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SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1908.

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In re the Weather Sharps.

Says the Cincinnati Times-Star:

"The weather bureau is perhaps one of the most useful and at the same time one of the most misunderstood institutions that we have. The idea even prevails in some communities that the 'official forecaster' is responsible for the weather—that he manipulates the levers that control the rainfall and the sunshine, and delights in pulling the wrong lever at the wrong time."

We rejoice to see our contemporary take up the cudgels in defense of the downtrodden and overabused weather department. Too long, indeed, has it suffered the slings and arrows of captious, ill-natured, ignorant, and carping criticism. Plodding along, on the job always, day in and day out, the weather sharps have served their country untiringly. They have faithfully forecasted storms that came and storms that came not, with rigid impartiality; minus fear or favor, they have proclaimed hot waves and cold waves, sunshine and shadow, rainbows and blizzards, as might to their way of thinking seem most propitious at the moment.

To suspect that they are actuated in this distribution of the weather by sinister motive or dark design is to slander them mentally and to misjudge them cruelly. They are not wire-pullers or lever-manipulators; they do naught with malice aforethought. An inspection of the weather from January to January will show an endless variety, and a very healthy average.

In further comment, the Times-Star adds:

"The department, not to be outdone by such prognosticators as the goose bone prophet and the almanac man, now undertakes to predict two weeks in advance what the weather conditions will be during that period. The comparison of records and reports, the almost endless figuring and computation necessary to the preparation of a two weeks' forecast can be appreciated probably only by the initiated. That the bureau is courageous in attempting such a feat is evident, not only in the work involved, but in the chances taken. The fickle weather, even within twenty-four hours, has been known to change its mind more times than a woman."

Well said again! The weather men cannot help it if some of their well-laid plans get balled up, and things do not always fall out as they schedule them. They do their best, and angels can do no better than that, you know. If they could guarantee their prognostications, we are persuaded they would give us just enough gloom to make us appreciate the sunshine; just enough storm to make us appreciate the calm.

We trust other contemporaries will take their cue from the Times-Star, and quit knocking the weather sharps. As a matter of fact, they are a philanthropic lot, and worthy of all praise!

Perhaps Mr. Loeb will not appreciate what a fine vacation he did have until he gets back home and finds out what happened during his absence.

The Trade Agreement.

There has never been in this country a labor leader who so won the entire confidence of his labor associates and at the same time commanded the respect of the employers of labor as Mr. John Mitchell. He occupies a unique position and one of great power; it has come to him, not through his own seeking, but because he was best fitted for the work in hand. And now the secretary of the National Civic Federation announces that Mr. Mitchell will devote his entire future time to the interests of the trade agreement department of the Federation. The president of the Federation in announcing the change declared:

"It is our belief that through this department you will find opportunity still to use in the interest of industrial peace and advancement the wide experience and great influence you have gained in your long service with the United Mine Workers of America."

The position Mr. Mitchell assumes is one of the gravest importance. Hope as we will for the time when labor and capital shall thoroughly understand each other, that time is not yet; and the situation to-day finds capital on the one hand and labor on the other fairly organized and well equipped, if need be, for fighting.

Between them now stands the figure of John Mitchell, whose chief duty, as it will be his chief pleasure, is to keep the peace. It is for him, continuing the policy that has been his own ever since he came before the public as a labor leader, to represent the spirit of compromise; to work for industrial peace, which means industrial economy and efficiency. It is for him to make clear—and no one is better fitted for the task—that the interests of labor and the interests of capital are so interwoven that it is nothing short of a crime to seek to separate them.

He himself has great hopes that in his new sphere of usefulness he may be able to develop a relationship between employe and employer that shall be to their mutual interest, and he knows and believes that nothing can so work toward this end as the trade agreement, as opposed to the old methods of strikes and lock-outs. He says on this point:

"The maintenance and extension of this system of regulating conditions of employment and industry should meet the approbation of all forces in society solicitous for industrial peace on a basis equable alike to the workingman and to the employer."

The day has passed for the labor leader who by the methods of the demagogue sought to inflame labor against capital; urged the use of force, and felt the itch of power that comes from the leadership of hundreds of thousands. Through much storm and stress we have evolved the more human way of coming to an understanding, and it is largely because of the dominant influence of men like Mr. John Mitchell—sure of himself, sure of the cause he represents, proud of his work and devoted to it with all his heart and mind and soul.

