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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1907.

Speaking for the President.

Mr. Roosevelt is still content to allow other members of his administration to speak his mind on the subject of tariff revision. Five speeches on all sorts of national topics, and not one word on the tariff! It was left to Secretary Straus to supply the omission with his cautiously worded admonition that if we raise the tariff wall too high in this country we encourage a similar policy abroad, and so the bars are put up on both sides to the normal course of trade. President McKinley, as Mr. Straus showed, after years of battling for a high protective tariff, saw how prohibitive tariffs at home and abroad operated to isolate us as a nation and to restrict our commerce, so that the first thing requisite to our commercial expansion was a lowering of the tariff barriers to international trade. Reciprocity was the McKinley method of reducing those barriers, though he suggested in addition the lowering or removal of tariff duties no longer having any protective value.

Mr. Straus' address to the cotton mill men is one of a number of signs that reciprocity will be once more brought forward as a palliative of some of the evils of a too high protective tariff. As we have observed more than once, Mr. Roosevelt may be dumb as an oyster on the tariff, but his administration is doing what it can in the direction of clearing away the obstructions to trade expansion. If there were no other evidence of it, sufficient could be found in the virulent criticism of the German tariff agreement with which the stand-pat journals abound. That terrible bogey, the adverse balance of trade, is being exhibited in its most hideous aspect, and the frightful consequences of buying more goods from Germany than we sell to her are portrayed with eloquence and fervor. If Mr. Roosevelt were making daily tariff revision speeches, he would hardly hear more to his disadvantage than now appears regularly in the protectionist organs. He is there depicted as a usurper, as a menace to prosperity, as working a bunko game on the American people. The leveling of protectionist guns at the administration recalls the good old times when the same armament was employed in banging away at Grover Cleveland.

Possibly our stand-pat friends may find that they are overdoing the campaign against reciprocity. The President enjoys a fight as well as anybody, and no one is readier to resist an open attack. If he should become thoroughly aroused by the criticism of the stand-pat crowd, there may be more doing in the line of "tariff-ripping" than any one now expects.

Better be a dog and bay the moon than a bear in a Louisiana swamp.

The Growth of the Constitution.

A paper read by James J. Britt, of the Asheville (N. C.) bar, before the Pen and Plate Club of that city, on the growth of the Federal Constitution, accepts frankly the doctrine of constructive interpretation of that instrument as a practical way of adapting it to the changing needs of the country. The Constitution, as he shows, has undergone a process of development, so that the written instrument no longer expresses the full scope of national power. He sketches rapidly the main lines of this historical development, from Marshall's great decision sustaining the constitutionality of a national bank to the insular decisions upholding our right to hold distant colonies, and concludes that "whatever the nation finds it necessary to do it will find authority for doing." All this is sufficiently familiar to the student of constitutional history, though it is often forgotten by those who echo that meaningless cry, "Back to the Constitution!" as if the Constitution under which we live were not a living organism. We may stop the course of constitutional development, but we cannot undo the past.

Mr. Britt believes that in the "vast repositories of implied powers" contained in various clauses of the Constitution ample authority can be found for Federal legislation for the regulation of industrial and insurance corporations, for enforcing the treaty rights of foreigners, for correcting the evils of child labor, and for a uniform marriage and divorce law. But when the nation has done all this and more, "it is yet a potent and interesting fact that 95 per cent of all the laws, of all the functions of control, that touch the daily life of the people is yet administered by the States." This is the conclusive answer to those who fear that extension of Federal power means the wiping out of State boundaries and the obliteration of the States. Many matters of national concern may pass to Federal control, but, as Mr. Britt truly says—

"The integrity of the States will be preserved; their established constitutions and governments will stand; their lines and boundaries will not be broken; their administrative functions may be changed; but they will not be impaired; their internal policy will not be interfered with; the administration of the great bulk of positive law will be, as new, in their hands; their schools, their charities, their public institutions, their elections, in short, those fundamentals of sovereignty admittedly and constitutionally theirs, will remain."

Mr. Britt concludes with a strong plea for the national spirit. He quotes, in self-justification, the argument of Thomas Jefferson, in one of his messages to Congress, in favor of the use of surplus national funds for public education and internal improvement, objects which he though Congress might "add to the constitutional enumeration of Federal powers." "By these operations," said Jefferson, "new channels of communication will be opened between the States, the lines of separation will disappear, their interests will be identified, and their union be cemented by new and indissoluble ties." John C. Calhoun held similar views in his earlier career, before he became obsessed by his extraordinary idea of State rights. And the results which Jefferson and Calhoun hoped to accomplish by the development of a national spirit have come about, and were admirably described by Secretary Root in his famous Pennsylvania dinner speech. Mr. Britt notes the fact that Jefferson, in 1806, and Root, in 1906, talked of vanishing State lines, not in a geographical sense, but in a commercial and political sense. If Jefferson and Calhoun were alive to-day, does any one suppose they would favor the reduction or impairment of the functions of the mighty nation they helped to found?

