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SUNDAY, MAY 26, 1907.

Mitigating Our Penal System.

Our penal system comes in for a goodly share of wholesome criticism nowadays, particularly when it deals with first offenders, or with that large class of unfortunates who find themselves in police courts for minor breaches of conduct. Judge McKenzie Cleland, of the Chicago Municipal Court, goes so far as to say that the whole penal system is wrong, and that the interests of society would be much better served by paroling prisoners. He has put in operation in his court a parole system under which a man who promises to do better is given a chance to live down the error of his ways. Out of 298 persons put on probation, 295 kept their word with him, and are doing well, according to his report a month or more ago.

In an interview, Judge Cleland illustrates his method and his theory of dealing with crime by the case of a man who, while intoxicated, attacked another, inflicting a serious and possibly fatal wound. "I will send that prisoner to jail for thirty days," said the judge. "He will then call himself a fool a thousand times over, and thereafter will be as good a citizen as any of you. He was a good father until this act, and what possible benefit is to be derived by making this man a convict, instead of letting him resume his place as a good citizen?"

Such a method of treatment almost wholly ignores the punitive idea which dominates the penal code, and has been severely criticised on that account, but it has the support of Judge Cleland's associates, among them Judge Tuthill, of the Chicago Circuit Court, who has recently said:

"The great mass of those charged with crime are simply ignorant and misled. All that the State has done has been to confirm them in wrong ways. They have been kept in jail until they have learned all anybody ever knew about crime, and then have been sent to the penitentiary, where they have associated with the professors of crime. So the State has been educating criminals, not only in teaching them the principles of crime, but in making them feel that every one is against them. They become embittered and never get over it."

The probationary work done by Judge Cleland in Chicago has a counterpart in that of Charles A. Massie, of this city, for a number of years agent of the Prisoners' Aid Society. Mr. Massie has no official status, but the cordial co-operation of the police court judges with his humanitarian labor has made it just as effective as that of the Chicago jurist. Mr. Massie's work is preventive and redemptive. He seeks to save men and women from lives as criminals, and to give them the encouragement needed to set them in the narrow way from which they have temporarily strayed. The purpose of the Aid Society is thus outlined:

"To become acquainted (through its agent) with the circumstances of each case where an arrest has been made or party detained because of offense against the laws or regulations of the District, and when it seems to call for the good offices of the association, to throw protection around those who through ignorance or carelessness, or being young and less hardened, have thus offended. When it can properly be done, with the approval of the court, the agent seeks to return to their families those who can be thus disposed of, or to find other shelter for them, that they may start life anew, saved from the humiliating and debasing influence of prison life."

In seven years Mr. Massie has assisted over 17,000 persons, sending many of them home, paying the fines of others, providing food for the hungry, obtaining employment, and so on, and all at a cost of only $6,000. This meager expense of seven years' philanthropy is accounted for by the significant fact that police court prisoners themselves repaid more than 90 per cent of the advances made them for fines, railroad fares, and expenses by Mr. Massie. Of $26,900 invested on faith in human nature, $24,544 was returned. The showing made by the records of the Aid Society is evidence that most of those haled into police court have the important quality of honesty, at any rate. That a great social good may be accomplished by standing between the police court and the prisons to prevent the normal operation of the penal code is in itself a serious indictment of our system of preventing and punishing minor crimes.

After all, Judge Cleland and Mr. Massie are only putting into practice the great Christian doctrine of human redemption. Stripped of its theological implications, the doctrine is simply that humanity contains within itself the power of moral reformation, and that it should be given opportunity for redemption. Open the door of hope, and in nine cases out of ten our poor human nature will accept a new chance to make good in the daily struggle for bed and board.

"Chicago Jeffersonian Democrats are making their plans to boom Col. Bryan for the 1908 nomination. What is the necessity? He is going to be nominated anyhow," says the Milwaukee Free Press. Well, there is nothing like getting in line, you know. No telling what may happen!

England in India.

There has been much seeking, among English statesmen, for a reason for the steady growth of discontent among the natives of Hindustan. It is beyond the bounds of probability that ever again will there be an organized uprising against British rule in India on anything like the scale of the Sepoy mutiny, but there is much evidence of the existence of a growing feeling of alienation which is being fostered by some of the most influential native politicians.

English rule in India has always been rather a marvel; it has been, on the whole, strikingly good rule, and the country has been exploited for its own benefit, not for the benefit of the ruling class. Public works vastly bettering the country are carried on, employing native laborers who otherwise would be idle; for years an admirable system of education has been in effect; native customs and religious observances have been interfered with as little as possible, and the necessary work of government, municipal as well as national, has progressed for years with efficiency and economy.

