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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1908.

The Passing of a Ghost.

The determination of the authorities, amid much conflicting advice on the question, to abandon Olongapo in the Philippine Islands as the site for the naval base and dock yard marks the end of a long and vigorous fight. Some of the authorities, notably certain naval officers, have been insisting with great tenacity for several years that the ideal place for a depot of naval repair and recuperation in Asiatic waters was Subig Bay. It was easily defended, and so on. It was these enthusiasts who evolved an elaborate scheme of improvement and equipment to cost the government several millions of dollars in the end. One appropriation was made by Congress, but Senator Hale, the chairman of the Senate Naval Committee, who fully imbibed the doubts expressed by army officers—and some naval officers—as to the strategic advantage of Olongapo, so fixed the appropriation that it should be only used for the purchase of specific material and at prices stipulated by item—a quite unprecedented restriction, which operated so successfully that the Navy Department was able to do practically nothing for two or more years at Olongapo beyond making it the refuge of the floating dry dock Dewey.

With this decision to leave Olongapo to the tropical elements there is a reminder of the swift mutations of official caprice which not so long ago made Subig Bay the object of its favor. It was proposed to dredge the harbor, erect shops, establish a community for the native workmen, and a village for the artisans brought from the United States, plant the marine approaches with deadly mines and top the adjacent hills with heavy artillery. All that magnificent scheme which was to animate the jungle and break the silence of the ages has passed into history. While it lasted it furnished occupation for a more or less industrious naval board, the results of whose labors are now embalmed in the bureau archives.

It will probably not be long before a similar obliteration overtakes the plan to establish a naval base and repair plant at Guantanamo, in Cuba, a place entirely unsuited for such a purpose and destined to continue merely as a naval small arms target station, for which it is admirably adapted and for which it has been intelligently and systematically equipped. Guantanamo is in the same category as Olongapo as a place which has had certain service extended to it, principally by the naval general board, and is deserving of the same rejection before too much money is sunk in property which cannot be brought away and which would be vulnerable to almost casual attack.

It is well there has been Congressional procrastination in such projects as Olongapo and Guantanamo.

We don't know but that we think ex-Senator Peffer should get about as much quiet fun out of the present situation as anybody else.

Marriage and Divorce.

At the annual meeting of the National League for the Protection of the Family, held in Boston, Secretary Samuel W. Dike reported that the league's uniform divorce bill had been enacted in New Jersey and Delaware. The league's efforts in behalf of legislation for the better regulation of marriage bore fruit in nine States, including New York and North Dakota. This legislation is mainly designed to secure license and registration of marriages, as to which much of our State marriage legislation has been vitally defective. Indeed, Secretary Dike remarks that the marriage laws of the country are in as much need of improvement as the divorce laws, and it is quite conceivable that there would be fewer divorces if there were better regulation of the marriage contract. Dr. Dike declares that the evils arising from allowing people to marry in any town, city, or State they choose are very serious. He urges that migration for the purpose of marriage be discouraged in every possible manner. He suggests that the clergy and others create a sentiment among all classes of people that every self-respecting woman insist on being married in her own church or home by her own minister, following as far as may be the German practice of having people married in the place where they live.

Respecting divorce, much interest is manifested in the Census Office inquiry, which is nearing completion, into the divorce movement. Dr. Dike refers to a report that this inquiry will show that more than a million divorces were granted in this country during the last twenty years, or more than three times the number granted in the previous twenty. The comparison is somewhat startling, but, of course, the real significance of the figures cannot be gathered from the mere total. Analysis of the causes of divorce may disclose a number of facts tending to minimize the sinister aspect of the total number of divorces. Such analysis may show, as did the last governmental report on marriage and divorce, that divorce is frequently only the outward symptom of social ills that if cured would greatly diminish the divorce evil. One of these, at least, is hasty and migratory marriages, for which Dr. Dike prescribes a dose of sound public sentiment. Another is willful desertion on the part of the husband—a crime that is notoriously common in all our large cities, to the despair of all reformatory and charitable agencies. In all these cases it is not really the ease with which divorce may be obtained that wrecks the home, but the natural depravity of one of the marriage partners.

From this standpoint, then, it may be that the prevalence of divorce is not so much an indication of growing laxity in the marriage tie as it is of a widespread popular belief that the happiness and welfare of one partner in the marriage contract shall not be sacrificed to the depravity of the other. The individual's view of divorce, in other words, is not always that of the sociologist, the one seeing only the personal advantages arising out of some particular separation, the other descrying the social effect of the multiplication of separations.

