

Editorial Opinions of Affairs.

"While the republic endures let us advocate what the great masses of the people believe in."—GOVERNOR JOHN M. PATTISON.

Both Deserve Credit or Discredit.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable Legislative sessions of Ohio, has just closed. It bodes of much good, and some good was left undone. If this was sin in its proceedings, it was the sin of omission, for what they committed was fairly good. One truth maintains and that is, whatever good or bad comes from their work, both political parties share equally in the merit or demerit. To become a law each bill must pass both houses, the one being Republican and the other Democratic. The governor who signed the laws or permitted them to become laws without his signature, is a Democrat, so we are ready as a party to be praised or condemned along with the Republicans for any laws spread upon the books in this session of the legislature.

In many ways the 77th General Assembly was indeed remarkable, the most striking and commendable bearing, being the determination not to be bossed. Any measure that Tom Johnson fostered, failed, and George Cox never visited Columbus or worked the long-distance phone during the session. The law-makers were gloriously independent as they should be. They were responsible to the people that sent them there only, and that was a great leverage for them to do right, though the heavens should fall.

As we previously recited, we believe their "commissions" were generally right, but were indeed sorry for some "omissions." The Municipal Code in its jumbled, bungled condition should have had a hearing and unraveling; the hoped-for primary election regulations should have been enacted, and a few other most important measures. However we have but little fault to find. This legislature seemed to have but one theme, and that was for temperance. The people had spoken in no unmistakable terms, and their representatives heeded.

Swearing on the Stage.

A man out East has started a reform against the use of profanity and vulgarity on the stage. It is a reform that ought to succeed. There is no sillier laugh than that an actor raises by using some form of profanity; and there are always fools enough in an audience to bubble over with mirth when he does it.

Seeing anything funny in an oath or vulgar allusion indicates a very low condition of mind, and for an actor to appeal to that grade of intellect shows that he possesses a lack of real talent.

Besides this, the practice is hurtful to the public morals. It naturally tends to make men regard profanity as only a species of fun and vulgarity as mere light commonplace. And when a man or boy or girl arrives at that state, the cornerstone of his or her character is crumbling, and he hasn't far to go before losing all sense of purity and decency.

Of course, this profanity or vulgarity is in an undertone, but it is sufficiently suggestive to get in its immoral influence. No theater should tolerate it. No community should tolerate a theater that allows it.—Ohio State Journal.

Dowie and His Followers.

Miles of Sermons, and very good sermons, too, are now being written on the downfall of John Alexander Dowie. He is now a member of the "down and out" club, in good standing. His fall was inevitable.

But what about the gullibility of the public?

We have in this country an element that objects to teaching children that there is a Santa Claus.

Old St. Nick is sanity itself when compared with some of the cults that are swallowed by men and women of brains and standing.

Any fakir can get a following. All that is needed is plenty of whiskers and shouting, with frequent requests for collections.

If, tomorrow an Elijah III should arise and ask for followers to start for the New Jerusalem in a rickety airship, you would find the people lined up, waiting for a chance to get abroad and paying fat premiums for tickets.

Anything preposterous attracts. The wilder the better; the crazier the more popular.

And men and women strip themselves of money and jewels and hand the same over to the fakir at the head of the procession, and when they wake up and are compelled to borrow care fare to get back home the lesson of sorrows doesn't amount to shuck, for there are others waiting to be shorn.

And Dowie? He made a mistake in not carrying his talents to Wall street. The harvest perhaps could not have been greater, but he could have kept the money in the bin and been hailed as a financial genius instead of a busted prophet.

Champ Clark's Letter

Tariff Will Not Be Revised by This Congress. Result of Iowa Between Governor Cummins and Leslie M. Shaw—The Ambitious Kaiser.

[Special Washington Letter.]
IT is settled. What is settled? That there is to be no revision of the tariff rates during the life of the Fifty-ninth congress. Who settled it? Hon. Seneca E. Payne, chairman of the committee on ways and means and ex-officio floor leader of the Republican majority in the house of representatives. How did he settle it? By a carefully prepared letter to Hon. Samuel W. McCall, a Republican, who represents the Harvard district of Massachusetts. When did the Hon. Seneca E. put that stupendous caper? March 24, 1906. Is his letter to be taken as authoritative? Of course it is. In this matter he was undoubtedly speaking after consultation, for the majority of the house. These queries, answers and dates are worthy of being remembered, as the fight to control the house of representatives will hinge largely upon them.

