diary," which, Mark Twain's book there is, of course, no matter for offense. The implied indecency in the illustrations. So far throughout the country—and Mark Twain's reputation is so far-flung that the comment has been general—the whole matter has been treated as a joke.

In the way a few days ago, when extracts were published from a book by Mrs. Parsons, a young matron who dared to advocate seriously, as a remedy for unhappy marriages, a scheme of matrimonial trials by which, after a shorter or longer period, the tie could be dissolved by mutual consent. Here again a proposition which thinking men were shocked at, which clergy of all denominations denounced as hideously immoral, using the strongest terms of condemnation, was treated by the public at large as rather a good joke, with little thought of the immorality, not to say the insult to all the happily wedded, contained in the senseless proposition.

In our own city we are confronted with a similar subject, and one that, so far from being laughed out of the court of public opinion, deserves serious consideration. It is the protest against a certain class of pictorial advertising in the streets. Much of the billboard advertising is unobjectionable and inoffensive, but there is much, also, that calls for suppression. It is said that these things are allowed in other cities. So is gambling, and so, likewise, are other evils that are not tolerated here. As citizens of the Nation's Capital, containing the finest architecture, the best libraries, and the homes of the Eastern Shore district. Except that possibly in this particular district the average stay-at-home did not get "his price," there appears for him no plausible excuse for his failure to vote.

Indifference, or what not, of citizens duly qualified to avail themselves of their privileges as full-panoplied freemen, it is evidence in many minds of the increase of the dangerous army of General Apathy. Wherefore, it is a problem for alert political genius to tackle. With it will come consideration and discussion of convention and primary election systems of selecting candidates for office. In such a State as Maryland, where the two great political parties are so nearly equal in strength that the State is classed in the doubtful column, there seems to be no accounting for the widespread indifference of voters, except in the natural conclusion that it is the result of disapproval of candidates and skepticism of platforms.

Maryland, in 1900, had over 320,000 male persons of the voting age. The vote of the State at the recent election was an agency to send a servant applying for work to any place where labor is sold. Now labor is handled in some highly respectable places here in Washington. Suppose the hotels should run short of help, for instance. The employment agencies would be helpless in the emergency. There's a contingency to think about. Strange provisions sometimes creep into the statutes in the name of reform. Very strange, indeed.

Have you read the speech the President made to the officers and enlisted men of the Louisiana? It was worth reading, even if it did come as a sort of reminder. One thing it was especially lively remembering in Washington. He said he had been astounded to find that jacket wearing uniforms had been excluded from places of amusement. "Outside of Washington," he said, "I have never noticed one of these fellows, and in Washington I have, and any place of amusement to which admission is denied to those who wear the uniform of the army or the navy will wear it. It is in my power to cause the loss, and I think it is." No Washington place of amusement is going to lose its license. You may depend upon that. And every Washingtonian applauds the spirit of that utterance. It is worth much to know that the Man in the White House is taking such lively interest in the Capital City. One word from him will do more to correct things hereabout than any amount of diligent effort on the part of the municipal guardians over at the District building. They need the word now and then.

The people's lobby is already here and installed in comfortable quarters. There are some bright, lily-eyed young men connected with it. They promise to watch things closely during the short session of Congress. It is not a muck-raking crowd, and there is the best of reason to believe that the President looks no disfavor upon it. Why should he? Why should any honest man wish the people's lobby anything but well? It is not going to larn a hair of the head of any honest man in or out of Congress. There was some significant dodging in certain quarters while it was yet in embryo—some lily-eyed young men in fact—but the lobby did not dissolve. It is here. Good luck to it!

What Was It?

He offered it; she spurned it; He took it, then returned it; She had it, then she lost it. And as he left she tossed it. —Life.

Cheer up! There are a few turkeys left over for Christmas.

The President probably named Mr. McIlhenny, the tobacco sauce man, to the Civil Service Commission with the idea

that he will serve the same sauce with the grease that he does with the ganders, in that department of the government.

Senator Bulley has gone to Texas to face the music, with, at the distance, sounds very much like the anvil chorus.

English experts say the Panama Canal will cost twice as much as we anticipate. What's the odds? We've got the money.

The Baltimore Sun exclaims: "The fried oyster forever." Must have been attending a round of church fairs.

Max Ihmsen is going to Egypt. The Sphinx, at least, will ask no embarrassing questions.