Senator Stone wants to fix December 20, 1913, for the evacuation of the Philippines; and if it's all the same to Missouri, he wishes it would kindly send him back to the Senate so he may be on hand to see that it is attended to.

Mr. Watson and a Rumor.

A story floats up this way from Dixie concerning the Hon. Thomas E. Watson and his prospective appointment to the French embassy when the next Presidential election shall have passed into history and a readjustment of fat berths be under way. There isn't anything in it, in all probability, more than a possible desire upon Mr. Watson's part to occupy that station, but even the suggestion of such a thing opens a field of thought not altogether unattractive.

We have no doubt that Mr. Watson is deeply interested in France, as a student. Certainly, his "Story of France" is one of the most charming of modern literary productions; an evident work of a scholar and investigator of the highest order. Mr. Watson is not possessed of the personal fortune now thought indispensable to occupancy of the post at Paris referred to, but that would make very little difference to him, if it didn't to the United States; and, theoretically, at least, it should make no difference to either. To French scholars, we have no sort of doubt Mr. Watson would appeal with splendid force, even though he doubtless would remain practically unknown to the "smart set" of the great country to which he would be accredited.

Why should not Mr. Thomas E. Watson aspire to the French embassy? In point of culture, he is eminently fit; in point of intelligence, he is any man's peer. If he hasn't the money with which to maintain a number of fine automobiles and provide lavish entertainment for the mere pleasure that sort of thing furnishes physically, or is supposed to furnish, he has the mind to provide his associates food for thought in abundance, and his presence in France would be distinctly a gain to those of that land who rate intelligence first of all the qualities entering into the make-up of a real man. Besides, a return to the idea that an Ambassador need not necessarily be a wealthy—an extremely wealthy—man would work a healthy reform. Mr. Watson would maintain the dignity of the United States through sheer force of brains; he would be an Ambassador, we truly believe, in whom the country would be well pleased.

Those who know Mr. Watson will agree that he possibly would stand forth in much more compelling light in the quieter field of diplomacy than he has stood in the fields of bitter and partisan politics. The real worth of the man has been so persistently belittled because of the strife in which he has so often found himself that very few people understand him at all. We have no doubt the very suggestion of Mr. Watson is startling to a large number of people—somehow his name is rarely ever mentioned except as "Tom" Watson, and that with something of a snap! But there isn't anything snappish about him, save when some one angers him, or provokes him; then he snaps.

We are entirely sincere when we say this country might go a great deal further in searching for a suitable Ambassador to France than Mr. Thomas E. Watson, and fare very much worse when we had found his substitute. Removed from the vicinity of rank partisanism and active politics, we believe Mr. Watson would round out a career of distinguished completeness.

"Cannon has given it out that tariff revision must wait a year," says the Cleveland Leader. Doubtless tariff revision had a sneaking idea some such fate was in store for it.

Postmasters in Politics.

Representative Acheson, of Pennsylvania, an ardent civil service reformer, has introduced a bill to place all postmasters under the classified service. It provides for the classification of all postmasters and their clerks, and for the filling of all vacancies by promotion from the lower grades to the higher, from the eligible list within the State where the post-office is located. All classified employes would be eligible to appointment to the grade of postmaster, thus taking these offices out of politics and enabling them to be filled by persons trained in the postal service. Mr. Acheson, beside his theoretical belief in the classified service, has had some practical experience with post-office appointments that demonstrates the desirability of taking the post-offices out of politics. He says:

"In my old district there were four hundred post-offices. As soon as President McKinley was elected in 1896 the rush for these offices began. In some cases I received over four hundred letters about a single office. Finally, to get rid of the annoyance and to carry out my own personal views, I announced that every Democratic postmaster should be allowed to serve out his term, and that one Democrat would be retained on each of the five pension examining boards in my district. That lessened the scramble somewhat, but did not prevent it when the terms of postmasters expired."

Mr. Acheson thinks the adoption of his bill would be a blessing to members of Congress, as well as a benefit to the public service. But how many other Congressmen are of the same opinion? If they had no post-office appointments to dole out, and no other patronage or other public favors to distribute, the majority of them would hardly know what they are in politics for. It is an easy guess, therefore, that Mr. Acheson's bill is doomed to oblivion, at least until a new order of politicians comes into being. President Roosevelt, it is true, has "earnestly" recommended that the fourth-class postmasters be put in the classified service, and has stated that the administration is, or was, "endeavoring so far as possible to remove them from the domain of partisan politics." But that was before the administration jumped head and heels into the promotion of the Taft boom. The suppression of political activity among Federal employes is presumably one of the things that, like the tariff, will be attended to "after the election."

