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During the week ending March 21, 1914, the Journal circulated 204,114 copies; daily average, 42,114.

Weather Forecast for Thursday, March 21. -For Oklahoma and Indian Territory: Fair; warmer in western and central portions; southerly winds.

For Arkansas: Fair; west to northwest winds.

For Louisiana and Mississippi: Fair; warmer in extreme southern portion; north winds.

For Texas: Fair; warmer; westerly winds.

For Colorado: Generally fair; warmer in eastern portion; west winds.

For Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico, and California: Fair; warmer in southern portion; westerly winds.

For Oregon, Washington, and Alaska: Fair; warmer in southern portion; westerly winds.

For British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and Ontario: Fair; warmer in southern portion; westerly winds.

For Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island: Fair; warmer in southern portion; westerly winds.

For Newfoundland: Fair; warmer in southern portion; westerly winds.

For the West Indies, Central America, and the Caribbean Sea: Fair; warmer in southern portion; westerly winds.

For the Gulf of Mexico, the Atlantic Ocean, and the Indian Ocean: Fair; warmer in southern portion; westerly winds.

For the Pacific Ocean, the Indian Ocean, and the Atlantic Ocean: Fair; warmer in southern portion; westerly winds.

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therefore, feels the need of having Mr. Bryan address it on these questions. Problems it ought to deal with are covered with dust and cobwebs.

THE MILES WRITERS WORKING HARD.

As the beef investigation proceeds it is interesting to note the efforts of General Miles' supporters to gain sympathy for the man who made the embalmed beef charges through the medium of published interviews. These active supporters are mainly correspondents and editors, representing papers that are opposed to the administration.

There is no uniformity of action or unity of logic on the part of the Miles writers. Each has his own way of looking at things, and even the same writer sees the same things differently on different days. One day the whole investigation is a farce; the next, it will be a very serious matter, with the weight of evidence decidedly in favor of General Miles; another, the board will be composed of honorable men, but still men who do not know how to go about their business; and on still another day it is implied that the board has only one thing to do under the instructions given it, and that is to vindicate the war department and humiliate the general in command, and a corresponding verdict is to be expected.

It is worthy of note that so far as the newspapers have taken sides in this controversy, the administration organs nearly all rely on the unjudged reports of the Associated Press, while many of the Miles papers use special correspondence calculated to give the general the best of the argument, or to make him a martyr when things do not seem to be coming his way. The supporters of the administration naturally hope that the charges made by General Miles may not be sustained, and for that matter every patriotic citizen should hope that the government will endeavor to clear itself of the charge of furnishing its soldiers with impure rations. But the attitude of the Miles writers implies the hope that the board of inquiry may sustain Miles' allegations. So strongly do they desire the vindication of the commander rather than that of the government, they have more than intimated that if the beef charges are not sustained by the board, the verdict will be repudiated.

Just here is where the gravity of the extreme advocacy of Miles comes in. The writer can better stand this verdict, whichever way it may turn, than can the unmistakable intimation that a board composed of such men as Major General Wade, Brigadier General Davis, Colonel Gillespie and Lieutenant Colonel Davis could be so instructed or influenced by the administration as to make a verdict that will not correspond with the facts.

The beef inquiry is an outgrowth of the general war investigation. The general investigation was vehemently demanded by the anti-administration forces. The body was made up of honorable men. Yet the verdict was severely criticised because it did not more vigorously censure Secretary Alger and because of points of difference between the official report and the assertions of the critics.

The beef inquiry was recommended by the general board of investigation, and both the administration and anti-administration forces asked to have the question lifted to the bottom. The president appointed upon this board army officers whose characters are above reproach. Even General Miles expressed entire satisfaction with the personnel, and he was allowed to be represented personally by an attorney. Not a word was said against the men entrusted with this investigation until, in the course of time, they brought out evidence to disprove the "embalmed" beef charges of General Miles. While fair-minded people were watching the reports with grave interest, the Miles writers began to discredit the board, and this practice has been kept up intermittently ever since.

If such men as those who compose this board of inquiry are not to be trusted, what is the use of undertaking the investigation of anything? Is there no final resort of honor, no tribunal representative of the people, to which a popular grievance may be referred and entrusted? If not, then we have come to a pretty pass in this great republic.

But while these manifestations of bitter partisanship are generally understood by the people, they are exceedingly harassing to the men who have assumed the duties of official investigators. They discourage the investigation idea. In addition to the unpleasant labors of sitting a public scandal, the men who have accepted such obligations must have a pack of barking jackals at their heels every step of the way, the time may come when honorable men will decline to accept positions that involve this sort of humiliation.

