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SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1914.

Really, there ought to be some way of putting Upton Sinclair down.

"We are Mexicans," says the Huerta envoys. Oh, well. Possibly it could be worse.

A correspondent wants to know what socialism is. In New York it is generally a riot.

A bachelor always thinks a married man leads a double life—and some times he is right.

The way some of the Boston women are protesting against the proposed tax on cats is amusing.

A correspondent wants to know what is the feminine of Bull Moose. We have never heard of any.

Is there anything more maddening than to sit behind the lady who weeps at the sad scenes in the movies?

Beware of the girl who takes a 15-cent drink at the soda fountain, Jason, for she is only sporting with thee!

Mr. C. W. Morse has made it difficult for other convicted financiers to get out of jail on the ground of ill health.

But if Villa was born in Baltimore, he left as soon as he was old enough, and you must give him credit for that.

The next best thing to owning a lawn mower is to have it borrowed by the neighbors when you think you ought to use it.

The loud noise you heard Wednesday afternoon was Col. Roosevelt cheering himself as he steamed into New York Harbor.

Director of the Census Harris is a candidate for governor of Georgia, and his friends hope he will be able to count enough votes to win.

A Maryland man claims that while he was opening an oyster it reared back and struck at him. And, of course, you can guess what that bivalve came from.

Mr. Rockefeller has electric lights in his house at Tarrytown, but he gets the money back when he sells the electrical dealers gasoline for their automobiles.

Physicians in a New York hospital discovered that a woman patient had an odd number of ribs, but they can't prove that a man was made from the missing one.

An elephant in a crate fell on a man in Jersey City, and a dispatch says "He may not recover." With the word "not" left out it would have been a strange item of news.

The militant who had herself chained to a seat in a London theater and shrieked imprecations at the King and Queen ought to have been gagged, more securely chained and left there.

A woman has just secured her second divorce in six months from the same man at Reno, they having been remarried since the first decree was granted. What she needs is an insurance policy or a bank check.

A chap of twenty-five, who had been a soldier, a tailor, a restaurant keeper, and a gardener, finally got a job as a chauffeur for a rich widow of fifty-nine. The ceremony was performed at Westley, R. L., and soon, no doubt, she will be driving him about.

The father of a man on trial as a loan shark was examined as a witness for the defense and testified that he had been a body servant to Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy. He exhibited a cane, which he said Mrs. Davis had given him. But even this failed to convince the court that the son was innocent.

A woman on trial in a Massachusetts court for practicing medicine illegally went into a trance and, as she claimed, received a "psychic message," enabling her to answer a question correctly. Then an unimpeachable jury went into a conventional conference and, without the aid of a psychic message, brought in a verdict of guilty. And there are no psychic jails in the Bay State!

Occupants of the Senate galleries had to be warned that applause was against the rules when Senator Root concluded his brilliant speech on the canal tolls with a patriotic quotation from the late John Hay. The incident shows that there does exist genuine patriotism, of the kind President Wilson described at the unveiling of the Barry statue, and as distinguished from the flimsy-boy imitation which would fight oratorically the people of the whole world when they don't agree with us.

The elements of a sad story are revealed in a will recently offered for probate, in which a woman declares that her children, not having been "respectful, kind, and obedient to me, therefore they have no right to expect anything of me at my death." The will adds: "There is no need to mention my husband in this paper." Who is to judge whether these children were really quite so deficient as the mother regarded them? If they were, the words in her last will and testament would be sufficient punishment. But isn't it possible that the reproach may have been inspired by embitterments in life for which her offspring were not entitled to all the blame?

Comedy in the Kalbfus Case.

Obviously, the District Commissioners are in a pretty pickle as the result of the decision of the District Court of Appeals yesterday in the Kalbfus case. Last August they issued an order intended to remove Samuel T. Kalbfus from the office of assistant assessor of the District of Columbia and another order intended to appoint Edward W. Oyster to the position which they supposed the first order made vacant. Mr. Kalbfus denied the legality of the action and went to law, the Supreme Court of the District sustaining the Commissioners.