Dr. Frederick Cook announces that he has discovered "a new route to the north pole." Good! Who discovered the old one?

Solomon and His Songs.

And now comes Prof. Haupt, of Johns Hopkins University, who deposes and says that the "Songs of Solomon" were not written by Solomon at all, but, as a matter of fact, were written at least 600 years after his reign—long after he was dead and gone. The professor supports his contention—as these iconoclasts always do—with much plausible reasoning and apparently authentic data.

Right now, and with emphasis, we wish to say that we hope to see some scholastic wonder speedily smash the Haupt idea into smithereens and restore Solomon, unanimously, to that high estate wherein we have been used to contemplating him, and from which it is now sought to drag him down.

We gave up Rameses II, not without a struggle we admit, to the gluttony of the idol smashers; we saw the greatness of King Hotep III belittled and bedraggled by overcaptious criticisms; but it is not our purpose tamely to submit to the degrading of Solomon, the one man in all the world universally conceded heretofore to know it all.

If Solomon, the erstwhile fountain-head of all wisdom, is demonstrated to have achieved things only in fancy, what is to become of the glory hereafter attaching to any man's name? Shall we all have Prof. Haupts camping on our trails a thousand years hence, seeking to snatch the laurels from our long since embalmed and unoffending heads? Are we to give aid and comfort to this sort of thing now, to our own undoing in the dim and distant future? If we do not frown down these people at this time, how can we expect that some champion will arise in after years and hold fast the halos about our own heads?

In this emergency we call upon all Masons, of high and low degree, to rally to the standard of Solomon. If Solomon was an impostor, what about that wonderful temple, Hiram of Tyree, and all the rest of it? Solomon is the one great and specific hero of the order; shall he be relegated to the rear, after all these years of honorable standing? Is not this the proper Masonic hour to arise and defend the keystone of the arch supporting so many of Masonry's most cherished traditions?

We believe that it is, and we feel that this bugle call will not go unheeded. Solomon must be preserved in all his glory, and in due and ancient form.

Once more the President ruthlessly runs over the Constitution. He proposes to force all army officers to indulge in a fifteen-mile horseback ride; and the Constitution expressly prohibits cruel and inhuman punishment.

A Quality of "Roosevelt Luck."

We recall reading, and commenting upon, this statement some time ago: "Theodore Roosevelt is fortunate in the enemies he has made." It occurred to us at the time that this might be true—in a certain sense—provided it were admitted that the making of an enemy could ever be considered a fortunate circumstance.

Certain it is that some one may be depended upon, and, as a rule, at the exact and psychological moment, to "butt in" with some sort of idiotic attack upon the President every now and then, the outcome of which invariably leaves him higher in the public estimation than before the episode. At the present moment persons in certain sections are threatening the President because of the incident of the now famous Fairbanks cocktail luncheon. A general outcry against the dispensation of wines at the White House has been started, and it seems not altogether unlikely that the agitation may gain some headway.

Fortunately for the American people, they have a fine and abundant sense of humor. They refused to take the Roosevelt-Storer controversy in a serious manner, notwithstanding the fact that it might have been serious had it not been so comical! The cocktail incident was no fault of the President, and, save for the laugh it brought forth, did not upset the national status of things to any great extent. Misguided ones who seek to undermine the popularity of Mr. Roosevelt along the lines aforesaid are sure to find themselves losers in the end. They will not injure the President; on the contrary, they will but add one more to the list of foolish rows kicked up with intent to hurt him, but which resulted in anything else.

We suppose the President would accept a cocktail if the spirit moved him; we doubt not that he serves wines upon occasions demanded by national or international courtesy. But he has impressed himself, whatever may be the individual estimate of him, upon the country as a wholesome, clean American; a lover of the manly qualities in his fellow-citizens, and one of whose domestic virtues nothing by way of adverse comment may be said.

There are a lot of reform movements now being carried on throughout this land. Some are in the right direction and others ill-directed. This we know, and do not underestimate; but those who are seeking to build up opposition to Mr. Roosevelt because he does not subscribe to all their extreme views, or because they seek some sort of revenge upon him, will do well to pause before proceeding further along the line herein indicated. He will come out with all of the glory and all of the hair that anybody pulls. It is the quality of his "luck" to have some one furnish him an opportunity such as this may prove.