AN ENGLISH POPULIST.

It is evident that the Populists of the United States, who never are so happy as when standing on the verge of "moral, material and political ruin," have their prototypes in England. In the last number of Blackwood appears a paper of more than ordinary literary excellence, which purports to be an extract from a history of England yet to be written by some future Gibbon. The purpose of this fictitious history is to show that right at the moment when the British empire seemed to be at the zenith of its glory, it was in fact far on the road to decay. "The close of the nineteenth century," says this pseudo Gibbon, "beheld the British empire at the highest pitch of its prosperity. The records of every contemporary nation celebrate, while they envy, the multitude of its subjects and the orderly felicity of its citizens. Its frontiers comprehend the fairest regions of the earth, and its authority extended alike over the most dutiful of daughter-peoples and the wildest and most sequestered barbarians."

After a page or two of eloquent discussion in this strain, the writer declares the deceptive nature of this seeming glory, pointing out that while to the vulgar mind the British empire was a triumphant proof of the possibilities of a wise democracy, yet in fact it was rapidly germinating the seeds of ruin. "The effects of life in the cities were apparent and pernicious," says the calamity scribe. "But for the unbroken attentions of both printed and pictured records, it would be difficult indeed to credit the full horrors exhibited by such districts as Lancashire and the Black Country at the end of the nineteenth century. In sport, as in its analogue, war, the British degenerated with frightful rapidity. The Briton found his pleasure in bestriding a bicycle instead of a horse, in striking a tennis ball instead of a wild fowl; no one was even sensible of the degradation that could prefer a mechanical toy to a living creature with a will independent of, yet comfortable to his own."

After pursuing to some extent the national conversation that came through tennis

bells and bicycles (and this without the slightest attempt at veiled humor) our Gibbon proceeds to another cause of deterioration as follows: "The last outrage upon the language of Shakespeare and Pindar was a swarm of periodical leaflets concocted of illiterate novelettes, unmeaning statistics, American jests, and infantile puzzles. They were consumed in prodigious quantities by the lower orders, and, by ruining the business of those who purveyed placers if not masterly compositions, contributed more than any other cause to the debasement and final extinction of English letters."

And right here may we not penetrate the whole animus of this fictitious and lugubrious history? Deep thinkers and profound philosophers have moments of transparent shallowness, and if Blackwood's writer has not exposed himself as a petulant protestor against the popular magazines, then he has been very unfortunate in his choice of illustrations. England is going to the dogs because the lower orders prefer to read the light and entertaining literature of the pictorial monthlies rather than the ponderous essays of Blackwood's and other English quarterlies. Isn't that it? And isn't it proof enough of the decadency of the British empire that the time should have arrived when the owls can no longer make a living in competition with the canny birds? Blackwood is having its business ruined by the periodical leaflets, "concocted of illiterate novelettes, unmeaning statistics, American jests and infantile puzzles," and when Blackwood no longer can make a living—then good-by British empire!

But let us return to the subject matter of this English apothecosis of the American Populist, by quoting his concluding paragraph—a paragraph which might have been carved bodily from the Omaha platform: "With the proud spirit of empire sunk into the narrow greed of shareholders; with physical force at its ebb, sports corrupted, and martial spirit tamed; with domestic business so organized that it stifled individuality and fostered dishonest misdeeds among traders and invited the depravity of customers; with elegant manners and polite letters a tasteless echo of the half-forgotten past, the British empire entered upon the twentieth century under the gloomiest auspices. To the acuter eyes of succeeding generations that gloom is heightened by the reflection that the mutterings of the coming earthquake were all unheard by contemporaries; that they prided themselves on the greatness of their dominion and hugged the specious perfection of their civilization. Yet decline was already accomplished and irremediable, and the fall was but too surely impending."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The question of national expansion will still continue to interest those who do not ride wheels or care for baseball.

Mr. Bryan continues to talk, but the people just now care little for calamity whines. They prefer sassafras bark.

General Gimes apparently regards the United States as a bigger thing than the Cuban assembly, and he has other eccentricities.

The people are under the impression that the Missouri legislature is doing nothing of consequence. Statesman Cardwell is making no noise.

No account is taken of Mr. Cleveland's movements or the amount of game he is bagging. The country is not thinking of dead ducks now.

The new Kansas superintendent of insurance, it seems, intends to conduct his official business without the assistance of a blackmailing force.

Hon. Arkansas Jones is said to be getting well, but his mind is still wandering. He declares the West and South are solid for the Chicago platform.

Italy, it is said, will not use force in China because she is unable to find a good excuse for it. The poverty of Italian inventive genius is amazing.

