

Published Every Morning in the Year by THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY. 734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered as second-class matter, October 5, 1896, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates by Mail. Daily and Sunday... \$4.25 per month. Daily, without Sunday... \$3.00 per month.

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer.

Advertisements for publication will be returned if unacceptable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

NEW YORK OFFICE, Nassau-Bowling Bldg., La Costa & Maxwell, Managers. CHICAGO OFFICE, Marquette Bldg., La Costa & Maxwell, Managers.

TUESDAY, APRIL 30, 1907.

True Method of Reform. Edmund Burke's great speech on economical reform furnished President Roosevelt with a quotation most aptly employed to illustrate the "exact spirit in which this country should move to the reform of the abuses of corporate wealth."

"If I cannot reform with equity," said Burke, "I will not reform at all." This sentiment, which the President adopted as his own, will be thought by many one of the most significant expressions of his Jamestown speech, as indicating a temperateness of disposition toward persons responsible for public abuses, while sparing no zeal in the abolition of the abuses themselves.

Burke's political sagacity discerned the true cause of the evil and the true course to be pursued in its eradication. "At a moment when committees and petitions and great county meetings showed how thoroughly the national anger was roused against the existing system," writes John Morley, in the sketch of Burke from which the President drew his quotation, "Burke came to the front of affairs with a scheme of which the most striking characteristic proved to be that it was profoundly moderate. He saw the corruption of the system, he had no ill will toward the men who had happened to flourish in it. 'I will never suffer,' he said, 'any man or description of men to suffer from errors that naturally have grown out of the abusive constitution of those offices which I propose to regulate. If I cannot reform with equity, I will not reform at all.' Many years afterward he took credit to himself less for what he did on this occasion than for what he prevented from being done. People were ready for a new modeling of the two houses of Parliament, as well as for grave modifications of the prerogative. Burke resisted this temper unflinchingly. 'I had,' he says, 'a state to preserve as well as a state to reform. I had a people to gratify, but not to inflame or mislead.'"

The passage we have quoted, which obviously made impression on the President's mind, is exceedingly suggestive of the true method of reform, for reform always commends itself more to the Anglo-Saxon mind when it pursues a temperate and conservative course than when it adopts the turbulent and destructive way of the violent and the thoughtless and the ignorant. Mr. Roosevelt has chosen the method of Burke, whose noble passion for right inspired his action and his public utterance. He has, like Burke, a people to gratify, but not to inflame or mislead. That is a rule of public conduct worthy a place beside the one Mr. Roosevelt quoted. We hope he will stick closely to both of them.

Norfolk bit off a pretty big chunk, but the chances are the old town will chew it, all right.

Irrigation in Kansas. They do things differently in Kansas. As that State is unique in products, inhabitants, and ideas, so, it is unique in legislation. But Kansas is all right; the farmers wear diamonds and ride in automobiles, while the land flows with milk and honey the while. People who are prone to laugh at Kansas will do well to look into the joke before emitting the guffaw.

The latest legislation proposed in Kansas is known as the "red can bill." It provides that dealers cannot sell kerosene or gasoline in any receptacle other than a red and properly labeled can; nor is it lawful, under the act, to sell anything but kerosene or gasoline in such a can. The bill, which may seem foolish on its face to the unthinking, has been hailed with undisguised delight, not to say exceeding joy, by Kansans, and seems likely to win for its introducer undying fame, and a mayhap the governorship! You see, Kansas is a prohibition State, and you never can tell what is in a Kansas can by simply reading the Kansas label. Kansas labels are pious frauds, as a rule. Under a highly innocent appearing and extremely reassuring Kansas label often reposes strictly prohibited fluid extracts and strong drink. Without these necessary evils, Kansas would be but a dreary waste, indeed, to Kansas, and the farmer's diamonds would be but a hollow mockery, a delusion and a snare! Hence, the "red-can bill." It doesn't matter much to a weary and a thirsty denizen of Sockless Jerry's erstwhile abode what is in the can, provided it is not kerosene, or some kindred product. It was to protect themselves against embarrassing mistakes in the important matter of liquidating in Kansas that the bill was made and provided. That the statesman who conceived it is a patriot, all Kansans proudly acclaim. That his labor was foresight shall not go unwarded is evident from the prevailing enthusiasm and the loud cheering incident to the mere mention of his name.