The refusal of the South Carolina legislature to pass a prohibition bill doubtless brings great relief to a number of people in Augusta, Ga., who have been outwardly clamoring for the closing of the dispensary in North Augusta, S. C., just across the Savannah River.

A Mr. Beard and a Mr. Shaver had a vicious fight in an Indiana town recently, and we suppose Mr. Shaver may be depended upon to cut Mr. Beard's acquaintance in the future.

"As the baseball season draws near, the dread fear increasingly assails us that Richmond may not be able to land and hold the tail-end position in that new league," says the Times-Dispatch of that city. The same fear in regard to the Washington baseball team comes forth and camps on our chest every night.

Oh, for the good old days before the invention of unions and things, when a paragrapher might ring in a dozen or so lingering-in-the-lap-of-spring quips without having folks look cross-eyed at him!

If Chile will take a good look, perhaps it will recall having met Admiral "Bob" Evans before.

Doubtless Senator Davis merely desires the people of Arkansas to understand that the President's last message to Congress was a report of progress in the Davis anti-octopus fight.

"An oil taster for Memphis is to be appointed soon," says the Nashville American. Heavens! surely it hasn't reached the point at last where we are going to have to eat that stuff!

Those Pullman porters who have made a record for courtesy during the past year will be presented a month's extra pay as a reward. This, however, is by no means a tip to the public to reduce or cut out the porter's tip.

The cables say Turkey is preparing for war against Russia. Evidently, what little Japan did to Russia has caused Turkey to perk up considerably.

The fatal error in the Thaw trial was the defendant's failure to produce a witness or two willing to swear they saw Stanford White "make a motion toward his hip pocket as if about to draw a weapon."

A Foraker club has stampeded to Taft, and a Taft club has stampeded to Foraker out in Ohio. That leaves things right where they started, anyhow.

"There is a growing feeling that Congressmen are not earning that 50 per cent increase in salary," says the Commoner. Well, that is not apt to cause any feeling of disappointment throughout the land; nobody expects them to.

A New York paper recently contained the following ad: "To let—Lonely heart. Has been occupied before, but is in good repair, and will be found warm and comfortable. May be leased for life by the right party." Privately, we believe that is a snare set by one of Grandoldgeorgebailey's red-headed widows of Harmless Houston, Tex.

We have nothing of interest to state in reference to ex-Gov. Beckham, but we thought we would mention his name again just at this point, because it will be only a short time now until mentioning it at all will involve long and tedious explanation.

Senator Davis praised Mr. Bryan in New York as "the greatest living American;" in Washington, he said Mr. Roosevelt's message was as brave a document as he "could frame" himself. Evidently the Hon. "Jeff" proposes to land on his feet, no matter which way the wind shifts next November.

As an evolution from a sphinx, Judge Alton B. Parker is the eighth wonder of the world; also the ninth.

"An Ohio hen chews tobacco," says the Salt Lake Tribune. If chewing tobacco were confined to animals that can't spit, the habit would be more bearable.

Among recent callers at the White House were Messrs. Meshakegeshig Tayoumiessig and Omunekakence Wawayzeacumig. Surely, the President was able to convert these gentlemen to his simplified spelling idea.

Mr. Watterson is "thundering away at the smart set in New York again," according to the Milwaukee Sentinel. The colonel should reserve his thunder for big game.

Horrors! Atlanta has revived that pump row!

No sooner has Count Szechenyi been disposed of than Count Prezezdsicke gets in the limelight. We suppose there is no way to keep the news columns from presenting the appearance of having a number of pied lines scattered around among the reading matter.

There are all sorts of yaps in this country, including especially the South Dakota couple who have named their baby Evelyn Nesbit Thaw.

Though somewhat precipitate, the exit of Judge Hargis cannot be viewed as anything in the way of a great calamity.

We should think that recent Tillman-Rockefeller conference sufficient cause for another message to Congress.

How We Do Things.

From the Kansas City Star.

This is a great, big man's country. What d'Annunzio of politics, addicted to vari-colored pajamas and smelling salts, could ever hope for representative place in the republic? The men of the past who are enshrined in the people's hearts are the strong men who said and did what they had to say and do. Washington, Lincoln, Jackson, did not mince their words or stand on formulas to oppose the needs of the nation. Jefferson purchased the Louisiana Territory and looked up the authority for it afterward. Jackson stamped out nullification; Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation. Every one of those acts would have "wrecked the government" if men and institutions had not been fact men and fact institutions and had been the purposeless, theoretical things that some would have us consider them.