"Tom Platt is a Senator of New York," remarks the Milwaukee Sentinel. Every time New York begins to get a little chesty over something, somebody hands it that lemon again.

Hair!

Now that Mr. John W. Kern's whiskers are in the limelight of publicity and Mr. "Jim" Sherman's side-whiskers have caused more than one irreverent reference to the style affected by English butlers, one cannot help wondering how it has come about that hirsute adornment of the face has come to be regarded as such a joke.

In Oriental countries they still reverence the beard, and "by the beard of the prophet" is a solemn oath. In Anglo-Saxon lands the beard has been gradually but surely disappearing, and public life knows it so seldom that already Mr. Kern's whiskers are famous and Mr. Sherman's "galways" have won notoriety. It was not always thus, for from Lincoln's time down to that of Benjamin Harrison our Presidents all had hair on the face with but one exception. But if one doubts that the beard has vanished from public life he has only to look at a photograph of 103 members of Congress which was published last December to see that out of this number only ten had beards.

It used to be taken that a beard was a sign of strength in a man. However this may have been physically, it is, we believe, no longer true politically. Sons of Indiana—the preceptor in political styles—are inclined to the belief that the first steady reaction against beards set in when the Hon. John K. Gowdy was sent as our consul general to Paris. The Parisian beard is dainty, fragile, perfumed, and delicate, and the Gowdy crop of whiskers, bristling from a massive chin, threatened, at first, to create international complications. Figaro threw a fit over them, and Le Petit Cri cartooned them. Stanch Republican that he is, Mr. Gowdy had to succumb to the force of public opinion, and when, at a consular ball, a bare-necked lady with whom our Parisian consul general was dancing complained that the whiskers were tickling her, the whiskers were ruthlessly sacrificed. Many of us can remember yet the thrill that went over the country when the first photograph of the beardless Gowdy came back to the Gowdys' native shore. There was a rush to follow the new fashion, and for a time in Indiana the trade of barber threatened to become more profitable even than authorship.

What effect the whiskers will have in the coming political campaign it is too early yet to estimate. That they can be ignored as an issue is quite impossible, for in the mad and bitter strife for the labor vote, who dare be rash enough to predict that the barber's union will not take a hand? It may be quite beyond the power of Mr. Gompers to deliver the barber vote to any Vice Presidential candidate who only shaves his cheek-bones and leaves his chin untouched, or to that other Vice Presidential candidate who lets his love-locks droop trellis-like in front of his ears.

An Indiana man complains that the ghost of his mother-in-law comes around every night and abuses him. That, we presume, is what you might call spirit rapping.

Eating vs. Feeding.

A complaint by what may be euphemistically called a supervised husband offers wide field for conjecture. This man, who is apparently excessively married, writes to a New York newspaper in bitter words, declaring that his wife will not permit him to eat with a spoon what salad dressing may be left on his plate after he has devoured the green things to which it was meant to be merely a gustatorial accessory.

This unhappy exponent of wedded bliss asserts that his practice is a real and harmless pleasure, and that his wife is unreasonably selfish in striving to wean him from the habit, or endeavoring to cure him by mandatory measures.

There is a great deal to be said for the wife in this case. Possibly she has spent weary years in watching her spouse chase a shallow rivulet of oil and vinegar around a plate with a scraping spoon. Perhaps she has no sympathy with his oleaginous tastes. Thus far she is to be pitied. But where, in all this, does woman's boasted power of managing a man so that he doesn't know he is being managed appear? Why could she not mix for him a delicious toddy compounded cunningly of nutty olive oil, just enough vinegar, a dash of cayenne, some white pepper, and the traditional "salt to taste?" Then the headstrong husband could eat his salad, and afterward drink his dressing from a goblet, either with the ecstatic sips of the gastronome or with the Gargantuan gulps of the glutton.

This method would be far preferable to pouring the dressing over a rubber sponge, and then absorbing it by suction, though this latter plan is superior to the irritating noise made by a pursuing spoon upon a plate. As the question stands, it appears to be one merely of eating vs. feeding. What the man wants is food, and apparently he doesn't care how he gets it. Methods are nothing to him. It's olive oil he's after. He may have formed his tastes on the cotton-seed variety, and worked up to the golden liquid expressed from the crops of the famed Italian trees. That is a long step in advance of a whale-blubber diet, though the underlying principle is the same. Possibly he puts sausage fat on buckwheat cakes. This is a free country, in theory, but not free as far as the prejudices of wives are concerned.

