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TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1907.

Glimpses of Republican Conservatism.

We discern in the attitude of numerous Republican statesmen in and out of Congress the outlines of a conservative national policy, with these leading features:

Tariff—No reciprocity; a maximum and minimum tariff, with the present tariff rates as the minimum; retaliation upon other high-tariff nations; no revision of rates downward.

Trusts—All the tariff protection they want, with some ship subsidy thrown in.

Ship subsidy—Subventions to the Harriman and Hill lines, with more to come for similar impecunious shipping corporations, after the "entering wedge" has split the Treasury open.

Railroads—Let 'em alone.

Election of Senators by vote of the people—Nothing doing.

Colonies—Millions for fortifications, but not one cent off the Dingley tariff.

How stand the eminent conservative candidates for President with respect to those vital topics affecting the common weal now so conspicuously agitating the public mind?

Since Gov. Vardaman came out for Bryan, the Nebraskan must understand how good it made Mr. Hearst feel to have Mr. Murphy announce his friendship and support during the late New York fight.

Roosevelt Facing a Crisis.

"Mr. Roosevelt undoubtedly faces a grave crisis in his political career."—From any one of fifty papers.

Here you meet an old acquaintance. Doesn't it have a familiar appearance in print? How many times have you heard it said and seen it in print during the past ten years? How many times will you hear it and see it during the next few years?

Facing a crisis is, we sometimes think, a positive delight to Mr. Roosevelt. Certainly, he has never been known to turn his back upon one. He walks right up to a crisis and ascertains the reason for its existence, its excuse for loafing around in his neighborhood, and its intentions—whether hostile or friendly. Indeed, it isn't probable that anything could afford Mr. Roosevelt more genuine delight than facing a crisis; unless, of course, his antagonists could manage to muster a battalion of crises that stood in need of facing.

When Mr. Roosevelt goes hunting grizzly bears and bobcats, no one suspects that he is going jack rabbit shooting. Every one knows that he is going after bruin and not bunny. He has been hunting for big game nearly all his life. It is no novelty to him. A certain amount of this kind of excitement seems necessary for the content of his restless and energetic nature. He has hunted a good many more bears than ever hunted him. When he goes after big game, he has a way of getting it.

Do not be alarmed, therefore, gentle reader, when you see the concerted opinion of a large section of the press that he is now "facing a crisis in his political career." He has faced them before—many a time, many a time; and he will face them again—ditto. Do not lose any sleep about the President's not coming out of the fracas in good shape, happy and smiling.

It's simply the Roosevelt way. That's all!

Evidently the weather man thinks he is conducting a guessing contest.

The Japanese School Question.

The Japanese school question in California is now before the courts through the initiation by the Federal government of suits both in Federal and State tribunals. In both suits the construction of our treaty with Japan is involved, as well as the construction of the California law, which has been set up as justifying the exclusion of Japanese from the white schools, on the plea that they belong to the Mongolian race. It is obvious that if the courts find that the California law has been misconstrued by the school authorities of San Francisco, and that the latter have been acting without the legal authority they assumed to have, a way may be found out of the difficulty without interpreting the treaty or deciding the broad question whether the Federal government can by the terms of a treaty grant to aliens rights of education on equal terms with American citizens. It may be possible also for the courts to avoid passing on the question whether there is any conflict between the California law and the Japanese treaty, and to avoid nullification of the State law, if it were found that the latter contravened the provisions of the treaty.

The questions that have been so widely discussed in the press and elsewhere, relating to the scope of the treaty-making power as affecting the reserved rights of the States, may, therefore, turn out to be merely academic. The threatened "coercion" of a sovereign State may be happily averted by a quite permissible construction of its own law, so as to relieve Japanese from the inhibition placed on Mongolians. This would be an assertion of State rights that would settle the entire controversy, for the time being, at least. But it has happened before now that the legislation of a sovereign State has been set aside by court decisions because it was in conflict with treaty provisions. Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart says, in a recent article, that "several State and Territorial statutes in the '70s and '80's, discriminating against the Chinese, were held void by the Federal courts, as, for instance, the Parrott case of 1880, setting aside a provision of the California constitution because it forbade the employment of Chinese by corporations, which was contrary to the Chinese treaty of 1868." Similarly, a Federal court declared an Oregon statute forbidding the employment of Chinese on public works in contravention of treaty, the court deciding that "the State cannot legislate so as to interfere with the operation" of the treaty. And the Supreme Court of California, in upholding a treaty with which a State law was in conflict, remarked of the treaty-making power that "even if the effect of this power was to abrogate to some extent the legislation of the States, we have authority for admitting it, if it does not exceed the limitations which we have cited from the work of Mr. Calhoun, and laid down as the rule, to which we yield our assent."

