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SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1908.

Mr. Taft and Gov. Hughes.
Mr. Taft's generous renunciation of the New York delegation, or such portion of it as he might possibly have gained, to Gov. Hughes does not smooth the governor's pathway as much as might be supposed at first glance. Although the semblance of party harmony will be restored, the factional contest may be renewed beneath the surface. There is a possibility that, while Hughes may get the delegation, Taft may fail to get the Hughes men will have to guard, unless all their efforts are to come to naught. Former Senator Brackett, the manager of the Hughes boom, showed his realization of this when he said it was important that the Hughes delegates should be thick and thin Hughes men, and not merely Taft men in disguise. Mr. Brackett evidently finds it difficult to believe that the Presidential manager of the Taft boom will keep his hands entirely off his own State, in spite of Mr. Taft's desire that his friends refrain from proselyting in a favorite-scamp.

The real significance of the Taft letter is that it is an admission of the President's inability to deliver the Empire State delegation to his own candidate, notwithstanding his control of the Republican machine, such as it is, and of the disposition of the Federal patronage. The effort was made and it has failed, and the failure may be read as a revolt against Rooseveltism or as a rebuke to the President's attempt to name his successor, according to the point of view. But any way you look at it, the New York situation cannot be said to be pleasant to Mr. Roosevelt or flattering to his ability as a campaign manager. Gov. Hughes may not develop great strength at Chicago, but he will tie up an important batch of delegates which Taft is likely to need very badly.

As to the immediate future of the Hughes boom, there seems to be general agreement that very much will depend on the tenor of the governor's views on national issues, and there is a widespread expectation, not to say demand, that he will make his position clear in his next public utterance. It is a critical test to which Gov. Hughes will be subjected, but it must be met. The quality of the governor's ideas on State affairs give an excellent forecast of his probable manner of dealing with national matters. Whatever he says will be sincere and straightforward. Whether it will satisfy that portion of the country not yet satiated with radicalism remains to be seen. For the West, not the East, chooses our Presidents.

Cheer up! Winter was so slow about it that all the "beautiful snow" poets have probably either been starved out by now or are at work on some good job somewhere.

Do Animals Reason?
The Washington Herald felt it a duty a short time since to protest the accuracy of Mr. John Burroughs' statement to the effect that animals have no reasoning powers. While we admitted at that time the probability of developing such powers in even so sagacious an animal as a dog, we pointed out that it would be able to solve a problem in analytical geometry, we did contend—and do now contend—that animals are endowed with a reasoning faculty which stands them in good stead at times, and to which they may well and fairly point with pride, so to speak.

A citizen of Greenfield, Mo., for instance, comes forward with a pointer pup that bids fair to grow in grace as the days go by, and develop in time into a creature extraordinary in the animal kingdom. This gentleman is famous for his great hospitality, it seems, and his home, therefore, is immensely popular with travelers; especially is it popular with the various ministers of the gospel who ride the circuits in that somewhat sparsely settled section. The dog, so its owner affirms—and surely no man who makes a specialty of entertaining and caring for preachers would utter anything less than the exact truth in this regard—is able to distinguish the denomination of each and every minister with whom he comes in contact, immediately performing some act infallibly indicating the same.

We regret that the dog's master neglects to give specific data in reference to each and every minister with whom he has come so far in contact; but the one exhibit of evidence he does display is remarkable for its conclusiveness, anyhow. It appears that every time the Rev. Mr. Thirdly, Methodist circuit rider for the community, approaches the house, Bower gravenly trots to the barnyard, captures a couple of pullets, and carries them to his mistress for preparation for dinner. The Missourian admits that the ministerial name he gives is fictitious, but he solemnly avers that in no other job or title does his story vary otherwise from the exact truth; and he declares that he has performed this particular feat not once alone, but many times; at no time, however, save when the Methodist minister was the guest in hand.

