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Within Constitutional Limits.
We observe in President Roosevelt's special message on the Japanese question a significant modification of the menacing language used in his message of December 3 respecting the enforcement of the treaty rights of aliens, language that was wrongfully interpreted by the people of San Francisco as implying a threat to admit Federal troops to compel them to admit the children of Japanese to public schools attended by white children.

Discriminating Against the Ash Man.
A humble citizen of the District of Columbia who used to collect ashes has been dismissed from his place upon the ash wagon because he intimated that a "gold" would be acceptable. Upon the complaint of the person who was about to be victimized, the District Commissioners swung the official ax. The ash man is now out of a job.

He's a Man of Letters, Too.
Perhaps the President will profit by the fact that it was letters that caused both the Bellamy Spore unpleasantness and the simplified spelling setback.

A Little Nonsense.
Just thirty books per week I make. That is my pay. Perhaps some time a wife I'll take. For a raw deal.

Capitol Gossip.
A member of the House who has had a good deal of business recently with Assistant Secretary of State Ade declares that the latter is the owner of a greater number of shoes than any other person he has ever known.

Federal Centralization.
The great corporations first debauched the city governments and then they debauched the State governments, until finally an exasperated people could see no authority but the Federal government capable of coping with the evils which greed and corruption had fastened upon them.

Heard at Hotels.
"People who are well informed as to Ohio matters will tell you that Senator Foraker will be the choice of our State for President in 1908," said Mr. F. P. Riegle, a young lawyer of Bowling Green, Ohio, who exercises a commanding influence in the politics of his section.

Current Sayings.
"Permit me to remark," Root, he said. "That you are in the dark," Root, he said. "If you prefer that I state it is a thing to be held fast, we've wiped it off the slate," Root, he said.

The Innocent Bystander.
The lights of home.
It's odd to me that sails the sea. To think of all the lights. That glow an' glare an' flash an' flare.

Good Measure Was Dangerous.
A well-to-do elderly gentleman living in one of the suburbs of Philadelphia is known in the neighborhood as something of a miser and has made himself extremely unpopular with local tradesmen by always pleading for "good measure" and his shrewdness in settling his bills.

Ways of the Lordly Sex.
The ordinary man would still much rather glorify women and set them on a mock throne, whence he can depose them at will, than have to acknowledge in them a real title to regard.

Save Much Trouble.
Agent—This is the automobile you want. Never have to crawl under it to fix it. Sparker—You don't? Agent—Yes, the slightest thing goes wrong with the mechanism it instantly turns bottom side up.

Song of the Happy Shepherd.
The woods of Arcady are dead,
And winter is their antique joy.
Of old the world on dreaming fed;
Gray Truth is now her painted toy.

What Elset.
"Grace was showing me her engagement book."
"Where does she keep it in?"
"Where the fellows she's engaged to, I presume."

Moody Will Be Rescued.
Comment was rife at the Capitol yesterday on the peculiar situation brought about in the Supreme Court by the appointment to that tribunal of Attorney General Moody, who was indicted into office Monday.

De Armond, of Missouri.
Representative David A. De Armond, of Missouri, who is just now the subject of widespread newspaper comment by reason of his having proposed the calling of a national constitutional convention, has been a member of the House continuously for sixteen years.

Read the Constitution.
The Constitution of the United States is the greatest document in the history of government on earth. Perhaps hundreds of intelligent and well-educated people have not read it, or even consulted it.

Hard Boy to Please.
From the Catholic Standard and Times.
Mother—Tommy, what's your little brother crying about?
Tommy—'Cause I'm eatin' my cake an' won't give him any.
Mother—Is his own cake finished?
Tommy—Yes'm, and he cried while I was eatin' that, too.

What the People Claim.
Yes; that is what the people claim. And even you. Yet hold! Argue they but making game? I wonder now. One can on thirty plunks, they cry. Get nicely through. But wait a bit! Does that apply As well to two?

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