In urging upon Chairman Payne the importance of tariff revision at this session in order to carry out Republican pledges in the national platform of 1904 and in the Massachusetts platform of 1905 Mr. McCall truly says, what everybody knows, that revision cannot be accomplished at the short session next winter for lack of time. That, taken in connection with these sentences from Mr. Payne's reply, shuts the door of hope in the face of the revisionists. Mr. Payne closes as follows: "I cannot, therefore, agree with your delegation that it would be best at the present session of congress to enter upon a consideration of the tariff with a view to its revision and readjustment. While this is my individual opinion I have reason to believe that it is also the judgment of a decided majority of the committee on ways and means." So there you are, Mr. McCall, speaking for the Massachusetts delegation, urges revision at this session because it cannot be accomplished at the short session, and Mr. Payne, speaking for himself and a majority of the committee on ways and means, says it shall not be attempted at this long session. Brother Payne was too modest by half or three-fourths in stating his case. He ought to have boldly stated in and declared that he spoke for the house machine.

Of course after that correspondence nobody will be fool enough to believe that there will be any revision by this congress. Consequently it transfers the fight to the impending campaign for control of the next house. It gives more power to Governor Cummins in his fight on the prairies of Iowa.

Query: Will there be revision by the Sixtieth congress? Not if the Republicans control the house, for Secretary Shaw has announced that the only time on which a revision can be ventured on is at an extraordinary session just after a new administration begins, which means the spring of 1909 at the earliest, but the secretary does not promise it even then. He simply suggests that as the safest time.

The Hawkeye Battle Royal.

The importance attaching to Republican happenings in Iowa may be assumed from the fact that Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw has felt it to be his duty to himself, his party and his country to turn the affairs of his great department over to his subordinates in order to hasten to Iowa and take the stump on behalf of the stand patters in opposition to Governor Albert B. Cummins, who is a candidate for a third term in the gubernatorial chair and who, from the stand pat viewpoint, is busily engaged in preaching rank heresy on the tariff question. I am not in the confidence of Secretary Shaw and could not, therefore, make any affidavit as to why he shook the snows of Washington off his shoes and hastened to his own hailfield during the spring equinoctial storm; but, putting two and two together to make four, I can give a guess satisfactory to myself at least. Three facts are known—(1) Secretary Shaw is a candidate for the presidential nomination; (2) he is the prince of stand patters; (3) he cannot hope to capture the presidential nomination unless he has the Hawkeye delegation solidly and enthusiastically at his back. True in 1892 Grover Cleveland was nominated without the New York delegation in fact in spite of it—but everybody worth considering knows that it was the resentment engendered in the minds of western and southern Democrats by David B. Hill's snave convention Feb. 22, 1892, which gave Grover the plum. Secretary Shaw is too wise a man to take the Cleveland nomination as a precedent. He knows that the Iowa delegation is in all human probability a sine qua non in his own nomination. My conclusion from these facts is that the secretary's friends in Iowa have conveyed to him the information that Governor Cummins was making converts to his heresy and that unless Secretary Shaw got busy Cummins would not only be renominated for governor, but would bag the Iowa delegation to the next Republican national convention for himself. That would be the end of Secretary Shaw's presidential hopes and would be the most killing blow that could fall upon him except death itself. So he speedily hied him to Iowa.

A Suggestion.

Here is a gratuitous suggestion to Messrs. Ellihu Root, William H. Taft,

Charles Warren Fairbanks and all other ambitious Republicans who have fixed their covetous eyes on the presidential nomination of 1908, and it is this: The fight for that nomination has been transferred from Washington to the Iowa prairies and has narrowed down to Shaw and Cummins provided that they do not wind up in a dog fight. If either achieves a clear-cut victory he will be nominated for president by the Republicans. If Shaw comes out triumphant the stand patters will rally around him with the enthusiasm and loyalty of a highland Scotch clan for its hereditary chieftain. If Cummins comes out on top nothing can stay the rising tide of revision sentiment among Republicans, which will give Cummins the nomination.

Such being the situation, let's see what each of these men stands for. Oct. 11, 1905, Governor Cummins delivered a carefully prepared speech before the Polk county Republican club at Des Moines, of which the keynote sentence was this:

"The amount of graft of all the insurance companies for all time will not equal one-fifth the amount of which our people are robbed every year by excessive tariffs."

It is submitted to a candid world that the rankest and most wicked free trader has not in five years said so radical a thing as that; therefore it is war to the knife, the knife to the hilt, betwixt Governor Cummins and the stand patters. Indeed, those who read the Congressional Record can form some idea of the bitterness between Cummins and the Iowa stand patters by reading a colloquy recently had betwixt Representative John H. Lacey of Iowa and myself, in which I tried my best to compel Major Lacey to acknowledge that Governor Cummins is a Republican in good standing. I failed to extract an unequivocal answer from the major, but the stenographer failed to record a side remark by Hon. John Dazell. While I was trying to force Lacey to squarely answer the question, "Is not Governor Cummins a Republican?" Dazell remarked sotto voce, "No; he is not."