John C. Calhoun laid down the limitations of the treaty-making power as they are commonly understood at this day, and expressed the opinion that "within these limits all questions which may arise between us and other powers, be the subject-matter what it may, fall within the limits of the treaty-making power and may be adjusted by it." While Secretary of State, Calhoun, in one of his opinions, went so far as to say that the treaty-making power was regarded as so comprehensive as to include, with few exceptions, all questions arising between us and other nations, "whether the subject-matter be comprised among the delegated or the reserve powers."

Representative Foster, of Vermont, from whose lucid and temperate speech of last Wednesday these citations are made, thinks that Calhoun's view of the scope of the treaty-making power covers the whole ground of the present controversy, and appears to regard it as justifying his own opinion that the United States may by treaty relieve the subjects of a foreign power of the disabilities of alienage respecting the public schools. Whether the existing Japanese treaty does this is another question, as to which Mr. Foster did not care to commit himself. As we have stated, it may not be decided in either of the actions just begun by the Federal government.

One of the January magazines has an article on "Harvesting the Watermelon Crop." That's the way to pour oil upon the troubled waters of the race problem.

Mr. Root's Visit to Canada.

Secretary Root's visit to the governor general of Canada, although unofficial, is fraught with interest to both countries. Out of it there ought to grow a movement to arrest the widening breach in the commercial and social relations between the Dominion and the United States. There are reasons, however, to doubt that immediate good will result. The highest interests of both countries demand tariff concessions, which will probably not be made for several years yet, because of the grip great special interests have upon the political organizations alike in Canada and the United States.

Elihu Root is practical enough fully to realize the power of these sinister influences, and he is big enough to project his view beyond the sphere circumscribed by them. He is not a visionary, and illusions do not disturb the poise of his mind. He sees a vast empire developing to the north of us, which is attracting annually tens of thousands of wealth-producers from his own country. These thousands of Americans are almost as completely cut off from business communication with their native land as if they had emigrated to South Africa. For years Canada has pleaded with us for more favorable tariff arrangements. In despair of securing concessions, the Canadians are adopting the only policy left to them, which is one of reprisal. Their new tariff programme, when it shall be rounded out, will bear heavily upon our commerce. Its influence will soon be shown in our decreasing exports to the Dominion. Already it is being manifested in a significant way. American manufacturers who have established trade in Canada are being forced to divide the productive energies of their capital by erecting branch factories on the Canadian side of the line. The capital thus employed will divide its profits with Canadian labor, and not with that of the United States.

Upon his return to Washington, we doubt not that Mr. Root will be prepared to suggest a programme whereby we could check in its incipiency a movement in Canada that is fraught with harm to the commerce of this country. His recommendation will have no weight with Congress at present, because Congress is dominated by short-sighted, stand-pat influences. But in the fullness of time there will be other Congresses, and the splendid work being done now by Elihu Root, both in Latin America and British America, will have its effect in legislation that will redound not only to the highest interest of the country, but also to the wisdom and foresight and practical patriotism of Elihu Root.

It is said that the oil trust is reaching out for the Philippine Islands. Has remorse seized that bloated concern, and is it intending to atone for its past sins?

A New View of the North Pole.

It has remained for a Massachusetts minister, whose views are published at length in the Quebec Daily Telegraph, to utter some extremely original ideas about the north pole. According to his version, it "is a waste of time and money and the really sinful endangering of precious lives" to continue the search for the north pole. He asserts, in fact, that it is useless to try and find something that does not exist.

Authority for doubting that there is a north pole is found in the verse in the Bible which declares that "He stretches out the north over the empty place." The reasoning is as plain as a pikestaff. If the north is stretched out over "the empty place," it means that there is nothing at the far north, and, therefore, there can be no pole. Our reverend friend does not, however, leave us to reach this result through the means of logic. He makes the direct assertion. "There is nothing there," he says, "but an empty place. Almighty God tells us this in His Holy Word; and the nations, and especially Christian governments, should join together in legislative prohibition against the foolhardy undertaking of searching for this empty place, and the consequent squandering of time, labor, and money, and the loss of many precious lives. It should be stopped by men who have the Christian spirit and corresponding good sense."

After this, what is there for Wellman to do but to fold his balloon, and why should not Peary send the good ship Roosevelt into a perpetual dry dock? All the arguments against a search for the north pole are now re-enforced and clinched by a single quotation from Holy Writ.