An Illinois justice of the peace fined himself \$50, and then accepted his own note in payment. Here is a very fine specimen of the frenzied financier going to seed.

When Senator Tillman exclaimed, "To — with the law," he didn't mean that, just exactly. He was only taking what might be termed a cursory view of the situation.

The man who once borrowed \$30 from Uncle Russell Sage without security is dead. That was his one and only claim to fame, but it was enough.

So Boni is willing to go on the "stoige." There's one consolation thought about this: Boni hasn't any diamonds to lose.

There is one good thing about buying a ticket to Senator Tillman's lecture: You don't have to take a rain check.

The only drawback about electing Hoke Smith President would be the fact that it is pretty nearly everybody in Georgia except Clark Howell and "Plain Dick" Russell would have to be given an office.

Japan seems to share Capt. Hobson's views about the world. "Uncle Sam a sound thrashing. Japan, however, would do well to ponder the fact that distance lends enchantment to the view.

The Dallas (Tex.) News thinks Secretary Tilton's "laurels have faded like turnip greens." The News may not know it, but wilted turnip greens make the finest politice in the world for a sore spot.

Prophet Smith has been fined \$300 for having five wives. That, we presume, fixes the market value of wives in Utah at \$60 per.

"Missouri is short on poets" is one of the Thanksgiving Day items from a St. Louis contemporary.

President Castro cannot be quite sure these days whether to turn to the obituary columns or the comic supplement for his write-up.

That physician who declares that flat life ruins children would confer a favor upon many by telling where he found a flat with children in it.

Uncle Joe Cannon has arrived. The other necessary evils are coming in on every train.

When Secretary Shaw told those Pittsburgers that they must "eliminate graft" in choosing a post-office site, he raised quite a row. He evidently forgot that he was in Pennsylvania.

"In some things I am really stupid," says George Bernard Shaw. Not in the matter of getting his name in the papers, however.

An Illinois man has been refused admission to the theaters because he has "a many-goat laugh." The Illinois theaters seem determined to give the audience just as little fun for their money as possible.

Amid it all, Booker Washington can be distinctly heard making a noise like a clam.

A Nebraska woman has married her husband for the third time, and now for her third divorce. This is what you might call a try, try again marriage.

A French physician says auto speeding is very dangerous to fat people. They do not seem to get out of the way as fast as their thinner brethren.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

This evening the bookmakers, politely called racing commissioners, will leave Washington. Their pockets are full. Many Washington pockets are empty. There will be empty Christmas stockings, too, a few short days hence, and the money of the evening meet will be kept fresh also by unpaid bills among the creditor and liquidating the debtor. But there has been a fine season of sport. The gentle springtime will be the bookmakers' bag again—senators, Mr. Roosevelt, himself, lower and patron of honest, beautiful sport, should happen to suggest to Mr. Macfarland, Mr. Baker, or Maj. Sylvester that gambling in the District of Columbia, in the very nature of things, sets rather a bad example to the country at large. Then the skin into a ball and chucking it at the host. Peel the potato quietly, catching the skin in the palm of your hand, and surreptitiously drop it into the pocket of your neighbor, telling him a funny story to distract his attention.

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

An Envy Mark.

From the Saturday Evening Post. One of President Roosevelt's first hunting instructors was old Bill Sewall, a Master of the White House. When he was a boy the President went into camp with Sewall. Deer season came along, and they went out to give the youthful Nimrod his first chance for a shot. After a time they saw a stag. "Shoot!" shouted Sewall, and the future President let go with his rifle. The stag ran a little way and dropped. "You've got him! You've got him!" shouted Sewall, as he ran forward to investigate. "How did it happen?" "Why," replied young Roosevelt, drawing himself up proudly, "I aimed for his breast."

"You done well," said Bill. "You done well. You hit him in the eye."

Reducing the Smoke Nuisance.

From the Railway World. That the "smoke nuisance" can be largely reduced is shown by the results of the efforts made in this direction by the Pennsylvania Railroad in Pittsburgh. Inspectors calculate that conditions have improved 50 per cent since the railroad management began a systematic attempt to keep down to an absolute minimum the volume of smoke from its shops, plants, and locomotives. Locomotives running into the Duquesne Station now use coke only. For shifting engines a new kind of high carbon coal, mined near Portage, is giving very satisfactory results. Its use makes more work for the firemen, but it also makes possible a considerable diminution of the volume of smoke.

Stand by the Dictionary.