A Finish Fight.

Friday night, March 23, Secretary Shaw spoke at Des Moines, delivering a speech which he no doubt intended as an antidote to the poison which Cummins has been spreading about and as the Shaw bid for the presidential nomination. The speech was not fully reported in the eastern papers, but in such reports as they contained this sentence: "No party can revise the tariff in safety, and the only time to risk the experiment is at an extraordinary session immediately following the inauguration of a new administration."

It must be admitted by his most radical political opponents that Secretary Shaw knows how to use our vernacular, yet it must be observed that in the foregoing sentence he carefully refrains from stating that if he should be elected in 1908 to the presidency he would call an extraordinary session of congress shortly after March 4, 1909, to revise the tariff. Perhaps that might have been considered indelicate, but if he believes that the tariff ought to be revised even under such conditions as he suggests he might have said without impropriety that should a Republican president be elected in 1908 he ought to call an extraordinary session in the spring of 1909. He made no such hint. Therefore it must be taken for granted that he favors no such action. Even if he concluded that he believes the tariff ought to be revised in the spring of 1909 it postpones such action three years, and hope deferred maketh the heart sick. There can be no compromise between the Cummins idea and the Shaw idea. It's a fight to the finish. Out of that fight let us hope that a Democratic Iowa may come!

The Kaiser's Ambition.

It is beginning to percolate through the brains of men that Kaiser Wilhelm is a wise and farseeing statesman. His absorbing ambition is a greater Germany which shall embrace the Germanic portion of the Austro-Hungarian empire. This being added to the present German empire would make it easily the first power in Europe and the master of the Mediterranean. The powwow at Algiers is a mere bagatelle to the plan working in the Kaiser's head to secure the Germanic portion of the vast realm now presided over by the venerable Emperor Francis Joseph, who is well stricken in years and in feeble condition physically. His death cannot in the nature of things be much longer postponed. With his demise will come a re-making of the European map. That will be the Kaiser's opportunity. It will be remembered by students of history that the accession of the Empress Maria Theresa was the opportunity seized by Frederick the Great to enlarge the Prussian kingdom by annexing Silesia to it. True, it is not Frederick who is to die, but it is a disgrace to American civilization and should be remedied at once. It's a poor business to play politics with the rights, hopes and welfare of 2,000,000 American citizens.

stantly among the 15,000,000 German subjects of the Austrian emperor, preparing the way for his Kaiser's coup. The reunion of all the Germans would seem to be in harmony with the eternal fitness of things. That has been the dream of German statesmen since the days of the Great Elector just as it has been the dream of Russian statesmen since the days of Peter the Great.

It is by no means improbable that both dreams will be realized in the immediate future. Since the American republic was created there has been no other work so constructive statesmanship so vast and important as the creation of the present German empire. That was largely the work of Bismarck, but back of Bismarck were the Great Elector and Frederick the Great, who in their times laid broad and deep and solid the foundations of German unity and therefore of German greatness.

To a philosophical mind the Kaiser's ambition seems rational and feasible. The Germans, the German empire and the Germans of the Austrian empire are one in blood, in language, in thought and in aspiration and would, if reunited, constitute a great and homogeneous nation.

An Interesting Experiment.

One of the most successful editors in my district, Colonel R. M. White of the Mexico Ledger, is making an interesting experiment as to our circulating medium. Here it is described in Colonel Bob's own words:

"This afternoon a bright silver dollar, with six red shipping tags attached, started from the Ledger office on its most interesting and instructive journey through the business channels of Mexico."

"This dollar is a genuine specimen of Uncle Sam's coin and has a small silver ring soldered to the rim of it, to which the tags are attached."

The following is printed on the face of the first tag:

"This dollar started from the office of the Mexico Ledger March 22, 1906, on a journey the object of which is to demonstrate that a dollar spent at home will return to the original spender eventually to be paid out again, while a dollar spent out of town rarely, if ever, finds its way back through the channels of trade to its starting point."

"When this dollar comes into your possession please write your name and the date and hour of day when received on here for nine years and send the dollar, but be sure not to spend it with some one who trades out of town or with some one who is liable to 'salt it down.' Keep it circulating."

"The mission of this dollar is a worthy one, and every one who gets it in his possession should assist in proving the advantage of trading at home by a ready following the instructions on this card."