Now the dog, obviously, is not familiar with the funny papers, or intimately acquainted with the ribald jesters of the city who write of the alleged predilection for fried chicken supposedly latent within the heart of every Methodist minister, if not actually fully developed and rampant. Nobody could have given him a "straight tip" in this matter; save by some mental process of his own alone could he ever have arrived at the conclusion that fried chicken is the Methodist circuit rider's affinity—his one and never-ending joy! And yet we have the word of this Mis-

sourian, this highly respected citizen, whose home is the abiding place of the best and noblest men of his neighborhood, that the dog does know the truth, and, knowing, acts upon it!
Far be it from us to seek to unravel the whiciness and the whatness of this matter. We do not undertake to reason why; we content ourselves with a contemplation of the facts in the case, and let it go at that. Our point is, the dog knows; has reasoned it out along his own peculiar lines of mental procedure. And to the isolated but firm conviction that animals do reason, we hereby renew and register our faith. It is the ultimate goal toward which we shaped our course in the beginning. We leave the more subtle psychological aspect to those who care for that sort of thing.

One man in this country appears to take the Shaw boom quite seriously; his name is Leslie M. Shaw.

A Million a Day for Militarism.
Chairman Tawney, of the Appropriations Committee of the House, is amazed, as every one must be who gives the matter a moment's consideration, by the enormous sums now demanded for the support of the American military and naval policy. His statement in the House on Thursday indicated that if a serious Treasury deficit is to be avoided, it will be imperative to cut down the army and navy estimates. These estimates, including pensions, aggregate \$468,000,000 or more than \$1,000,000 a day, and \$374,457,000 in excess of the current appropriations for the same purpose. Mr. Tawney says: "This stupendous sum of \$468,000,000 is asked for simply for the military side of the government, and is larger than appropriations for the entire executive branch of the Government for the civil war down to 1865, and not appreciably less than appropriations for any fiscal year prior to 1867, or the Spanish-American war."

But it is not all, for it is exclusive of expenses incident to the War and Navy departments in Washington, which, if added, "would increase the amount on account of the military arm of our service for an amount of \$100,000,000, and navy expenditures to \$578,000,000, or considerably more than 50 per cent of the estimated revenues for the next fiscal year, and more than 60 per cent of what I believe the actual revenues of the government will ultimately prove to be." But even with this addition, the total amount asked for war purposes is not reached, for the sum last mentioned is exclusive of the \$400,000,000 wanted for new battle ships, and of the money required to enlarge military posts and to carry on various other projects, and it is also exclusive of the urgent deficiency appropriation for coaling the fleet.

Moreover, if we regard the Panama Canal as a military project, as Col. Goethals regards it, the expenditure for that project and the cost of its upkeep and protection for all time must be charged up to the account of militarism. The rapid strides of our army and navy expenditures point straight to the imposition of a not far distant date of direct taxation for the sustenance of our world-political career. It is a shrewd statesmanship that sugar coats such taxation with the popular jargon of talking at large fortunes by a progressive impost.

In the Boston Transcript we read where the President designates all parties who intimate that there has been any use of Federal patronage on Mr. Taft's behalf "liars." This addition of the United States Senate to the Ananias Club should tend to elevate the average membership considerably.

Thomas W. Lawson.
In everybody's for February, which is already out, one of the most interesting items is advertised on the front cover, and that is Mr. Lawson's. As he puts it, he will discontinue his "war against the system for the benefit of the people," and go back to gambling in Wall street. There is published some touching and, meant to be, pathetic correspondence between himself and Mr. Cosgrove and Mr. Ridgeway, publishers of the magazine; but, heroically, Mr. Lawson adheres to his purpose and, incidentally, he calls the people—that is, those citizens who refused to follow his advice—some pretty hard names.

His grievance against the American people is that they did not follow his advice implicitly; did not sell when he urged them to sell; did not buy when he urged them to buy. If he had done as he advised, then the "system" would by this time have been bankrupt. Certain men who are bitter enemies of Mr. Lawson, and, incidentally, are millionaires, would now be walking the streets in search of work, and the money they once owned and which they have stolen from the people would be in the pockets of the poor.

Mr. Lawson frankly acknowledges that when he took the task of reforming the methods of Wall street, he did it as a volunteer. Nobody asked him to step into the breach as a savior. On his own motion, he tells us, he determined, all of a sudden, to devote his fortune, his God-given abilities, his knowledge of the "system," and everything he had, to the service of the people. He points to the insurance failures and investigations, the exposure of Helme, to the recent panic, as examples of the good he has done, and he declares that the people are ungrateful. With a frankness peculiar to Lawson, he explains in his farewell address. He tells us that he knew when he told people that stocks were falling that they would rise, and that when he said they would rise they were sure to fall. He declares, with his hand upon his heart, that these results were to be foreseen in consequence of the manipulations of his enemies, and, as justification, he declares that he has persistently refused to profit by his knowledge.