From the New York Journal of Commerce. With following the dictionaries and all established authority in English spelling and orthography a committee of cranks? It is devoutly to be hoped not. It is not the business of the government to regulate the spelling book and reform the dictionary.

The Great Decision.

From the Atlanta Constitution. There comes a moment of indecision in the life of many a man: when he doesn't know whether to write life insurance or American literature.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE WHOLE STORY.

"What will the coming Congress do?" The people ask. That can be told in phrases few. The little task is quite within my feeble power. To wit, to complete the work of our statesmen, at the proper hour, will duly meet.

Some speeches will be duly made from day to day. Some peanut politics be played in solemn way. They'll gad about and junket some. They'll pay to earn. And when the proper time has come, They will adjourn.

Such Foolishness.

"As she opened the window, her face fell." "What did she do?" "I heard her voice and slid down after it."

A Little Doing.

"I've just been to New York." "I hear that New York is wearing the hat."

Yes, but jauntily, my boy; jauntily.

Hindsight.

The sheriff advertised the sale. In letters big and fat. The merchant said with visage pale: "Why didn't I think of that?"

Are They Edible?

"I see that some French scientists have been able to produce artificial vegetables." "Nothing new about that." "There isn't?" "No, the milliners have been doing it for years."

Slender.

"Ever notice, at a woman's gathering, how gully the other women look when another woman comes in?" "That's right. Whether they've been talking about her or not."

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

SAVING THE CHILDREN.

Worcester, Mass.—One of Mark Twain's books has been barred from the free public library. We stood upon the busy street And chided glibly and reform. The children, chubby-faced and sweet, Came from the schools in laughing swarm. "But see," we sighed, "that little lad Is puffing at a cigarette."

"Yes, but jauntily, my boy; jauntily." "Hindsight." The sheriff advertised the sale. In letters big and fat. The merchant said with visage pale: "Why didn't I think of that?"

Next in an alley, shooting traps. We saw a crowd of little boys. "Now, there," we said, "those little chaps Would better be at home with toys."

"Well, we'll get round to them," he said. "We're taking up their every need. But first we'll see they're not allowed Those awful, awful books to read. No Mark Twain books go on our shelves— Why, we've not read the books ourselves!"

ANSWERS TO THE ANXIOUS.

Harold—You ask us what we consider the best way to feed a furnace. We know there is a conflict of authorities upon this question, but we cannot agree with those who favor feeding a furnace from the bottle. The best way is to take the furnace upon your lap, tuck its bib in well, and feed it slowly, striving to instruct it in the ethics of neat dining. There is nothing more unpleasant than a furnace that scatters its feed all over the floor. If you train the furnace carefully when it is little, then when it begins feeding itself you will rejoice that you have taken our advice.

Erbert asks: "Please tell me how to dispose of the skins of baked potatoes at the table." Certainly. Some people simply slip the jacket from the potato and throw it on the cloth, others try to conceal it beneath the rim of their plate. We do not approve of this, nor of the merry custom of rolling the skin into a ball and chucking it at the host. Peel the potato quietly, catching the skin in the palm of your hand, and surreptitiously drop it into the pocket of your neighbor, telling him a funny story to distract his attention.

Place for a Southerner?

In January the term of Hon. Judson C. Clements as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission will expire. Mr. Clements is a Georgian and a Democrat, and by that token it seems to be generally assumed that should President Roosevelt not reappoint him, he will select some other Southern Democrat for the place. In view of this assumption, the President has been asked to consider the names of several Southerners of distinction. Among the names are Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, whose term in the Senate will expire next March; ex-Gov. Aycock, of North Carolina, and ex-Gov. Montague, of Virginia. No intimation has come from the White House as to what the President is thinking of doing. It is considered possible that, since he has already appointed two Democrats to the commission—former Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, and Franklin Lane, of California—he may feel privileged to select a Southern Republican to succeed Mr. Clements. It is, of course, probable that he may make no change and reappoint Mr. Clements. The Georgian has made a splendid record in the office. Prior to his going on the commission he had had long service in Congress, and was defeated by the Farmers' Alliance movement in his district because he would not promise to vote for the Populist warehouse scheme that had great vogue in rural politics twelve or fifteen years ago.

Time to Make Good.

From Judge. There was to be a circus in town next day, and Robert wished to go to see it unloaded, so he sought to obtain his father's consent. The first question his father put to him on being approached was: "Have you asked your mother?" "Yes, sir," was Robert's prompt reply. "What did she say?" the father pursued. "She said I couldn't go," was the frank rejoinder.