Pensions for Life-savers.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

President Roosevelt's appeal to the Congress for some practical recognition of the service done to mankind by the life-saving crews will strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of thousands of his countrymen. The surfmen are employed in service which requires of them in times of emergency the highest heroism, and the failure of the country to organize their work on a basis which shall assure to the men an adequate return and a security for their families in case of disaster or disablement is one of those inexplicable illustrations of "pound wise and penny foolish" practice which sometimes characterize the doings of rational men. It is to be hoped that the recommendations of the President will be acted upon promptly and generously.

Anxious for Explanation.

From the New York Mail.

When the President used the pronoun "we" in his message, whom did he mean—himself and Bryan, himself and Taft, or himself and Loeb? The situation seems to call for a supplemental message.

The Nonenthusiast.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Gov. Hughes arouses no violent enthusiasm, but, perhaps, enthusiasm is precisely what is not wanted in this country for a few years. As a nonenthusiast, however, Fairbanks is even superior.

Crazy Wall Paper.

From the Kansas City Star.

Evelyn Thaw may be justified in her protest again the wall paper at Matteawan. There is some very crazy if not criminal wall paper even outside the asylums.

Lesson from the Porter.

From the Chicago News.

Even those of us who are not Pullman car porters usually find that politeness pays.

A SUNDAY TALK.

And He said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto Thee; take away this cup from me; nevertheless, not what I will, but what Thou wilt.—St. Mark, xiv:36.

If we poor humans could only keep that fine example of resignation to the divine will in our hearts all the time, how much easier would we be able to carry the burdens of this life, which at many moments seem too hard for us to bear. So often we seem to think that if we are afflicted or distressed, and carry our burdens to the throne of God in prayer we have done all that is possible for us to do to alleviate all difficulties.

The tendency is always—so constituted is humanity—to believe that we know what is best for ourselves; that our finite wisdom is capable of choosing the most direct and shortest way to our desires, and we have little doubt that the desire of our hearts, if gratified, is sure to help us toward our goal.

It is here that the Christian religion comes in to correct us of our error, and nowhere in the whole realm of Christian doctrine do we find the truth more poignantly or powerfully expressed than in the verse quoted above? The time was a few hours before Jesus should surrender His liberty into the hands of the Roman soldiers. His disciples, gravely wondering, could not understand, and He—knowing what was to come—would not tell them. He drew apart in Gethsemane from these who loved Him well, and He sent His very soul up to His Father in heaven, praying that if it might be this cross should pass from Him. But it is to be remembered—for this is the lesson we so much need—that the important part of His prayer was "Not what I will, but what Thou wilt."

For, after all, it is important for us to remember that though, year by year and century by century, the world is growing in wisdom, and man, by the sheer force of the spirit that is in him, is bending wind and wave and all of nature's forces to his will, so that, in our conceit we are likely to take all the credit to ourselves, all of this progress and growth is but the working out of the spirit of God the Father. Never can we separate ourselves from that truth: that all we are, all we do, all we hope to be must come from that divine beneficence which holds us all in the hollow of His hand. Always we must bow to the supreme will of God; always we must—if we have the true principles of Christianity in our hearts—realize that His wisdom lighteth the world, and that He knoweth best. If we pray for that which is evil we are assured that our prayer will not be answered. How, then, are we to judge whether that which we think good, in our finite judgment, be of a verity good or not? He knows, and the true Christian faith teaches us to submit to His will. Kingsley said:

> I believe that He will answer my prayer, not according to the letter, but according to the spirit of it; that if I desire good I shall find good, though not the good I longed for."

And so if we pray for what we deem to be good, and our prayer is denied, we should have faith and courage enough patiently to bear the disappointment; entertaining no doubt whatever that it was and always will be right that the will of God, and not our will, be done. As Whittier wrote:

> The dear God hears and pities all;
> He knoweth all our wants;
> And what we blindly ask of Him
> His love withholds or grants.
>
> And so I sometimes think our prayers
> Might well be merged in one;
> And rest and peace and hearth and church
> Repeat, "Thy will be done."

MR. STILLINGS' REMOVAL.

Press Approval of President's Prompt Action on Charges.

From the Norfolk Landmark.

President Roosevelt has properly suspended Printer Stillings pending the outcome of Congressional investigation; and in supplying the place thus temporarily vacated, the President has wisely avoided selecting any of the suspended chief's staff, but has drafted Chief Clerk Rossiter, of the Census Bureau. In the present scandal special emphasis is laid upon the suspicion of graft, but harsh treatment of employes, many of them women, is no less burning a question. We have heard a good woman who was an employe of the printing office, and was never afraid of work, say that she would die before she would return.