In an unguarded moment an exchange refers to John Wesley Gaines as "Gaines, of Kentucky." It may yet become necessary for Tennessee to enjoin the rest of the nation from seeking to appropriate this favorite son.

We note with genuine regret and sorrow that Messrs. Earl Mann and Adam Gentzler, of Constantine, Mich., engaged in an unseemly personal affray over private affairs a few days ago, during the progress of which Mr. Gentzler's nose was severely tweaked. We are glad to learn, however, that the difficulty was not brought about by intemperate discussion of the Brownsville incident.

Some great and good Republicans seem to think it is mighty unsquare in Mr. Roosevelt to say things and then proceed as if he really meant what he said.

There seems to be only one steam laundry in the kingdom of Greece. Thus a Greek gentleman, as a rule, gets a chance to become acquainted with his shirts before being obliged to consign them to the rag-bag.

Another Central American revolution is in progress. Some of those dinky little nations down there seem to think they must revolute every twenty-four hours, whether the earth does or not.

There hardly seems room to doubt that the English Gov. Swettenham now located at Jamaica is more different varieties of the genus Equus asinus than any man similarly placed upon this earth to-day.

Those Kentucky parties who took down their mail boxes rather than accept their mail from a colored carrier are to be congratulated. It is a better plan than stringing up the carrier.

"Dethrone Roosevelt," says Senator Carmack. Not a great while ago it was "dehorn" him.

"The Democratic party is at war with itself," says a contemporary. Which one?

Now that Delaware has decided to have two Senators, little Rhode Island threatens to rock along for a while with one.

The new Shah of Persia begins the new administration by chopping off a goodly number of heads. In this respect he is not radically different from American politicians, except for the more or less trifling fact that he does it literally, and not figuratively.

The Filipino politicians are attacking the government laboratory. Can it be possible that those fellows cannot tell a laboratory from a treasury?

A Massachusetts court now rules that it is unlawful to shoe a fire horse on Sunday, no matter what the exigency of the occasion. We shudder to think what would happen to the man who attempted to "shoo" the chickens off the front porch.

Mr. James J. Hill says he owns only 7 per cent of Great Northern stock. Nevertheless, he does at least 93 per cent of the talking.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch pays a glowing tribute to "Gen. Hoke Smith" and his splendid efforts to relieve Fort Fisher during the civil war. We know Hoke is a mighty hero, any way you take him, but we hadn't heard of his campaigning around Fort Fisher during the war.

China is about to adopt the solar calendar in place of the lunar. That country seems to be slowly recovering from a good many of its luny ways.

A cable from Caracas says "the death of President Castro is only a question of time." How would we ever find out things if it were not for the cables?

A Chicago man claims that he "saw the devil in his sleep, and threw ink all over him." If it was printer's ink, the "devil" probably didn't notice it at all.

South Carolina, it appears, has about made up its mind to dispense with its State dispensary system.

Mr. Hearst may be declared mayor of New York in time to read his valedictory.

Arthur W. Pinero thinks the modern plays are "too much overdressed." This is one kick that certainly did not emanate from the chorus.

"Benign are the forces of nature," sings a poet. These earthquakes have rather shaken our faith in that idea.

Mr. Bryan has discovered that Mr. Roosevelt hasn't stolen the Nebraskan's war record. It would be a pretty strenuous undertaking, however, to make a "paramount issue" of that.

The Drygoods Magazine tells us that we shall all be wearing paper clothes soon. Some of the ladies will look "perfect frights" in certain varieties of Sunday papers.

"The population is wonderfully patient, but listless," says a Jamaican dispatch. Nevertheless, they get a good shaking up every once in a while.

"Col. Grammar may be said to have parsed his eighty-ninth birthday," remarks the Boston Herald. We miss our guess if Boston doesn't decline to stand for that joke.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch thinks "jack pots" may soon be opened with prayer. We have no doubt many of them are, silently.

A scientist says that earthquakes are a beneficent force of nature. The absent treatment for us.

It is to be hoped the Senate will quit talking about Brownsville long enough for Gen. Keifer to cut down the South's representation in Congress again. Adjournment day is rapidly approaching. We do not want to lose the general and his pet hobby.

A Texas legislator has introduced a "quart law," and it will probably be passed with great gusto. Texans are tired thinking in anything less than quarts, anyhow.

The Pittsburg Post ought not to call that increase of salary proposed by the House a "grab." Nothing was ever more gingerly, more hesitatingly, or more dubiously picked up in this world!