As a final resort he links himself with President Roosevelt, and says that the people have turned against both the President and himself, and, cursing the President for their ingratitude, and cursing the times are out of joint, that reform is not possible, that he has lost money in his campaign against the "system," and that it is better for him to quit, and to smash the "system" by gambling in Wall street, with his astute knowledge of the game, and winning all their money. Mr. Lawson's frank confession of failure is a fine, if unconscious tribute, to the common sense of the American people. He is forced to admit that in spite of his flaring advertisements, his glittering promises, his self-confessed disinterestedness, the great bulk of the people refused to fall into line. The money he spent in advertising he did not get back, and, therefore, it is not worth while for him to continue the fight further. All that remains for him is to go back to Wall street and try to recoup the losses sustained in his so-called campaign against corruption.

A Little Nonsense.
THE FIELD OF HONOR.
The jokes have all been written, and I am much afraid.
That wit, indeed,
Has gone to sea,
The jests have all been made.

The jokes have all been written when all is said and done.
And we opine
Or change too fine
To hang a quip upon.

The jokes have all been written; the best that we can do
Is to revamp
Or change the stamp.
No jokes are really now.

The jokes have all been written when all is done and said.
We twist and turn
Old songs to earn
Our daily ale and bread.

Know His Advantage.
"Why not set your cap for that young fellow? He's single and well off."
"Yes, he's single; but he knows he's well off."

Acquainted.
"Marshall Field, Jay Gould, and Potter Palmer habitually carried only small amounts in their pockets," said the man who has a taste for the odd.
"Wall," he responded for the first, "when I am gone, you can truthfully say the same about me."

His Experience.
"Is it sharp to advertise?"
"I think so. I know it's dull if you don't."

Things Vary.
Luck varies in the rhyming ranks.
As rhymesters find.
Some poems are declined with thanks;
Some just declined.

Getting It All.
"What can I bring you to-day, sir?"
"I hardly know. The doctor says I need carbohydrates and proteins, and I want something nitrogenous. I think."

A Careful Order.
"Would she love me if I were penniless?" faltered the young man who was about to risk his worldly all.
"Surely," answered his wise friend.
"Then no one would ever know it, my boy."

Sordid Habit.
"Hubby, I had a beautiful dream last night. I dreamed you gave me fifty dollars."
"Did I? Loan me a quarter, old girl."

ON INSTRUCTED DELEGATES.
Fettering Representatives is a Serious Danger to a Party.
From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

If the Republicans of the different States will review the history of the party they will find a decisive array of facts against the tying up of delegates in the face of an uncertain situation. When the current is all one way for a particular candidate, or a State has the name of a citizen of its own to present, instructed delegations cannot be objected to. Where masses of the party that his nomination is assured, the instruction of delegates has the warrant of the highest authority, the people themselves. Where a State backs a favorite son other States, if the candidate is to make any headway, must be drawn to his support, and this is usually a matter that must be worked out in the convention itself. But to attempt to forestall the action of a national convention by fettering delegates when no candidate is positively in the lead, and no masses in advance of the great gathering of the party that comes once in four years, is wholly unjustifiable, a danger to a party, a burden upon its principles, and a possibly fatal obstacle to its success.

This subject has long means been neglected in the deliberations and action of Republican national conventions. What has been done has been decidedly in favor of the freedom of judgment of the individual delegate.

Our esteemed townsman, Gen. George H. Harries, is looking right well and feeling right well, thank you.

Our friend W. J. Bryan, of Lincoln, is scheduled to arrive today.

A grand new-carbonian rally and barbecue will be pulled off at the Willard House this p. m., late.

We hear that there was quite a gathering of our leading citizens at Madsen's last evening. General J. Sharp Henry was the guest of honor.

Since his defeat for that railroad presidency, W. Losh, Jr., threatens to spring a court journal upon this congressional public. He's got a bad disposition.