From the Springfield Republican.

The Government Printing Office ought to have a chief capable of handling its business in a thoroughly efficient manner. Mr. Stillings is entitled to a full measure of the "square deal" which we have heard so much about, and if further investigation leads to his undoing, then the President must try again. There must be somewhere in the country several men capable of making admirable Public Printers. It is obviously a place which calls for abundant tact, as well as business ability of a high order.

From the Hartford Courant.

The country will approve the suspension of Public Printer Stillings. Convinced by facts brought to his notice that there's something wrong in the big establishment for which Public Printer Stillings is officially responsible, President Roosevelt at once takes steps to find out just what it is and just what should be done about it. That's the proper Executive temper and action.

From the Springfield Union.

Whatever trouble there may be in the Government Printing Office, it is plain that President Roosevelt means to get at the bottom of it, which is only another illustration of the President's purpose to obtain honesty and efficiency in every branch of the government service.

Automobiles on Rails.

From the Pathfinder.

Locomotives cannot always be had for drawing special cars for the use of railway inspectors, and this condition is causing a growing demand for small inspection cars that are propelled just as automobiles are; in fact, they are railway autos. They are coming into use in all countries where there are railways. In the United States these inspection cars are made so as to make a speed of forty miles an hour, and enough gasoline is taken along to run the auto 150 miles. Even in India these machines are being used, and one manager of a railroad has had a machine built that will run either on the rails or the wagon roads.

"Uncle Joe" on the Job.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

The President is not inclined to believe it would do much good to send a tariff reform message to Congress while "Uncle Joe" has his cigar tilted at its present angle. Nobody is likely to make any mistake concerning the identity of the person or persons who are responsible for the fact that the tariff revision promise contained in the Roosevelt platform of 1904 has been contemptuously ignored by Congress.

Two Sizzlers.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

If President Roosevelt and Senator Tillman had not disagreed and had formed an alliance for mutual offense and defense six years ago, this country would now be one vast blister.

No.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Has anybody heard any uproarious demonstrations of approval in the Senate of the President's sentiments?

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Representative Robert W. Bonynge, of Colorado, is a native of New York, and New York City at that. Born in 1863, educated in the public schools of that city, and graduating from the College of the City of New York in 1882, he took the law course in Columbia College Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1885.

REPRESENTATIVE BONYNGE

In 1888 he packed up his goods and chattels and went West, settling in Denver, where he has practiced law ever since. He served in the legislature of Colorado for two years.

Entering national politics, Mr. Bonynge was a candidate for the House of Representatives in 1900 and 1902. After the election in 1902, being satisfied that frauds had been perpetrated, he instituted a contest and was unanimously awarded his seat. He was elected to the Fifty-ninth Congress, and re-elected to the Sixtieth by something over 16,000 plurality.

Representative Bonynge has but one committee assignment, that of Ways and Means. As he says "the probabilities are that the Committee on Ways and Means will keep me so busy that Uncle Joe deemed it advisable to leave me off all others, though a berth on Ventilation and Acoustics would have been desirable."

* * * *

Representative Sulzer, of New York, and Representative Mann, of Illinois, exchanged a few complimentary remarks the other day without, however, ever approaching to "that shorter and uglier word" which has at least once during the session been used to pugilistic effect on the floor.

Mr. Mann, who has been loaded down with the term "the watchdog of the Treasury," objected to some point in the omnibus war claims bill. Mr. Mann said that no doubt the Senate would pad the bill as presented by the House so that all sorts of claims would appear. He evidently didn't think that the bill needed any assistance as to size. When he spoke of the "padding," however, Mr. Sulzer casually remarked distinctly so that his red carnation could hear:

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

"That may be good Democratic doctrine, but it's poor financial principle," Mr. Mann interjected.

"Evidently the gentleman from Illinois is not acquainted with the Bible," replied Mr. Sulzer.

"Well, I don't see that the gentleman from New York has profited much by his acquaintance with it," retorted Mr. Mann.

"Of that he is no judge," gently replied Mr. Sulzer, and the thrilling episode had ended without gore upon the beautiful green carpet of the House.

* * * *

Representative W. C. Lovering, of Massachusetts, says of Representative Mann, of Illinois, who is the great objector of the House:

"When he dies and appears at the gates of heaven, and St. Peter opens the portals and bids him enter, the Congressman from Illinois will say:

"'Reserving the right to object, I will step in and look about.'

"And following his frequent practice in the House, it is expected that he will promptly withdraw his objection."

