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During the week ending March 11 the Journal circulated 294,000 copies daily average, 42,114.

Weather Forecast for Saturday, WASHINGTON, March 17.—For Oklahoma and Indian Territory: Fair, decidedly colder, north winds. For Arkansas: Fair in western portion; rain in eastern portion; colder, variable winds. For Missouri: Breeze, probably turning into snow in western portion; colder, winds becoming northwesterly.

THE BEEF INQUIRY BOARD.

The board appointed by President McKinley to investigate the beef scandal, and which is now sitting in this city for the purpose of taking testimony, is maintaining perfect composure and dignified composure under the adverse fire of the press writers. The men composing this body have conducted themselves as becomes soldiers and citizens. They have undertaken a task that had to be shouldered by somebody, and the president and the people take satisfaction in the high and impartial character of the men who have assumed this patriotic duty. There is no reasonable cause to question the conscientiousness of their findings, no matter what those findings may be, and the progress of investigation indicates that there will be no confidence in the fairness and wisdom of the report. The Miles writers have made many objections, but the unprejudiced should bear in mind that no objections were made to him when they were appointed, that General Miles himself received entire satisfaction with the testimony, and that the general's own attorney, Major Lee, has found no fault with the findings of the board.

The inspection of packing houses is merely incidental to the taking of testimony. It is so believed that the board expects to find condemned carcasses being used for wholesome meats, or embalming fluid being used to fresh beef. But the inspection of packing processes is at least relevant to the subject. What the board does expect is evidence to prove or disprove the charges made by General Miles, through published interviews and months after reports were made to him, that refrigerated beef had been "embalmed" and that canned beef was an unfit ration.

CREDIT MAN AND THE FRAUDULENT BANKRUPT.

The history of legislation reveals a strong humanizing tendency. The law of long ago chiefly protected things; present laws, first of all, protect men. The national bankrupt law, which recently went into effect, is one of these humanizing processes. It was framed with the intent of giving equal protection to creditors and enabling the man financially unfortunate to obtain a fresh and unencumbered start.

But the more favorable the laws are to the bankrupt, the more important does it become that they should not be used as a shield for scoundrels. The Association of Credit Men of Kansas City are therefore doing a wise thing in banding together for the prosecution of fraudulent bankrupts. Credit plays a prominent part in modern business, being an actual substitute for money. It possesses an important quality which all currency lacks—elasticity. But credit is not a material thing; it belongs in another realm. It is a thing in which human intention, purpose, and honesty are elements of transcendent importance. The overwhelming majority of business men are honest; it is only this which makes credit possible at all. But a few are not, and this is a matter in which one sinner destroys much good. Elasticity has its disadvantages. The sudden reversal of a credit man's opinion of the integrity of the merchants of a certain district, caused by two or three disastrous failures, may cripple the business operations of scores of worthy men, and injuriously affect other lines of business. The innocent man suffers from this, beside paying his proportion of bad debts under the general economic law that the gains of a business must carry its losses.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It requires no investigating board to discover the maggots in yellow journalism.

The Cuban assembly makes up in appetite what it lacks in dignity and influence.

Kipling's mind is unimpaired. He has read the New York daily papers and is still rational and convalescent.

Porto Rico is also growing naughty. Hawaii seems to be the only really good child in the brownie nursery.

The Bryan presidential boom is defunct. It was engulphed by the tidal wave of prosperity and had no life preserver.

It is understood that Secretary Alger will not resign under fire. That is to say, he will hold on until the end of his term.

The Miles organs are already announcing the decision of the board of inquiry. The board will make and render its decision later.

Congressman Bailey will reserve his constitutional right to sneer at the crude attempts at leadership put forth by his successor.

For some reason the czar has not pointed to China as an illustration of the truth of his statements regarding the advantages of disarmament.

If the investigating commission desires to work into favor with the people it will formulate a few withering remarks about tough steaks.

What are these disquieting rumors we hear regarding Admiral Dewey? First it was said he had become "a full admirer," and now it is explained that he asked for the Oregon because he wanted "a deeper draught."

the two countries, an adjustment important to both, and will permit some early understanding between the two powers as to the release of the Spanish prisoners held by the Filipinos. It may readily be understood that Spain's gracious sovereign, who has borne herself with distinguished courage and dignity during the trying periods of the past year, finds great relief in giving her signature to a document that, while it lessens her domain, makes an adjustment that is essential to the revival of public spirit and conducive to popular tranquillity among her people.

KANSAS DEMOCRACY.