The Hon. J. C. Hoar, of Salisburg, Va., again called at our sanctum in the delirious and action when he said he didn't want us to be called simply to get his name in the paper, but to get his name in the paper that is entitled to this small mention.

One of the cleverest of the students at Georgetown University in this country is English, though that it would be more correct to say the masterpieces of English literature. He chose a well-known and famous English legend, and he set to work. Sing a song of sixpence, pocket full of pence.

Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie, when the pie was opened the birds began to sing.

Wash that a dainty dish to set before the king? The student then proceeded to show how it would have been written by MR. HENRY JAMES.

Senator Boise Penrose, of Pennsylvania, though only in his forty-eighth year, has figured in State and national politics one-half his life. His early education was in the schools of Philadelphia, later going to Harvard, and graduating in 1881.

He studied law with Hon. Wayne McVey, who was Attorney General under President Grant. He was later elected to the Pennsylvania House of Representatives and the State senate, serving as president pro tempore of the senate for two sessions.

Senator Penrose was a delegate to the Republican national conventions of 1900 and 1904, and was elected national committeeman from Pennsylvania the latter year. He succeeded Hon. J. Edward Cameron in the United States Senate and was re-elected in 1903 by the full Republican vote of the legislature.

He is chairman of the Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads, and a member of the important committees on commerce, finance, education and labor, immigration, and naval affairs.

In speaking of finance banks and the money question in general, the Senator repeated a story told him about one of his Celtic world politicians.

On presenting a check for payment at a bank in Philadelphia, the cashier very properly told the Irishman that he would have to be identified before payment could be made. The man said: "Begorra, that's all right," and pulling a picture out of his pocket continued: "Here is a photograph I had took last week; yed know me anywhere by it."

John Wesley Gaines is one of the members of Congress who is always on the job. He and John Garner, of Texas, are two members who can be found in their seats when there is something going on. But it is Gaines whose name appears with greatest regularity in the Congressional Record.

He has a way of putting pertinent questions. Not all are unanswerable, however. And sometimes he overlooks a point. However, John Wesley is popular in the minority side. Visitors in the galleries might think from the way he verbally charges the ranks of the Payne-Dalzell forces that he was not even on speaking terms, but it is a mistake.

On the floor of the House, policies must be observed, but political solemnities don't count before the gavel falls at noon. Recently, a hot debate between John Wesley and Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, grew so colorful that visitors saw sparks. They imagined that John Wesley was so mad he would never get over it, but he has. Just before the opening yesterday he was in close brotherly conference with Mr. Dalzell and Gen. Keifer, the two members who take the most delight in blurring the bars of the Gaines arena.

"Well, what are you going to do today?" asked Mr. Dalzell. "Nothing, I guess," replied the sphinx-like statesman from Pennsylvania. "As usual," retorted Gaines, but disguising the sting with a smile.

Then they all locked arms and walked away.

If Bryan Should Be Rejected.
From the Houston Post.
However, should the party in its wisdom see fit to choose as its standard bearer another than Mr. Bryan, the "interests" that are opposing the latter may depend on it, the choice will rest upon a Democrat, equally strong before the masses and who, if elected, would be a one whit less energetic in waging a relentless warfare upon unlawful interests that have grown rich and powerful through the enjoyment of special privileges at the hands of the government.

THE OPTIMIST.
I suppose to the optimistic soul nothing could seem much more pessimistic than the consideration of debt. To be in debt would seem to be—if anything could be—a justification for hopelessness, for pessimistic thoughts. For there is probably nothing so damonatory to the soul of man as owing money which he is unable to pay.

There are people, of course, who fall into debt out of their very necessity. These are to be pitied; they are people whom the world has used hardly; who in the very struggle for life have had to seize upon any rotten branch to keep their heads above water. The state of these people is to be commiserated. Groping for help, they have found it—temporarily; but soon the branch will break, and as there is no real help in debt, so their last condition will be worse than their first.

Debt is absolutely the destroyer of happiness—of real happiness! The philosophy of Mr. Micawber, though cynically expressed, was the true philosophy. I quote from memory: "Income, one pound; expenditure, nineteen shillings and sixpence—happiness, income, one pound; expenditure, twenty shillings and sixpence—despair." And that is true, and if its truth were realized and lived up to, this axiom would be the cause of wonderful happiness in the world.