"Hundreds of men can trace their business failure to the advice of sympathetic friends," says the Baltimore American. Certainly there are to be found many

like and trust our doctor. When we are well, we do not think much of him; but let the slightest ailment attack us, and we demand his ministering presence immediately. If not sooner. But if he cures us not of the gripe and permit its "after-effects" to demand the surgeon's knife-well, then we are pretty apt to conclude that he doesn't know his business.

If one of the minor hospitals in this town within the past three weeks operated on eight cases of mastoiditis, how many victims of this "after-effect" of the gripe have had their heads bored into by surgeons at all the other hospitals? And how many of them have survived this operation?

In Germany throwing mud at animals is an offense against the law. In this country politicians throw all the mud they please at one another, and nobody seems to mind it much.

According to the Savannah News, Col. John Temple Graves made an "eloquent squawk" at Chicago. We are quite sure the colonel deserves no such knock as that!

Chicago is demanding "same chauffeur." Why not "safe and sane"?

Hoch, der circus! A mob of Cuban baseball fans recently slugged the umpire for deciding against the home team. There is no ground to doubt that Cuba is rapidly becoming Americanized.

The Macon News has invented a new word, "lemoncholla." This is certainly a very homophonous April the weather man has handed us.

A New York woman, on trial for murder, carefully dresses her costume to the newspaper reporters every day. Misrepresentation in this particular must be very trying upon the feelings of a well-regulated murderer.

Gen. Booth is making a great mistake in falling to retain Mr. W. T. Stead as sporting editor of the War Cry.

That Atlanta man who recently changed his name from Smith to Cayler must bitterly regret it when he takes note of the great homage being done that first-mentioned and most illustrious name just now.

A Connecticut court has decided that any woman dying a widow can never be considered in any other light. No court would dare rule so to her ante-mortem state, however.

A correspondent in Galveston, Tex., writes The Washington Herald a pathetic letter extolling the virtues of Spanish mackerel. The Lone Star State's placid waters do not produce anything so good to convince himself that it is an inferior Potomac shad. For a fish that flies the Spanish flag, the said mackerel is doubtless all right, but compared with the star-spangled shad, it is as Montojo to Dewey.

Very nice winter we are having this spring, isn't it?

A Pennsylvania baseball club has been organized which will never indulge in anything like swearing at the umpire or the players. Every member is a deaf-mute.

Both the Foraker and the Taft forces claim to control the Ohio Republican machine. Evidently each side is to be equipped with modern and up-to-date chain departments.

Thomas Jefferson is learning French in order to produce Rip Van Winkle in Paris. If he can ever learn to play it in English, as well as his dear old father, that will be glory enough for one lifetime.

It isn't so much that the Schuberts have joined Klaw & Erlanger as it is that they have rejoined that firm.

Houston, Tex., reports a \$50,000 diamond robbery. It must take an awful lot of Texas diamonds to bring that much money.

The czar's oldest daughter is said to be worth \$10,000,000, and is rated as a particularly nice girl. She is entitled to a good American husband, but will probably have to put up with some royal mollycoddle.

Mr. Taft is to make a trip to the Philippines soon. As there are no delegates-at-large in that vicinity, Senator Foraker will not object if the secretary spends the entire summer there, and next winter also.

"People visiting the Jamestown Exposition will undoubtedly be shown the sofa upon which Pocahontas sat while being courted by Capt. John Smith," says the Des Moines Capital. This will be quite a novelty, too, in view of the fact that the gallant Capt. Smith never courted the Indian princess.

The Thaw jurors have formed a society. A sort of survivors' association, perhaps.

Mrs. Dowle threatens to tell the inside secrets of Zion. On the whole, we rather think we would prefer not to hear them.

"There is a lunatic at large at Louisville, who imagines he bears a resemblance to the Indianapolis Star. Not an unusual sight in Wall street, by any means.

Last call for an April shower!

A New York financier, writing of a proposed bond theft, says: "It was decided to steal a million dollars at the proper time." Among captains of industry, the time to steal a million dollars is any old time you can get your hands on it.

Knocking the Milk Supply. From the Portland Oregonian. The old advice not to cry over spilled milk is no longer applicable. Nobody wants to cry over the spilling of the kind of milk we get these days.