And yet there are mutterings of revolt, much louder now than for many years. Some students of the situation affect to find the reason in Lord Kitchener's administration of the army. The Friend of India, one of the oldest newspapers in India, says that Kitchener "has converted the loyalty of the native army into disaffection," and it demands his recall, "on the ground that his arrogance and lack of familiarity with the peculiar conditions of Indian life are endangering the safety of the Indian Empire."

One feels that there must be some exaggeration here, for Kitchener has shown himself able to handle situations which to other men were impossible. His lack of familiarity with the Egyptian character did not prevent him from quieting the Soudan, nor did his lack of knowledge of Boer nature prevent his doing much toward retrieving the mistakes of his predecessors in South Africa.

A native writer in the Hindustan Review attributes the present disaffection not to the army, but to the attitude toward the natives of the British civil-service servants, who seem to feel their political superiority to the Indians and do not hesitate to show it. They have "jim crow" cars on the Indian railroads, but, unlike the system in our South, where the cars are set aside for the negroes to the exclusion of the whites, in India the English are allowed to use the Indian cars. There is little social intercourse between the natives, even of the best class, and the British, and the natives are barred from all but the worst clubs. Many little things go to show how wide is the gulf between the ruled and the rulers in India, and to us, with growing colonial problems to face, it should be instructive and interesting to watch the methods by which our British cousins meet the situation in that wealthy and magnificent empire.

Now that Mr. Roosevelt has been presented with a baseball pass good for life, is it right to ask him to serve another term? Is he not entitled to an opportunity to enjoy himself?

Rough Riding as a Requirement.

The President has thrown another bomb at the army. A general order soon to be issued by the War Department, containing his original suggestions for the improvement of horsemanship among the older mounted officers, will be received with mingled dismay, consternation, and terror. Mr. Roosevelt combines the rare qualities of military critic and practical horseman—a combination which has enabled him to make some valuable observations. These he has embalmed in a letter to the Secretary of War, dated May 13, the text of a part of which is as follows:

"As I have personally observed some field officers who were physically unable to ride even a few miles at an increased gait, and as I deem it essential that the field officers of the line of the army should be at all times physically fit and able to perform the duties pertaining to their positions, especially in the field, and as I believe that such physical fitness can only be demonstrated by actual physical tests, I desire that you give the necessary directions to have the physical condition of all officers of the line who come up for examination for promotion to the grade of field officer actually tested for skill and endurance in riding, this in addition to the physical examination now required by law.

"I further desire that an annual or biennial test of the physical condition and skill in horsemanship of all field officers of the line be made under the personal supervision of the several department commanders when making their annual inspections. The tests should be thorough and should consist of a ride of not less than fifteen miles at varying gaits adapted to the terrain, not less than ten miles of which shall be at the trot and gallop—approximately five miles at each—with such other exercises in equitation as may be deemed advisable."

It would be interesting to know how many officers are doomed to be stricken from the list of active, if not acrobatic, riders. The system of surveillance suggested by the President, and now incorporated in the duties of inspectors general, appears to be penetratively thorough and destined to reveal with an accusing and merciless finger those who fail to come up to the Rooseveltian standard of rough ridership. We are evidently to witness the melancholy passing of the corpulent cavalryman and the obese artilleryman who cannot retain their saddles in the high jump on the cavorting nag. The situation, as the possibilities are unfolded from the White House, grows in its consuming interest. It will, for the time being, take the place of the demoralizing project of promotion by emotion, and the jumping-jack brigadiers.

"Men like Hummel need sympathy," says the Los Angeles Times. At present, however, "Abe" is kneading bread.

Newspaper Recruits for Revision.

Strange phrases are those we read in the New York Tribune, which used to see visions of British gold and the insidious hand of the Cobden Club in every proposal for the modification of the protective tariff system. "A tariff must be changed to meet changing conditions," "myopic standpatter," "Dingley rates out of touch with present national needs," "the time is near at hand for overhauling the tariff of 1897"—In such manner are the most sacred traditions of high protectionism ruthlessly brushed aside. And that eminently stand-pat paper, the Springfield Union, long a mainstay of the Protective Tariff League, now confesses its belief that "the Republican party ought to make a sensible readjustment of the tariff immediately after the next Presidential election."