The Chicago packers in some way must have got wind of the beef board's coming. It has been unable to find a drop of embalming fluid on the premises.

The country may not be out anything by the failure of Delaware to elect a United States senator, but Mr. Adlcke's cashbook doesn't make so good a showing.

Speaker Reed will find, if he has undertaken it, that fighting the administration is not as soft a snap as sitting down on Jerry Simpson and other jumpingjack members.

Confidence will not be fully restored in Jackson county quail-hunting circles, however, until the redoubtable Colonel Kennedy is free and at his mile-post of duty again.

Colonel Jack Chinn has been indicted at Lexington, Ky., for profanity. If Colonel Jack should be imprisoned one second for each oath he has uttered it would mean a life term for him.

Admiral Dewey has been the recipient recently of too many handsome blades to admit that the pen is mightier than the sword. He declines to put in his time answering letters.

Will Mr. Carnegie kindly report as to the number of milestones the country has passed on its dizzy rush to destruction? Some of us scarcely realize that the awful crash is coming.

The mental and moral characteristics of Governor Stephens are not attributed to the patent medicine he has been taking. This much is said in behalf of the company that advertises the medicine.

It is soberly remarked in a Kansas dispatch that Webb McNeil has a farm and will be able, as a private citizen, to "keep the wolf from his door." Well, we should smile! In fact, we should roar!

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satisfactorily at the time of his administration—viz.: General Miles himself—now laboring with a distinct purpose of discrediting and humiliating the commanding general. The high character of the members of the board—including, as they do, a number of the best known and most honored military men of the nation—is a guaranty that the finding, whatever it may be, will be the result of conscientious and intelligent conviction.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

President Will, the only Populist college president on earth, is not a bit dismayed by the eclipse of Leedy and the collapse of his party, but goes merrily on crumming his peculiar doctrines into the state teachers' examinations which he prepares. Here is his latest, in a "model" paper in United States history. Question: What are the chief differences between chattel slavery in the South, and the wages system in the North? Answer: The former tends to keep wealth somewhat equally distributed amongst the members of society; the latter produces the two classes of the very rich and the very poor. How do you like that, citizens of Kansas? Slavery on the whole superior to the wages system "of the North." President Will marks the papers of candidates for the state certificate. And suppose the candidate thought the wages system as unlike slavery as heaven is unlike hell, and said so; how would he come out on this examination?

This question and answer is not a solitary instance of President Will's spirit and tendency. Nearly every paper he has prepared in United States history has contained some manifestation of his class and partisan animus. It is not so much a failure to agree with the majority on questions of our common history that we call attention to—though this is deserving of comment in such a matter as that of slavery—but it is a spirit of spite and factiousness, which encourages and delights in division. For instance, in the same set of questions as the one from which that on wages and slavery was taken, occurs this: "What leading political issues have divided the American people since the civil war?" It may be claimed that the use of the word "divided" here is a mere rhetorical inadvertence, but we doubt whether it was so with the writer of the question.

North Dakota has recently adopted a law requiring a year's residence in order to gain citizenship. The chief object of this law was to prevent the notorious scandal of people's removing to that state in order to secure divorce more easily. Hitherto only three months' residence was necessary, and the divorce colony, as it was called, was very large in some cities. It was estimated that these colonists spent \$500,000 a year in the state, and that is considerable in a young, thinly populated state. Naturally the so-called "business interests" of the state did not favor the reform, but it is greatly to the credit of North Dakota that she had enough civic virtue to carry the bill.

From the troubles that states, counties and municipalities have with direct taxation you might suppose that Uncle Sam's aversion to the method had been drawn from experience. The dissatisfaction with existing methods in Kansas grows deeper and louder each year. It would be better to insist on a rigorous enforcement of the present method than to experiment with some entirely new system. Railroads and real estate are about the only things that are taxed in Kansas, and the railroads carry the heavy end of the load.

Sexocracy is a new word, and a very vile word indeed. It is an anomalous hybrid, means rather something else than what its progenitors intended, and stands for nothing that is or ever will be. The Outlook's Spectator is responsible for the introduction of the mongrel thing into respectable society, and he seems, though in his playful way, really to fear the spectre for which the word stands. If the word meant the rule of a sex, the Outlook's friend need not be afraid. Through all history we have had the thing, and have gotten ahead. If it were possible or desirable for the other sex to run things a while, we should probably do just as well. But really a "sexocracy," if it means anything, means the rule of the sixth, and we are opposed to that, unless we are part of the sixth that rules.

The Mugwump Manifesto.

