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SUNDAY, MAY 10, 1908.

The Officers' Dilemma.

It appears that others besides our sailors have their troubles these days out in the golden, glorious, generous West. The jack tars have been "held up" for pies, and beer, and kindred things of supposed plebeian persuasion, and are not altogether happy or disposed to sing one unending and harmonious song of praise. That story has been told, however; if it is true, it isn't pretty—but let it pass.

Now the officers seem to be in something of a stew—admirals, captains, lieutenants, and so on. Because of late doings in California, Ruefesque and Schmitz-like, "high society" out there is divided into two parts—the tainted and the untainted. Each is vying with the other to do the honors for the more favored few of the fleet labeled "Made in Annapolis." Banquets and receptions grow nowadays in San Francisco in clusters where but recently they grew sparsely, if at all. In a precipitate though somewhat superior way, the rich ones of that fair clime are literally "tumbling over themselves" in their efforts to please and entertain.

It would all be lovely—but! Curses be upon the head of Cadmus, the Phoenician, or whoever it was that invented "but." The officers cannot run with the hare and hold with the hounds; neither can they make one sauce for the goose and another for the gander, if you prefer that way of expressing it. The tainted millionaires object to the visitors' association with the untainted; social lines are sharply drawn. And, to make the matter more embarrassing, there is more aggregate wealth, by many millions, among the taints than the untaints. The result is all too obvious. Tainted dinners run up into the twenty-dollar-per-plate class, whereas the untainted have to pike along like trailers in the from-five-to-ten-dollar-a-plate catalogue! It is very trying. Something of a tragedy of conscience vs. appetite!

The poor, bewildered officers, of course, could be supremely happy with either were t'other dear charmer away; but t'other dear charmer, t'other dear charmer-like, refuses to budge! Each stands up stoutly as the defender of the true faith; both brand their particular patriotism gilt-edged and warranted-not-to-wear. Neither will yield an inch of ground; the officers must choose for themselves, for better or worse—with no assurance that they won't lose, no matter which dear charmer they elect to crown Queen of the May.

Verily, there are some things in this world even worse than war!

"A good man obeys his wife," says Mr. Wu Ting-fang. That brings on the question: Who, what, where, and why is a good man?

Secret Criminal Trials.

A writer in Government, enlarging on the influence of suggestion over human actions, argues for the abolition of public criminal trials. "The world at large," he says, "knows too much about crimes, criminals, and criminology, and there would be a lesser number of the two former if the doors of the criminal courts were closed upon a curious and sensation-seeking public." He alleges that these benefits will accrue from the abolition of open criminal trials:

"1. The public will be freed from its too great intimacy with crime, with the result that fewer crimes will be committed.

"2. The commission of crime will be lessened, because criminals will be more fearful of a private tribunal than of one attended by the public.

"3. The courts will be freed from the influence sometimes wrought upon their proceedings by an interested or demonstrative public.

"4. Perhaps the greatest benefit of the plan would be in the taking of criminal trials out of the reach of the lurid journalism of the day, for the suggestion necessarily comprises the idea of the exclusion of newspaper reporters and the suppression of newspaper reports."

The writer, unfortunately, does not explain how, under the constitutional guarantee to every person accused of crime of the right to a "speedy and public trial," the doors of courtrooms can be closed to the public. Of course, a judge may exclude certain portions of the public, women and young persons, for example, but he cannot hold any criminal trial behind closed doors. And the guarantee of a public trial carries with it the right of the press to print the court proceedings—a right that could not be constitutionally denied. In addition to the futility of the proposal to suppress court proceedings in its constitutional aspect, there is a practical reason why such suppression would not accomplish the object the writer has in view. It is that newspapers do not derive their accounts of crime from court proceedings, but from original investigations of their own. As a rule, the worst features of crime have been dragged before the public long before the trial occurs, so that the court hearing is an old story. It is only the exceptional criminal trials that are reported at length in the newspapers. The great bulk of the criminal news with which the daily press is filled comes from quite other sources than courtrooms.

The truth is, that "the public will not be freed from its too great intimacy with crime" until the newspapers are thoroughly reformed, or until the public gets tired of reading of crimes. That the publication of criminal news is responsible for a good deal of crime must be admitted. So, too, it is believed, are billboards portraying scenes of violence, sensational books, and theatrical productions representative of burglary and murder. How to regulate these forms of influence over human actions is a problem that has not been worked out in any civilized country. It may be doubted whether it ever will be. But at all events nothing can be contributed to its solution by advocacy of star-chamber criminal trials.

"Should the free lunch be abolished?" inquires a Boston contemporary. Sure; that's what it is there for!