Furthermore, at table the wife should not be angered by strange practices in feeding, since this is apt to impair her digestion, and thus wreck her temper for good and all, making her husband reflect sadly that Solomon knew what was what when he freed his mind about a house which contains a scolding woman.

Better by far is it that the complaining man should indulge his appetite in secret. Let him drink a quart of olive oil a day in his office, and submerge himself in oleaginous bliss, rather than stir up strife for a few paltry spoonfuls of salad dressing, salvaged from a plate under the cold eye of a frowning woman.

Here is truly a chance to pour oil on troubled waters, though the wife should also remember the age-old advice to women entangled in the net of matrimony: "Feed the brute!"

Mr. Wyndham Meredith is evidently one of those after-dinner speakers who would do it better next day, if given an opportunity. Mr. Taft has probably heard of that kind before.

"The Independence League has nominated a man named Graves for the Vice Presidency," says the Portland Oregonian. "A man named Graves!" O tempora, O mores!

Mr. Clyde Fitch says the best thing he saw abroad this summer was one of his own plays. Still, Mr. George Bernard Shaw invented that style of advertising.

Lightning killed a mule at Tillman, S. C., recently. However, one would expect the lightning around about Tillman to be more or less strenuous.

A Pennsylvania man killed himself when his thirteenth child was born. Can the President's popularity be on the wane?

If Castro is backing three spades and a couple of clubs, at least he must be given credit for an apparent willingness to back them to the bitter end.

An Illinois man has taken a vow "not to paint his house until Bryan is elected." And if Mr. Bryan should be elected this fall, we suppose he will not only paint his house, but the town also.

"Mr. Taft is the Palengenitus Stellatus of the present year of our Lord," says a Boston Republican, who is evidently a good party man and knows just what sort of dope to hand out on his native heath.

"Raisuli has reappeared," says the Baltimore American. Raisuli seems to be quite as apt at that game as Mr. Adlai E. Stevenson.

That Izzet Pasha party in Turkey is a great temptation to paragraphers, we know. So far, we are able to plead not guilty, however.

"An eighty-pound watermelon awaits the toiler in the ice-box at home," gurgles the Houston Post, without, however, explaining why it is necessary to keep Texas toilers in the ice-box.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

I did wish to go one day down the lengthy Milky Way.
And upon a passing airship I did climb.
But the current wasn't strong, so we had to loaf along,
And we really had a most unpleasant time.

The conductor rang a bell and the motorman did yell:
"Dis airship stops and anchors in de shed."
Then the cross, disgruntled crowd had to get off on a cloud
And trudge a block to take the ship ahead.

I had thought, when airships came, it would be a lovely game,
To gently glide around among the stars.
But the ships they give us now aren't so different, I vow,
From the dear familiar earthly trolley cars.

Those Kind Predictions.

The wedding was over.

"Guests," announced an usher, "will kindly register their predictions in this book."

"What predictions?"

"As to how long you'll give 'em to stay married."

A Man's Comment.

"That's a smart pump."

"And a smart girl wearing it. Nothing short of genius could keep that style of footgear on."

This Might Stick.

"Have you made your campaign contribution yet?"

"What's the use?" sighed the poet. "All my contributions are returned, with thanks."

Shake!

The candidate, your bosom friend,
Doth now expand,
And unto all the earth extend
The gladsome hand.

A Serious Matter.

"You are being mentioned prominently," explained the politician, "for this and that office of distinction."

"But that doesn't provide me with the eats," expostulated his constituent. "Won't you have me mentioned for some place I could get?"

Money to Invest.

"Times were never more prosperous."

"How do you know that?"

"I just saw a poet reading the business chances."

As to Baths.

"I understand," said the talkative customer, "that alcohol baths are very beneficial."

The barkeep noted the size of his drink.

"Maybe they are," he responded, "but a man ought not to expect one for 15 cents."

POOR OLD PLATT!

To Think Even He Should Be Regretted.

From the New York Sun.