The Tribune excuses its attack on the Dingley tariff by the plea that there has been a radical change in the conditions of industry, trade, and commerce. The present tariff has been an "unqualified success," we are told, but it is out of date. That an unqualified success should ever become out of date is an unhappy admission, for it raises the suspicion that there must be something wrong about our tariff system or there would not be so strong a demand for a modification of it. Why should anybody desire to change an "unqualified success," if it were not that the supposed success is in some very important respects a failure?

Republican protectionists and their organs would never be found on the side of revision if they had not been compelled to take that side by the pressure of public opinion. They have not been the leaders of the revision movement.

Animals cannot laugh, says an authority. Perhaps it is well for the feelings of a number of distinguished disputants as to the habits and customs of animals that this is true.

A Tiresome Inquiry.

Senator Pettus' fatigue over the Brownsville inquiry is shared by a goodly portion of the American public, we have no doubt. It may be damnum absque injuria, as the venerable Alabama Senator picturesquely describes it, but it is certainly a proceeding without a purpose. Nothing that the committee could do would be of the least consequence, even if its findings were adverse to the theory that the negro troops, or some of them, "shot up" the Texas town; and a finding that the President was correctly informed when he took summary action in the case would hardly serve the ends of those who insisted on having an investigation made.

Senator Foraker has conducted what may be termed a clever technical defense of the negro troops without bringing to light any conclusive evidence in support of the ingenious theories upon which the defense has been predicated. The inquiry has, in fact, developed some direct and positive evidence that the shooting was done by black troops—evidence of eyewitnesses that, for some unknown reason, escaped the government investigators. Against such direct testimony expert opinion that a certain bullet could not have been fired from a particular gun, or that the identity of the actual weapons used cannot be fixed, avails little. Taken as a whole, the inquiry tends to establish the truth of the theory that the shooting was done by a small coterie of soldiers, of whose purpose and actions the remainder of the garrison may have been ignorant, though this seems improbable except as to one or two.

As this was the theory upon which President Roosevelt acted when he dismissed the members of the three companies from the service, the whole matter remains just where it was at the beginning. The President may have been hasty, or may have done some of the soldiers an injustice, but his action was quite within his acknowledged powers, and the Senate committee cannot remedy the alleged injustice, or restore a single soldier to the ranks. That is wholly an Executive matter.

The Charleston News and Courier says that South Carolina bullfrogs fatten on live chicken. As the Treasury Department classes frogs as chickens, this savors of cannibalism.

So far as that Chicago heiress is concerned, Peter of Servia is a king of the wrong suit.

A contemporary thinks a journey in a submarine would be fine, because there would be no cat fights on the outside at night. Don't know about that; there are the catfish, you know.

Frank L. Stanton notes the presence in Georgia of Tennyson Jones and Byron Brown. But what we want to know is, has Col. Bob A. Cue appeared yet?

The consensus of opinion seems to be that while the new Wisconsin Senator is a multi-millionaire, it is not to be held up against him.

Secretary Straus thinks that working men should get more pay and be charged lower prices for the necessities of life. Mr. Straus is a gentleman, a scholar, and a great man combined.

While Capt. Hobson was busy campaigning in the very heart of his district at the time of Kuroki's visit, we are quite sure the latter's pop call was not the cause of the former's taking to the woods.

"Texas could tuck away 4,000 District of Columbias in her midst," says the Houston Post. Oh, we admit, so far as mere quantity is concerned, Texas is immense. The District of Columbia stands pat on its quality.

"What are the ten best things to eat?" asks a North Carolina paper. On behalf of the Bentztown Bard, of the Baltimore Sun, we unhesitatingly answer, pie!

Whisky has advanced two cents a gallon. Everything appears to be going up this spring except the thermometer.

A Boston man has resigned a $100,000 a year job, and moved to Harrisburg, Pa. We fear he is too late, however, to get in extensively on the big graft.

Still, if it later appears that spring merely postponed its visit until summer, we shall cheerfully retract all the harsh words we have uttered.

Talk about frenzied financiers; what do you think of an Indiana justice of the peace, who, enjoying a monopoly of the business in his district, never pays a bill until he is sued, and then deducts his fee from the face of the account?

Admiral Evans complains that visitors on board the battle ship Indiana steal the gunsights, and intimates that it is emphatically a blanked sight more than he purposes to stand for.

"The possession of a motor car is not necessarily the proof of great wealth," says The Car. Persistent possession of it, however, may frequently be taken as strong presumptive evidence of great poverty.

It is announced that Gen. Christmas has arrived in the United States. The weather certainly is calculated to make him feel at home.