Growing Cost of the Army.

The increasing cost of militarism is not alone exemplified in rapidly expanding naval expenditures, but also in the growing expense of the army establishment. The army appropriation bill, which has just passed both Houses, carries a total of $95,000,000, or an increase of $17,000,000 over the current appropriation. Of this, $7,000,000 is for the increase of army pay, approximately $5,000,000 for enlisted men and $2,000,000 for officers. It also carries nearly $1,000,000 for the purchase of heavy furniture for the use of officers. But $95,000,000 does not comprise the whole of the army expenditure. Ten millions is provided in the fortifications bill, $4,000,000 more in the sundry civil bill, and the permanent annual appropriation is $4,000,000, making a total of $113,000,000 that the army will cost the country during the coming year.

This sum, large as it is, does not tell the whole truth about the cost of the army, especially for the future. Representative Hay, of Virginia, a member of the Committee on Military Affairs, stated in the House that the bill did not provide money enough for the increase of pay authorized. He predicted that in five years, when the increase-of-pay provision had come into full operation, "the government will have to appropriate every year not less than $25,000,000 as a result of this increase of pay—as much as the army was costing at the beginning of the Spanish war." In other words, without the addition of a single man to the authorized army establishment, the cost of it is constantly increasing, so that with an army less than three times as large as formerly we shall soon expend for all army purposes five times as much as formerly.

The significant thing about this increase, as of all other increases in government expenditure, is that it appears inevitable. No one can suggest any way of averting it, and Congress is practically powerless to prevent it, even if there were any sentiment against it. Indeed, nothing is more characteristic of debate in both Houses than the expressions of helplessness in face of the mounting flood of public expenditures. Committee chairmen may lament the growing cost of government, Mr. Tawney may sound impressive warnings, but the appropriation bills come forth from conference loaded down with new items which it is difficult to dislodge. Economy of expenditure is a thing of the past, a relic of the bygone era which came to an end when Grover Cleveland retired to private life.

"The West finds it hard to give up the Roosevelt habit," says the Baltimore Sun. Well, that's reciprocity, isn't it?

Changing a Climate.

The army Medical Department has achieved a victory over what may be called climatic conditions, and has accomplished this so near home as Forts Hunt and Washington, on the Potomac River. Last year those neighboring army posts gained the distinction of having the highest malarial rates of any military garrison in the United States, and the army surgeons, who have to do with the sanitation of the military establishment, set themselves to the task of changing these statistics in a way which would "reform" Forts Hunt and Washington into localities less menacing to health. They have been so successful as to convert the Potomac River posts almost into veritable health resorts. In the year in which the army surgeons have directed their efforts to this improvement, the rate from malarial fever at Fort Washington has been reduced to less than one-half of that of the preceding year, while at Fort Hunt the reduction in the rate has been to about one-third, an admirable showing in all respects. This has been accomplished by a persistent attack upon the mosquito, with a destruction of the breeding places of that insect, as well as the thorough screening of all of the buildings at the post.

The same sort of warfare against the causes of disease has been conducted with assiduity at other army posts where the rate for malarial fever was too high. The army surgeons approach these problems of excessive rates of sickness with keen relish, and have been rewarded with the information that the malarial rate for the whole United States, so far as it has to do with army health, has been reduced by nearly 50 per cent as compared with the rate of sickness of the preceding year. This is due to the adoption at other places in the United States of the same measures of precaution and protection which have been applied at Forts Hunt and Washington. All of which justifies the wisdom of Congress in its somewhat belated legislation, recently enacted, increasing and reorganizing the Medical Department of the army. A branch of the military establishment which preserves life and eradicates sickness is surely entitled to Congressional consideration. An investment of the public funds in that direction is a profitable one.

King Edward is said to dislike Mr. William Waldorf Astor very much. If his majesty ever makes Mr. Astor a peer, doubtless he will confer upon him some such title as Lord Deliverus.

We decided to say nothing at all about the "Merry Widow" hat to-day, but if we don't call attention to our purpose you might not notice it. It's hard to get things just as you want them in this world.

"The silence of 'Jeff' Davis is positively terrifying," says the Detroit News. Still, you should see his fellow-members "beat it" when he gets up to speak.

A contemporary doubts the efficacy of the lance-headed viper's venom when administered as medicine in the usual way, and even goes so far as to say it may be swallowed in any quantity with impunity. While many of us may swallow this suggestion, few of us will care to swallow the venom in order to be sure it won't harm us.

Tennessee people who hate a dull time hardly have room to complain these days. It is considered rather a dull day down there just now when one of the gubernatorial candidates fails to call the other a liar seven or eight times.