When Mr. Roosevelt becomes an editor, "extras" every few minutes will not be considered anything especially novel.

We do not like to say anything calculated to make a man dissatisfied with his surroundings, but the thirteen-pumpkin-pies-per-day editor of the Austin Statesman will be interested to learn that a South Carolina man has discovered a section of his State where pumpkin vines may be grown averaging forty pumpkins each, none of them weighing less than twenty-five pounds.

There are more souvenir postal cards sent out daily from Wonderful Washington than there are bum actors in Marvelous Manhattan and red-headed widows in grandoldtexas, collectively.

A Chicago man has won his sweetheart's consent, after twenty-four proposals of marriage. We are not so sure about that woman having the last word in all the post-nuptial arguments.

The alienists for the State in the Thaw trial claim a compensation of $22,000. Naturally, a number of taxpayers will think they are crazy.

As we understand it, the late Charles Dickens has been spiritually attached to the Ananias Club, so to speak.

We do not suppose it is worth while fussing, when so able an authority as Frank L. Stanton comes along and rhymes "Texas" with "vex us."

If Mr. Root survives the hot tamales and the chili concarne, it will be a great ad for Mr. "Billy" Muldoon.

"Pilgrim's Progress" has been dramatized. It is to be hoped that the extremely busy modern dramatist will let the Bible alone, at least.

The price of the peace conference was $1,300,000; which was mighty high, considering the small amount of good delivered.

And Gov. Vardaman, "he lay low, and say nuffin?"

We have an idea that the London physician who insists that the prettiest women are invariably the stupidest is trying to square up something with somebody.

It may be, as has been suggested, that Congressman Burton is better looking than Mayor Tom Johnson, but so far Johnson appears to look good enough to the betting men.

"What is an 'affinity?'" asks the Macon Telegraph. We are not quite sure; nor are we quite sure we care to know.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, so far as actual danger from the President of the United States is concerned, we would much rather be the Mikado of Japan than a varmint at large in the Pelican State jungles.

A rampant Southwestern trust-buster wants to put a prohibitive tax on sleeping cars running through his State. Why not include day coaches, and box cars, and flat cars—oh, why not everybody walk, anyhow?

If the New York Herald succeeds in its attempt to sell the Philippines, it will at once achieve an international reputation as a highly successful but extremely dangerous captain of industry.

Still, Mr. Jacob Riis is not estopped from pointing out that even to beat Mr. Roosevelt playing tennis it was necessary to go out of this country for the man.

And now it is announced that the grape crop of France is a "total failure." Isn't it strange that no one ever thinks to announce a crop as a "complete success?"

The President's recent speeches cover a good deal of space in the newspapers. The late Sam Jones doubtless would have condensed the bulk of them into a shorter and not less impressive expression, "Quit your meanness!"

If we can arrange with Mr. Wu to conduct the cross-examinations for Uncle Sam when our trust magnates are on the witness stand, he will at once be rated persona gratissima.

AGREEMENT WITH GERMANY.

Reasons for Thinking Tariff Pact Favorable to This Country.

John B. Osborne, in Harper's Weekly.

No commercial arragement between the United States and a foreign country has ever been concluded that has, in equal time, excited wider interest and more general discussion in the press and among business men concerned with tariff questions than the new commercial agreement with Germany, which went into effect on July 1 of this year by virtue of President Roosevelt's proclamation issued on June 1. This agreement has aroused no little opposition on the part of American manufacturers, who fear that the modifications made in the United States customs regulations as part of the American concessions to Germany will imperil their interests in the home market.

From an economic, as well as fiscal, point of view, it would seem that the new agreement is more favorable to the United States than to Germany—that is, regarding it as a commercial bargain, and that, after all, is precisely what every arrangement of commercial reciprocity amounts to. Treating the matter, then, as a "bargain," this is what we find: American goods representing 96 per cent of our total exportation to Germany continue to enjoy in that country the treatment of the most favored nation, whether this be free entry or the lowest rates of duty accorded to the like products of any other country. On the other hand, the German products that participate in the benefit of the reductions of duty granted by the agreement amount to only $1,861,000, or only 1.4 per cent of our total importation from Germany in the fiscal year 1906.

Why the Army Suffers.

From the Army and Navy Journal.

