

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1906.

Bonapartism Redivivus.

What warlike visions are these conjured up by our new Attorney General. Empty over-sea, foreign transports laden with troops and munitions of war bearing down upon our defenseless shores, no assurance of peace but a big army, a big navy, big guns along the coast, big expenditures for militarism!

We are no longer isolated, says Mr. Bonaparte, we are big and obtrusive; we have a part to play in the terrible drama of human destiny—therefore we are bound to awaken envy, distrust, fear, to have enemies.

Perhaps it is all true; but why should it be true, and why should we venture upon a career so far from our national purpose, so adverse to our former national ideals? Not so long ago we were isolated, and that was thought to be an element of national strength, even from the military standpoint.

Let us give thanks that the period during which we thus grope and search expires by limitation. We must make up our minds before to-morrow night.

The Congo Free State people seem to be having a hard time, but no one has heard of a Pulajane advising them to hurry up and get civilized.

Restraint on Executive Power.

No President of the United States, confronted by great problems of state and ambitious to render good account of his stewardship to present and future generations, has escaped the accusation of trying to usurp the constitutional powers conferred upon the legislative and judicial departments of the government.

Henry James' Slander.

A correspondent appeals to us to defend her womankind from the slanders of Henry James, who, it seems, is contributing a series of articles on the speech of American women to a magazine which is printed for the delectation of feminine readers.

extravagant, so unjust, so prejudiced, that it does not deserve serious consideration. To begin with, his comparison between English and American women is not founded on fact.

Mr. James complains that the Boston maidens "slobbered unchecked." This is not elegant language to be chosen by a person of his fastidious nature.

The Great Annual Question.

A clever artist once drew a picture of a woman's head with her coiffure so arranged that it represented an interrogation mark.

Christmas and the Rockefeller.

John D. Rockefeller warns us all that we are spending too much money. He forgets that Christmas comes but once a year.

The elder Rockefeller holds that the owners of big fortunes are the mere stewards of the public. "Great wealth may be a great blessing or a great curse," he declares.

MARYLAND'S LYNNING.

No Reason for Lawless Punishment of Anybody for Crime.

The negro who was lynched in Annapolis yesterday morning was led by the mob through the streets of the quarter inhabited by his race.

Advice to Letter Writers.

The Silent Skies are Full of Speech.

A Decline in Value.

International Lobbying.

Safe and Save Santa Claus.

A LAY SERMON.

By A LAYMAN.

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet, eating her curd and whey; There came a big spider, and sat down beside her.

It is to be presumed that Miss Muffet was a very proper young person, who, thinking quietly to enjoy some curd and whey, took her seat on a tuffet.

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PEOPLE OF NOTE.

To Succeed Gen. Alger.

What promises to be the most exciting Senatorial struggle in the country will begin at the State Capitol of Michigan the first week in January.

There are several candidates for Gen. Alger's toga. In the lead are Representatives William Alden Smith and Charles E. Townsend.

The Innocent Bystander.

THE TWENTY-SIXT.

I've washed my face an' combed my hair An' I've not forgot to say my prayer, An' never jerked or slammed the door.

The Day Before.

'Tis the day before Christmas, the clerks are worn out, the shoppers are nervously rushing about, the postman comes in with a song on his lips.

Roosevelt No Superman.

Paris Telegram in the New York Sun. The Liberator (Cant. at editorial entitled "Roosevelt's Christianity," in which it describes the President as no superman.

Nothing Doing.

"Do you allow children in your flat?" she asked of the janitor. "We do, ma'am."

Pa Was It.

Father—All sorts of rumors are afloat in the town about you, Sophia. Is it true that there is something between you and Lieut. Paul?

Safe and Save Santa Claus.

Of course there is a Santa Claus. Let us all try to make him safe and save.

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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

MODUS OPERANDI.

It must be fun to write an oper-a. To lyrics write must be the merest play. You just repeat, You just repeat, You just repeat, I say-hay!

The Worm Turns.

"Now, then," demanded the proprietor, "haven't you any diamond pins to suit that gentleman?"

As to Presents.

"I don't know which is worse," "Go on," "To give nothing, or to give nothing but what is useful."

Mean Mr. McSmoot.

Now, Pa McSmoot is quite a tempter, strong to go, In fact, a perfect bear. He'd like to be An Ashantee— They have no Christmas there.

Almost.

"Ah, Miss Gwate," inquired Cholly, "are you quite alone just now?" "Not quite."

Precaution.

The Senator's little son had finished his epistle to Santa Claus. Suddenly a terrible thought struck him. Grabbing his pen, he hastily added as a postscript: "Please burn this letter."

The Innocent Bystander.

I've been the best boy in the school, Learned everything an' broke no rule; The teacher tells the other boys To notice how I make no noise.

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HEARD AT HOTELS.

Mr. W. F. Aldrich, who was formerly heavily engaged in mining and manufacturing in Alabama, and who came to Congress as a Republican from the Fourth district of that State for three successive terms, is at the Raleigh.

In talking with a Herald reporter last evening, Mr. Aldrich said: "Our Alabama Republicans deplore the announcement that the President absolutely refuses to consider any further candidacy. But since there is no doubt that his mind is made up, friends of other leading Republicans are beginning to be heard in behalf of the respective favorites.

The usual Christmas stagnation was apparent in the lobbies of hotels last evening. Nearly all the statesmen who make their homes in the uptown hostleries were conspicuous by their absence.

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