Incontrovertible.

From the Chicago News.

Anxious Mother—Mr. Oldgold has asked for your hand in marriage, my dear.

Pretty Daughter—But he is too old for me, mamma.

Anxious Mother—The idea! Why, he isn't any older for you than he is for himself.

Had Hopes.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Visiting friend—Brudder Sampson, how's de chu'ch gettin' along h'yah?

Brudder Sampson—Well, Brudder Jackson, hit's kind o' sluggardly an' lukewarm jis' now, dat's a fack, but we's rootin' hard fur a good old-fashion revival.

A Better Match.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"How much alimony does your husband pay you?"

"Ten dollars."

"Mine pays me $25. I always told you I'd marry better than you."

THE SAILOR.

You hold me for a day, my dear,
I love you for a life,
And that's the sailor's way, my dear,
A love, but not a wife.
'Tis never I will blame you,
'Tis not my eyes are wet.
But 'tis I that must remember—
'Tis you that will forget.

You kiss me for a night, my dear,
I kiss you for the years,
And that's the sailor's right, my dear,
And life's too short for tears.
'Tis never I will stay with you
When once the moon has set,
But 'tis I that must remember—
'Tis you that will forget.

—Josephine Dodge Gesham.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A BAD BEGINNING.

Buildings and vessels burn;
Each day, a fire.
At well-nigh every turn,
Disasters dire.
The earth seems all a-quake.
So full our cup.
It is with dread we take
The papers up.

Glance at yon flaring board.
What meets our sight?
"Poor China's Starving Horde!"
Heartrending plight!
Each day we note with fear
The death list long.
Oh, take a brace, New Year!
You've started wrong!

Used to Excitement.

"Are you the man who was married in a cage of tigers?"

"Yep."

"Seem exciting?"

"It did then. It wouldn't now."

The Class in Mythology.

"What was the next labor of Hercules?"

"I dunno, professor."

"Think a bit."

"Oh, yes. He cleaned out the Augean garage.

These Funny Girls.

Grace wants to pay the fares,
Insists on that;
And then because Maude dares
To let her pay the fares,
Grace Maude to pieces tears
And dubs her "cat!"

Enough.

"You propose to vote for this measure, Senator?"

"Certainly."

"What do the people think of it?"

"I don't know. My people are satisfied."

The Best.

"Can you suggest a system for playing the races?"

"I can. As soon as you've lost your own money, quit."

The Society Circus.

"I can't come to your monkey dinner."

"Bear!"

"Oh, well. I know a pup who will be glad to take my place."

JUST BY THE WAY.

From the Cleveland Leader.

Probably.

Guest—Here, waiter! Take this chicken away—it's as tough as a paving stone!

Waiter—Maybe it's a Plymouth Rock, sir.

A Flawed Jewel.

Your faults are many, maiden dear
(No flattery is written here
For you to read, but truth). Your eyes
Are much too big. A smaller size
Would not so badly interfere

With one's heart action. It is clear,
Too, that your golden hair's a mere
Trap, for weak men. You should despise
Your faults!

Also, those dimples that appear
At will are blemishes. Your ear
Is a transparent sham. I prize
These flaws, but won't stand for your lies
This is your greatest fault—I fear
You're false!

Stuck on Himself.

"I cawn't decide on what profession to adopt, you know," said Cholly Sappeigh.

"Why don't you become a physician?"

"Oh, that would nevah do! Why, I couldn't take a lady's pulse without causing her to have heart trouble, bah Jove!"

Be Gentle.

Pray don't abuse the weather man—he does the very best he can.
Don't kick because its slippery down town.
It isn't right, at all events, to cuss the helpless elements;
And it's mean to knock the mercury when it's down!

Deduction.

"Oh, look at that big ship. Is that a man-of-war?"

"Yes."

"And that little tiny boat in front of it?"

"That's her tug."

"Oh, yes! A tug of war—I've heard of them."

A PEERLESS LEADER.

Remarkable Unanimity of Democratic Senators for Roosevelt.

From the New York World.

Whatever factional discord may exist in the Republican party, the Democratic members of the United States Senate have a great leader whom they can trust and follow. We refer, of course, to Theodore Roosevelt.

There has been only one Democratic President since the civil war; but when did Mr. Cleveland command that enthusiastic and ungrudging support from Democratic Senators which seems always at the disposal of Mr. Roosevelt whenever there is a crisis in his relations with the Senators of his own party?

$75,000,000 a Year in Tips.

From the London Standard.