From the Ohio State Journal. An exchange says a tree in Argentina gives milk and water. That's nothing. There are cows that do that up this way.

"Fakir" and "Faker." From the Nashville American. The New York Times has been taken to task by a critic for confusing the words "fakir" and "faker." A fakir is one who fakes, a trickster, while a faker is a sort of religious beggar or devotee of the Orient. It is pronounced "fak-ker."

Never Ready. From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The exhibition was not ready to open. Nevertheless it was opened. "While we're progressive, and are giving the biggest show ever," said the management, "we hope we have proper respect for precedent."

An Anti-Centralization Argument. From the Indianapolis Star. Those painful experiences of the Indiana crowd at the Jamestown Exposition would have been materially lightened if the cost had been defrayed by a State appropriation.

like and trust our doctor. When we are well, we do not think much of him; but let the slightest ailment attack us, and we demand his ministering presence immediately. If not sooner. But if he cures us not of the gripe and permit its "after-effects" to demand the surgeon's knife-well, then we are pretty apt to conclude that he doesn't know his business.

If one of the minor hospitals in this town within the past three weeks operated on eight cases of mastoiditis, how many victims of this "after-effect" of the gripe have had their heads bored into by surgeons at all the other hospitals? And how many of them have survived this operation?

In Germany throwing mud at animals is an offense against the law. In this country politicians throw all the mud they please at one another, and nobody seems to mind it much.

According to the Savannah News, Col. John Temple Graves made an "eloquent squawk" at Chicago. We are quite sure the colonel deserves no such knock as that!

Chicago is demanding "same chauffeur." Why not "safe and sane"?

Hoch, der circus! A mob of Cuban baseball fans recently slugged the umpire for deciding against the home team. There is no ground to doubt that Cuba is rapidly becoming Americanized.

The Macon News has invented a new word, "lemoncholla." This is certainly a very homophonous April the weather man has handed us.

A New York woman, on trial for murder, carefully dresses her costume to the newspaper reporters every day. Misrepresentation in this particular must be very trying upon the feelings of a well-regulated murderer.

Gen. Booth is making a great mistake in falling to retain Mr. W. T. Stead as sporting editor of the War Cry.

That Atlanta man who recently changed his name from Smith to Cayler must bitterly regret it when he takes note of the great homage being done that first-mentioned and most illustrious name just now.

A Connecticut court has decided that any woman dying a widow can never be considered in any other light. No court would dare rule so to her ante-mortem state, however.

A correspondent in Galveston, Tex., writes The Washington Herald a pathetic letter extolling the virtues of Spanish mackerel. The Lone Star State's placid waters do not produce anything so good to convince himself that it is an inferior Potomac shad. For a fish that flies the Spanish flag, the said mackerel is doubtless all right, but compared with the star-spangled shad, it is as Montojo to Dewey.

Very nice winter we are having this spring, isn't it?

A Pennsylvania baseball club has been organized which will never indulge in anything like swearing at the umpire or the players. Every member is a deaf-mute.

Both the Foraker and the Taft forces claim to control the Ohio Republican machine. Evidently each side is to be equipped with modern and up-to-date chain departments.

Thomas Jefferson is learning French in order to produce Rip Van Winkle in Paris. If he can ever learn to play it in English, as well as his dear old father, that will be glory enough for one lifetime.

It isn't so much that the Schuberts have joined Klaw & Erlanger as it is that they have rejoined that firm.

Houston, Tex., reports a \$50,000 diamond robbery. It must take an awful lot of Texas diamonds to bring that much money.

The czar's oldest daughter is said to be worth \$10,000,000, and is rated as a particularly nice girl. She is entitled to a good American husband, but will probably have to put up with some royal mollycoddle.

Mr. Taft is to make a trip to the Philippines soon. As there are no delegates-at-large in that vicinity, Senator Foraker will not object if the secretary spends the entire summer there, and next winter also.

"People visiting the Jamestown Exposition will undoubtedly be shown the sofa upon which Pocahontas sat while being courted by Capt. John Smith," says the Des Moines Capital. This will be quite a novelty, too, in view of the fact that the gallant Capt. Smith never courted the Indian princess.