The numerical strength and the efficiency of the army cannot be maintained on the present wage scale as compared with wages in civil pursuits. At present a soldier receives about $1.43 a day, including everything provided by the government. For that, he obligates himself for a period of three years to go to any part of the earth at a moment's notice, endure all the privations and hardships and face the dangers which characterize the military profession. A mechanic, with no such obligations and at liberty to go where he pleases, gets about $5 a day. The army suffers by the contrast and will not be attractive until the inequality is reduced.

Rotation in Office.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

The general principle should be that the onus should lie upon governors, Congressmen, and other officeholders when they seek re-election to prove to the satisfaction of the Commonwealth or district that their retirement would cause positive loss to the public service. The idea of complimentary second terms should not be tolerated in this democratic country of ours, and officeholders should receive no rewards that they do not earn.

Looking Backward.

From the New York Tribune.

Women's hats, the experts tell us, are now the same as they were a hundred years ago. That is doubtless the reason why they seem to be looking backward.

Constitution Not a Fetich.

From the Providence Journal.

The United States of America could not afford to make such a fetich of the great instrument of 1787 as to defeat the very purposes for which it was devised.

And Build More Battle Ships.

From the Cleveland Leader.

T. R.'s condensed gospel of peace: "Do right; demand justice; don't bluff; make good."

A SUNDAY TALK.

But He answered and said, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel."—St. Matthew, xv:24.

It was while Jesus was making a tour of Tyre and His fame had been spread abroad in the land so that wherever He went He was followed by enthusiastic crowds that there came to Him, a poor woman of Canaan, crying that her daughter was possessed of the devil and begging Him to cast it out. Always he was surrounded by satellites—just as our prominent men are to-day—who tried to keep the plain people from Him, and His disciples who surrounded Him, tired of her importunity, cried, "Send her away; for she crieth after us." It was then that Jesus Christ uttered the remark which has come ringing down to us through the ages, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

The message that Christ uttered then is a message which every one of us may take to our hearts to-day. It means, in other phrase, that "The love of God passeth all understanding."

Into the lives of all of us there come times when after sin or sorrow or humiliation we need with all our souls some one, some spirit, some belief, on which we can rely. There are none of us so poor but that in the times of our prosperity we can find multitudes of friends. Always while we are strong we may find men and women who glory in our strength, admire us, are proud of us, respect us. There is not one of us so secure in his position but that the time will come when he will be overwhelmed by sorrow, by grief, by sin, and it is at such times, and only at such times, that one can really appreciate the fact that the gospel of Jesus Christ, the gospel which has made the world in which we live sane, healthful, and beautiful, has a personal and intimate appeal to us.

For above all things else the gospel of Jesus Christ was not made for the prosperous, the happy, or the rich. Always and for ever it is a gospel of uplift; a gospel designed not for those safely housed and with a fair outlook on life—but for the poor soul who needs; those weighted down by the burden of their sins; oppressed by failure; lacking hope; needing friends; lonely, and reaching out in vain for the handclasp of sympathy. It is to such souls as these that this message of Christ in Tyre appeals. "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep."

And in that message which has come ringing down to us across the gulf of two thousand years of toil there is not one of us that may not find help, consolation, and inspiration. We may know always, with Browning, that—

"God's in His heavens; all's right with the world"—

and that it always will be all right so long as we do our part.

Continually and earnestly we may strive for the highest, knowing that if in the battle of life we lose, we cannot lose everything. Behind us stands the promise that Christ uttered to the poor, downcast woman of Tyre—that his gospel; that all that religion means; all that is highest and best, and most idealistic, is not offered necessarily to those who succeed—it belongs by right and by Christ's promise—to the "lost sheep of Israel."

Realizing this, we may realize, too, that despondency has no part in our lives if we be true men. Days may be dark and drear, but always this message of hope is waiting for us to accept if we will. No matter how far we may fall, always that hand is reaching out to help us rise again. As quaint old Fuller says:

I am not lost while He will reach His hand
Out of the darkness and say, "My son, come here."
For the world's bitterness I have no fear;
Men may not know me, but God can understand.

NATIONAL INCORPORATION.

Analogy of Rooseveltian Ideas with Those of Editor Rosewater.

From the Omaha Bee.