* * * *

Representatives Sherman, of New York, and Mann, of Illinois, were having it out over some appropriations. Representative Mann has plenty of hair on his head and a large crop of whiskers, while Sherman is smooth-faced and smooth-headed, commonly called bald.

A young lady in the House gallery, watching them intently, remarked: "How nice it would be if things in this world were more evenly divided."

"Why?" asked her friend.

"Because, if that one," pointing to Representative Mann, "had less hair on his face; and that one," designating Sherman, "had more on his head, both would be so much better off."

* * * *

When Representative Bennet, of New York, first sought the suffrage of his constituents, he was troubled with stage fright and was "so nervous." In speaking of it, he said it reminded him of the story of the nervous man.

"A young man applied for lodging at a hotel in his district. The hotel clerk told him there was but one room left, and that was above a room occupied by a permanent guest, a very nervous man.

"'Now,' said the clerk, 'if you take that room, you must be quiet; there must be no whistling, no undue noise.'

"The young man promised to be cautious.

"That night when he came in he started up the stairway whistling. Entering his room, he continued his warble, and taking off a shoe fired it on the floor. All at once he remembered the instructions of the clerk, and without any more racket tumbled into bed and was soon asleep.

"About 4 o'clock in the morning he was awakened by a knock at the door. On opening it, he found the nervous man of the room below.

"'Well, what can I do for you?' asked the young man.

"'Please whistle the last part of that tune and throw the other shoe on the floor, so that I can go to sleep.'"

* * * *

Senator Depew has been made the object of many a joke on account of his apparent lack of inclination to leave the United States Senate. The Senator's views as to the superiority of earth over heaven have not, however, so often appeared in print.

The Senate was not in session yesterday, so that the Senator, not being particularly pressed for time, proceeded to the White House to pay his respects to Mr. Roosevelt.

As he left the executive office, the Senator was greeted by a ministerial looking gentleman who proved, indeed, to be a preacher from the Middle West.

"Senator," he said, "I want to pay my respects to you. I met you many years ago when you came to Galena to deliver an oration on the dedication of the Grant memorial."

The Senator acknowledged the greeting.

"Good-by," said the clergyman, "I trust we may meet in heaven."

"Well," replied Mr. Depew, "I hope it will be a good while before you go there, and still longer before I meet you there."

Where to Begin Revision.

From the Indianapolis News.

Still, it may be somewhat easier to obtain a revision of the tariff after there has been a careful revision of Congress next November.

His Messages Know No Brother.

From the Detroit News.

Taft may continue the Roosevelt policies, but who will continue the Roosevelt messages?

And the Tariff Stimulates Beveridge.

From the Boston Herald.

Anyway, Beveridge on the tariff is more stimulating than the tariff on beverage.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

NO PRIMROSE PATH.

You'd like to write?
To you it seems
Enchanting quite
To pencil dreams?
Well, well! Obey ambition's goad.
But, ah, it is a weary road!

You'd like to write?
You'd sit up late
In black and white
To coruscate?
Well, be it so. Take up your load.
You'll find it is a weary road.

Struck an Iceberg.

"Mister, do you want to make some money?"

"Not if it's a sea-water gold process or a nonrefillable egg."

"Um. Then you are one of these sure thing investors, I take it?"

"I am."

"Wouldn't risk a chanst?"

"Not a chance."

"Wouldn't hev bought the site of Chicago in 1556 fer four clam shells and a jug of rum?"

"No; it wasn't worth it at that time."

"Well, sir, I bid you good day. I go, sir, I go."

And he went.

Humor on Tap.

"How can I hitch my wagon to a star?" demanded the press humorist.

"By means of your shafts of wit," explained his friend, who was also a humorist, even if an amateur.

Nature Fake.

"He once laid a corner-stone."

"Well?"

"He's been cackling about it ever since."

Perish the Thought.

It is a sin to steal a pin.
But holy smoke!
I hope it ain't no moral taint
To steal a joke.

Sweet Proof.

"I wonder if Reginald really loves me?" audibly mused the fair young girl.

"Yes," answered Reginald's employer, "he does. You would know it if you could see him at the office staring into vacancy with his mouth open."

A Trifle Mixed.

"Everybody looks blue here."

"We feel blue, stranger."

"Have you no local optimists?"

"Yes; they're the ones what made the town dry."

No Boom.

"I hear," stated the real estate dealer, "that many farms in this vicinity have recently changed hands."

"Yep," responded old Farmer Cobogs. "Hired men like to move about."

PLAIN DEALS.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE SNOW MAN.