The Thaw jurors have formed a society. A sort of survivors' association, perhaps.

Mrs. Dowle threatens to tell the inside secrets of Zion. On the whole, we rather think we would prefer not to hear them.

"There is a lunatic at large at Louisville, who imagines he bears a resemblance to the Indianapolis Star. Not an unusual sight in Wall street, by any means.

Last call for an April shower!

A New York financier, writing of a proposed bond theft, says: "It was decided to steal a million dollars at the proper time." Among captains of industry, the time to steal a million dollars is any old time you can get your hands on it.

Knocking the Milk Supply. From the Portland Oregonian. The old advice not to cry over spilled milk is no longer applicable. Nobody wants to cry over the spilling of the kind of milk we get these days.

From the Ohio State Journal. An exchange says a tree in Argentina gives milk and water. That's nothing. There are cows that do that up this way.

"Fakir" and "Faker." From the Nashville American. The New York Times has been taken to task by a critic for confusing the words "fakir" and "faker." A fakir is one who fakes, a trickster, while a faker is a sort of religious beggar or devotee of the Orient. It is pronounced "fak-ker."

Never Ready. From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The exhibition was not ready to open. Nevertheless it was opened. "While we're progressive, and are giving the biggest show ever," said the management, "we hope we have proper respect for precedent."

An Anti-Centralization Argument. From the Indianapolis Star. Those painful experiences of the Indiana crowd at the Jamestown Exposition would have been materially lightened if the cost had been defrayed by a State appropriation.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

BUNKOED. When old Winter's work is finished, and his rigors have diminished, then a time arrives that poets love to sing. Then the blossoms dot the heather and 'tis usually fine weather, for our blessings come together with the spring.

Washington Items. Changeable! The hen fruit crop is ruined. Spring is leading a double life. Bill Bryan has a new sidekick buddy.

On the Sofa. "You are a brick," he did aver, And drew her to his side, "I am a pressed brick, as it were," The witty girl replied.

Particulars Wanted. "What started the trouble?" "Col. Hanks offered Col. Jinks only one finger."

In 2007. "They are very exclusive." "So?" "Oh, very. Claim to be lineal descendants of a Thaw juror."

Sarcasmic Paw. "Total eclipse of the sun next week, paw." "That so, paw? An' what Noo Yawk paper is personally conductin' of the same?"

TAMPERING WITH TRIFLES. From the Houston Post. SHIFFLESS. Don't say shingle-bolts to me, Ner set me a-peelin' bark, When the dogs air runnin' free, I just have ter pause an' hear 'em talk, 'bout what they're chasin', an' I hear 'em a-callin' loud an' clear, And I'm with 'em, light or dark.

Don't set me a splittin' rails, Don't set me a-skinnin' poles; Give me cricks where teeter-tails Laugh and wade, an' from their holes Squirrels look an' scold at you, And from far comin' the halloo Of the pack-a-craashin' thro'; Work's fer fellers without soul!

Work's fer these here ducks that plod, Never gittin' no where; Hoppe's thoughtless, brainless clogs, Bowin' down beneath their cares; But fer me the wild halloo, An' the dogs a-craashin' thro'; Night's dim ways bedrenched with dew, Hikin' where their quarry fares.

And the squirms, rushin' crick, And the shallows in the sun, And the cast, alert an' quick, Where the trout an' graylin' run, An' the singin', whizzin' reel, And the wild, ecstatic feed, That along my pulsed steel, When the battle is begun.

Go an' cut your shingle-bolts, Cut your poets an' tankers, too, You are blind, unseein' dots, Workin' every daytime thro'. Where the trout an' graylin' run, Put your work an' frettin' by Long enough ter see that I Am lots better off than you.

Corroborative. "There's no fool like an old fool." "Mrs. Jinx was saying just yesterday that she never in her life knew a man like you."

Different. "We want you to join our party tonight." "Wait here till I telephone my wife." "To tell her?" "No, to ask her."

Making Her Stay. "We've got a dandy cook at our house, young, white, pretty, and capable." "Gee! I'm going to try to keep her." "Yes; I'm going home to start a quarrel with her now, and demand of my wife that she fire her."