England appears to be profoundly indifferent to Rudyard Kipling's alleged aspirations to be poet laureate. The people perhaps figure that they couldn't lose, no matter what change might be made.

The Deseret News is seriously concerned as to the question of generating heat from air. If the News will corral the politicians of the land the problem will resolve itself into a mere question of separation.

In other words, "Abe" Ruef pleads guilty, but defies the prosecution to prove his words true.

The hens that lay eggs with the guaranteed successful candidates' names thereon have put in their appearance. We assume it may be accepted as a settled fact that the campaign is now on in earnest.

Difficult to Censure Him.

From the Charlotte Observer.

Truly, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt is playing the part of superman to his heart's content these days. It is remarkable, as in the Hon. Andrew Jackson's case, what dictatory methods and other sins of an overgrown ego the country will tolerate in a President whose essentially good intentions few can doubt. For its own part, the Observer finds much difficulty in bringing itself to censure Mr. Roosevelt with an energy at all proportioned to the greatness of his transgressions.

A LAY SERMON.

By A LAYMAN.

Happy thought for the day: We never have to hang to a strap in church.—Toledo Blade.

It is a well-known fact that in the past few years there has been a decided falling off in church attendance. Many inquiries are made, and many and various reasons given for it.

One minister has said that the growth of ritualism is one cause; another that long sermons keep people away, and another that the subjects chosen by most preachers are "stale, flat, and unprofitable." Another minister, on being asked why the attendance of women was so much larger at churches than that of men, replied: "It is because most women go to church as they do to the theater and opera, to show their clothes. If they were required to attend church in plain dress, and void of all ornaments, only a small number would attend." This is a hard judgment, but may, to some extent, be true. Most preachers seem to take it for granted that certain dogmas which they enunciate are accepted by their hearers, and it is a hard thing for them to understand how there can be any good qualities in doubt. Yet, if they would get the honest opinions of the greater part of their hearers, they would find that the chief thing they ought to combat is doubt.

There is another thing that keeps many men from going to church. They have read the history of Jesus. They find that He sacrificed His worldly goods and honors, and that He did not specially seek the rich and powerful, but preached to lowly men. He welcomed the poor man in mean apparel as cordially as the man with a gold ring and in sumptuous clothing. Is it so now? May not the wealth of modern churches and their exclusiveness become their greatest peril? Jesus did not preach in great churches or cathedrals, but delivered His sermons from the street corners, or the steps of Solomon's porch. His congregations were not assembled by the ringing of a bell, or the announcement of a certain hour. He sought them in the byways and highways. When His divinity was questioned by John, He sent this message to him: "Go tell John that the poor have the gospel preached to them." He was the most human of all preachers, and he "stooped to conquer."

Paul said: "Not many mighty, not many noble were called." Have not the churches been too subservient to the rich and the great? And do preachers fully appreciate the fact that most of the men of this day do not take statements without the authority of reason?

Christ taught, and His disciples believed, that the soul of man is immortal, and does not die with the body. St. Paul summed up Christ's teachings on the subject of immortality when he said that he had "abolished death." The religious imagination has drawn upon the dark background of the future, helped by the light of conscience, many beautiful, and some terrible pictures. As years grow on, we gain wisdom, but not certainty.

Wisdom that, becoming wise, meant making slow
and sure advance
From a knowledge proved in error to acknowledged
ignorance.

Preachers, in my opinion, should think of the doubts of their hearers, and address themselves to their understanding and reason.

A lately published book, called "Atonement in Literature and Life," by Charles A. Dinsmore, has many reflections like those I have stated. He says:

"There is in man an uneasiness growing out of the sense of something wrong within him, and that he is to be saved from this wrongfulness by making proper connections with the higher powers."

This is quite true, but man does not want to solve this by dogmas, but by intelligent reason.

As bearing on what I have said on doubts, I append the following little poem, entitled "Life," by Bryan Waller Proctor:

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we drop; we die.
Ah, wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil, through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly.
We love; we lose, and then ere long
Stone dead we lie.
O life, is all thy song
"Endure—and die?"

LAW'S SLOW PROGRESS.

Difficulty of Meting Out Exact Justice Under Criminal Code.

Brand Whitlock in Everybody's Magazine.