Whatever the little eccentricities of the Hon. Thomas Collier Platt, he knew enough to go in when it rained. In the prosperous years of his bosship and after he had learned the business thoroughly he knew when he had to yield to the opinion of his party; and if there was just one road to victory he took it. In 1898 he had no adoration for Theodore Roosevelt, but he saw that no other man could be elected governor by the Republicans.

It is hard work for the kindergartners among whom Mr. Platt's mantle has been divided to understand that their poor little likes and dislikes don't count; that when there is but one candidate the Republicans can win with, that candidate must be taken whether the bossikins and bosslets like him or loathe him.

Poor old Platt! To think that even he should be almost regretted, such is the vealiness and futility of his successors.

POLITICAL COMMENT.

The Richmond News-Leader thinks that Mr. Bryan's most valuable asset in the campaign is the opposition of Watson and Hearst. It will show the country that Mr. Bryan stands for conservatism. It says: "Mr. Bryan's most valuable asset so far in this campaign is the determined opposition of Tom Watson and Willie Hearst. This ought to reassure the conservative and business men of the Democratic party. Taken in connection with the very moderate tone and in many respects admirable temper of the Democratic platform, it should carry the conviction that Mr. Bryan has no radical or revolutionary purposes, and that the business and industrial interests of the country would be absolutely safe under an administration headed by him.

The Louisville Courier-Journal has a sarcastic laugh over the fact that at last Mr. Secretary Loeb seems to have arrived at membership in the Ananias Club. It says:

"Sooner or later it was bound to come, and now, in the very tail end of the Roosevelt term, it has come.

"Loeb has been hurled into the Ananias camp.

"Of course, it has become an administration habit to blame things on Loeb. If some one spilled the Executive ink, it was Loeb. If some one ordered the wrong Senator out of the White House, it was Loeb who did it. If some one swung the big stick unduly recklessly and got the White House incumbent into hot water, it was Loeb who did the swinging. But, so far, Loeb has been a carry-all, a hewer of wood, and a drawer of water, a repository of blame. He has escaped classification as a liar. Now that climacteric blow has fallen. Because he gave out that the President had changed his mind and had ordered the reinstatement of a group of West Point cadets expelled for hazing he is picked up bodily and tossed mercilessly into the Lodge of Ananias."

The New York Mail, after all its abuse of Mr. Gompers and its charges that he has tried to use his power wrongfully, comes at last to this:

"It is fair to say that Mr. Gompers is an enlightened, resourceful, and persistent labor chief, wrongheaded in some respects, but when he sticks to his last, a pretty good citizen. As a would-be politician, however, he is a failure—not for the first time. The American workingman has found that his sentiment and his interest coincided in voting first and foremost as a citizen, rather than as an exponent of 'class consciousness.' His idea is that Mr. Gompers is well enough in his place—but that just now he is out of it."

The New York Globe thinks that Messrs. Wright and Forster are heartily deserving of public sympathy. It says:

"Messrs. Wright and Forster, unweaned zealots as they are, deserve much public sympathy. Gen. Wright, when he stepped into the shoes laid aside by Secretary Taft, appeared to be a likely lord lieutenant. He had followed Mr. Taft in the Philippines. Why should he not play the game with equal success at Washington? But the Philippines are some thousands of miles away; the periphery of the pseudo-veridical does not impinge upon them. The general was destined to a new and entirely unfamiliar experience. Nor can Mr. Forster, diligent understudy though he may have been, expect to accommodate himself to Mr. Loeb's job without divers exquisite agonies."

The Knoxville Sentinel is interested in the attitude toward the campaign assumed by the New York World. It says:

"The New York World is pleased with the Democratic platform and advises Mr. Bryan to stand with both feet on it. That's what Mr. Bryan has been doing. It gives him no embarrassment, because the platform is the expression of the views which he for many years has been expressing. The World might very well support not only the Democratic platform, but also the Democratic nominee. Is it mere spite that keeps the World from coming out in support of Mr. Bryan? Mr. Hearst's bolt is clearly for that reason. Will Mr. Pulitzer prove as narrow?"

THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.

This Country's First-born Nearly Ready to Fly.

From the New Haven Journal-Courier.