Leonizing. "The very latest formula To bring a growth of hair Onto the pericranium, That were of erst quite bare, Is to breathe long and deeply, And breathe with all your might, catch it up, use all your lungs, And use them day and night." No doubt John Rockefeller Don't breathe just as he should; If he used his lungs every day They wouldn't be so good. To judge John by the mass of hair That isn't on his poll Gives one a faint suspicion That he doesn't breathe at all.

Apt to Get It. "Now, I want my photograph to be unique, understand? Something entirely unlike anything ever seen before." "That's what it will be if it looks like you."

Valuable. "Ashes burned for fuel" Is now heard everywhere; So stow away your ashes And lock them up with care, Already they've produced a lot Of superheated air.

Had to Get Angry. "Why are you always quarreling with your wife?" "She is always arguing with me." "But you need not get angry; just explain to her in a calm, gentle tone of voice wherein she is wrong." "But she is never wrong."

A Bouquet for Chicago. From the Pittsburg Dispatch. Our Chicago contemporaries are making much over the medical announcement that Pittsburgers have "pneumono-koniosis," or smoke-colored lungs. It is not strange that they should consider it vital. Chicago life is so largely conducted by an extreme consumption of wind that it would be a serious matter there to have the wind adulterated!

THE USUAL WAY. He walked to save the street car fare, He tried to get his hat, He sure had summer's hat again, A coat which had been rent, He kept it for his hat what he saved, He bought a case, He stoweth his hat within his gift, His rival's smiling face. -The Bohemian.

MEN AND THINGS.

The President's Health. For a month or more the country has been filled with rumors that President Roosevelt's health was failing, that he showed signs of suffering from an unusually severe nervous strain; that he was irritable, &c., and very badly needed a rest. The fact is that Mr. Roosevelt is enjoying robust health, he is not peevish, and is in no need of rest more than he generally is at this time of year. He takes his amount of exercise every day, his appetite is vigorous, and his spirits seem just as high as when he first entered the White House, five and a half years ago.

Bullock Not a Southerner. Rufus Brown Bullock, the ex-governor of Georgia, who died a few days ago, near Albany, N. Y., was the chief executive of the Goobar State in the exciting days immediately following the civil war. He was neither a Southerner nor a carpet-bagger, although he assisted materially in the political reconstruction of Georgia. He went to the State from the North before the outbreak of the great war, and fought four years in the Confederate army. He was governor of Georgia when the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution was adopted, and for his steady hold on affairs in his State that amendment might have failed to receive the required number of votes. Gov. Bullock was in no way related to the Georgia family to which President Roosevelt's mother belonged. The family name of the President's mother was Bullock, not Bullock.

Gov. Bullock was one of the first telegraph operators to learn to receive rapidly the Morse code in dots and dashes. He was then living in Philadelphia, and his history of the art was followed by all the telegraph operators in the country. When he was an operator in Philadelphia the telegraph business of the country was done by numerous small companies. It was at his suggestion that these small concerns were united in one large company, and this was the basis for the Great Western Union.

A peculiarity of Gov. Bullock was that, although a big and easy money maker, he never possessed of this or that great deal, and carried a large life insurance. His motto was to earn money, live well, and instead of holding your earnings, carry good life insurance for the protection of your family.

The most distinguished visitors to the big circus in Washington yesterday were Lieut. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, retired, and Master Quentin Roosevelt. The former commanding general of the army accompanied his daughter, the wife of Maj. Reber, and her two children, and seemed to enjoy the tinsel and the clatter and roar of the show even more than his little grandchildren. Gen. Miles looks not a day older than when he reluctantly quit active duty in the army by virtue of his attaining to the age of retirement. He is still the most military looking man in the Capital, and in any assemblage would be voted the handsomest man.

Master Quentin Roosevelt was accompanied by one of the President's military aides, Lieut. Bulmer of the navy, who commands the Sylph, one of the naval tenders set aside for the pleasure of the President and his family. The youngster had as good a time as any of the other friends of Uncle Joe, who were from school half a day to enjoy the circus. He was joined under the big tent by some of his schoolmates, and Lieut. Bulmer saw to it that the crowd conducted itself with proper decorum, and maintained a tougher job than the maintaining discipline among the tars.