Out on the lawn when the sun was warm
We raised the man of snow;
Rolled and molded his chilly form,
And watched his stature grow.
His head was a pond'rous icy ball,
His nose was shaped with craft;
He looked so fine, so white and tall,
That Dorothy gayly laughed.

There he was left when the sun sank low;
The south wind blew till dawn,
And when we looked for our man of snow
His stately form was gone.
Dorothy stared through the window pane—
Where was her snowy pride?
Her blue eyes wondering looked again,
And then she softly cried.

Ah, little maid, with eyes of blue,
Here is a lesson drear;
Often the things most dear to you
Will fade and disappear.
Castles you rear in fond delight
Crumble and topple low,
Passing from sight in gloom of night
Like to the man of snow.

Lost the Point.

Tomkins—I think these pretended reformers, who seem to delight in slumming, go too far.

Crane—That's what I like about Paris—you never have to go far.

Considerably South.

"Are you going south this spring?"

"Not any farther than Punta Arenas."

Explanation: The point is concealed in the fact that Punta Arenas is the southernmost town on the planet.

A Long Ride.

The militia sergeant looked hard at the newspaper clipping in his hand.

"This stuff here," he said, "is a story about mobilizing the State troops on the Pacific Coast."

"What's mobilizing?" inquired the corporal.

The sergeant stared again at the clipping.

"It must be short for automobilizing," he replied.

"It'll be a long ride," said the corporal.

His Wasted Suggestion.

De Byng had come home a little later than usual and Mrs. De Byng was engaged in telling him what she thought of his lack of punctuality.

When the good lady stopped to take breath, De Byng thoughtfully remarked, "It seems strange that the American woman doesn't learn to pantomime. In France a graceful woman of intelligence and beauty can tell a graphic story by gestures and facial play alone—without the introduction of a single spoken word."

Did Mrs. De Byng adopt this well-meant suggestion?

On the contrary, she became noisier than before.

Mr. Bryan's Predicament.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

While some Democrats of distinction carry beneath the surface a deep-seated conviction of the inexpediency of Mr. Bryan's candidacy, but few of them are willing to speak out in opposition. That very fact is one palpably weak joint in their armor. How can Mr. Bryan be expected to eliminate himself from the equation when he is assured, everywhere he goes, that he is the choice of the people and that it is his duty to stand by his battery? He is, after all, only human.

Comparison and Contrast.

From the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Bryan says Roosevelt is "brave;" and Roosevelt says Bryan is "broadening." We shouldn't wonder if these two would become very good friends next year when they are both private citizens with no political axes to grind. They are as much alike as two peas in a pod except that Roosevelt has a talent for intrigue which Bryan lacks, while Bryan has an innate honesty in which Roosevelt is deficient.

AGE.

Blindness, and women sailing white seas,
Seas where no placid sails have ever been,
Dreams like wan demons on waste marshes seen
Through dulling fevered eyes. The dregs and lees
Of wine long spilt to dead divinities,
Gray, empty days when Spring is never green,
Can the heart answer what these riddles mean—
Can the life hold such hopelessness as these?

Love lying low in the long pleasant grass,
Youth with his eager face against the sun,
They may not guess the hours when these shall pass,
In what drear coin such lovely dreams are paid,
At what grim cost their flowery days are won,
When man is old and lonely and afraid.

—Helen Hay Whitney, "Gypsy Verses."

AT THE HOTELS.

Hon. Louis N. Collins, one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the Canal Zone, who is here on his vacation trying to get a breath of fresh air, is at the Shoreham.

The judge is not only a well-known jurist, but a student of human nature. Speaking about crime in the Canal Zone, Judge Collins said yesterday that, considering the mixed population along the line of the Zone and the uncertain antecedents of many of the laborers, it was a wonder there was not more crime committed.

"Comparatively speaking," continued the judge, "we have order in the Zone. And I understand there are many foreigners, especially from the Latin nations, who would not be permitted to return to their respective countries. They, it seems, were not in the best of standing, and the consequence was their governments did not give them passports, which are looked upon as a certificate of good character. But, as I said, there is law and order in the Zone. Everybody is busy from morning until night, and there is not much time left for mischief.

"By the way, did it ever occur to you," inquired the judge, "that gray-haired men seldom commit crimes requiring physical exertion? They confine their nefarious activities to forgery and false pretenses and crimes of that sort. Robbery, murder, and crimes requiring daring and physical exertion are mostly committed by young persons. After spending a term or two in prison they learn their lesson, too, and get tired of a career of crime. They usually reform after the first or second term. They see there's nothing in it."