"What do you really think of Brownsville?" inquires the Salt Lake Tribune. We don't think of it at all, if we can help it.

Treasury officials advise close scrutiny of all $10 bills coming into your possession, as some of them "may be bad." How can the average man tell? They all look mighty good to him!

Now that our fleet has sailed right around and sailed right in, will it turn right around and sail right back again?

"It costs New York City over a hundred million dollars to get a supply of water," says the Birmingham News. The anti-prohibitionists may find an argument in this. Certainly they can "view with alarm" any probable further addition to the cost of necessary water supply.

So far as we are able to judge, Mrs. Gunness makes the late Col. Bluebeard look very much like twenty-nine or thirty cents.

"By knocking, one can tell whether a tree is rotten at the heart," says the Charleston News and Courier. If we could only get our knockers at work exclusively on the trees of the country, some good might result from the hammerfest.

"A great many people talk about him as if they thought his name was Uncle Joke Annon," says the Bristol Herald-Courier. Not many of them live in the vicinity of Wonderful Washington, however.

Three hundred new islands have bobbed up in the Philippines. This, we believe, makes the total number to date something like 2,584,968. Almost enough to provide every "Rough Rider" in this land with a sort of independent lieutenant governorship!

"Dealers who put up their wares in bottles of such a size that five of them are required to hold a gallon should not label those bottles 'quarts,'" says a trade journal. No, indeed; the very least they could do would be to label them "quartets."

"It is pleasant to reflect that Bryan cannot split the party any wider," says the Charleston News and Courier. That being the case, why wouldn't it be a good idea for the extremes to meet, and thus fashion a possible victory?

A young lady is suing the Southern Railway because it forced her to remain in Rome, Ga., over night. Of course, however, the noble Romans will claim she is simply mad because the road didn't compel her to stay a week.

That Gov. John A. Johnson is not a real, live Presidential prospect just now is very evident. Otherwise his lately proposed "annexation of Canada" idea would have attracted some sort of attention throughout the country.

Even though the governments of the earth are apparently vying with one another just now in the matter of displaying good will toward this nation, we hardly think it probable Japan blew up that war ship in our honor.

It appears that one Congressional district in this country contains but two Democrats. Two, however, is enough to make a quarrel.

The New Bern (N. C.) Sun thinks the country at large only needs "plenty of chicken" to make it happy. Perhaps; but how is the country at large to get it, with the Methodist ministers all bunching up in Baltimore?

"Blondes are apt to be near-sighted; brunettes far-sighted," says an oculist. Where does this land the peroxide lady?

The way old Raisuli manages to keep a few laps ahead of assassination all the time reminds one irresistibly of the Philander Chase Knox Presidential boom.

Now that the President is after it with a sharp stick, perhaps Congress wishes it hadn't been quite so fresh about ordering that motto restored to the coins.

Noting that Tom Watson has not yet been notified of his nomination by the Populists, the Richmond Times-Dispatch thinks it is because "the committee, wishing to avoid two trips to Thomason, Ga., is holding off till Tom is elected." This looks as if the committee were trying to side-step Thomason altogether.

The Norfolk Landmark makes the suggestion that Col. Stewart in his exile be bombarded with souvenir postal cards, as it "might cheer him up." We suppose a funeral is the Landmark's idea of a good time.

Ohio Political Situation.

From Collier's.

States in which the party balance is so nearly even that the independent voter swings the issue are the most likely to secure beneficial Senators, since the machines then put forward more proper candidates. Foraker, of Ohio, must skate skilfully over more than the usual number of dangerous spots if he returns in safety to the Senate. Probably his continued agitation of the Brownsville incident is designed to club the Taft machine, now supreme in Ohio, into making him the Republican candidate. Even if Mr. Taft's friends were willing to pay this price, the outcome would not be certain. Dislike of Foraker's record in the Senate will cause some Republican revolt. Dislike of Cox in the saddle of the Taft machine and a weak State ticket have already caused many Republican papers to bolt. Ohio's next legislature may send a Democrat to Washington.

Enjoining an Injunction.

From the Portland Oregonian.

Only a few years ago an injunction proceeding was a remedy rarely used. Now it is a common proceeding. Recently in Illinois a man illegally detained sought to gain his freedom by habeas corpus, a remedy particularly guaranteed and guarded by the Constitution. But before the judge could hear the habeas corpus case an injunction was issued by another judge forbidding him to do so. Soon we shall behold the spectacle of one judge attempting to enjoin a certain act whereupon a second judge will attempt to enjoin the injunction by the first, and then a third will come to the rescue of the first by successfully enjoining the injunction of the second. Leave it to the lawyers and they will find a way to make trouble and business.