Now, however, comes the decision of the Court of Appeals reversing the lower court, sustaining Mr. Kalbfus and holding that the Commissioners were without power to remove him excepting by preferring charges and granting him a hearing.

Mr. Kalbfus never having been removed it follows that no vacancy existed on the board of assistant assessors, and hence Mr. Oyster could not have been appointed; yet presumably he has been performing the duties of the office, and certainly has been receiving salary since last August. It is quite easy to see how Mr. Kalbfus may recover the salary of which the court holds he has been illegally deprived; but it is reasonable to suppose that Mr. Oyster will have legal recourse if an attempt should be made to compel him to refund the salary paid him for performing the duties of an office to which he has never been appointed. Quite a merry little opera plot, truly, with an equally amusing incidental theme in the fact that Commissioner Newman is himself defendant in a suit now pending to test his legal right to the office. If it should turn out that there has never been and is not now a Commissioner Newman, of course there could be no—but perhaps we had better wait. There's trouble enough as it is.

Yesterday's decision, however, ought to impress on those holding important public office the advisability of thoroughly examining their ground and being sure they are right before going ahead. Until yesterday the Kalbfus case was dry and lacking in piquant public appeal. Justice Robb's decision is a sauce that makes a real dish of it.

England's "Wild Women."

Militant suffragettes are making a laughing stock of the British law officers. It may be a deliberate policy that refrains from dealing with the perpetrators of outrages like those witnessed in London yesterday and the day before, as they deserve, but it is a policy which can be understood on this side of the ocean no better than the existence of a public sentiment that would sustain or even tolerate it.

Those shrieking, hysterical creatures who hack priceless works of art to pieces, kick causing panics in crowded theaters by shouting imprecations at the King, or hurl missiles at judges on the bench should be sent to the workhouse, and there should be no interference with their right of refusing to eat.

The British authorities may have reasons, which on their own appear sound, for refraining from punishing these lawbreakers adequately, but they are beyond the understanding of Americans, and there can be no disputing the fact that the "bobbies" and Scotland Yard men are woefully lax or inefficient when it comes to protecting their statesmen and judges, and even their King from the savage onslaughts of the "wild women."

What the authorities expect to gain by permitting such a succession of fiendish crimes to go unpunished is beyond conjecture. Surely the imposition of just penalties on the viragos would not be calculated to advance the cause of woman suffrage in England, or a policy of superior tolerance in the face of extreme provocation to retard it. It is inconceivable that these "wild women" represent anything new but a self-fostered hysteria and vindictive rage born of frustrated ambition to change England's laws by intimidation. They have thrown away every chance of success and forfeited every claim on public sentiment or sympathy. They have set the cause of woman suffrage back half a century. There can be no yielding now.

Why on earth does not England suppress them as it would a pestilence?

Salvation in the Elm?

It has been figured up that the American people spend more money for chewing gum than they contribute to the missionary cause, that they consume more than 50,000,000 pounds of gum every year, that our soldiers and sailors have become addicted to the chewing gum habit to the extent that they cannot keep their jaws at rest even on dress parade, that the same confirmed habit was noted in those who participated in the suffrage parade in the Capital two weeks ago, and finally that chewing gum to excess produces insanity.

This is a long and strong indictment, but it is not all that is charged against chewing gum. It is made from chicle, and it is said that for every five pounds of chicle secured from the Mexican jungle a human life is sacrificed.

So, from the collection of the chicle to the consumption of the chewing gum to the gutter, the fire or the underside of the mantle, the record is one of sacrifice of life, manners, discipline, and mental efficiency, if we are to accept all the counts in the indictment.