But debt that is entered into through absolute necessity is one thing—fortuitously. It happens but seldom; debt that is entered into recklessly is quite another matter. It leads as surely as the day is long to bitter unhappiness, to keen regret, to humiliation, to self-reproach.

It is so easy, sometimes, to fall into debt. Any man who has friends is liable to fall into the easy snare, for under the banner of friendship debt does not seem an evil thing. It is as Marjiam said in Lady Carling: "It is as Marjiam said in Lady Carling: 'Oh, how you ruin your friendship, valiant youth! With friends there is not such a word as debt. Where any is ty'd with band of truth, All benefits are theirs in common set.'"

And yet this sort of an argument—the sort of an argument with which a man in his common sense should be a speculator. Debt is like lying; it grows upon all it feeds; and to show the fallacy of all arguments in debt's favor one has only to recall Dr. Johnson's saying: "Nothing is more easy than to clear debts by borrowing."

Any one, therefore, who wants to make the world better by preaching optimistic and healthy doctrine will warn his fellows against the enormous evil—so easy, so easy, so easy—of falling into debt. As Henry Ward Beecher said: "Debt is an inexhaustible fount of dishonesty," or as Bulwer-Lytton put it, even more strongly: "Debt is to a man what the serpent is to the field. He fascinates, his breath poisons, his coils both snare and bone, his jaw is the pitiless grave."

The man who falls gaily into debt, recking not whence he is to get out, may find some consolation in Martineau's: "You are, you are nothing and so I say; He only owes who something has to pay."

But that attitude toward life and its obligation is essentially a false one, and leads down the broad path that ends in despair and misery.

Optimism is all on caution's side; on the side of Providence, which says, with Benjamin Franklin: "Rather an suppers to bed than rise in debt."

For, laboring under the curse of debt, a man must feel that his mind, his heart, his soul—his very being is mortgaged. And yet under such conditions—such is the contrary nature of the human heart—there may come that fine despair, that unexpressed discontent which shall make a man express the best that is in him. For the instinct in the human soul is all toward decay and decay, and, for these things shall man strive long as the image of the God that made him is implanted in his breast.

So even out of the evil of debt may come the impulse toward better things; but pessimistic as the matter seems when carefully considered, a second thought may show that even this wrong may be turned to right, for, as Froide says— "If you see a man happy, as the world goes, contented with himself and contented with what is around him, such a man may be, and probably is, a man who has been through a great deal of trouble, and the highest is not in him and the highest will not come out of him."

AT THE HOTELS.
"Here are only two candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination, and they are Taft and Cannon," said Nathan Frank, a prominent lawyer of St. Louis, Mo., at the New Willard last night, "and if the people could overcome their apprehensions as regards Cannon being too old a man for the office, he would probably receive the nomination."

Mr. Frank was the first Republican Representative in Congress from Missouri, and it was his election to the house of representatives which made that body Republican. Mr. Frank was sole proprietor of the St. Louis Star before it was bought by the Scripps McRea people. Although devoting his entire time to his extensive law practice, Mr. Frank takes the deepest active interest in politics.

"The entry of Hughes into the Presidential arena," continued Mr. Frank, "is entirely too late to be of any practical benefit to himself. It may probably have the effect of dividing the New York delegation, and preventing the same from unanimous support of Taft. Practically all the county and district and State conventions throughout the country will take place within the next few weeks or so, and Hughes' announcement came too late. I am afraid, I have any willing effort upon them, the Hughes people may combine with others against Taft; they may trade or support others; they may do most anything except bring about Hughes' nomination."

"Cannon is popular in Missouri and has a tremendous following. The ticket may be Cannon and Hughes—it is hard to tell. Taft is eminently fitted for the office by reason of his wide experience in the judicial and executive branches of the government everywhere.

"There is one thing certain, and that is, the people will not stand for dictation as to who should be the successor of Roosevelt. The people won't stand for the naming of a successor. It is a tremendous question. The ticket may be strengthened by being looked upon as being the successor of Roosevelt. It cannot be denied, however, that he would not be where he is to-day if it were not for the administration."