Many men in prison are suffering for the sins of the judge that condemned them quite as much as for their own. The magistrate has no means of knowing the really significant things about the man before him; what strange, occult, mysterious currents of human will or fate, moving in the man's mind or in the minds of his ancestors, impelled him to his deed; he has no means of knowing how far the man has been the prey of economic forces that the judge does not understand, or what hidden physical defect may have created moral defect or obliquity in him. All the judge knows is that in a certain book it is printed that between minimum and maximum limitations there is a mysterious number of years that must be prescribed for burglary, another number for larceny of a sum over $35, another for stealing a horse, another for forging a note, another for firing a dwelling; or that there are so many days for larceny of a sum under $35, so many for getting drunk, for creating a disturbance, and so on.

It would be just as sensible for doctors to say that a man with typhoid fever must go to a hospital for two years, a man with smallpox seven years, a man with appendicitis three years, a man with a boil thirty days, a man with a carbuncle ninety days, a man with a cold ten days, and so on. When a man is cured of a physical disease, he is discharged from a hospital; when a man is cured of a moral disease, he should be discharged from a prison—that is, assuming that a man could ever be cured of a moral disease in a prison, which, of course, he cannot—as society itself admits by continuing the treatment when he does get out. But then the law on the criminal side, has made no progress in 200 years, and so cannot be compared with medicine.

An Alabama Near-Poet.

Editor The Washington Herald:

The following, received by the Postmasters' Advocate from the postmaster at Hammac, Ala., the medium of transmission being a postal card, will probably end the discussion concerning our native poets:

I fell in love with a postmistress
And she fell in love with me;
I gave her a quarter for a two-cent stamp,
And she gave me twenty-three.

J. I. DENISON,

Washington, D. C.

Enthusiasm Down Boston Way.

From the Boston Herald.

The Japanese national anthem is worded thus, three times repeated to weird minor chords:

"May our Emperor's domain last one thousand years,
And then eight thousand;
Until the pebbles shall become rocks
And the rocks are covered with moss."

All sing!

MEN AND THINGS.

Senator Knox Is "Phil."

A paragraph is going the rounds of the press to the effect that Senator Knox is so austere of character and demeanor that, unlike many American public men, he is never referred to by his admirers by an affectionate diminutive, as, for example, President Roosevelt is called "Teddy," Senator Bailey "Joe," Speaker Cannon "Uncle Joe," &c. The Pennsylvanian's Christian names are Philander Chase. The names were conferred upon him by his parents in Western Pennsylvania as a mark of their respect for old Bishop Philander Chase, of Ohio, whose diocese included that part of the Keystone State in which the Senator was born, and who was an uncle of Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's great Secretary of the Treasury, and afterward Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. In Pittsburg, where Senator Knox has lived for thirty years, he is always spoken of as "Phil." In that city he is known as a royal good fellow by all sorts and conditions of men. This does not indicate that he is a man of repellant austerity. In Washington he has acquired the reputation of being one of the jolliest companions in high official life. No member of the Senate is more approachable, and none is more helpful to those who call upon him for information or other legitimate aid. He is markedly genial and democratic, tells a rattling good story, and enjoys the fine points of stories told by others. He is fond of golf and of high-stepping horses, and when not grinding away at work in his office, he is either rounding the links at Chevy Chase or holding the reins over as spanking a team of trotters as this community affords. He is one of the earliest risers in the Capital, and usually is at work by 7 o'clock every morning. Two years ago the Senator's health was impaired, and this affected his spirits more or less for a time. But he is in his old form again physically and temperamentally.

A Popular Appointment.

It is an interesting fact that President Roosevelt's most popular appointment to the bench is that of Henry Galbraith Ward to succeed Judge Wallace, resigned, in the Second circuit of New York. President Roosevelt's other judicial selections, almost without exception, have caused more or less harsh criticism in Washington and other parts of the country, and while Judge Ward is not widely known here, nothing but that which is worthy has been spoken of him. He is a Philadelphian by birth and education, having graduated with honors at the University of Pennsylvania. He won renown as an athlete at college, and this fact was impressed upon the President's mind by friends who recommended Mr. Ward's appointment.

Why Sherman Declined.