Our Financial School.

From the Boston Herald.

The school for the instruction of Congressmen in the elementary principles of finance, which Schoolmasters Weeks and Vreeland are reported to be conducting in the basement of the Capitol at Washington, while the conferences and debates on the various currency bills are in progress upstairs, is needed bad enough, though up to date the results are not encouraging. The difficulty may be due to the density of the pupils or to the lack of harmony in the views of their instructors. We can almost hear the pupils reciting:

Put down six and carry two.
Gee! But that is hard to do.
Teacher says I just don't care,
I can't do that sum.

President and Bishop.

From the Boston Herald.

Although President Roosevelt is not an Episcopalian, it is probably safe to say that no resident of the Diocese of Washington is more pleased with the election of the Right Rev. Charles Henry Brent to the bishopric there than he. Bishop Brent's service in the Philippines has greatly endeared him to the President.

Mutual Indorsement.

From the New York Evening Post.

Nothing could be easier than to select from Democratic resolutions a series of "ringing declarations" which Republicans would heartily indorse; and vice versa. Each party seems to have stolen the other's clothes, and to have found them an excellent fit.

Mr. Roosevelt Still Popular.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

The public's attitude toward President Roosevelt ought to be sufficient to convince any one who has hitherto been in doubt that the people of this country cannot be kept from admiring the man who does things.

A SUNDAY TALK.

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—Hebrews, xi:1.

Few things in Scriptural doctrine have proved more of a puzzle and confusion than the exact meaning of faith as it was used by the ancient prophets, and later, as in the text above, by St. Paul. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews is given over to an explanation of what faith means, and yet it is not altogether enlightening. Many preachers seem to find in faith something mysterious, elusive, and will not have it that the Apostle meant faith to be synonymous with belief. The lexicographers tell us that faith is the assent of the mind to the truth of divine revelation, on the authority of God's testimony, accompanied by a cordial assent of the will or approbation of the heart, an entire confidence or trust in God's character and declarations, and in the character and doctrine of Christ, with an unreserved surrender of the will to His guidance.

And this is the common-sense definition of the word which, perhaps, more than any other in the Scriptures, it is important we should comprehend fully. It is because of the element of faith, which is so necessary to a complete acceptance of the Christian religion, that there can never hope to be a complete reconciliation between that religion and science. Belief in the facts of science is founded on authority, based on evidence or personal knowledge; belief in the miracles of the Old Testament or in the miraculous doings of Jesus Christ—many of these repugnant to scientific knowledge—is only to be attained through faith. Channing said:

Faith is a deep want of the soul. We have faculties for the spiritual as well as for the outward world. God, the foundation of all existence, may become to the mind the most real of all beings. The believer feels himself resting on an everlasting foundation.

And true faith, it must be remembered, the faith of which St. Paul speaks as "the evidence of things not seen," is not to be argued into a man. It must come through the inward perception of that which is inwardly revealed. Knowledge has little to do with faith, for, as Froude says:

Faith—belief in goodness, belief in justice, in righteousness; above all, belief in truth. Men of faith consider conscience of more importance than knowledge, without which all the knowledge in the world is of no use to a man, if he wishes indeed to be a man in any high and noble sense of the word.

No man can feel that he is complete, that life is a problem being solved satisfactorily unless he possesses faith. The foundation of most of the misery of the world is unbelief; lack of faith that makes us repine at what chances to us, that impels us to the thought we are wiser than Providence and could have ordered things better. Ruskin said once:

We treat God with irreverence by banishing Him from our thoughts, not by referring to His will on slight occasions. His is not the finite authority or intelligence which cannot be troubled with small things. There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands.

It is through faith alone that man can do good work in the world, and, after all, it is only through good work accomplished that a man's life really counts in the great universal scheme. So it is that one of the most important things in life is the cultivation, assiduously, of a living faith that shall impel us, for the love of God and for hope of ultimate salvation, to express the best that is in us, for—

If faith produce no work, I see
That faith is not a living tree.
Thus faith and works together grow,
No separate life they e'er can know;
They're soul and body, hand and heart—
What God hath joined, let no man part.

IMPROVING THE PUMPKIN.

Mr. Bryan's Paper Starts a Campaign for Pie Betterment.

From the Commoner.