What are we to do about it? The calendars of the House and Senate are crowded with business and Senators and Representatives are chewing vigorously while the few long-winded talkers hold the floor, thus threatening the efficiency as well as the dignity of the law-giving power of the nation. Who knows but that the crowded condition of the calendars and the general demoralization of the legislative program, may not be due to this evil which has been growing throughout eternity, but whose evil effects have only recently been discovered by the experts of human efficiency?

In the uncertainty of the times and the development of "Sooner" Scientific Specifics for the reformation of the world, why would it not be well for the President to call a halt, reverse the lever again, and have Congress suspend the repeal of the Panama tolls, drop the trust bills, and the labor amendments, and take to the woods where the slippery elm is now in its most toothsome stage? In that way we might settle the Mexican problem, by keeping American promoters out of that country to corner the rich chicle product, and it might revive our home industries by renewing the spirit of forest conservation and inspiring in all Americans the love of the elm tree until they plant it along our highways, restore the primitive habit of chewing slippery elm, and perhaps revive the efficiency of the race. Whether the modern chewing gum is as dangerous as the efficiency experts profess to believe or not, no one ever saw any signs of neurasthenia in a human being who chewed slippery elm.

The size of Coxy's army may give Huerta fresh courage.

Justice Seizes the "System."

Two juries have sat in judgment on Charles Becker, the former New York police lieutenant, and declared him the archplotter of the murder of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler, a cold-blooded, cruel deed for which four men have already paid fearful penalties in the electric chair; Becker's plight is doubly desperate now. Soon he will be a tenant for a second time of the death house in Sing Sing, with far less chance of escape than before, because there now exists no reasonable doubt as to his guilt.

Yesterday's verdict could not have been different. All the damning evidence of the first trial remained, supplemented by additional testimony made possible by circumstances connected with the death of his four gunmen accomplices. The public is satisfied of his guilt; there is no lingering suspicion that an innocent man is being sent to his doom by perjury inspired in a horde of human vultures by the instinct of self-preservation.

A hand will scarcely be raised to save Becker this time. Hardly a reason could be advanced for clemency for the four gunmen, and there is even less in the case of Becker, presumably possessed of a higher intelligence and better opportunities in life than the men, the scum of the gutters, who did his bloody bidding.

It is well that Becker had a second trial, and that law and justice has triumphed over the ferocious "system" that has held New York in its grip and with arrogant defiance sought to conceal in blood its traffic in vice and crimes of robbery, graft, and persecution.

The Revealer.

By JOHN D. BARRY.

There was a man that caught the ear of the multitude. He said strange things.

The multitude called the man a seer and a prophet. They listened with awe.

When they perceived he cared nothing for honor they gave him more and more honor.

He tried to escape into the mountains. He built a log cabin where he could be alone and think.

Even there they pursued him, individuals, delegations, hordes.

Always they made this appeal: "Master, tell us the secret of your wisdom so that we, too, may become wise."

Always the man made this reply: "I have looked into my soul."

The time came when the man felt age pressing upon him. He determined to write his last book, he would explain at length what he meant by saying that he had looked into his soul. He would tell what he had found there. And the book, he resolved, should be read to the world after his death.

So he labored daily, fearing that at any moment, before he could finish the task, he might be overtaken by death.

And when at last, he reached the end, he stretched out both hands and said: "I am ready, Lord."

He lay down and he heard Death coming. He smiled peacefully and he crossed his arms and did not stir again.

The next day they found him.

They said: "He has died as he would have wished to die."

They carried his body into the city. They gave it a great funeral, pursuing the man, even after death, with the honor he had desired. And all over the world men rose up in high places and in complicated language, they sought to explain his simple message.

On the table of the log cabin they found the book. They read the words, written in a tremulous hand; "To be published after my death."

Reverently they looked over the pages. Then they were shocked, all save one.

But for this one they would have suppressed the book. Some of them even tried to burn it so that every chance might be destroyed of its ever reaching the world.

That one man stood out heroically: "It is his greatest message," he said. "It explains everything. It will save mankind."