The policy outlined by the President is practically a repetition and indorsement of the attitude of the late Mr. Edward Rosewater in a series of special articles published in the Bee and the Twentieth Century Farmer in the spring of 1905. In those articles Mr. Rosewater discussed all of the phases of the railway problem in the United States and the abuses that grew out of a lack of proper control of the interstate commerce roads. He called attention to the loose charters that had been granted in some States to encourage railway extensions, the overcapitalization and stock watering, the growth of rebates and rate discriminations, and the evils that had arisen from railway activity in State and national politics. His conclusions, after thorough review of the situation, were that the problem of fair rates and proper operation of railways could only come through the nationalization of railways, the transfer of the control of such questions from the State to the national government. The programme for this control, as outlined by Mr. Rosewater, was practically identical with that now being urged by President Roosevelt. The developments of the last few years indicate the education of the people to this view of the situation and hold a promise that favorable Congressional action on the President's recommendations will be taken at the coming session of Congress. The result of such action will be to place in Federal control the most momentous problem that has confronted the American people since the civil war.

Two-cent Fare Test.

From the Springfield Republican.

One interesting fact brought out in the annual report of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad is that the reduction of fares over the whole system to 2 cents a mile resulted in an increase in passenger revenue, where a decrease, as President Mellen says, had been expected for a time at least. Just where the maximum of revenue will be found in rates and charges is a question which can never be settled except on the basis of experience, but it is certainly not to be found on the high price side of any possible dividing line.

Alcoholism Among Women.

From the New York Commercial.

The increase of alcoholism among women in some of the larger cities of the world is one of the striking evils of the day, and one against which society and science must battle. It is asserted by physicians that woman victims of alcohol are more difficult to cure than men, and that they are more likely to enter the class of incurables. It is a serious problem, growing more difficult as the solution is deferred.

On a War Footing.

From the Hartford Times.

Aggressive and radical measures to put the United States on a war basis have been instituted. Orders have been given that the officers of the army must know how to ride horseback, and that officers of the navy must be able to swim.

SHORT RATIONS.

Beef prices soar to greater height,
And, as we watch their dizzy flight,
All hungrily, with modest roll
That's far from equal to the toll,
It doesn't seem quite fair, not quite.

It leaves us in unpleasant plight,
And tends our nifty front to smite,
For what bluff stands when, o'er the whole,
Beef prices soar?

Although our knocks and kicks be trite,
There's just one word that we can write
Upon the e'er unwinding scroll
Of kicks and knocks when that same soul-
Less corporation just will kite
Beef prices. Sure!

—Indianapolis News.

MEN AND THINGS.

Many Congressional Lecturers.

John Sharp Williams' recently announced decision to go on the lecture platform calls attention to the constantly increasing number of members of Congress who devote their spare time to talking before Chautauquas and other assemblies throughout the country. While the Mississippian's course is said to have been directed mainly by his desire to present to the people of the South certain facts and arguments which he thinks they would do well to study just now, most of the others go into the thing frankly for the money there is in it. And there is a great deal of money in it. As early as last January or February the best advertised of all the Congressional lecturers, Senator Tillman, was booked for practically every night between the adjournment of Congress, in early March, and the beginning of the new session, in December, and the statement that his compensation was fixed at $200 a night has never been denied. The fire-eating Senator from South Carolina always "gives 'em something salty," to quote one of his friends, and he seldom or never fails to draw crowded houses, despite the feeling alleged to exist against him in some parts of the North because of his radical views on the negro question. Indeed, his largest audiences are in Northern towns, where his views on the colored brother are supposed to be particularly abhorrent.

Another Senatorial lecturer who is in great demand, and whose emoluments are very large, is Robert Marion La Follette, of Wisconsin. His methods are totally different from those of his South Carolina colleague, but he, too, draws packed houses everywhere. He attracted especial attention last summer by scoring Senators and Representatives who had opposed legislation designed to benefit the people. Frequently the legislator who was being grilled sat on the platform from which Mr. La Follette spoke.

Champ Clark, of Missouri, is perhaps the most conspicuous lecturer in the House. He has been on the platform many years and is always a drawing card. "Old Figgers" Grosvenor, of Ohio, who fell by the wayside in the last election, has long been in demand by lecture bureaus, and, as an especial attraction, joint debates between him and Clark used to be arranged.

Representative George F. Burgess, of Texas, Democrat, and J. Adam Bede, of Minnesota, Republican, talked one day last summer of forming a partnership and touring the country during vacations, flaying each other and each other's politics on the platform and dividing the proceeds afterward. Apparently they decided that it would be a shame to take the money, however, as no joint engagements have been announced for them. Mr. Bede, though, has lectured extensively. The platform has made money for many a legislator, especially since the beginning of the Chautauqua circuit movement, and Mr. Williams' motive is looked on as rather novel.

The Missing Key.