Cuba, this country's first-born, will make her final preparations for leaving us, before winging her way forth from the home roost. It will not be her first attempt at independent light away from the mother wing. A similar separation, but an unsuccessful one, was at a former time, yet the little fledgling scampered back to the home nest not much the worse for wear and scarcely less welcome for having wandered away. Whether the coming separation of Cuba from this country will be any more successful, there are divers opinions. Some there are, and their numbers seem to include largely those capitalists in this country who have money invested on the island, who believe the present supervision of this government, possibly resulting in the formation of a new State in the Union, would be far the best; but there are others, the numbers not fewer, who are heartily of the opinion that the island is perfectly well-fitted to govern itself now. Among the latter are Mr. Taft and Gov. Magoon, who have been, perhaps, in a better position than any other two iztciens to come to conclusions upon this important question.

The separation may possibly result in another failure, but, basing one's judgment on a comparison of conditions then and now, no such a result should be expected. At any rate, those who wish to see no separation, whoever they are, only do so because of a sincere desire to see Cuba prosper in every particular. Good luck, then, too the new republic!

IN LEE'S HONOR.

Proposed Statue a Tribute to American Spirit.

From the Chicago Post.

The statue of Robert E. Lee, for which the State of Virginia will ask a place in the Memorial Hall of the Capitol at Washington has been completed. In the near future Congress will be asked to accept the gift, and the strong hope and belief is that no individual or organization in the whole length or breadth of the North will so much as murmur against the intention to honor the memory of the great Confederate soldier.

If it had been said in the days immediately following the Civil War that in time a memorial to Lee would have a place of honor in the nation's Capitol there would have been few to admit that such a thing was possible. Time has brought its changes. Robert E. Lee is honored in the North only to a degree less than he is honored in the South. He was an American who fought as he thought, and he was one of the greatest soldiers who ever went to battle.

In no other country on earth than this is it likely the government would consent to admit into the halls of its Capitol a memorial of a man who had fought against its unity as a nation. The fact that it is possible here is a tribute to the American spirit. Lee will have a place beside Washington, another son of Virginia, in the country's hall of fame, and Americans are glad of it.

UNCLE JOE'S JOY

Over an Achievement of Which He Will Be Ashamed.

From Collier's Weekly.

Speaker Cannon has achieved another triumph. By blocking the attempt to establish forest reserves in the White Mountains and Southern Appalachians he has secured the destruction of one of the largest bodies of virgin forest remaining in the Eastern States. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has just sold 200,000 acres of hardwood timber land in West Virginia to a company which will at once begin its "development." The company's mills are prepared to "develop" the forest out of existence at the rate of 350,000 feet per day. Another tract in the same vicinity, recently turned over to a wood-pulp company, contains 129,000 acres. The rains and snows caught by these 500 square miles of primeval forest have helped hitherto to equalize the flow of the Ohio River. If experience is any guide to future events, this great tract of mountainside will not only lose its forest cover, but will have its soil stripped down to the bare rock. Then the winter snows will rush off in spring torrents, and the Ohio, already alternating between flood and thirst, will be more irregular and destructive and less useful than ever. West Virginia has always been scandalously wasteful of her natural resources, notwithstanding the efforts of public-spirited governors to secure legislation for their protection. Possibly the White House conference may lead to some action at the next session of the legislature. Meanwhile Speaker Cannon can say with Daniel Webster: "The past, at least, is secure." Even if Congress and the legislatures of the Appalachian States should do something hereafter for the preservation of the remaining forests they will not be able to save the 329,000 acres that Mr. Cannon has devoted to destruction this year.

Growing in Popularity.

From the Newport News Times-Herald.

Samuel W. Meek was lately business manager of the Richmond Times-Dispatch and made a host of friends in Virginia. His work for that newspaper was so successful that he was offered and accepted the business management of The Washington Herald, now one of the rising young metropolitan journals of the country and growing every day in popularity and influence. It publicly claims the largest morning circulation in Washington, and its business is growing with wondrous rapidity.

Dick Oulahan.

From the Boston Transcript.

The selection of the head of the Washington bureau of the New York Sun as the press representative of the Republican National Committee should bring to it the services of a man full of fresh material in eulogy of the administration's policies—since he has had little chance to use it in his past newspaper connections.

For One Thing.

From the Concord Monitor.

William Ellis Corey asks who Mr. Kern is. Well, for one thing, the minister that married him never had any trouble with his church because of it.