New Picture of Uncle Joe. Speaker Cannon was one of John W. Gates' earliest friends and backers in Illinois, and to Uncle Joe the big million-dollar plunger owes more money for his great financial success than to any other one man in the country. The friendship then formed has strengthened with the years, and Mr. Gates has no more intimate friend in public life than the Speaker of the House. In numerous ways he has attempted to repay Uncle Joe for his kindly help when Gates most needed it, but the statesman has declined every such proffer. Nearly a year ago Mr. Gates gave an order to Walmal, the artist who has made the pictures of so many public men in Washington, to do an extraordinarily fine job with the Speaker. When the artist came to Washington to make arrangements for the necessary sittings Uncle Joe balked a little, because he couldn't find the time to spare. This occurred just before the close of the first session of the last Congress. The artist waited until the Speaker had returned to his home in New York, whether he followed him, and after much persuasion induced the Speaker to sit still long enough for him to obtain an impression of his outlines. Like Oliver Cromwell, Uncle Joe was a little excused from the paint him, then "put in warts and all." And this is what the artist has done, the result being the finest picture ever made of Mr. Cannon. By Mr. Gates' order the picture will be presented to the boys' school at Charleston, Ill. At present it is on exhibition in an art store in New York.

Soldiers in Congress. Maj. Frank O. Briggs' election to the Senate, from New Jersey, will give the membership of that body at its next session two West Point men, the other being Senator Henry Alderson, Du Pont, of Delaware. It is not known that there is now a single West Point graduate in the House of Representatives, though in former Congresses there have been two or three of the representatives of the Military Academy there. Senator McClellan, of Louisiana, is the only graduate of the United States Military Academy in the Senate, and Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson, of Alabama, is believed to be the only Annapolis man who will be a member of the next House. In both branches of Congress, however, there are numerous men of great influence who participated with more or less distinction in the civil war. Conspicuous among these are Senators Pettus and Morgan, of Alabama; Daniel, of Virginia; Bacon, of Georgia; McHenry and Foster, of Louisiana; McCrary, of Kentucky; Mallory, of Florida; Money, of Mississippi; Foraker, of Ohio; Warner, of Missouri; Warren, of Wyoming; Bulkeley, of Connecticut; Burrows, of Michigan, and Scott of West Virginia.

Two Kinds of Centralization. From the Baltimore Sun. Sold Senator Dewey at a New York court on Saturday: "We have centralization of power and executive authority beyond the dreams of Hamilton, and it is the popular will of the State of New York has had for many years a centralization of its Federal Senatorships in two old gentlemen, and it was not the popular will."

First Hand Information. From the Omaha Bee. The Bureau of Labor at Washington has spent months compiling statistics to prove that the price of living in 1906 was the highest for a period of seventeen years. The bureau might have saved time by interviewing a few housewives on the subject.

Shelving Mr. Roosevelt. From the Philadelphia Press. Those folks who are trying to shelve President Roosevelt by talking a third term might recall how another coterie once shelved him by forcing him to run for Vice President.

THE OPTIMIST.

To-morrow will be May Day. Long ago, when I was living in that delectable land of Knee-Pants, my boys and girls had a pleasant habit of getting together in little companies on the evening of the last of May, for the purpose of hanging small baskets of flowers on the front door-knobs of certain houses, then ringing the bell and running like all sixty to be out of the way by the time our summons was answered.

The week prior to the said festive evening was devoted to the making of the baskets, into whose production was put a quantity of gay-colored tissue paper and as much ribbon as we could tease out of mother's possession. Then would come the excursion into the woods to gather the early flowers and the excitement of filling the baskets and the anxious wait for such an hour of darkness as was sufficient to conceal our identity, yet not sufficient to bring forth a paternal mandate forbidding the expedition.

It was a source of great pleasure, this simple custom, which still holds in many a place, I believe. It was an example of those cheap delights the wise Pluck from the dusty waste of earth's strife, Wreaths of frank cheer, glances of friendly eye, And a smile, which yet to be made may give The moral that may keep alive A starting heart, and teach it to behold Some glimpse of God, which all before was cold.

And sometimes I sit by the comfy fireside of Imagination and wonder what this world might become if you and I—yes, we grown-ups who are only children, after all—had May Day customs like this one. May Day customs which we might adopt out through the whole year, swinging baskets of very small and common kind deeds and gentle smiles and helpful words on the door-knobs of human hearts, and then running around the corner that we might not be guilty of our deeds to be seen of men.