Now that the season for planting the fruitful seed in the fertile soil has arrived, we would call upon The Washington Herald to joint with us in a crusade of much more than passing moment. We refer to the need of campaigning for more enlightenment as to the pie pumpkin of commerce. Too many there be who imagine that any old pumpkin is good enough for pie filling, and that all that is necessary is to shove the seed into the ground by the pressure of the ball of the thumb and let it go at that. Such ignorance is not only appalling, but it is responsible in large measure for the decadence of the succulent pumpkin pie. The Washington Herald has been so valiant in its defense of the pumpkin pie that we feel assured it will join with us in a campaign having for its purpose the spread of enlightenment concerning the basis of the toothsome yellow pastry. Care should be taken in the selection of pumpkin seed, care should be exercised in the selection of soil, and care should be exercised in cultivation. Without all this the pumpkin pie of blessed memory will be impossible. The old yellow pumpkin that is good cattle and hog feed is not always good for pie purposes. The overgrown, obese, and stringy pumpkin that looks like a barrel painted yellow is not good pie material. The smaller variety, the little fellows with smooth exterior and solid interior, that are produced by careful cultivation in rich soil, are the ones needed. Size is no criterion in pumpkins, though we admit size has something to do with the finished pie product. Unhappy the city man whose dwelling is set so cramped that he cannot have a hill or two of glorious pie pumpkins growing thereon, and doubly unfortunate he who is so ignorant as to imagine that any old pumpkin will make good pumpkin pies.

With the assistance of the pumpkin pie editor of The Washington Herald, we hope to be able to start such a campaign as will result in a more careful selection of pumpkin seed, with a resultant crop of pumpkin pies that will command a return to the toothsome dainty and a desertion of the miserable concoctions and decoctions of French chefs and amateur cooks anxious to foist something new upon a long-suffering and dyspeptic public.

Not Much of a Model.

From the Boston Transcript.

The "model" child-labor bill for the District of Columbia, which the Senate has passed, is of the kind through which a procession of automobiles can be driven without touching the sides.

DA LEETLA BOY.

Da spreeng ees com', but O! da joy
Eet ees too late!
He was so cold, my leetla boy,
He no could wait.

I no can count how many week,
How many day, dat he ees seeck;
How many night I seet and hold
Dat leetla hand dat was so cold.
He was so patience, O! so sweet!
Eet hurts my throat for theenk of eet;
An' all he evva ask ees w'en
Ees gona com' da spreeng agen.

Wan day, wan bright sunny day,
He see, across de alleyway,
Da leetla girl det's livin dere
Ees raise her window for da air,
An' put outside a leetla pot
Of—w'at-you-call?—forgat-me-not.
So smalla flower, so leetla theeng!
But still eet mak' hees hearta sing;
O! now, at las', ees com' da spreeng!
Da leetla plant ees glad for know
Da sun ees com' for mak' eet grow.

So, too, I am grow warm and strong,
So like dat he seeng hees song.
But, ah! da night com' down an' den
Da weenter ees sneak back agen,
An' cover up da leetla pot
Of—w'at-you-call?—forgat-me-not.
All night de leetla hand I hold
Ees grow so cold, so cold, so cold!

Da spreeng ees com', but O! da joy
Eet ees too late!
He was so cold, my leetla boy,
He no could wait.

—T. A. Daly, in the Papyrus.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

The Tenth district of Virginia has as its Representative in Congress one Henry Delaware Flood, of Appomattox. Mr. Flood is a modest man and doesn't say much about himself, but he is proud of "Old Virginia." When asked by a stranger what State he is from, he responds right off the bat, "Virginia, God bless you."

REPRESENTATIVE FLOOD

He isn't old—just forty-three next September. He was educated at Washington and Lee University and the University of Virginia, graduating with the degree of LL. B. in 1886. One year after his admission to the bar, he entered politics, being elected to the house of delegates for two terms, then promoted to the State senate, where he served from 1891 to 1899. He was attorney for the Commonwealth for Appomattox County for a number of years and was a member of the Virginia constitutional convention for two years.

Mr. Flood was Presidential elector in 1892. His first attempt to gain entrance to the National House of Representatives was a failure. After a whirlwind campaign he was defeated as a candidate. He wouldn't be downed, and went after it again, with better success. He was elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress, and has repeated the performance ever since. He is a member of the board of visitors to the University of Virginia.

Representative Flood has two committees, Expenditures in the Department of Agriculture and Foreign Affairs. Coming as he does from a near-by State, he is naturally interested in all matters pertaining to the District, and he has a great many friends in the community of non-voters.

* * * *

While the House was answering a roll call on the passage of a bill providing for the transfer of certain ground in China to some financial institution two members were discussing its merits.

"You see," said one of them, "the banks in China have to be given a large amount of ground because with each institution goes a graveyard. Whenever a bank official goes wrong in China and is caught, his head is expeditiously removed from his body and his remains are put away in the bank graveyard."

"Well," said the second member, "I think I'll put an amendment to the Vreeland bill making some provision for bank graveyards in this country."