A statistician whose calculations may be taken to be as trustworthy as statistics usually are, estimates that the money given away yearly in tips in France amounts to nearly £15,000,000, over £4,000,000 being bestowed in Paris alone. His calculations are based on the assumption that each inhabitant in Paris spends seven-twelfths of a penny, and each inhabitant of the provinces one farthing a day in tips. With an income tax in prospect, Frenchmen are no doubt looking out for different ways of economizing; therefore the statistics of tips would furnish a valuable suggestion.

Naturally Suspected.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"So you used to be the janitor of a flat building?"

"Yes, mum."

"How did you lose your job?"

"The landlord thought I was crazy. When the tenants asked for more heat I always gave it to 'em without a fight."

Had Wheels in His Head.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The most beautiful girl in Iowa and the most beautiful girl in Georgia have recently been married. A man once attempted to decide who was the prettiest girl in Kentucky, but his mind revolved so rapidly that it became overheated and he died miserably in a strait-jacket.

Perhaps It's the Talk.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Somebody has started the report that King Edward is ageing fast, because he frequently drops off to sleep during the delivery of after-dinner speeches. It might be well, before deciding that the King has become senile, to find out something about the speeches.

One Reason Why.

From the Portland Oregonian.

Practically all the immigrants from European countries become Americans not only in form, but in heart. Immigrants from the Orient never do. That's one difference.

Turn About Fair Play.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

It would be a pretty compliment if Senator Tillman would invite Senator Foraker to lecture on the negro question in Edgefield.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Spooner and Tillman.

Mr. Tillman's attack in the Senate yesterday on Mr. Spooner is genuinely regretted by Senate habitues. For several years their relations have been most cordial. Many is the sharp colloquy they have had to the delight of spectators and Senators, but until they parted company on the trouble-provoking Brownsville affair their spats never led to estrangement. But it was obvious from the South Carolinian's bearing yesterday that for his part the Wisconsin statesman can go his way. Soon after delivering his speech last week, in which he severely arraigned Senator Tillman, Senator Spooner expressed to a friend regret at what he regarded as the necessity for so pointedly criticising the South Carolinian, and intimated the fear that it would lead to a parting of the ways between him and Mr. Tillman.

The galleries gasped in something like awe at several thrusts made by the Southern Senator yesterday. He went at the Wisconsin Senator with a bludgeon. Mr. Spooner sat through it all, and made elaborate notes. His countenance underwent no change at any time. He maintained the attitude of a lawyer in court listening to an opponent arraigning him for presenting the case of a client. In Mr. Spooner's purview his client in this case is the nation. Mr. Tillman deported himself through the terrible ordeal as if his client were the South.

"Suspension Day."

Yesterday in the House was what is known in parliamentary terminology as "suspension day." By this is not meant that the usual rules that control have been suspended, and that the 386 members of the House are for the nonce permitted to do pretty much as they please. Far from it. The Speaker is just as powerful and just as masterful in matters of legislation as he is when it is not "suspension day." He holds just as taut a rein on his "boys" as ever. In fact, he is, if anything, even more of a czar.

By "suspension day" is meant that various small matters of legislation of particular interest to localities are taken up and disposed of. Uncle Joe's consent, of course, has first to be obtained before the eager statesman with a bridge bill or something of that kind can obtain the floor to make the necessary motions. The Speaker keeps before him a list of such measures as suit his idea of what constitutes needed legislation, together with the names of his "boys" who are to receive recognition at the proper time and in the order arranged. Woe betide the "boy" who makes bold to get gay with the Speaker by attempting to rush through some bill that has not previously met with the Speaker's approval. Such an audacious "boy" might get on his feet and shout imperiously, "Mr. Speaker," but that would be about as far as he could go, because as soon as Uncle Joe consulted his list and discovered that the impertinent one's name was not there he wouldn't see him, but would give recognition to another whose name was there.

Such is "suspension day" in the House.

Drumming with a Fife.

Senator Tillman's emotion caused havoc to his rhetoric yesterday while he was replying to Senator Spooner and making another general speech on the race question at the South. For all his impetuosity and undisciplined habits of thought, the South Carolinian's parts of speech are usually guarded with care. But he was tripped up by his metaphors yesterday, as this, for example, will show:

"In 1876 negro militiamen used to drum up the roads in South Carolina with a fife."

Ovation to a Michigander.