From the Chicago Tribune. It is quite natural that the cold-blooded mugwumps should get together for warmth, and it is also appropriate that they should issue a manifesto. The manifesto is both Spanish and Philippine in its nature. A beautiful model of it has been embalmed in some time by Social Excesses August, sometime governor general of the Philippines, and now snugly domiciled in a Spanish town. Aguinaldo himself has shown a genius for manifestoes, and it is natural that his American admirers should follow his illustrious example by getting out one of their own on his behalf.

This curious document invites all "lovers of freedom" to join in inducing President McKinley to surrender to Aguinaldo and to promise the rebels full control of the archipelago. It is signed by a score of the mugwump meddlers of every rank and issue, a manifesto. The manifesto is both Spanish and Philippine in its nature. A beautiful model of it has been embalmed in some time by Social Excesses August, sometime governor general of the Philippines, and now snugly domiciled in a Spanish town. Aguinaldo himself has shown a genius for manifestoes, and it is natural that his American admirers should follow his illustrious example by getting out one of their own on his behalf.

Onward March of Civilization. Here's your London Daily Telegraph, Sunday edition, which leads all its contemporaries by appearing seven days in the week, and they will shortly follow suit. English journalism is rapidly waking up and getting Americanized.

Doesn't Lead to the White House.

From the Chicago Post. A beef road to the presidency never has been tried before, and it is not likely that it ever will be again. General Miles, according to popular belief, has been on it for some time, and it does not seem to have lessened the distance any.

His Only Hope.

From the Chicago News. If Mr. Bryan can make use of his position on the public-kissing mania as a campaign issue, he will have a very strong following without counting on the silver question.

King of the "Snorers."

From the Washington Times. On the last night of the Fifty-fifth congress an incident was settled, of which no mention was made in the Congressional Record. It was decided by an almost unanimous vote that Representative Fitzpatrick, of Kentucky, was the champion snorer of the house. Mr. Fitzpatrick yesterday gave a graphic account of the incident to a number of personal friends. "It was an unspeakable outrage on an American citizen, and I think I would be justified in taking the lives of John Alden, General Henderson and a number of other snorers, but I have decided to spare them. Friday night late, or rather early Saturday morning, I retired to the cloakroom, and throwing myself down on a sofa, proceeded to take a nap. Presently I was rudely awakened by a band of snorers who surrounded my couch and sang at the top of their voices a song the point of which was that there was a hole somewhere down at the bottom of the sea. Henderson was very eloquent on the subject, and added several verses of his own composition to the song. I was so tired that I did not care to argue with them, but I let a few fellows drag me down stairs and a basket of champagne was produced. It came out before the contents of the basket had

been diminished that I had seen the latest mess of winners of the wine for the crowd. It seems that Henderson and Alden (I shall never forgive them) waded a basket of champagne with another crowd that I was the champion snorer of the house. I do not know who was my opponent, but the price was awarded to me offhand the moment the party entered the cloakroom where I was taking a nap. Of course it was a base slander, as I was never known to snore in my life."

Money in Walnut Stumps and Roots.

From the Indianapolis Journal. The Greenback Banner mentions the recent sale in Putnam county of a large number of black walnut trees at prices ranging from 75 cents to \$2.25 per 1,000 feet of lumber in the tree. There is comparatively little walnut timber now left in Indiana, though enough in some localities to attract purchasers, and, as the above figures indicate, it commands good prices in the tree. When the state was first settled black walnut trees constituted a considerable portion of its forests, and, like all other trees, they had to fall in the necessary process of clearing the land. At that time timber of all kinds, including the hard woods which are now scarce and valuable, was regarded as a hindrance to farming operations, and to get rid of it in the quickest and most effective way possible, by the ax, by fire or any other way. Hundreds of thousands of walnut trees were felled and split up into rails, other thousands were burned and great numbers were converted into lumber in the most primitive way. For a long time the big gnarly knots which often formed on the trees were supposed to be valueless, and at country sawmills they were tumbled into the waste pile and buried in sawdust. In later days, when better times had to fall in the necessity of veneering, these discarded knots were much sought after and brought good round prices. Even now a market is found at good prices for walnut stumps and roots dug out of the sawdust in the Wash and the lower West river, the remains of trees cut down many years ago and perhaps split up into fence rails or used in building log cabins.

Our Outlay and England's.