W. J. Oliver, millionaire, contractor, railroad builder, elevator and sawmill proprietor, and politician, whose home is in Tennessee, is for Taft and does not hesitate to say so. Mr. Oliver, who expects to be one of the delegates from Tennessee to the Republican national convention, is registered at the Raleigh.

"The trouble with our Democratic statesmen of Tennessee, is that they do not stand for any broad questions of national importance in Congress. They are knocking the railroads, in order to make themselves solid with the people; whether the people are benefited by it or not, is of little or no consequence. "I am a Taft man, first, last, and all the time. When I was in Congress, and they are knocking the railroads, and help himself right and left at Taft's expense, I jumped in and took my stand on Taft's side. I organized Taft clubs all over the district, and they are looking out for his interest, and they are Democrats favor. They'll have to find out first who is responsible for the lowering of the rate law from 3 to 2 1/2 cents. After they have learned who the benefactor was, they will proclaim him and follow his political fortunes. There are so many Democratic factions in Tennessee it is really difficult to keep track of them and their doings."

"Few people realize just what has been happening to the newspaper publishers at the hands of the paper trust within the last five or six years," said F. W. Barker, a New York trade publisher, at the Cochran yesterday.

"Nor do they realize," added Mr. Barker, "how great has been the increase in the cost of the newspapers laid at his door every morning during the last five years. This with regard to just the paper itself, without a word or a line printed upon it. "The newspapers of the country have perfected their product and have extended their scope until to-day they command daily circulation provides a daily paper for every four out of five persons in the United States. Within the present year the paper trust has compelled an advance in the price of newspaper of 12 per cent on the 50,000,000 used, making the cost in the vicinity of \$8,000,000, an increase of over \$1,000,000 in the space of one year. This has been done under the pretext of protecting the labor of about 13,000 mill operatives, whose combined annual wage is in the vicinity of \$3,000,000.

"Now this, considering another advance of 10 per cent. "The newspapers insist that the paper manufacturers who induced Congress to protect them against competition from abroad are under obligation to provide for the protection of the industry of consumers in this country. To repress manufacture, or to starve the market so that the papermaker is in position to create a famine and to stop the supply to any publisher, would mean the ruin of many newspaper proprietors are unable to obtain any quotations for paper next year, and do not know where to obtain a supply. In all the history of crimes charged against the paper trust, this situation is unprecedented. I understand the typographical unions of the country are petitioning Congress to repeal the tariff on wood pulp and anything pertaining to the making of paper."

James White, of Ottawa, Canada, chief geographer of the Dominion, who is here on business, is registered at the Arlington. Mr. White says that Canada has lots of timber of all kinds, and that there are immense areas of spruce timber, which will supply wood pulp to the world for many years to come.

"There is a feeling in Canada that there should be an export duty on spruce," said Mr. White, "because if taken out of the Dominion as raw material, it will have to be worked into pulp wherever it is to be used, depriving the Canadian workman of that much labor and wages, and want to give our own people employment, and we therefore want an export duty on spruce timber, in order to secure some profit, unless it is made into pulp in our country and the material is exported in that state. "The great export of the United States is falling off every year, more being consumed every year at home. Canada produces more wheat every year, and will, in a short time, be one of the greatest wheat-exporting countries of the world. And our market, which is the best wheat that can be produced anywhere. The further north wheat grows the harder it is, and the better it is liked by the trade. The resources of Canada are practically inexhaustible. We have timber, grain, coal, and everything in the line of minerals. "A negro just loves a watermelon," said Representative Johnson, of South Carolina, diverging from his talk on the Presidential outlook. "Strange, too, that when a policeman sees a negro with a melon at an unreasonable hour he has it right down that that coon has stolen that watermelon. I heard a story about a policeman who met a negro in the early hours of the morning, and he had a melon on his shoulder. The officer eyed the man and the melon, and said: "I see you have a melon there?" "Yes, sah," answered the darkey. "Is got er melon, sah?" "Yes, sah," replied the officer, "but I see you are carrying it to the officer who read: 'The bearer of this is O. K. He paid me 10 cents for the melon, and he is a pillar in the church, James Elder.' "You are fixed," said the officer. "Dat's what I 'lowed," answered the negro, and he moved on."