Gradually the real cause of Lieut. Gov. Sherman's declination of the President's appointment of him to the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission is coming out. It was related in this column a few days ago that the Illinoisan had refused to qualify for the place largely because of his desire to keep in closer touch with Illinois politics than would have been possible had he resigned his unimportant office there and transferred his residence to Washington. It has developed within the past forty-eight hours that the specific reason for his action was his wish to even up scores as best he could with the President. When last there was a vacancy in the Interstate Commerce Commission Gov. Sherman applied for the appointment. It was reported to him that the President had said sarcastically that he wished to fill the vacancy with a lawyer. Now, Gov. Sherman considers himself a good lawyer, and this opinion is shared by a large circle of clients. He said nothing at the time, but swallowed both his pride and disappointment. He is a good waiter, as attested by his political career in Illinois. He told two or three intimate friends that he would get even with Mr. Roosevelt. He waited until the President signed the commission making him a member of the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission. This he tucked away quietly in a pigeon hole of his desk, and then telegraphed his declination to Washington. Now he has pulled off his coat and gone to work for Speaker Cannon for the Presidential nomination, declaring, above all things, that Secretary Taft shall not get a vote in Illinois. He argues that his activity against the President's candidate cannot be imputed to disappointment in the matter of securing office at the hands of the administration, for he has refused a comfortable berth here. "I am ready to go with Speaker Cannon as far as the brush is cut," Gov. Sherman has written to a friend in Washington, "and then help cut the brush for him. I am not an enthusiast for the strenuous life. I prefer the concentrated life."

Dubois to Start a Paper.

Former Senator Dubois has closed his residence in this city and taken his family back to Idaho, where he will soon begin the publication of a high-class weekly newspaper at Boise, the State capital. Mr. Dubois had intended to accept the tempting offer of a lecture bureau to make the round of the Chautauqua circuits this summer with a lecture on Mormonism, but it is understood that he has abandoned that purpose in order to devote himself wholly to his projected newspaper. At one time he had contemplated the purchase of a daily newspaper at Boise, and the turning of his whole attention to daily journalism, but for reasons best suited to the purpose he has in view he has decided to embark in weekly journalism instead. Mr. Dubois has never been regularly engaged in newspaper work, but during his long residence in Washington his most intimate associates were newspaper men, from whom he acquired much valuable information about their business. While in the Senate he was one of the best news sources in Washington, possessing not only a keen news instinct, but also the rarer faculty of knowing how to impart news to the news writers.

Spilled Water on Dewey.

An untoward incident, as such things go in world diplomacy, caused considerable merriment at the banquet given in New York last week to Gen. Kuroki, Japan's great military hero. George Dewey, admiral of the American navy, was one of the most distinguished guests present. His seat mate was Viscount Aoki, the Japanese Ambassador to Washington. The Ambassador became so enthusiastic while cheering the sentiments of one of the orators of the occasion that he had the misfortune to upset a glass of water full into the lap of the hero of Manila.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," cried the diplomat, greatly perturbed.

"I beg of you," replied the Admiral, "not to be distressed," the while gathering up the skirts of his coat and shaking out the water. "Naturally, I am more used to salt water," added Admiral Dewey, smiling merrily at his own little joke the better to show his proper understanding of the way in which to preserve the niceties of international comity, "but don't let this annoy you at all."

"I assure you that I am very sorry, indeed," insisted the Mikado's representative.

"Then I assure you," declared Admiral Dewey, "that I feel sorrier for you than for myself or than you can for yourself."

Revision with Reservations.

From the Rochester Herald.

Senator Stephenson is a tariff reformer, with reservations. Lumber reservations, perhaps.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY.

We all in time the dust must bite.
Accordingly, I say
A brand of dust made germless quite,
With labels fresh and prices right
Assuredly would pay.

We all a peck of dirt must eat.
And, therefore, I assert
'Twould pay to put up cartons neat,
And advertise by page and sheet
A good aseptic dirt.

Precaution.

"Kuroki likes our honorable country."

"Good!"

"Also our honorable statesmen."

"Fine! Don't show him any of the other kind."

Furs.

"Bah!"

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing growing around here but furze."

"Well, it's a cold spring."

Unquestionably.

If but John Smith
And all his kith
Take in the Jamestown show,
It will, I guess,
A great success
Adown Time's turnpike go.

From a Modern Viewpoint.

"Pa, who was Keats?"

"A weakling."

"Wordsworth?"

"A mollycoddle."

"Byron?"

"A conspirator."

"Shelley?"

"An undesirable citizen. Run along now and spin your top."

Painful to Most.

"I wish I had money."

"Why?"

"I would enjoy spending it."

"Then you would be a rarity. They seldom do."

ALTERNATING CURRENTS

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

AS IT CHANCED.

HE.

How shall I know her when she comes?
How can my heart be sure?
How shall I know her when she smiles, all
innocent and pure?
How shall I know that Fate has led her
o'er the world to me?
How may I know 'tis she who comes, or
when the day shall be?

SHE.

How shall I know him when we meet—
what sign will he display?
He may be near me even now; he may be
far away.
How shall I know that it is he when I
behold his face,
Since cruel Fate declines to let me know
the time or place?