But Not a Tom Platt.

From the Los Angeles Times.

Richard Croker seems to consider King Edward a rather easy boss.

THE MARTIN'S SONG.

Dear Heart, to-day, somewhere I heard a mating martin sing,
In his wild flight above my head upon a tireless wing,
And with the note so new and sweet, so plaintive, strange, and low,
There seemed to flood within my soul love songs of long ago.

He did not linger in his flight to rest nor yet to sing,
I only caught a fleeting glimpse of polished breast and wing;
But with it came the fragrant scent of climbing roses red,
And with it came the memory of summer days long dead.

Sweet summer days and glorious nights, when hearts beat fast and true;
When down the primrose path of life I wandered, Love, with you;
But now the days of youth are dead—the path of Life is long;
And only memories of all come with the martin's song.

—Will D. Muse, in Uncle Remus' Magazine.

AT THE HOTELS.

"Judge Harmon, the Democratic candidate for the governorship of Ohio, has the best chance to realize his ambition and hopes at the fall elections," said Col. William M. Harper, of Mount Vernon, a former State senator of the Buckeye State, who, with Judge Robert T. Hough, of Portsmouth, Ohio, was discussing the political situation in that State at the Raleigh last night.

"There are many Germans in Ohio who are opposed to alliance with their personal rights," said Col. Harper, "and they object to any and every attempt to deprive them of their privileges of enjoying themselves as they see fit. They are opposed to the prohibition movement, although temperance people in the fullest sense and meaning of the term. They are temperate; they know how to draw the line, and they observe this rule rigidly. They do not believe that any person has a right to prescribe what another shall eat or drink, or how he shall spend his time and where.

"There is a league of these people in Ohio, which numbers about 40,000 voters or more. Germans as a rule are Republicans, and are loyal to their ticket. This year is an exception, in their opinion, and they feel themselves called upon to make known their views on the question of prohibition. They think they can do so most effectively by voting for Harmon and casting their votes against Harris, who is not looked upon with favor by these people.

"It is quite natural that many or most of these voters will vote the straight ticket, which simply means that the Republican national ticket, as well as the State ticket are doomed in Ohio.

"The Democratic party never had as good a chance to elect its candidates in Ohio as it has this year, and present indications, indeed, point to Democratic victory in Ohio at the polls this fall."

Bernard A. Harris, of Weston, W. Va., who is interested in flour milling and stock raising, discussed the political situation in his State at the Riggs last night.

"The dissension in the Republican party of West Virginia not only jeopardizes the success of the State ticket, but it positively endangers the national ticket," said Mr. Harris.

"Every effort has been made to belittle the situation, and assurances have been made by men in responsible places that the Republican national ticket is in absolutely no danger in consequence of the Swisher-Scherr fight. That is not true. It is natural that the Democrats are taking advantage of this division in the Republican camp, and there were never brighter hopes for Democratic success in West Virginia than there are now.

"It has been rumored again and again that both Swisher and Scherr would withdraw from the race and make place for a compromise candidate. Scherr is not going to withdraw, and Swisher says he is going to stay in the contest, because he is the nominee of the regular convention. A compromise candidate has been suggested, but there is no likelihood that this contingency will ever materialize."

Discussing the unrest in India, Mme. B. Ruston Carna, the East Indian reformer and lecturer, who is at the Riggs, said last night that the movement for "India for Indians" is growing by leaps and bounds, and that East Indians are doing everything in their power to bring about a European war, with a view to entangling England in the difficulties, and then taking advantage thereof and trying to gain freedom.

"From its first entrance into India until this hour," she said, "British rule has swept away Indian wealth, has manufactured Indian poverty, has destroyed Indian culture, has smothered Indian initiative, and has ruined Indian civilization. At this moment England is draining out of India annually, on the average, in famine years and good years alike, an amount of wealth equal to thirty millions pounds sterling without return.

"England exacts payment of India's excessive land tax in coin before the crops are garnered, thus forcing the farmer into the grip of money lenders. India has to pay huge sums to keep up a European army and a European bureaucracy to maintain her despotism. We are deprived of all control over our own country.

"Loyalty to England under the circumstances means treachery to India. India was conquered by our internecine strife and our foolish friendship for the white invaders. We are kept in subjection by our lack of common action and our long period of subserviency and apathy. Yet India will before long be emancipated.