The book created a sensation. In its pages the multitude saw exposed the sins of their own souls, the sins they had committed and the sins they had longed to commit, but had been kept from committing by fear or by lack of the opportunity.

Those who loved the man for the inspiration and the comfort he had given them, the few, were moved to tears. They knew how he had suffered.

Others, of greater number, who admired him because he was so superior, were aghast. They saw how he had sinned.

Still others, the vast majority, the pretenders, the hypocrites, who honored him because he had such a power, were angry. They believed he had cheated them. He had done what they had been doing all their lives, only more successfully, with the applause of the world.

In one voice they denounced him. They stained his name with obloquy. They said the book was not fit to be read. They had it cast out of the public places. And the book that had been sent to save mankind became a shame and a reproach.

But the few looked into their own souls.

Pennsylvania's Welcome to Roosevelt.

Pennsylvania celebrated Col. Roosevelt's return by giving Boise-Petrose an overwhelming majority for the Republican Senatorial nomination. But the showing made by the Progressive party at the primaries was pitiful. According to the enrollment and later indications, by tens of thousands they have abandoned the third party faith and renewed their allegiance to stand-pat Republicanism under the Petrose standard.—New York World.

The Mount Vernon Box Office.

The visitors at Mount Vernon last year numbered 129,000, each of whom had to pay 25 cents to get in—\$32,250 in all. That box office receipts to such an amount are possible in a dull year shows that in addition to the other things they have done for the home and tomb of the father of his country, the ladies who control the property have converted it into one of the most prosperous of our amusement enterprises.

The box office feature should really be abolished. Mount Vernon is a national asset that should not be exploited like a film picture show.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

For Huerta to Contemplate.

As the voyage from Galveston or New Orleans to Tampico is a matter of a few days, the constitutionalists should soon have all the arms and ammunition they want for their final campaign against the City of Mexico. The gunboats Bravo and Zaragoza are capable of stopping importations, but President Huerta is a philosopher. There is really no sense in kicking at the stone wall. When the dictator calls up a mental picture of the American fleet off Vera Cruz and the American army quartered in the town, and also imagines the sitting of the apostles of peace and reform at Niagara Falls during the armistice, he must feel like using bad language about the logic of his own case.—New York Sun.

Worried the Workless.

Unemployment of working city labor is the heaviest plague.

Kansas farmers will begin to harvest an enormous wheat crop about June 1. Where will we find the hands to help us reap? In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and a dozen other cities, the unemployed are a constant reminder of the misery of the masses.

Most of the huddled masses of humanity gathered workless, unemployed, in the large American cities are obsessed by an inherent longing for the quiet, clean, and clamor of the crowded streets. Taken out of the shadow of the tenements, these men and women founder helplessly.

The difficulty is not the physical one of transportation, it lies in the mental state of the masses. They are children in question. They must first be made to truly understand that their present situation is not the most happy one to which they are entitled.

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Morning Smiles.

What Noah Overlooked.

If Noah had swatted those two flies he would have saved a heap of trouble.—New York Evening Telegram.

Baying Stocks.

Willis—There are two ways of buying stocks. One is to buy outright. Gillis—Yes; the other is to buy in will.—Puck.

A Gentle Hint.

He—Then my welfare is of no interest to you? She—Not so much as your farewell would be, Mr. Smither.—Boston Transcript.

A Rich Man's Son.

"Now, my boy, you'll have to start at the bottom and work up."

"All right, dad."

"Why, dear, do you do it to make you four vice president of our corporation."—Kansas City Journal.

In Chicago.

Mrs. Wabash—John, I thought I heard a woman's voice at the door last night when you were having trouble opening it with your night key.

Mr. Wabash—Dear, you did.

"But, John, what did that mean?"

"Why, dear, you see, the woman you heard talking was the policeman who brought me home."—Yonkers Statesman.

Time to Stop.

"George," said the wife to her generally unappreciative husband, "how do you like my new hat?"