In the year 1810 a blacksmith in Vienna locked an iron band around a tree with a padlock. Then he lost the key, though there is a legend to the effect that he threw it up in the air and it stayed there. At any rate, the key could not be found, and the Austrian government, after vainly trying to unlock the padlock, offered a prize of 500 ducats to any one who could pick it. Many tried, but nobody won the prize. Eventually it became the practice among the contestants to drive a nail in the tree, and the heads of some of these nails bore the initials of him who had driven it in. This soon killed the tree, for in a few years the lower part of its trunk assumed the appearance of a solid mass of iron. The historic stump was cut off and placed on a pedestal on one of the prominent street corners of Vienna. At the same time the iron band was cut in two and put around the stump, leaving the padlock in its original position. And the stump still stands there, an object of curiosity to tourists and of veneration to the Viennese. The street in which it stands is called Stock im Eisen—"Stick in Iron," after the stump.

Sailing Home to War.

There is much to arouse the interest of the reader in an article in the current issue of Harper's Weekly, by Capt. A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., which chronicles the conflict of emotions in the wardroom of the U. S. S. Congress when that ship was hastening home from South America at the call to war in 1861. The title of the article is "Sailing home to war," since Bull Run had already been fought. There were four Southerners among the officers of the Congress, and to these, upon the arrival of the ship in Boston, the oath of allegiance was tendered, and, of course, refused. They had doubtless sent in their resignations; but by that time resignations were no longer accepted, and in the following navy register they appeared as "dismissed." From the ship they were arrested and taken as prisoners to Fort Lafayette. Capt. Mahan says that he never again saw any of them, but from time to time heard decisively of the deaths of all save one.

Strange Tenures in Scotland.

There are some strange holdings of land in Scotland—relics of olden time. Sir George Clerk, who is now a resident at Penicuik House, Edinburgh, is a Scotch baronet, who married the daughter of another baronet, the late Sir Robert Napier, and holds his estates by a curious tenure. This obliges him to stand at a bend of the road, near his house, and to blow three blasts of his horn if the sovereign ever visits Edinburgh. And there are other land-holders with other curious obligations. Maj. Houison-Craufurd holds the lands of Braehead on the understanding that if the King should happen to cross Cramond Brig, at the gates of his residence, he must present him with a silver basin filled with water, in which to wash his hands. Then, should the sovereign chance to visit Hopetoun House, Lord Linlithgow must order that the chains which stretch across the principal avenue shall be lowered so that his majesty may drive up the central approach.

World's Supply of Cummin.

The troubles in Morocco have benefited a portion of the Maltese people in a curious sort of way, according to the Manchester Guardian. Cummin is grown to a considerable extent in the island of Malta, and during the years 1906-1907 the cultivation of the plant has been increased by 456 acres, or 50 per cent, in anticipation of greater demand for this article in consequence of the political troubles in Morocco. Presumably, it is expected there will be a reduced export from Mogador, which, with Malta, Sicily, and India, is the source of supply to the world's market. Cummin is a dwarf umbelliferous plant grown in the region of the Levant for its fruit and its seed, which have a bitterish warm taste, with an aromatic flavor, and which are used as are the seeds of anise and carraway. Cummin is a constituent, too, of the famous Indian curry. English people are most familiar with the name from the reference in the Gospel of St. Matthew, where the Pharisees are rebuked for "omitting the weightier matters of the law," while they "pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin."

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A BASEBALL PESSIMIST.

I'm livin' in a tail-end town; ours is a hopeless case,
We'd think we'd won enough renown if we got seventh place.
Some towns fer better luck next year declare a chanst they see,
But we ain't got no such idear; we're anchored where we be.

Ye can't keep some folks' sperrits down; they scheme away an' plan,
But ten years in a tail-end town will sour the finest man.
Let others loaf around an' bet, an' hope fer pennants still,
We've never won a pennant yet; I s'pose we never will.

Home Vaudeville.

"So you used to be on the stage?"

"Yes'm; and I done a side-splitting sketch."

"Well, let's see what you can do in a wood-splitting sketch."

Botanical Verse.

"The vervain, the gentian, the aster, the tansy, all are peculiar to the fall."

"How well informed you are! You must roam the fields a great deal."

"Not at all. I read the magazines."

Football Rules.

"Hello, Mame! I thought you got fifteen yards of that remnant ribbon?"

"So I did, but the floorwalker penalized me ten yards for slugging."

The Dear Girls.

The peek-a-boo now gets the hook.
'Twas quite a winner
A month ago. To-day they look
For something thinner.

They Need Friends.

"Don't your heart ache fer the pore hero an' heroine, Hiram?"