William Alden Smith, fresh from his notable triumph in the Michigan Senatorial contest, reappeared in the House yesterday, and was given a great ovation. So many members approached to congratulate him that he soon left his seat and took a stand in front of the Speaker's dais, where a great host of members formed in line and shook his hand as they marched by. Speaker Cannon seemed almost as joyful as was the recipient of the ovation. The Michigander has been one of the Speaker's pet "boys," and Uncle Joe appears to regard Mr. Smith's victory in Michigan as a sort of personal triumph, or at least a vindication.

"I don't like to lose my boys," said the Speaker yesterday, "and especially such good ones as William Alden, but if they insist upon leaving me I speed them off with my blessing. But just why anybody wants to leave the House for the Senate, I don't understand. Still, it's the youngsters who did this, and not the old boys, who are set in their ways."

Senator Scott's Little Oration.

It isn't often the Hon. Nathan Bay Scott's eloquence resounds through the Senate, but whenever he does speak his remarks are pointed, and sometimes barbed.

There was intense silence in the chamber. The galleries were jammed. The clerk's droning voice had been stilled after reading by title the usual batch of bills, memorials, petitions, &c., that occupy the attention of the Senate the first thing after prayer every day. That moment had arrived when the battle of Brownsville was to be resumed. The clank of the spurs of the gallant warrior from South Carolina could be heard in the distance. Senator Scott knew this meant trouble. Up rose the West Virginia statesman. Senator Tillman looked at him with surprise. So did the galleries. On the programme it was distinctly set forth that Mr. Tillman was to speak. Mr. Scott's name was not on it. Hence, there was a craning of necks and a tightening of tympanums. What right had the West Virginian to butt in was the question that shot through every mind.

"Mr. President," he said, "I hope that all the negroes involved in this Brownsville affair will not be dead before we get through discussing it in the Senate."

Then Senator Scott sat down. That was all he had to say. A hysterical titter rippled round the galleries, and grave Senatorial faces were illumined with smiles. The Vice President gently rapped out an admonition. The spectators settled back in their seats and held their breath. Then up sprang Senator Tillman, and the battle of Brownsville was again opened for another day.

Beveridge and Brownsville.

Beveridge, of Indiana, was no small factor in the Brownsville compromise episode. He it was who first made known the fact that he for one on the Republican side would vote for the Blackburn resolution. His position for the moment upset Senatorial plans. But it quickly developed that other Republicans shared the Beveridge view of the situation. They, too, were perfectly willing to go on record in support of the President, even if the resolution did originate on the Democratic side of the chamber. Conferences followed. The Indiana Senator discussed the matter with the President, and was prepared to take the floor at the proper time. His courage apparently proved contagious. At any rate, the plans of the Republican side were somewhat radically changed to meet a situation which his independence obviously precipitated.

Historical Date Fixed.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

The war really ended when Tillman and Foraker entered the Union.

BLOW AT THIRD DEGREE.

Recent Court Decision Regarded as a Step Forward.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Unlike most national capitals, Washington so rarely takes the lead in initiating any far-reaching reform that it is encouraging to note that it has at length set an example which could be followed to advantage by most American cities. A judge the other day ruled out as evidence a statement made by two prisoners which had been wrung from them by what is known to the police as the "third degree"; and it is reported that the decision will have the effect of abolishing the "third degree" in Washington by making worthless any evidence which the police may "sweat" from a person charged with crime.

The "third degree" is neither more nor less than the infliction of mental, and quite often physical, torture upon a prisoner who merely refuses to divulge to the police private facts relating to his case which he might be justified in withholding in open court. He is subjected to a barbarous and wholly illegal punishment, though in the law's eyes innocent, for refusing to convict himself and for throwing the burden of proof where it belongs, upon the prosecution. The practice is so widespread as to be well-nigh universal in this country, and is peculiarly intolerable by reason of the fact that the outrage is never inflicted upon a prisoner who knows his rights and at the same time has money or influence to enable him to assert them. The victim is invariably so poor, obscure, or ignorant that the torturers have little to fear.

The system is hopelessly out of harmony with all modern ideas, and is made doubly repugnant by the fact that its only victims are those most entitled to the law's protection, since they are least able to protect themselves. Doubtless any court would exclude evidence obtained by such methods, but only rarely do cases of this kind ever come to the court's knowledge. The most practical and effective remedy is the most complete publicity. Public opinion can be relied upon to do the rest.

STATE SALE OF LIQUOR.

Increase in Drink Evil One Cause of Sentiment Against It.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

Our conclusion is that the reduction in the consumption of intoxicants claimed as a result of the dispensary law is not substantiated by the facts. We believe that the flasks of cheap whisky carried to the farm by the negro on Saturday night and distributed at the "hot supper" has its sequel in as many coroner's inquests as did the drinking over the bars in the old days. Under the barroom system more drinking took place in the towns and villages; there were more evidences of drunkenness and disorder in the streets, and the policemen were busier than now, but the evil of drinking has simply been transferred to the country districts.