For I believe there is a door to every heart, even though it is a small one in many instances, and I am sure each one of us is furnished with just the same sort of we would use what we have and not go sulking and wishing we had what some one else has.

The person who would do so much for others as to possess of this or that would never do for others at all, and that person will not do for heaven, if it be a happy place.

We often wonder why it was that, as children, we found such rare joy in such simple things as we did. We think we have vanquished that wonder when we have said to ourselves, Oh, we knew so little then! But we know better.

We know, if only we will acknowledge, that it was because we were genuine. More, too, perhaps; but that is enough.

If we will only be genuine now, we shall find a multitude of simple things in the real world which will give us the same sort of happiness as that we knew in the days departed.

'Tis not a dream, nor yet a fancy spun from what we would have as true, but which never be. It is a fact—fact which is proven beyond the suspicion of a doubt by more than one being who still revels in simple pleasures removed from childhood only in degree, not in kind, and who finds in the hanging a basket of flowers on the door-knob of a heart once in a while.

Are you one of these? LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES.

UNDESIRABLES OR MARTYRS?

Two Points of View of Haywood-Moyer Criticism. From the New York Globe. In his letter to the Chicago committee, President Roosevelt lays down sound and unchallengeable principles, principles in behalf of which every good citizen should rally.

It is a grave offense to attempt to interfere with the orderly administration of justice. The motto on the letterheads of the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case is: "Death Cannot, Will Not, and Shall Not Claim Our Brother"—betrays such a bias and prejudgment as is incompatible with the desire for a fair trial. Every word the President says in condemnation of such an advance attitude is to be commended with all possible emphasis.

Similarly the President strikes a responsive chord when he identifies as "undesirable" citizens the labor agitators who "habitually appear as guilty of incitement to or apology for bloodshed."

As the President says, the sharpest line should always be drawn between "law-abiding and upright representatives of labor" and "those preachers of violence who are themselves the worst foes of the honest laboring man."

These principles, especially the first, are so sound that the President, as well as the Chicago committee, should be guided by them. That he was not guided by them at Charleston is in Washington, a criticism lodged against the President for his reference to Moyer and Haywood in the Sherman letter. To this criticism it can hardly be claimed he makes a convincing reply. He does not acquit himself by consulting the Chicago committee. Moyer and Haywood are on trial for their lives on a specific charge. The men are in jail and have been arraigned. Under these circumstances to acquit Moyer and Haywood by the President is to acquit Moyer and Haywood by the President.

The President says that his utterance was "designed" to influence the trial. Even though not so "designed," the President is compelled to consider what effect his words were calculated to have. It is not always by what they intend, but sometimes by the fair result of their acts, that men are judged. Granted that it is established that Moyer and Haywood showed themselves "undesirable" citizens before they were landed in jail, it is not fair to assume that this while inquiry as to the truth of a particular charge is on. What would have been thought if Gov. Hughes, while the Thaw jury was being impaneled, had made a public attack on Thaw? Would the truth of what he said have been admitted as justification?

As a matter of fact, the President, of course, has no wish to prevent Moyer and Haywood having a fair trial. Yet it is most unfortunate when efforts are being made to show labor organizations the wickedness of assuming that the courts of Idaho are corrupt and unjust, for the President to give color to the charge that he also is interfering. He may be able to discriminate to his own satisfaction, but to many at the present juncture it will seem that if he may pilory Moyer and Haywood as "undesirables," others may exact them as "martyrs." The next time the President feels moved to mention names and point to "types" he should select men not on trial.

From the Philadelphia Press. A Goldfield restaurant keeper was assassinated because he refused to obey a miners' union during a recent strike. The Independent Workers of the World would doubtless feel highly insulted were President Roosevelt to say that the men indicted for the crime are "undesirable citizens."

AN ACCIDENT. The man had stumbled in the dark, While on his feet he sought to tread, His hand struck down, and a remark Which we refrain from printing. -Philadelphia Public Ledger.

AT THE HOTELS.

"Can you tell us the reason why such a comparatively few men attend church?" asked a Herald reporter of that amiable and scholarly preacher, Rev. John Cornell, of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, who is at the New Willard with his wife.