"Oh, I dunno, Marthy. They allus come out all right an' sassy in the end. Sometimes I can't help feelin' sorter sorry fer the villain an' the villainess."

New York Hostelries.

"These big hotels are not so complete."

"What's lacking?"

"The express elevator gets you to the fifty-second floor all right, but there a half-mile corridor confronts you, and no cabs."

The Pleasing Part.

"Do any persons begin their Christmas shopping this early?"

"Oh, yes," replied the tired salesman. "Some of them even do a little buying."

MARYLAND MUSINGS.

From the Baltimore Sun.

By the Hearth.

Old folks favor the ingle nook,
Warm hearth fire, and a story book.
Old Love, rubbing his fingers thin,
Knocks and waits by the roadside inn
Of youth and charm and the maiden smile,
Till a sweet lip welcomes with warm beguile
The traveler heart to a throbbing breast
And it sits by the hearth of home to rest!

Beginning to feel like Freezer in the mornings.

MORNING.

Here to begin again, to start all over and swing
Into the circle of do and dare, fresh as a robin in spring!
Yesterday dead, with its night, shallow and deep of its tears,
Only a burden laid off in the burial mound of the years!

Here to begin again, with morning upon the hill;
Here, from a little sleep, to leap with a new-born thrill
Of hope and glory and song and venture and heart and dream
Into the splash of the seas of dust laved in the dew and gleam!

Here to begin again, night and the past a blur—
Only the hills, with their bugle call and myriad wings astir!
Oh, to begin, begin! Give me your hand, and cling!
Morning and youth and hope, my dear; love, and the bloom o' spring!

There are more bones in the fish than have ever been caught.

On to the pumpkin pie, let joy be unconfined!

Wealth.

He is rich who comes and goes
Where the pathway of the rose
Leads to toil at break of light
And to love at fall of night;
For the service thus we give
Is the wealth by which we live!

Panama and the Mississippi.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

The Panama Canal when completed will be virtually a continuation of the Mississippi River, which will thereby pour its commerce, if not its waters, into the Pacific Ocean. The Mississippi River will be, by the same rule, a part of the Panama Canal, and it would be a great lack of regard for the prosperity of our country to dig the canal and not improve the channel of the Mississippi. It is a great thing in its favor that the President takes so large an interest in the grand enterprise.

Left-handed Welcome.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mr. Bryan will do well in his Kentucky speeches to omit all reference to government ownership and to let the initiative and referendum severely alone. The Democrats have troubles of their own, without any special importations from Nebraska. Within this limitation, the Courier-Journal welcomes Mr. Bryan heartily.

Dropped One Ism.

From the New York Globe.

By basing his present plan for Federal control on the commerce clause, the President practically repudiates post-roadism. Indeed, at St. Louis he expressly said: "The nation has no direct power over intrastate commerce, even where it is conducted by the same agencies which conduct interstate commerce."

Roosevelt's Popularity.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Any other statesmanly celebrity who could swing around the circle and draw such monstrous crowds as Mr. Roosevelt can, would be regarded as a fairly prosperous candidate for the Presidency.

EXTHEODORE.

(With apologies to Longfellow.)

The shades of night were falling fast
As through a young republic passed
A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
A banner with this strange device:
"Fakers!"

His brow was sad, his teeth beneath
Gleamed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of his unknown tongue:
"Liars!"

"O stay," king Wall street said, "and rest
Your weary head upon this breast."
The youth but showed his teeth the more;
While prices fell they heard him roar:
"Grafters!"

—Life.

AT THE HOTELS.

"To the increasing riches of the South is soon to be added another vast resource which, until a few years ago, was unthought of, and that is its timber, which even now is considered worthless," said Capt. D. G. Purse, of Savannah, Ga., who is at the New Willard.

Capt. Purse has long been known as one of the most energetic men in the South, and has for the past three years been conducting a series of experiments with what was considered the worthless lumber of the South. He has interested the Department of Agriculture in his process for redeeming this product, and expects within a short time to begin his output.

"Ten years ago," he continued, "such wood as tupelo and the inferior pine were thought incapable of a treatment which would make them even useful as hard wood. These two varieties were thrown away, not even being used as fuel by the poorest negroes of the South. It was thought that the tupelo was particularly useless, for it is literally dripping with gum and has never adapted itself to the slightest practical use.

"Two years or more ago, I was impressed by an invention which dried and vulcanized this wood, so that it became, after a short process, as fine as any wood known except mahogany. The same result has been obtained with the inferior pine, and I am sure that within two years the South will derive as much money and as much benefit from these two products as it has from its vast forests of virgin timber.