Judge Collins has been in politics much of his life and tells many interesting experiences. He was present in Springfield, Ill., in 1880, when Grant was nominated for the Presidency by Emory A. Storrs, who was a lawyer of Chicago, and known for his eloquence.

"And there is one passage in his nomination speech that appealed to me, and I don't believe it has ever been printed. This is it":

"'His feet may be in the mud and mire, the mists and clouds encircle his waist, but his head, thank God, is in the eternal sunshine of perpetual fame.'"

"The State of Connecticut has spent $28,000 in the past year on a bit of road in the town of Greenwich," said George P. Williams, a railroad contractor, of Boston, Mass., at the Metropolitan, yesterday, "for the avowed purpose of making it a convenient and attractive open door to highway travel to and from New York. This road is only 4,000 feet long. Between Greenwich and New Haven, along the old New York-Boston post road, there are still some sections which the State has not improved, but the work will be attended to the coming summer. For this purpose there is available part of an appropriation of $500,000, which the State of Connecticut has set aside for special trunk line construction, in addition to another appropriation of $4,000,000 for general highway building in 1908. From New Haven to Hartford the State road is practically complete, while from Hartford toward Springfield a line of State highway is to be built on each side of the Connecticut River this year. These road-building plans in Connecticut are only a small part of a general scheme on which work has been going forward gradually since 1895, providing for fourteen main trunk lines traversing the State. Of these trunk lines, what may be termed the basic one, borders Long Island Sound from New York to the Rhode Island line, following the colonial post road route. Three others to the north of this run approximately east and west across the State, while ten more run north from the Sound shore to the Massachusetts boundary.

"Oh, I don't know who is going to be nominated for the Presidency, and I don't care as long as business is all right. I am not in politics. I am a road builder."

Apropos of the slang phrase, "to paint the town red," Walter S. Cassidy, of New York, a lawyer, who is registered at the Raleigh, related the following episode:

"A certain Representative in Congress wanted to be Senator the worst way. He represented a rural constituency. His opportunity came one day, and when he found his name had been balloted for in the legislature, he left his farm and went to the State capital to keep his eye on things. When at last it was announced he was a winner in the contest, he rushed to a telegraph office, and in the mad enthusiasm of the moment sent this message to his family: 'Elected! Hooray! Paint my old home red!' He stayed at the capital about a week, celebrating his good fortune, and then returned to his rustic seclusion. On alighting from the train he was half dazzled by a scarlet glare that appeared above the apple trees of his orchard.

"'What's happened to the house?' he asked in amazement.

"'Nothing,' replied one of his fellow-townsmen, 'only you telegraphed us to paint your old home red, and we've done it. Here's that bill.'

"They had painted the house, and barn, and pens, and hennery, and stables; in fact, there was hardly a stick on the premises that had not been painted a jubilant red. In fact, the whole town was painted red."

"Poor scholarship goes hand in hand with luxurious dormitories. Nearly all the best pupils in Yale University, for example, live in the cheap, plain quarters, and all of the students picked for the secret societies come from the rich men's dormitories."

That's the manner in which Prof. Dr. Carl Classen, of Philadelphia, sized up the educational system as prevailing at some of our universities. Dr. Classen is registered at the New Willard, and is in this city "studying; looking around."

"I understand Dean Wright, of Yale, has kept a record of the residences of the rich and poor students," continued Dr. Classen, "and of the good and poor scholars in Yale classes for five years, which shows that the residents of the elegant dormitories are becoming worse scholars than ever, although it is growing to be more rare to find an occupant of the cheap dormitories in a secret society. I understand Dean Wright does not attack the society system as the only recommendation of reform. He recommends that Yale erect more dormitories, so that members of the freshmen and sophomores can be housed by the college instead of being lodged in the palatial private dormitories, where, at present, they grow to neglect their studies and form cliques which run the secret societies throughout their Yale course.

"In 1904, 31 per cent of the freshmen living in the rich men's private dormitories had been reported by the faculty for poor scholarship, against 17 per cent of the freshmen who roomed in the plain dormitories on the campus.

"How sweeping has become the practice of picking secret society members from high-priced dormitories is attested by the fact that of 80 members of a class who were chosen to junior fraternities, 70 were from the expensive dormitories, and only eight of the moderate price."

In the Higher Levels.

From the Springfield Republican.

Charles W. Morse is now threading the intricate bypaths of the highest levels of high finance. That is to say, he is reported to be missing.

A Flowing Pen.

From the Florida Times-Union.

There must undoubtedly be a fountain pen at the end of that Big Stick.