"I like it," said George, with great candor, "to tell you the truth—"

"Stop right there, George! If you're going to talk that way about it I don't want to know."—Lies' Home Journal.

He Meant Rare.

"Well, dear, was the count as delightfully polite as you expected to find him?"

"He tried to be, but he didn't quite succeed."

"How was that?"

"It was that my beauty was very scarce, indeed."—Boston Transcript.

Modern Even.

A Kansas side minister recently reminded his congregation that Eve did not taste of the apple to come to the apple. "And," he added, "with a few of the women of my congregation would eat an apple."—Kansas City Star.

Two Ways of Looking at It.

"I'm paying all my debts. I believe the end of the world will come next month." "I don't understand your logic. If I thought the end of the world was coming next month, I'd order a lot of stuff on credit now."—Pittsburgh Post.

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS.

Four thousand dollars a week or 208,000 a year is considered a fair income even in these days of large returns on capital, plus brains. No trust president nor even a member of the Cabinet need be a millionaire to have the income collector in the "s" with such a yearly stipend. Yet there is one married couple in New York City who are credited with making a million dollars a year out of the bank account each Saturday night.

They are Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, the dancing marvels, she a sweet faced beauty, he a handsome young man, who are credited with making a million dollars a year out of the bank account each Saturday night.

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THE OPEN FORUM.

Correspondent Compares Two Statements of Roosevelt on Canal.

To the Editor: "Last week, I thought it may not be amiss to remind the gentle readers of your valuable journal that Col. Roosevelt's, let us say, 'blast from the past' is by no means the first utterance of the thoughtless and unprincipled of the Panama Canal question and the Panama Canal question and the Panama Canal question."

"Lives of great men all remind us" not only that we are mortal, but that, as such, and so late as January 4, 1904, he took occasion to send a special message to Congress, the subject-matter whereof was mainly a dissertation of great merit upon the question of the Panama Canal.

"The milk in the coconut" at bar, the which either stands, or lies, in the terminology of the special message aforesaid. In that message, Theodore Roosevelt, as President of the United States, quoting and supporting arguendo the words of John Quincy Adams, as Secretary of State, says:

"The United States and Spain concluded at a time when Colombia was a part of the Spanish Empire, the principle that free ships make free ports, and that the principle is generally recognized and established. It is asserted that by her declaration of independence Colombia has freed herself from all the obligations by which, as a part of the Spanish Empire, she was bound to other nations. This principle is the basis of the engagements of Spain with other nations, affecting their rights and interests. Colombia, so far as she was affected by them, remains bound in honor and in justice."

And then, in his said message, Mr. Roosevelt goes on to say: "The principle thus asserted by the United States afterwards sustained by an international commission, etc. He then goes on with great force and eloquence. 'But in the present case it is unnecessary to go so far. Even if it be admitted that the United States is bound by the treaty of 1846 which relates to the isthmus of Panama.'"

In other words, the colonel, as President of the United States, and as Secretary of State, in the preparation of his message of the wise counsel of John Hay and Elihu Root, was the case upon the occasion of the alleged fulfilment of the treaty of 1846 which relates to the isthmus of Panama.

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HISTORY BUILDERS.

The Man Who Influenced Commodore Vanderbilt.

Shortly after the announcement of the death of William A. H. Loveland, of Colorado, in 1904, I was told by the late Charles C. Clark, vice president for many years of the New York Central Railroad, of an interesting incident in the early career of Mr. Loveland which was associated with the first railroad proposition contemplated by Commodore Vanderbilt.

"On my way to Southern California two or three years ago, I stopped over for a day or two in Denver," said Mr. Clark. "There I met William H. Loveland and had a very interesting chat with him. I was especially pleased to meet Mr. Loveland because I had often thought that it was in part due to him that Commodore Vanderbilt was tempted to turn from steamboat and steamship ownership and management to the business of railroad ownership and management."

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