Moreover, it is the sinking of this truth, in our opinion, in the minds of the white farmers of South Carolina that, more than anything else, caused the defeat of the dispensary in the primaries last year, in spite of the great affection in which they hold Senator Tillman and the confidence which they have in him as an adviser. The farmers of South Carolina are convinced that the dispensary law demoralizes negro labor, they know that the negroes as a rule do not import whisky from other States for personal consumption, and that is why in so many counties they vote for prohibition.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S POLICIES.

Reasons Why Public Opinion Should Rally to Their Support.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

The progress of legislation and the enforcement of laws for stopping dangerous abuses have been due to the resolute attitude and vigorous action of President Roosevelt. It is highly desirable that the policy he has been pursuing in these matters should be continued until it is firmly established. The Aldriches, Forakers, and other servants of monopoly in the Senate are seeking to discredit him in order to stop his activity against some of the most pernicious evils of the time and to turn back the current of reform. In such a conflict public opinion should rally to his support with renewed intensity.

The Brownsville incident is insignificant in comparison with the work the President has done and is still anxious to do in behalf of justice and right for the people at large, and there is no danger that he will persist in any injustice or wrong toward colored soldiers in the army or colored citizens anywhere. The people should stand by the President without distinction of party, and make it dangerous for self-seeking politicians and minions of monopoly to fight against him.

Just a Trifle Mixed.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Edwin Markham, at a dinner, said of mixed metaphors:

"When I was teaching in Los Angeles I used to read every week a little country paper whose editor's metaphors were an unfailing joy to me.

"Once, I remember, this editor wrote of a contemporary:

"'Thus the black lie, issuing from his base throat, becomes a boomerang in his hand, and, hoisting him by his own petard, leaves him a marked man for life.'

"He said in an article on home life:

"'The faithful watchdog or his good wife, standing at the door, welcomes the master home with an honest bark.'

"In an obituary of a farmer he wrote:

"'The race was run at last. Like a tired steed, he crossed the harbor bar, and, casting aside whip and spur, lay down upon that bourn from which no traveler returns.'"

Something of a Critic.

From the London Globe.

Sir Henry Irving, the English actor, once wanted a white horse to use in one of his scenes, but no white horse that was suitable could he get. At last a stage hand advised him to apply to a certain distinguished manager, who, he said, had such a horse.

Sir Henry visited the owner, inspected the horse, and the bargain was concluded, but as an afterthought Sir Henry said he trusted the animal was not fractious.

"Not at all, Sir Henry, I assure you; an excellent horse in every way. Why, I rode him night after night, and all I had to complain of was that he would occasionally yawn when I was on the stage."

"Indeed," said Sir Henry, "a bit of a critic, then, evidently."

Railway Earnings Still Growing.

From the United States Investor.

The gross earnings of thirty-two roads for the first week of January were $8,596,037, against $7,769,989 for the first week of January, 1906, an increase of $826,048. Twenty-eight roads show increases and four decreases. Since July 1 these roads have earned $259,951,018, an increase of $28,734,281 over the same time last year. Twenty-six roads show increases and six decreases.

The Chums.

Taft, singing—
"Teddy an' I were chums
An' we always shared
Bright eyes an' sugar plums—
Divil a bit we cared——"

—Cleveland Leader.

HEARD AT HOTELS.

Mr. Allen W. Thurman, of Columbus, Ohio, son of the distinguished Ohio Senator, "the Old Roman," was seen at the New Willard last evening. Mr. Thurman told a Herald reporter that he had gone out of politics, but that he still watched the game, as it was one of the interesting phases of our complex civilization.

"The old Democratic party," said he, "seems in a bad way, and yet it would be a rash man who would predict its speedy dissolution. It is a good deal like the fabled phoenix, and we may expect to see it do the phoenix act again. Except for his own unnecessary and foolish pronouncement in favor of government ownership of railroads, I think Bryan could undoubtedly be elected President in 1908. This was a throwing-away of the most glorious opportunity that ever a man in his position had. His road to the White House was easy but for that ill-advised speech in Madison Square last summer, a speech that a vast majority of real Democrats promptly repudiated.