"No greater things have been done in the world than have been achieved by Hindoos in every department of human life. There is no architecture on the planet which can be compared for magnificence and glory to the sacred temples and secular structures which illustrate the periods of Hindoo and Mohammedan supremacy. It is the same all around. The argiculture of India was on a level with its industries. Nowhere was greater capacity shown to deal with varieties of soil and climate than in the plains and on the hillsides of Hindostan. The sciences and literature of India stand unsurpassed to this day, and still we are under the cruel bondage of a small band of foreign invaders.

"How would Americans like to be ruled by Indians? Well, we Indians entertain exactly the same feelings that you Americans do."

"In order to prevent the increase of insanity in the State of Kansas, Dr. T. C. Biddle, superintendent of the State Insane Hospital, at Topeka, in his report to the State board of control, urged the strengthening and the strict enforcement of the marriage laws," said Dr. Fred S. Helmer, of Philadelphia, at the Raleigh last night.

"I admit that insanity is increasing," continued the physician. "The cause? Heredity and degeneration. In not less than 75 per cent of the cases of insanity heridity is an active cause of the attack. 'Like produces like.' This is nature's law; and this unchanging, unchangeable law is no more actively enforced than in that field of nature where an unsound and unstable mind reproduces insane and unstable minds. This law is fully recognized and utilized in reproducing a higher and better type of animal life throughout the world.

"The breeding of all useful animals, except the human, is based on the law of selection. Not so with humanity. Here the breeding is indiscriminate, unrestricted, without any attempt at selection. Then should we wonder, with this gross violation of nature's laws, that has continued through the generations, together with additional stains of alcoholism and other contaminating influences, that the stamp of degeneracy should mark such a large per cent of mankind?

"While these important sociological facts have long been recognized, society is practically doing nothing to mend this, the greatest flaw in our social fabric. A few States have passed laws to correct the evil, but they are not backed by public sentiment, and are, therefore, not enforced.

"In the State of Kansas, for instance, it is unlawful for epileptics, imbeciles, the feeble-minded, or the insane to marry. It is unlawful there to issue licenses to marry such persons. There is no law of greater importance on the statute books of Kansas than the one prohibiting the marriage of these defectives.

"It is quite certain that a similar law in each of the States of the Union, together with strict enforcement, would in two generations change the question. Why is insanity increasing so rapidly? to another one. Why is insanity decreasing so rapidly?"

A Hit for Every Head.

THE BIG STICK

Wielded for the Uplift.

VOL. II. NO. 11. WASHINGTON, AUGUST 8, 1908. TWO CENTS.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Our Motto: If you see it in The Big Stick, it isn't necessarily so.

AN INNOVATION.

News being scarce, we are running in a few pictures to-day. This is an illustrated Stick.

Our aim is to liven the sheet up a bit, but our readers can depend upon us never to get sensational. Ours is a conservative policy.

Conservatism is our watchword, and ever shall be. The reactionary press has our supreme and deserved contempt. But a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men, and we trust we do not offend by getting into a pictorially playful mood in this summer season.

If it goes, more anon.

EXPOSED!

It is indeed high time that Mr. William Loeb, Jr., should betake himself to the woods, whether the pretext be a summer vacation or not. He has surely worked enough harm to the administration and has involved our most cautious Chief Executive in a "tangled web." No one who has followed Mr. Roosevelt's career but must have recognized how careful he is of the feelings of others; how he hates anything like denunciation or snap judgment; how careful he has always been in the matter of calling names. And yet we find that through the agency of Mr. Loeb, Mr. Roosevelt is put into all sorts of trouble.

It is time to speak out! We know that it was Mr. Loeb who wrote those Bellamy Storer letters, and that but for his advice and instruction "Maria" never would have gone to the Vatican. We know now that it was Mr. Loeb who took it upon himself to send Col. Stewart into the wilds; it was Mr. Loeb again who conducted the whole Brownsville affair, much against the wishes of his august master; it was Mr. Loeb who dismissed the cadets from West Point, took them back, dismissed them again, and then, when he found out what a hornet's nest he had raised, denied the whole thing and tried to blame it on Secretary Wright.