* * * *

The Republicans slipped one over on John Sharp Williams yesterday. Mr. Williams wasn't present when the discussion of a bill providing for the erection of an immigrant station at Boston was finished, and consequently no roll call resulted.

Speaker Cannon called for the viva voce vote. There was not a man who said "no," or possibly there was one, apparently on the Republican side.

The Speaker, without any great hurry, proceeded to announce that "the ayes seem to have it; the ayes have it and the bill is passed."

After he said the last word, some faint Democratic voice uttered the one word, "division," but it was too late.

A minute later Mr. Williams rushed out of the Democratic cloakroom and down the center aisle. When he saw what had happened he broke into a gentle laugh, and the Republicans near him applauded mildly.

* * * *

Senator Knute Nelson is the Mann of the Senate; in other words, he is the Lord High Objector. His objections, however, come pretty near winning out on all occasions, and with his objections, he is honest in his opinions, a fact which compels not only attention, but consideration. He studies all subjects, and when he advocates a point, he does it with all that sturdiness characteristic of his race.

It was his persistency that compelled Senator Aldrich to accept his amendment, requiring banks to pay 1 per cent interest in government deposits. Through Senator Nelson's efforts, the child labor bill for the District of Columbia was radically modified.

He made up his mind that the Dolliver school bill should not come up this session, and it hasn't, as yet.

He doesn't make any attempt at oratory, but what he says, is straight to the point, and, with it all, he combines a great deal of dry humor.

* * * *

John Sharp Williams, the leader of the greatest filibuster now on earth, has again returned to the scene of his struggle against the predatory Republicans.

Mr. Williams isn't looking so well as he did several days ago, but he isn't looking so poorly as he might. His voice is weak yet, and when there is need for some one to call out in a loud voice for the ayes and nces, Mr. Williams delegates the duty to Champ Clark, the lieutenant on guard.

* * * *

Bearing the burden of the appropriation bills as a result of the absence of Senators who usually conduct their progress through the Senate, Senator Warren, of Wyoming, is the Atlas of that body at this session.

He has borne the brunt of the debate on the army bill, and he is now in the midst of the agricultural budget. He also took his share of the navy bill debate, although Senator Hale, as chairman of the Naval Committee, was the general of that combat.

About the only budget bill which the Senator from Wyoming has not had a large part in getting through at this session, so far as any of them have gone through, was the District bill, which Senator Gallinger handled with his usual suavity and facility.

* * * *

The poor old mace of the House of Representatives isn't getting much rest these days. When the House adjourns over night or over any other period, if it is only an hour, the mace is carried out of the chamber and put away in the proper place.

When a recess is taken, however, the symbol of the House's power as a House has to be kept within the chamber. The House, legally speaking, is still in session, but is merely taking a little time off for some personal business.

Since the Democratic filibuster shut tight the gates of legislative speed the mace has had a hard time. There have been few adjournments and many recesses, and it is getting tired.

One of the Rarest.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Great rivalry now exists among Pittsburg's smart set, so the dispatches say, in the matter of purchasing rare and valuable books. The first thing we know the country is going to be astounded by the news that some advanced Pittsburger has bought a copy of the Holy Bible.

Melting Away.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Liberal majority in the British Parliament presents the aspect of a snowman basking in the rays of a summer sun.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE BEST MEDIUM.

I wonder if the mighty Sphynx that guards the mystic Nile
Is covered o'er with ads of drinks or pellets good for bile?
I wonder if the leaning tower, old Pisa's chiefest pride,
Is used for advertising flour, or as a fashion guide?

I wonder if the Ameer's lawn has placards on the trees?
But I too far have really gone with idle thoughts like these.
Those people over there are wise, so truly wise, I guess,
That when they want to advertise they do it in the press.

Fifty Years Hence.

"We have no drinkers in these days."

"No?"

"Now, my grandfather was good for six orange phosphates."

Not Harsh.

"You've got to sue for a divorce," declared the manager.

"But," wept the star, "I love my husband."

"That can be arranged. You may marry him again on the quiet."

Cold Comfort.

"What's a man to do if he has no money?"

"Be a philosopher."

Pleasing.

I like the bits of greenery
They serve with fish,
I think that sort of scenery
Adds to a dish.

They Come and Go.

"I notice that your play has a different housemaid in every act."

"Ah, true to life, hey? True to life!"

Familiar Dialogue.

"Dear, the boys at the club——"

"Go if you want to."

"The boys——"

"Go if you want to."

"The boys at the club want me to come around to-morrow night, but I really don't want to."

Rich Returns.

"That article ought to bring you in a barrel of money."