L'ENVOI.

He did not ask, the day they met, for
proof that it was she;
Nor did she pause to wonder if it surely
might be he.
They did not ask, and did not care how it
had come to pass,
And in a year they found that they had
both been tricked, alas!

More Business in Sight.

"If they convict me," declared the grafter, "I'll tell all I know."

"Good," replied his lawyer. "Recommend me to your friend at the same time, will you?"

The Horrors of War.

"Colonel," asked the beautiful girl, "do you consider war really dangerous, as it is now carried on?"

"Yes," replied the grizzled warrior, "it is still very risky. A soldier in the thick of battle has almost as slim a chance as an umpire in a New York ball game when the home team is losing."

Looked Good to Him.

"I have a fine part for you in this new play," said the manager.

"Thanks," replied the heavy man. "What salary goes with it?"

"Well, the salary isn't going to be very big, but you are to have a real sandwich and a bottle of beer in the second act."

"Say, would you mind fixing the contract so that it will run for three seasons?"

NO ADVICE WANTED.

Mr. Bryan Has No Use for Opinions of the Opposition.

From William J. Bryan's Commoner.

It is interesting to read the advice which Republicans are now giving to the Democrats. It recalls the early months of 1904. The Democratic party was at that time the recipient of a great deal of unsolicited advice from Republicans, and it was all along the same line. The Democrats were assured that their defeats were attributable to radicalism and that they could strengthen their party by a return to conservative doctrines. They were not promised victory—of course not—but the Republican editors were so anxious to have a strong, virile organization to fight that we were assured that the Republican party was becoming careless because it had no effective opposition and that it would really be good for the country to have the Democratic party almost, but not quite, strong enough to win a victory. It would keep the Republican party on its good behavior, make it careful about its conduct, &c. This kind of advice was given in unstinted measure, and it was followed. We had an eminently respectable candidate; he had the confidence of the business interests, and his campaign was conducted upon thoroughly conservative lines, and then the Republicans sat back and laughed at the success of their scheme as they counted up a majority almost too large for figures.

Now the same game is being tried again. The Republican editors are again pleading for the Democratic party; they are weeping over its supposed decreptitude. Well, it is bad enough for the Republican editors to advise us. There is possibly some excuse for them. The President is not taking their advice in the management of the Republican party, and they feel that they are entitled to advise some organization, but it is adding insult to injury to have advice from Gen. Charles H. Grosvenor—"the sage of Athens," as the Cincinnati Enquirer calls him.

Negro Slaveholders in Charleston.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

There were a good many negroes who owned negro slaves in the South before the war. In the "List of the Taxpayers of the City of Charleston, 1860," published by Evans & Cogswell, in 1861, the names of 172 colored people are given who owned and paid taxes on 390 slaves in Charleston. The tax on slaves was $3 per capita, and the amount paid on the negroes owned by negroes in this town at the beginning of the war aggregated $1,170. Doubtless there were other slaveholders among the negroes in other parts of the State, but of these we have no record.

Fixing It.

From the Philadelphia Press.

"John," said the political leader's wife, "you'll have to get a new policeman assigned to this beat; Bridget doesn't like the present one."

"All right," said he, "and while I'm about it I'll get one that likes his meat rare. I'm getting tired of overdone beef."

AT THE HOTELS.

In the Territory of Arizona there is no man of better social or financial standing than Mr. J. N. Porter, president of the First National Bank of Globe, Ariz., who is at the New Willard, accompanied by his wife and their beautiful young daughters, Misses Stella and Lillian. Mr. Porter is a native Texan, and still has large interests in that State. Some twenty years ago he went to Arizona, in the development of which he has taken a leading part.

Yesterday Mr. Porter had a very pleasant interview with President Roosevelt, in the course of which he told the Chief Executive that he was proud to meet him for the double reason that he had never before seen a President of the United States, and because he loved to shake hands with a "man that had done things." At this Col. Roosevelt smiled in his usual intensive fashion and paid back the Arizonian's compliment in clever style.

Miss Gertrude Beeks, who is at the Raleigh, and who is secretary of the welfare department of the National Civic Federation, is a Southern girl, a native of Tennessee, but she has as much snap, vim, and hustle as though she had been New England born. Probably no other woman in this country has had as wide, practical experience in dealing with all phases of the problems connected with the employment of labor and the protection of wage earners in stores, mills, mines, and factories, indeed, in all places wherever labor is employed. Miss Beeks, in spite of her prosaic duties, is thoroughly feminine, and besides being very clever, has all the pleasing and agreeable ways of a refined and up-to-date woman. To her belongs the credit of having made the most complete and impartial report on child labor as employed in the cotton mills of the South, and on the general condition of the adult operatives as well who derive their livelihood from that industry.