And now he has gone. The woods hide him, and his quarrelsome disposition finds solace in savage angling. Even if he comes back to civilization with reports of a big catch, who can believe him? He has qualified himself for full life membership in the Ananias Club, and the kind master who has tried in vain to hide his secretary's mistakes can shield him no more.

Read Bingville Bugle to-morrow.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME.

WHAT SOME OF OUR LEADING CITIZENS ARE DOING DURING THE HEATED TERM.

CANNED ORATORY IN THE CAMPAIGN.

They tell me that the candidates
are going to stay at home.
And not go gallivanting 'round the
land;
To wrestle with a phonograph is
cheaper than to roam;
And so we'll get speechmaking
that is canned.
Both Taft and Mr. Bryan have been
talking in the horn,
Not knowing if their words would
hit or miss;
If the old machine is cranky, just
as sure as you are born,
The net result will sound something like this:

"Frien-d-d-ds and fell-ci-el-ow citi-i-i-zzz-z-z-ens,
I'm-m-m glad to s-s-p-p-e-ak-eek-eek-eek to you
Of the iss-u-es-ues-oes-oes of the
pa-tr-tr-ty—buzz, buzz, buzz,"
And the cylinder'll rumble of the
flag red, white, and blue—
Canned oratory of fustian and of
fuzz.

I don't like this campaigning on
cylinders of wax;
I want to see the man that's going
to talk;
I'd like a chance to argue with him
about the facts
And to find how close he's going
to walk the chalk.
A darned machine can't tell me how
it stands upon the law;
If it says something I don't like
I can't hiss;
I want to hear the man, not an
echo of his voice,
Which will probably sound very
much like this:

"My fr-ie-ie-nds and f-ee-ee-r Rep-
rep-ub-ub-ub-li-cans,
What B-b-b-ry-ry-an say-as-a-s is
little short of r-r-r-ot-ot.
I am Mr. R-oo-oo-oo-se-se-velt's
man—squeak, squeak, squeak;"
And the phonograph'll tremble as
the speechmaking grows hot—
Canned oratory—words and mighty
weak.

FOLKS OF OUR TOWN.

Mr. J. Henry Small is prohibiting up in Maine this summer.

Mr. Charles Finney is organizing an expedition to climb Mount Rainier.

Mr. W. S. Clark has been on a fishing trip to Fort Riley, Atlantic City.

It is rumored that Mr. Paul Waters will spend Sunday at Chesapeake Beach.

Col. William Hart has gone to Atlantic City to contract for his next season's coal.

Mr. Calvert Rosenthal won the twenty-mile swimming championship match at Atlantic City.

Our genial friend, Mr. Oscar Ricketts, has thrown away his crutches. Glad to see you out again, friend.

Mr. Thomas M. Gale was the guest of Mr. "Jimmy" Hoe at Snickers Gap last Sunday. He says the walking is fine.

Mr. Richard K. Paynter Wednesdayed in Richmond. Richard says the Falls of the James remind him of Rock Creek.

Our friend Jesse Carmichael was one of the esteemed callers of the week at our sanctum. Latchstring's always out, Jesse.

Mr. Fred Klein has just returned from Europe, where he has been investigating the possibilities of the new directoire styles.

James Arthur Seavey, of Gotham, dropped into town Wednesday for a breath of fresh air. Says his town is insufferably hot this summer.

Mr. Clarence Redman denies the report that he is interested in the velvet trust. He declares that humidity is very bad for ice cream.

Mr. Harry Hahn dropped into the sanctum the other day and brought us a shoe box full of Alberta peaches. They were fine. Drop in again.

Mr. C. P. J. Mooney writes from Memphis that his Washington friends can safely bet every dollar they're got that Tennessee will go for Bryan, and Mississippi, too.

A bill will be introduced at the next session of Congress making special provision for a rate between Washington and Baltimore for the benefit of Mr. Julius Goldenberg.

Mr. Charles Stone has just returned to town, after touring Pennsylvania, following the Wheeling baseball circuit. He is tanned brown from daily rooting on the bleachers.

SWAT'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The Hon. O'Digman Swat asks The Big Stick to thank his many Washington friends for the most generous hospitality tendered him during his brief stay in our lovely city. He also adds that he hopes to entertain the Press Club at Schenectady at no distant date. He started home last night.