"But how can I make sure of that?"

"By spending a keg in advertising."

ALTERNATING CURRENTS.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

SONNET ON SPRING.

Oh, lovely spring, ethereal mildness—gee,
I wish the northeast wind would cease to blow—
The brooks are singing "Courage" as they flow;
The birds are caroling in careless glee,
The fragrant blossom lures the wanton bee—
Good heavens! Look! It has begun to snow!
The poor old peach crop's done for now, I know—
And smiling Nature sweetly calls to me.

The daffodils are daffing in the lane,
The cowslip's by the river's brim—but, say!
Behold the frost that gathers on the pane!
The skies that in mad March were somber gray
In azure softness spread—save when the rain
Is filling the baseball fans with dismay.

She Believed It.

"Why does old Mrs. Mossman always wear pink? It seems to me that a woman of her age ought to dress in something a little more sober."

"Seventeen years ago somebody told her that she looked young enough in pink to be her own daughter, and she is probably hoping now that some one may mistake her for one of her granddaughters."

DEAR "UNCLE JOE."

Who lets the wheels of Congress rust,
And, caring not how he is cussed,
Protects the dear old paper trust?
Your "Uncle Joe."

Who sits there grimly day by day,
Permitting time to drag away
And sneering at what people say?
Old "Uncle Joe."

Who has his mind made up to let
The long-oppressed consumer fret?
Who merely smokes while others sweat?
Stern "Uncle Joe."

Who calmly tilts his old slouch hat
Back on his head and growls "Stand pat,"
Content to let it go at that?
Dear "Uncle Joe."

Anything—Almost.

"Mrs. Rucksher is a woman who seems to be willing to do almost anything for the sake of appearance."

"Yes—but she draws the line at wearing inexpensive hats for the sake of making her husband's task easier when he has to face the assessor."

A Man's Work.

When a man begins to do his work merely for the sake of getting it done he may as well give up the hope that his salary will ever be increased.

A Neglected Chance.

"Mount Etna has a new crater."

"Well, what of it?"

"Oh, nothing—only I gave you a chance to remark that Senator Jeff Davis continued to emit his lava from the same old mouth."

A Balzac Story.

From the Westminster Gazette.

A story, said to be new, of Balzac, is related by a French contemporary. A burglar gained admission to Balzac's house, and was soon at work, by the light of the moon, at the lock of the secretaire in the novelist's chamber. Balzac was asleep at the time, but the movements of the intruder aroused him. The burglar, who was working most industriously, paused. A strident laugh arrested his operations, and he beheld by the moonlight the novelist sitting up in bed, his sides aching with laughter. "What is it that makes you merry?" demanded the burglar. "I laugh," replied the author of "Pere Goriot," "to think that you should come in the night without a lantern to search my secretaire for money, when I can never find any there in broad daylight."

Taft to Wield a Crowbar?

From the Springfield Republican.

Is the Taft crowbar to take the place of the Roosevelt big stick? It has a pleasing sound, anyway, a rather industrial tone, one calculated to catch the sympathy of any number of workers. The term was used in a recent "whooping up" for Taft at a dinner of the Spokane Taft Club. One of the speakers, Everett J. Smith, of Walla Walla, said: "For the big stick we would substitute the crowbar with the 300 pounds of William H. Taft at the other end."

Shooting in the Air.

From the Baltimore Sun.

When people get so that they can fly from place to place, our policemen will have to be good wing shots.

Individual Prohibition.

From the Portland Oregonian.

There never was a law, or a custom, that would prevent any man voting himself dry.

AT THE HOTELS.

Standing six feet two inches and weighing more than 300 pounds, Dr. C. E. Brayton, of Stonington, Conn., one of the most prominent physicians of the "Nutmeg State," said last night at the Shoreham that William Jennings Bryan would never be elected President.

"I am, and always have been, a Democrat," said Dr. Brayton. I never have, nor will I, vote for Bryan. If he is nominated, he will go down in defeat.

"I am an old Jacksonian Democrat. To me, Bryan and his principles are too radical. He is not a true Democrat. I do not believe he is a true reformer. What is the use of nominating him when it is assured he cannot be elected? The Democrats will not hustle while he is the candidate, because they know he will not win.

"If Bryan was a true Democrat, he would not allow his name to be presented to the convention. There are abler and stronger men in the party. How does Bryan compare with Judge Gray? But the latter will not run.

"Johnson, in my opinion, is the logical man, now that Gray will not allow the use of his name. With Bryan as the candidate, Connecticut is hopelessly Republican. Allow Johnson to go before the public as the Democratic nominee, and you will find my State debatable ground.