"Of course, Mr. Roosevelt is the central figure in America—a commanding, interesting, and unique figure—and he will go down in history as a very great President. The country is with him, for the people in this age are not slow to recognize the services of such a man. The President has made it plain, I believe, that he will not run again, and it will put the Republicans to their trumps to beat Bryan, even in spite of his government-ownership fallacies. I can think of half a dozen prominent men of their party who have been named in connection with the 1908 nomination any one of whom would be overwhelmingly defeated by Bryan."

"Why should there be any attempt at humbuggery or deceit over as reasonable and just a proposition as is involved in the increase of the salaries of Congressmen?" inquired that fearless and outspoken young representative from Florida, Hon. Frank Clark, at the Shoreham.

"I believe the American people understand the need of raising the pay of their national lawmakers, and, for one, I am willing to go before my constituents on that issue, knowing they will sustain me. I am a new man in Washington, and didn't wish to seem presumptuous, but the fact is that Congress has been too timid in a matter of such grave importance. If this starvation rate of compensation is kept up, we shall soon see only two sorts of men here—the very rich, to whom the salary is of no importance, and the incompetents, who can't make a living in private employment.

"We are losing some of the best men in public life by this very fact of inadequate recompense. Mr. Towne, of New York, who is an admirable man and a first-rate legislator, is going out voluntarily, because he can't make both ends meet on $5,000 a year. The State of Colorado is to lose a very useful and intellectual member, Mr. Hogg, for the same reason, and there are a score of like instances. We are living in an age where dollars go but little further than dimes did in the days of our grandfathers, and we should govern ourselves accordingly."

Congressman McLachlan, of California, and Hector Baxter, a leading lawyer of Minneapolis, were sitting together in the New Willard lobby. Both are of straight Scotch descent in the second generation.

"I like you first rate, McLachlan," said the shrewd attorney, "but I have just one thing against you. You have neglected the language of your fathers. I dare say you don't understand a single word of the Gaelic."

"What are you talking about, man? I don't understand Gaelic? Why, I was brought up on it; my good father said prayers in it every morning of his life. I'll bet you a bottle of the best Scotch whisky (though I don't drink) that I can use the old tongue as readily as yourself."

The challenge was accepted, and at once the duel in Gaelic began. Bystanders heard the queer flow of a strange speech and wondered what manner of men and of what race they were. It was difficult for a layman to say who won where both seemed equally at home, and a compromise was effected that did not involve quite the whole of the wager.

"Our American way of giving every man a show for his 'white alley,' and of not prejudging his case, is to be admired," said Mr. Ben W. Ritter, of Durango, one of the leading lawyers of Colorado, at the New Willard. "For that reason, I think it only right that the public should not form any hasty judgment as to the merits or character of the Senator-elect from our State—Simon Guggenheim. Mr. Guggenheim's integrity has never been questioned, and when he states in the most positive way that he will come to the Senate untrammeled by any corporation ties, and that he is an advocate of the progressive policies of President Roosevelt, his word should be accepted.

"My belief is that he comes to the Senate with the loftiest and best motives that can influence an American citizen. He is not impelled by any mercenary ideas, for he and his family have already attained all the riches the heart of man could covet. He distinctly states that his sole purpose is to serve the best interests of the people of his State, and that he expects to devote all his talents and energies to that end. I do not in the least question his sincerity, and in common with thousands of the best people of our State, I believe that he will acquit himself with honor and credit throughout his Senatorial career."

Hon. "Sam" Robertson, of Louisiana, who, with the exception of Mr. Bankhead, of Alabama, is the oldest member on the Democratic side in point of service, has just returned to Washington. At the expiration of the present session Mr. Robertson will have been in the House of Representatives for twenty consecutive years. To the astonishment of his friends here and throughout the South he was defeated for the Democratic nomination last summer by Judge Favrot, who, shortly after his election, slew a townsman and former friend in a private difficulty.

"Mr. Robertson," said a close friend at the Riggs House, "is certain of returning to Congress. He is one of the most useful men ever sent here from Louisiana, and his long service has been signalized by devotion to the interests of his people. His public life has been without blemish, and it is but the simple truth to say that he possesses the good will and confidence of the members of Congress, irrespective of party."

Still at Large.

From the Atlanta Georgian.

The Pennsylvania fish commissioner distributed 397,636,790 fishes in the streams in 1906, but a Philadelphia man caught them all except the biggest one, which got away.

As Taft Figures It.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Both Cannon and Fairbanks think that Taft would cut a fine figure on the Supreme bench, but it is Taft's private opinion that he would take up too much room there.

The Active but Divisive Dollar.

From the Kansas City Journal.

A dollar will go half as far as it would some years ago, the difference being that you can send it oftener and get it back sooner.