"Note.—This dollar has not been 'sourced' in any way, and is not the attachment of the silver ring and is worth 100 cents at any bank or at the office of the Mexico Ledger. Push it along."

"If the tag is home filled with names, please bring them to the Ledger office and have new tags issued to replace them."

"The rest of the tags are ruled off into spaces for names and dates, and it is expected that when all the cards are full they will be returned to the Mexico Ledger for replenishing."

"R. M. WHITE,
Editor and Proprietor Mexico Ledger."

Lambs and Fleeces.

In their last circular letter to an eager and expectant world Messrs. Henry Clews & Co., bankers, of Wall street, make the sad remark, "The stock market has been in a state of comparative lethargy," which probably means that sundry lambs, considering the raw weather, prefer to keep their fleeces on their own backs rather than yield them to the Wall street shearers. Some high financier once said that there is a new crop of Wall street lambs born every year, which was a recasting of the cynical saying of Phineas T. Barnum that the people like to be humbugged and the more recent remark that a new sucker is born every minute. This year the crop of Wall street lambs is short; hence these tears.

The old rule of the senate—or custom, more properly speaking—that a new member of that august body should be seen, not heard, during his first two years of service is now more honored in the breach than in the observance. Carmack of Tennessee paid no attention. Nine long years, and he has not asked for your hand! I thought there was a nigger in the fence somewhere and have come on to see about it. I have been married three times in eighteen years, and I'm expecting the fourth man to come along any day. I didn't keep company with any of my husbands over six months. After that time had passed I just wanted to know what they were hanging around for. Dorothy, something has got to be done. That Goodheart or Goodriver or whatever his name is has got to come to time."

"Please, Sister Hannah. If you should go to mixing in I'd be so ashamed that I'd feel like running away."

"I'm older than you are. I've had three husbands and know how I got 'em. They were all bashful men. I shan't do anything to shame you."

It was a conspiracy of one. Neither Dorothy nor Mr. Goodheart was taken into the widow's confidence. She had been in the house three days when Sunday evening came, and he showed up on his biweekly tour. The widow liked him. He was slow, but sturdy and honest. He didn't look or talk love. He talked more of sunflowers and onions than he did of love. Dorothy was ill at ease, as she did not know what was coming, and her heart beat like a triphammer as the widow finally said:

"Mr. Goodheart, I think I shall take Dorothy back to Iowa with me when I go."

He gave a start of alarm, and the red came to his face. He made no reply, however, and soon took his departure.

"How could you!" exclaimed Dorothy, with a glance of reproach as the gate was heard to latch behind the man.

"I wanted to jar him," replied the

When Sister Hannah Came

By C. B. LEWIS

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Miss Dorothy Spencer, spinster and forty years old, lived in the outskirts of the village of Grafton. She kept a servant and a cow, had a cat and lived in a comfortable way on her income. She was neither homely nor good looking. She had a widowed sister living in Iowa, and one day that sister arrived on a visit. Her name was Hannah, and, like most other widows, she was full of business. There were things she wanted to know about almost before she had taken her bonnet off, and there was one thing in particular that she lost no time in bringing forward.

"Now, then," she said as she got seated in the big rocking chair, "I want to know why you haven't married. It's



HE SAT AND TALKED OF CHICKEN POX AND MEASLES.

nothing less than a burning shame that you have lived to your age without catching a husband."

"I-I haven't been asked," was the embarrassed reply of the sister.

"But why not?"

"I-I don't know."

"Then we'll find out. Haven't you kept company with any one?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"Please, let's not talk about it, sister. Were the Perkins family well when you left home?"

"Never you mind the Perkins family, but pay attention to this other matter. What's the name of the man you've been keeping company with?"

"It's Henry Goodheart. I don't know whether you'd call it keeping company or not. He comes Sunday and Wednesday evenings and talks for awhile."

"Twice a week, eh? And how long has he kept this up?"

"Nine years."

"Dorothy Spencer!" exclaimed Sister Hannah, as she almost sprang out of her chair. "Do you mean to tell me that a man has been dawdling around here for nine years and never said a word about marriage?"

"But he's one of the most bashful men you ever saw," protested Dorothy, "and I-I—"

"You are going to say you couldn't ask him to marry you. Of course you couldn't, but you could have brought him to time years ago."

"He's a very nice man, and everybody thinks so. I guess he thinks I don't want to get married to any one."

"What business has he to think that? Of course you want to get married. Every woman does. All widows and single women are just dying to be asked. Nine long years, and he has not asked for your hand! I thought there was a nigger in the fence somewhere and have come on to see about it. I have been married three times in eighteen years, and I'm expecting the fourth man to come along any day. I didn't keep company with any of my husbands over six months. After that time had passed I just wanted to know what they were hanging around for. Dorothy, something has got to be done. That Goodheart or Goodriver or whatever his name is has got to come to time."