"There are too many children employed in the cotton factories of the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama," said Miss Beeks, "and the practice of utilizing the labor of boys and girls under twelve years of age should be abolished. But there are many redeeming conditions, as I found on personal inspection. Before the establishment of the mills the parents of these children lived in remote districts, and their progeny, thus isolated, grew up in poverty and illiteracy. After the industrial era set in the natives went to the towns, where they found work which would employ all the members of a family and where the young could have the advantage of schooling at least during parts of the year. In some of the mill towns the owners have established schools of the very best character, and the children of the operatives are given a chance in life which they never would have had in their former pauperized and semi-barbarous state."

Maj. John M. Burke, press agent and general publicity man for Buffalo Bill, is at the New Willard. He is known the wide world over, and there is scarcely a city of the earth in which he has not some warm personal friend. The major was born in New York City, of Delaware parents, but being left an orphan he was taken care of in his young days by relatives in Cecil County, Maryland. In 1865 he was in Washington, where he struck up a warm friendship with Mr. Allison Nailor, a friendship that has been maintained ever since. The two went West together that year, and young Burke, becoming infatuated with the unconventional life of the plains, concluded that the frontier was good enough for him. During the past forty years he has never lived in any one place for as much as a year, and so when he signs his name on a hotel register it reads, "John M. Burke, U. S. A."

"Cuba is in a very depressed condition, considered financially," said Mr. J. T. Crawley, director of the governmental agricultural station of that country, at the New Willard.

"The reason of the stringency is in the poor crop prospects. Last winter a general drought militated against the sugar planters, and when I left the island the face of the country was as sere and desolate as a prairie that had been scorched by fire. The failure of the rains caused the banks to refuse to advance any money to the cane growers, and the tightness of money has produced a stagnation that is felt in all lines of trade and business. This depression is merely temporary, and with another good crop prosperity will return."

Judge R. N. Baskin, of Salt Lake, former chief justice of the Supreme Court of Utah, is in Washington to argue a mining case before the United States Supreme Court, involving the ownership of property worth many millions of dollars. Judge Baskin has lived in Utah for forty years, but he was born and reared in Highland County, Ohio.

"As a boy," said he, "I was intimately acquainted with the Foraker family, and especially with an elder brother of the Senator, who died early, but who gave promise of being a great man. The Senator's father was a man of no ordinary individuality. He was of a positive, forceful nature, and never backward in speaking his convictions, no matter whether they accorded with the majority view or not. I well remember that he was not afraid to declare his abolition sentiments in a community where most of the people despised the abolition doctrine as the rankest political heresy. It took a man of courage to proclaim himself in this fashion at that time. None of the Forakers ever lacked courage. All my life I have been a Democrat, but today I acknowledge the manliness and fearlessness of J. B. Foraker, who has had the nerve to stand up for his notion of what constituted the right, even though in a lonesome minority."

"The Americans imagine we have a democracy in our country, but for the real article one must go to China," said Mr. R. S. Tomlinson, of Shanghai, at the Arlington. Mr. Tomlinson has lived many years in the Orient, and speaks authoritatively.

"In the United States we have developed democratic theories by regarding the individual citizen as the unit of the nation. In China the family constitutes the unit, and in many ways it is a great system, working out admirably in practice. Over there respect is paid to family ties, resulting in a bond of union that exists nowhere else in the world. All the family kindred in China act together, much after the fashion of the Scottish clans in the old feudal days. If a Chinaman goes wrong his fault is looked upon as the disgrace of all his uncles, nephews, cousins, and other relatives to the remotest degree. This goes so far that instances are common where, in case of heinous crime, the relatives of the malefactor take him away from the courts by official permission and impose and inflict the death sentence.

"Every two years there are great family reunions throughout the country, at which one of the tribe puts down in a big book a sort of biographical sketch of each member. In this way a constant record is kept, and this is handed down from generation to generation."

Taft a Virginian?

From the Charleston News and Courier.

William H. Taft was born in Virginia, although he would say, doubtless, that he was born in Ohio. As a matter of fact, he was born in Ohio, but was not what is now known as Ohio originally, a part of Virginia? The land on which the McCamie cabin stood in which Andrew Jack-