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From the Atlanta Constitution. There comes a moment of indecision in the life of many a man: when he doesn't know whether to write life insurance or American literature.

Martyrdom of a Tenor.

From the Rochester Herald. The Roman newspapers seem to think that he was Carusoid.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

As to Platt and Dewey.

That Senator Platt will resign soon after the 1st of January is now believed by men who know him well. Before tendering his resignation to Gov. Higgins, successor the aged Senator will, it is now said, discuss the subject with President Roosevelt, the recognized leader of his party in New York. At this time it seems not improbable that should Senator Platt resign, Hon. Timothy L. Woodruff will be elected to fill out the unexpired term, with the understanding that if Mr. Roosevelt should desire to become a Senator after the 4th of March, 1907, Mr. Woodruff will step aside. This would put Woodruff at last in line for the governorship. Senator Dewey's close friends say he will be in his seat when Vice President Fairbanks raps the Senate to order next Monday; that he has been restored to robust health, and that, come what may, he will not resign.

Clark Does It All.

Perhaps no man of large means in the United States, certainly no member of the Senate, looks after so much of the details of his life as does Senator Clark, of Montana. He does the work which most other men who have accumulated great business and political responsibilities hire clerks, secretaries, and stenographers to do. When he is in Washington he usually goes to his committee room by 9 o'clock every morning and insists upon opening with his own hands the huge mass of letters that litter his desk. Unlike most other Senators, he dictates replies to every communication which he thinks deserves notice, and will not permit any of his employees to do this. He does not even permit the use of a rubber stamp in signing his name. In his household affairs, the Montana Senator is just as watchful and energetic as in his business and political matters.

Glynn's Rapid Rise.

The Hon. Martin Glynn, recently elected comptroller of the State of New York, on the Democratic ticket, has had an unusually rapid rise in politics. His achievements seem also to demonstrate that luck is a large factor of success in politics as in gambling. Until he defeated the Hon. George N. Southwick, for Congress, in the Albany district, Glynn had not figured in politics. In the next election Southwick in turn defeated him, and then President McKinley appointed Glynn to membership on the national board of managers of the World's Fair at St. Louis. Not until about a year ago was this board abolished. The compensation of its members was the same as that of the members of Congress. What influence was behind Glynn that induced a Republican President to give him the appointment, nobody seems to know. He is not much over thirty years of age, and is a veritable youth in appearance. He married a Boston heiress while he was serving his one term on the board. Several months ago he was thrown from his horse while out riding near his home in Albany and received an injury to his spine. He went to Europe to take treatment from specialists, but it did not cure him. On the other side of the Atlantic when the Democratic State convention at Buffalo put him on the ticket with William Randolph Hearst. He is still over there, and Max F. Ihmsen, Hearst's chief manager, has returned to Europe to consult him about the award of certain big contracts for State work which, as comptroller, Mr. Glynn will control. It is not known whether he will be well enough to return from Europe in time to take office with his colleagues next January.

Colorado's Next Senator.

Reports from Colorado indicate that Hon. Simon Guggenheim will be the unanimous nominee of the Republican legislature to succeed Senator Patterson, and that he will be elected without further trouble on the first joint ballot. Mr. Guggenheim is a member of the rich family of Hebrews who control the smelting industry of the United States and largely dominate that of Mexico. They have large plants at Omaha, Denver, and other places in the West, as well as two or three in Mexico. Their combined fortune is one of the largest in the world, and when the Colorado Guggenheim enters the Senate he will be the richest member of that body, as the term of Senator Clark, of Montana, will expire just as Guggenheim's begins. Mr. Guggenheim, will be the youngest member of the Senate. He is, first, as he is not yet forty years old. He first identified himself with Colorado politics in 1896, when he espoused the cause of the free-silver faction of Republicans in that State. Since the past few years he has not spent much time in Colorado, his extensive business interests keeping him in New York and Europe most of the time. While in Denver he was known as "Boss" Guggenheim. He annually gives a feast to the newsmen of that city.

Spain's Athletic Ruler.