"Massachusetts has instructed for Bryan. Her course should not be followed by the other States, because Massachusetts is hopelessly Republican in a Presidential election."

Dr. Brayton is paying a personal visit to Washington, and, with a party of friends, is enjoying the sights of the Capital.

"Horace Greeley's advice to young men about seeking a home far from the Atlantic coast is no longer popular with farmer boys in my home State," said Henry J. Jacobs, of Bethlehem, N. H., last night at the Raleigh. Mr. Jacobs is on his way to Houston, Tex., where the woolen mills of the company of which he is treasurer are located.

"Instead of leaving the homestead and its acres to become abandoned," said Mr. Jacobs, "the young men to-day remain at home and cultivate the soil. A few years back abandoned farms were scattered throughout the State. There are still many, but they are gradually disappearing.

"This is due principally to the modern methods of agriculture, the improved methods of treating the soil, and the experiments that have shown that New England soil, if properly taken care of, will bring satisfactory returns to the farmer.

"I remember taking a carriage ride through the northern part of New England a few years ago—I believe it was in 1898. On all sides were to be seen abandoned farms. Acres and acres of land that once were covered with wheat, vegetables of all kinds, and fruit trees had been left to decay and ruin. Their owners had gone West, where they found conditions better.

"To-day these conditions have changed. These farms have been taken up through the small cost and are being worked successfully. The farmers who took the chance have not regretted their action. A majority are living in what might be termed opulence, while all, I understand, are making a fine living.

"Hence it is that few farmer boys of New England are answering the call of the West. They are sticking to their home States, and some day will be wealthy men by taking to themselves the abandoned farms."

That Hoke Smith will not, and is not, having plain sailing in his fight for renomination for governor of Georgia is indicated by the remarks of Sydney A. Fox, of Atlanta, the metropolis of the South. Mr. Fox is stopping at the St. James.

"Hoke Smith won out in his last campaign," said Mr. Fox, "because he promised to enact laws that would forever suppress the negro as a political factor. His fight was made on an appeal to race prejudice. He made a furious campaign and won out, defeating some of the biggest men in the State for the nomination, which means election in Georgia.

"But he has made enemies during his year in office. His bitterest opponent is former Railroad Commissioner Brown. Brown was ousted from office by Smith, who did not give any satisfactory reason for the change. Brown bided his time, and when the present race started, announced himself as a candidate.

"And he is making a stirring campaign. It is costing him a big pile of money, but of that he seems to have plenty. It has been alleged that the railroads are backing him in his fight against Smith. This is denied by Brown.

"I believe Atlanta and Savannah will go for Smith. Many interior towns of the State will vote for Brown. Brown charges that Smith made his last campaign on personal grounds. This is what Brown is doing, and is making headway.

"But if he will be able to overcome Smith's hold on the public is a question not answerable. The truth is, however, that he will not be a bad second when the votes are counted at the convention.

"The Atlanta papers have joined in the fight—the Journal backing Smith, while the Georgian is fighting for Brown. And they are going the limit in defense of their candidates."

"It is a forlorn hope the Vice President has in his fight for the Presidential nomination. I don't believe that his followers will allow his name to be balloted for after the first round," said Edward L. Halliwell, of Boston, last night at the New Willard.

"It seems to me that we never appreciate our best men while they are in office. Yet Fairbanks should be numbered among our great men. During his public life there has never been an occasion when the finger of suspicion could be pointed at him. In everything he has done he has been impartial in his dealings. He is a just man, and one that could perform the duties of Chief Executive as well as any other.

"But the fates are against him at the present convention at least. Time alone will tell if he ever can be nominated for the first office in the land.

"I believe he should be again placed as the second man on the Republican ticket. He deserves the honor. I am sure the position would prove acceptable to him. Then, in the days to come, when the people learn what kind of a man he really is, perhaps he will be able to take his place as the nominee of the Republicans for the Presidency.

"We have a Republican mayor in Boston. Everything considered, he is doing well. He was up against a big proposition to clean Boston of graft. How well he has succeeded cannot be told for years. But he is turning men out of office daily, and many were henchmen of the former incumbent.

"Salaries of many easy snap places are being reduced, and several sinecures have been abolished. In this way the expenses of the city have been considerably reduced.

"It is going to take years to undo the work of the Democrats in Boston. With the present mayor and his finance commission of disinterested citizens, a cleaner, better, busier Boston is assured in a few years."

The Democratic Need.

Henry Watterson, in Louisville Courier-Journal.

All that the Democrats of the United States need to do in order to carry the coming Presidential election is to quit their bickering, to close ranks, to move onward and look forward, not backward. They should brace up and have about them both some confidence and some style.