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widow. "He'll be over here within a day or two and ask you to make him happy."

"But it will look as if we were dragging him in by the hair of the head."

"Never you mind the looks. The great object is to get married."

Mr. Goodheart didn't show up till his usual Wednesday evening, however. About the time he was expected the widow was at the gate to meet him. When they had saluted each other she said:

"Mr. Goodheart, I want to ask you a question in confidence."

"Yes?"

"I understand that a sewing machine agent who comes through these parts is very much smitten on Dorothy. Is his occupation an honorable one? Do you think him the man to love and care for her? As her elder sister I feel like a guardian toward her."

Mr. Goodheart gave a start, and his hand on the gate trembled. He had to wait a minute before he could trust his voice, and then he answered that he didn't go much on sewing machine agents. The widow sighed and said it was a cold world, and the two went into the house together. Her object had been to arouse the spark of jealousy, but after the man had stayed his usual hour and departed she could not tell whether it was a success or not. He had talked about as usual.

"Did you say anything to him out at the gate?" asked Dorothy.

"None of your business whether I did or not. He's the woodenest man in four states, but I'll bring him to the mark. He has either got to show his hand or dust along and make room for somebody else. I imagine he'll be around tomorrow night."

"It's awful, sister; positively awful," said Dorothy as the tears filled her eyes.

Mr. Goodheart did not make his appearance at the time expected. He was in no hurry to get up a feeling of jealousy. The widow was provoked. On Sunday evening she met him a quarter of a mile down the road and gave him more of her confidence. She confided to him the fact that Dorothy was one of the best housekeepers for a hundred miles around. She was also economical; also loving and clinging in her disposition. Mr. Goodheart agreed to all this, but during his hour he sat and talked of chicken pox and measles and went away as placid and serene as usual. The widow had no remarks to make, but she did a heap of thinking. She knew that Mr. Goodheart would be hoeing potatoes in a certain field next morning, and at 9 o'clock she went there. She didn't have any time to waste.

"Mr. Goodheart," she began, "at the time I spoke to you about the sewing machine man I didn't know that you and sister were engaged. You really must excuse me. When talking with you last night I did not know that the marriage day had been set for the 14th of next month. I congratulate you. You will have one of the best wives in the state. I shall stay to the wedding and tender you my heartiest wishes."

The man stammered and blushed and looked around for a way to escape. There was none. The widow had run him to earth.

"Yes, just so," was all he could say, but a month later he was on hand for the wedding.

"Here only two weeks, and yet see what I have done!" said Sister Hannah after the knot had been tied hard and fast. "I tell you, Dorothy, the way to get married is—to get married. I've tried it three times and ought to know."

Lincoln's Mental Powers.

Lincoln was always strong with a jury. He knew how to handle men, and he had a direct way of going to the heart of things. He had, moreover, unusual powers of mental discipline. It was after his return from congress, when he had long been the object of the foremost lawyers of the state, that he made up his mind he lacked the power of close and sustained reasoning and set himself like a schoolboy to study works of logic and mathematics to remedy the defect. At this time he committed to memory six books of the propositions of Euclid, and, as always, he was an eager reader on many subjects, striving in this way to make up for the lack of education he had had as a boy. He was always interested in mechanical principles and their workings and in May, 1849, patented a device for lifting vessels over shoals, which had evidently been dormant in his mind since the days of his early Mississippi river experiences. The little model of a boat, whittled out with his own hand, that he sent to the patent office when he filed his application is still shown to visitors, though the invention itself failed to bring about any change in steamboat architecture.—Helen Nicolay in St. Nicholas.

Antiquity of Soap.

Soap is not a modern invention. It is twice mentioned in the Bible, first in Jeremiah and again in Malachi. History tells us that more than 2,000 years ago the Gauls manufactured it by combining beech tree ashes with goat's fat. Some years ago a soap boiler's shop was discovered in Pompeii, having been buried beneath the terrible rain of ashes that fell upon that city in 79 A. D. The soap found in the shop had not lost all of its efficacy, although it had been buried 1,800 years. At the time that Pompeii was destroyed the soapmaking business was carried on in several of the Italian cities. Flizy the elder speaks of soap and says that because its price was so high many substitutes were used, among them a kind of glutinous earth and fine sand mixed in the juice of certain plants that made lather. As early as 700 A. D. there were many soap factories in both Italy and Spain, and about 750 A. D. the Phoenicians introduced the business into France, the first factories being established at Marseilles.

Champ Clark