That energetic young ruler, King Alfonso, of Spain, is constantly enlarging the sphere of his athletic pursuits. Recently he dived from the rigging of his yacht into the sea at Bilbao. He has shown himself an ardent motorist, a superb horseman, a daring huntsman, and a crack shot, and now, it appears, he is a first-class swimmer. His favorite sport is shooting. At a deer drive he is in his element. Alfonso is almost as fond of his motor as of his gun. He goes at a great speed, and always drives himself. He is no mean mechanic, either. The internal arrangements of his pet Mercedes are as familiar to him as to his chauffeur. His majesty is said to be the only European monarch, except the Sultan of Turkey, who is a total abstainer from intoxicants.

Mayor Pardons a Mule.

From the Chicago Daily News. A Mayor Duane recently issued a pardon for a mule. The action was taken on the assurance of State Senator E. J. Rainey that the prisoner at the city pound had never before offended and would be good in the future.

Setting Her Right.

From Life. Shopper—Where is the corset department? Floorwalker—Straight back. Shopper—No, straight front. "Who for?" asked Meribamb. "You have locked up my mule," answered the youngster with a catch in his voice.

Found His Boyhood's Dime.

From Life. The papers relate it as a remarkable fact that Frank Bookwalter, of Springfield, Ohio, returned to his childhood's home after an absence of sixty-five years, and found a dime that he had lost in a crack in the front steps when he was five years old.

A Parody.

Acts of Roosevelt remind us. We, ourselves, can start a fuss; And, departing, leave behind us. Teethmarks on the octopus. —Kansas City Star.

SENATOR TILLMAN'S SPEECH.

Comment of Southern Press on the Chicago Episode.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal. Senator Tillman, in a manner much too rough and aggressive, tells many truths which thoughtful men of all belongings and beliefs should seriously consider. The negro question is no longer a sectional question. It is purely a national question. The sole hope of the negro is to take him out of politics. As long as he is the subject of agitation he will be a menace not only to the peace of the country, but to himself. The racial issue in the South means life or death; but the North cannot wholly escape it. Though the difference between the negroes of the North and the negroes of the South is as the difference between semi-civilized and civilized man, there are yet negroes enough at the North to make trouble and to muddy the stream. Each agitation draws us nearer to racial conflict. If this cannot be diverted, all that Senator Tillman says will come to pass. He who claims more for the negro than would be claimed for the whites is a worse enemy of the negro than he who would concede him nothing. The effort to make him exceptional as an individual is the worst of all. Exceptional as an officeholder, exceptional as a soldier, exceptional as "the nation's ward." He has all that the law can give him. If he cannot maintain himself and so work out a racial interior, and all the extra laws that mistaken philanthropy can devise will only tend to hurt, not to help him.

Our hope is that, even as our great republic has survived so many perils and solved so many problems, we shall weather this, not the least of them all; but if the question is to be kept a party question and sectionalized, with an intolerant and fanatical extreme in each section to whom it up!

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Of course, Senator Tillman must not be surprised by negro opposition, but we wish he would suppress himself. No possible good to either race can come out of his violent and incendiary speeches, and if he does not stop advertising himself in this way, the public will conclude that he is doing it for revenue only.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

Senator Tillman is awful fierce and bloodthirsty in speech, and he has done the State which he represents and the South incalculable injury by his intemperate talk, but he has been encouraged by his efforts to discuss the race question in his own peculiar way that the crowded audiences North and West that have flocked to hear him. There is a race question in the South, and it is spreading to the North States. It must be settled some day, but it can never be settled by the Tillman method.

From the Raleigh News and Observer.

There is much in the lecture of Senator Tillman on the race question that the North would be helped by hearing. But when he cries out "To hell with the law!" and talks flippantly about settling the race question by the use of violence, he does great injustice to the spirit and feeling of the Southern white people.

Police on Trail of Missing Insect Said to Be Worth \$100.

From the Baltimore American. The police of the Central district were called upon Thursday night to solve a mystery that might well baffie a Sherlock Holmes. The mystery concerned the disappearance of a flea belonging to the man who conducts a flea circus at the Colonnade Theater, on Baltimore street. All fleas, as is generally known, are past-masters in the science of disappearing, but this particular flea disappeared literally, and as it is valued at more than \$100, its owner was very much excited over the loss.

Spain's Athletic Ruler.

That energetic young ruler, King Alfonso, of Spain, is constantly enlarging the sphere of his athletic pursuits. Recently he dived from the rigging of his yacht into the sea at Bilbao. He has shown himself an ardent motorist, a superb horseman, a daring huntsman, and a crack shot, and now, it appears, he is a first-class swimmer. His favorite sport is shooting. At a deer drive he is in his element.