From the Philadelphia Press. England, by general consent of those who criticize this country as well governed, and parliament by the critics of congress, is constantly cited as a wise, judicious and economical national legislature as matched to ours. In the flood of attacks and abuse on the part of congress it will probably surprise the public and citizen to learn that up to the breaking out of the war the expenditure of England has grown "waster than the expenditure of the United States. The appropriations for 1889 are the last made before what has been slanderously called the "billion dollar congress." The appropriations for that fiscal year were made by a house of which Mr. John G. Carlisle was speaker, and in which the Democrats' Yearbook an acknowledged standard authority, gives this as the expenditure of the United Kingdom and the United States for 1889 and 1890, total postal expenditures being included for both years:

Table with 2 columns: Year, United States, United Kingdom. 1889: \$27,000,000 vs \$17,000,000. 1890: \$27,000,000 vs \$17,000,000.

This comparison is the same for both. It includes total appropriations of all sorts, embracing both military and civil on these dates. As these figures show, in the seven years most attacked for extravagance congress has added \$53,000,000 to the outlay and parliament \$65,000,000.

Yet congress has elected as large a population for that to legislate and an area thirty times greater to protect, improve and govern than parliament, for these are the appropriations of the United Kingdom and not of the British Empire. The yearly appropriations of the British Empire are \$1,724,000,000.

Coming down to 1898, our war year, and England has added \$72,000,000 since 1889, and this country \$148,000,000. Taking war expenditures, this is not a large relative increase, but it is a large absolute one. It is a cheap war when in a span of nine years the country at peace has added one-half as much as the country at war. Down to the war congress had added less to the yearly outlay than England, and when the war broke out the country was far behind in other relative expenditures will appear.

In some words, congress adds to appropriations in peace less fast than parliament.

Tipstap Tapp.

From the Chicago Post. Mr. Tapp, of Wichita, Kas., may not need our moral support, but he has it, just the same. Mr. Tapp is a candidate for the majority, and he has promised the voters that if he is elected any woman who appears on the streets of Wichita in bloomers will be fined \$10. There are other planks in his platform, but this is the winner.

As the women are permitted to vote in Kansas, and as this is an issue that appeals directly to the female franchise, it is forward with great anxiety to the time when Tapp will be on top or the top will be on Tapp. The streets of Wichita are not too attractive at the best, and bloomers and evidence of municipal neglect. Our hearts go out to Tapp in his gallant struggle for return to the faithful old traditions. Blooming womanhood is one thing, blooming womanhood another. Here's to Tapp!

Department Stores.

From the Boston Herald. Chicago's ordinance against the big department stores doesn't seem to have achieved its mission. The courts there have just considered the case of the proprietor of a store in Chicago, who was charged with selling meats, fruits, vegetables and other provisions, under the same roof with dry goods, jewelry and miscellaneous merchandise, contrary to the provisions of the ordinance. The defendant was discharged, and the ordinance was held to be unconstitutional. The defendant was discharged, and the ordinance was held to be unconstitutional.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

From the New York Press. A really sweet laugh is one that you listen to after it has stopped.

When a woman sits in church with a sad, far-away look in her eyes she isn't always thinking about heaven.

A man can feel real comfortable with only a pipe, but a woman needs a fashion paper, Mother Hubbard and somebody to take down her hair.

When a man gets beaten playing duplicate what he says it is so long since he played he has got rusty; when a woman gets beaten playing cards must have got changed around wrong.

This Unfeeling Government.

From the Atlanta Constitution. "I don't complain so much 'bout the government havin' me locked up," said the irrepressible "moonshiner," "fer I've spent more o' my life in jail than out of it; but the last jail I was in was on gloomy as a graveyard, and the turned government acknowledge my fiddle away from me, an' I couldn't be nappy without it; fer all the other 'moonshiners' felt like dancin', an' they kin jail me if they wants to, but they ain't got no legal right to confiscate my fiddle!"

Averse to Demonstration.

From the Washington Post. "I suppose you will be glad to get back home," said the young woman, "and find your constituents waiting for you with open arms."

"That's a good idea," exclaimed the congressman from Crimmon Gulch. "In view of several anonymous postal cards, I'm inclined to believe that I won't get off the train if the men on the platform aren't all holding up their hands so as to show their intentions are entirely peaceful."

Out of His Line.

From the Boston Herald. She—"If it were necessary, and I were your wife, would you go through fire and water for me?" He—"Do you think it would be necessary?" She—"It might."

Not One of the Jays.

From the What's Statestman. "You?" exclaimed the surprised traveler in Florida. "You want me to pay \$3 for riding half a mile in your old carriage?" "Certainly," replied the native, with eyes wide open; "yer don't think I'm like you other jays—down here for my health, do yer?"

Friendly Bedding.

From the Richmond Dispatch. Mike—"Well, anyway, I kin flatter myself that I was never so drunk that I didn't know what I was doin'."

Wish.

From the Washington Star. "Do you think plagiarism is unforgivable?" asked the young woman. "By no means," answered the man who presided at the table. "I wish