"Before the process the wood cannot be split with any sort of an ax, its shavings can be wrung out like a sponge, and will drip with the slightest pressure. After the vulcanizing process it becomes as durable as any wood known, and has a strength of 10,000 pounds pressure to the square inch.

"I, in company with Prof. Woolson, of Columbia, have been conducting experiments with this wood for the past two years, and we have come to the conclusion that we have struck a great invention, which will be of benefit to the entire South.

"I am here at present at the request of the Southern Railway, to show them the results of our experiments and to give them a chance to use this reclaimed wood for the building of railroad cars, and inside work of all kinds. We are conducting our experiments in Brooklyn. The Bureau of Forestry is also much interested in our work.

"The inventor of the process is confident that it can dry any sort of wood in a short period of hours, and he is anxious to try even palmetto, which is undoubtedly the most nearly useless wood in the world. He has dried cypress and this tupelo, and I myself believe that almost anything is possible.

"It will mean that the sticks, which now have to dry out for several years after they are cut, can be taken from the forest to the factory, and then to the trains, in a space of two days, and it means also one of the greatest Godsends that has ever come to the South."

Owen Wister, the novelist, author of "The Virginian" and other well-known stories, is at the New Willard. He will remain in this city for some time, at work on a new book. Mr. Wister is a great admirer of President Roosevelt, and may wait here to get another glimpse of him.

"Since the President has intimated that he will sign the Oklahoma Statehood act, I am of the opinion that the new State must be added to the Republican column, and that he will have the entire vote of the Republicans of that State in the next Republican convention," said Thomas Magee, of Indian Territory, at the Raleigh last night.

"I am firm in the opinion that Oklahoma will be Republican from now on, and that she would have been Republican in the last campaign had it not been for the fact that the question of the constitution forced many Republican voters to favor Gov. Haskell.

"The Republicans and many of the Democrats are already announcing that they will vote for Roosevelt and do their utmost to make him accept a third term. They do not take so kindly to Taft, as he said many things while on his tour through the country which somewhat displeased us, but the people are coming to realize that what he said was true, and I think that they will vote for Taft if the President desires it.

"They have, just now, no settled convictions as to who should succeed the President if he does not do it himself, and for that reason I think that the man he desires will be the man they will vote for. The Democrats are all for Bryan."

"The enemies of Bryan in the Democratic party are playing their strongest cards now," said Thomas Jameson, of West Virginia, at the National Hotel last night. "They are doing their best to cause his friends to desert him before the real campaign, so that when he begins to make a fight they will be so turned against him that they will not listen to his arguments.

"They are in New York playing Chanler to beat Bryan. This is ridiculous on the face of it, and one has only to go 500 miles away from New York to learn that Chanler has no boom at all, and that he has killed his chances of any political advancement by his attitude in this matter.

"Bryan is a power in the country. Republicans and Democrats both admit this, and he will continue to be so, whether he is ever President or not.

"In West Virginia and in Ohio some are booming Judson Harmon, of Cincinnati, but this is merely local. Delaware comes to the front with Judge Gray, and there is no doubt that he would make an excellent President, but he is not a fighter, and under him the Democrats have no chance of winning. Gov. Johnson is also mentioned, but even his closest friends admit that while he will be excellent Presidential timber in another four years, he is not the man now.

"Here and there, in other places, others have been mentioned, but their booms only live a day, while Bryan's gets stronger every minute. He will, without doubt, secure the vote of West Virginia, and from what I can gather he is the only seriously-considered candidate in the South and West. Right now he could defeat Chanler in New York State, and, leaving Tammany out, I do not believe there is a district in the country where Chanler would have one-tenth as many votes as Bryan."

Accelerating Public Opinion.

From the New York Evening Post.

The cynicism of Mr. Quigg may prove to have added a word to our political vocabulary. He describes his costly efforts as designed to "accelerate" public opinion. This is an advance over the definition which the press agent of the Panama Canal gave of his functions—namely, to keep public opinion "normal." But that was far too slow for the Metropolitan. To suit it, public opinion had to hit up the pace, and, of course, it is money that makes the mare go. Just at present, however, all talk of "accelerating" speed in connection with the Metropolitan's affairs will inevitably suggest, by association of ideas, the Rake's Progress, or the rushing of the Gadarene swine down a steep place into the sea.

A Bitter Cry from Boston.

From the Boston Herald.

"Cheese with pie, 2 cents extra." That's the latest addendum to the restaurant bills of fare. Won't the farmers please have pity on us?