It seems certain that the Democratic banquet at the Kansas capital the latter end of this month is to be a very pretentious and portentous affair—pretentious because it will gather together a great crowd of the party's best politicians, and portentous because it is expected to sound a keynote for the campaign of 1900. In the first place, it may be expected that something like a definite attitude will be taken on the question of state and national fusion. Indeed, we have the word of some of the banquet managers that the primary purpose of this meeting is formally to serve notice on the Populist party that fusion no longer can be had and that the Democratic party proposes to rejuvenate and revive itself into a separate organization. We are told that there will be nothing harsh or offensive about this notice serving. On the contrary, the divorce is to be accomplished in the most delicate manner possible. The Populist cohorts are to be told the self-evident truth that there is no room for a third party in Kansas, and in honeyed phrases they will be urged to lay down their own organization and come bodily over to the party of Thomas Jefferson.

Having completed the divorce, or amputation, and launched the revived and rejuvenated Democratic party into being, the next problem to be settled is a very serious one. It involves a decision as to what kind of a Democratic party the new-born is to become, as well as a selection of its leaders. At this time there are three separate and distinct phases of Democracy before the American people. Perhaps they can best be defined by a reference to the public attitude of three of the greatest Democratic statesmen. In Grover Cleveland we find a leader who believes in sound money and anti-expansion; in Richard Croker, one who believes in sound money and expansion; and in W. J. Bryan, one who believes in neither sound money nor expansion. Which of these three will the revived Democracy of Kansas accept as guide and exemplar?

Recently W. J. Bryan declared that the Democrats of the West were as one man in believing that the platform of 1896 should be re-enacted in 1900. Everybody knows this to be an exaggeration, for even in 1896 a very respectable element of Western Democracy refused to endorse free silver; but the question is, has Mr. Bryan expressed the sentiments of a majority of Western Democrats? If he has, it is probable that the Kansas convention will implant itself behind the boy orator and reaffirm a belief in bogus currency, while denouncing the expansion of American territory. But it is not a foregone conclusion by any means that Mr. Bryan has authority to speak for the Democrats of Kansas. There are many indications that in Sunflowerdom, as everywhere else, the doughy Nebraska leader has been losing ground. The organ of Popocracy in this city, which assumes to be the prophet and seer of Kansas Democracy, long since dismissed Mr. Bryan as a presidential candidate, and in all Kansas to-day there is scarcely a Democratic newspaper which preaches for Bryan or Bryanism. At the same time, it should be remembered that this alliance may not be so ominous as one would infer. A party and press which is being born again is not expected to bother much with principles or leaders while enduring the pangs of parturition. It is quite possible that the Kansas leaders and the Kansas press will be outspoken for the Nebraska man, for bogus dollars and for anti-expansion after they become assured that the birth has really taken place.

MISSOURI TOPICS.

By a decision of the appellate court William Eldred, of McPherson, must serve 365 days in jail and pay a fine of \$2,600 in penalty for jointkeeping.

The official state paper must be selected by the executive council on March 22 for the yearly term beginning April 1. There are but two candidates, the Topeka Capital and the Topeka Mail and Tribune.

Miss Eleanor Smith, the Hutchinson girl who is nursing soldiers in Cuba, says the regulars are patient and complaisant, while the volunteers are fidgety and fretful.

It is believed at the Kansas state house that McCall's road agents "examined" about 100 insurance companies. At an average of \$300 to the company this indicates a haul of \$30,000.

At Hutchinson the other day a youth of 29 married a maid of 24. Perhaps there was method in his proceeding. He may have wanted a good grandmother for his children.

Marmouri Jio, the Japanese who graduated from the state university in 1896, is back in Kansas again. He went to Japan, but found that he would be required to serve in the army as a common soldier, so he returned to the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Clarence, the oldest son of A. A. Richards, editor of the Wellington Mail, has been appointed to a cadetship at the United States naval academy. His father says that this is the only political favor he ever asked, and that Congressman Long freely granted it.

Every sixth year each congressional district in the United States is entitled to a cadet in the naval academy. The last one appointed from the Seventh district was the son of Harry Landis, the present warden of the penitentiary, and he secured the place by the good offices of Jerry Simpson in 1893. Young Landis is now with Dewey's fleet as an ensign, having graduated two years ago.

Senator Baker was very sick with the grip for a long time at Washington. He told Topics yesterday that the doctors piled all sorts of stuff in him, but that nothing did him any good until he commenced to take arsenic. He said he took arsenic once to poison all the wolves in Western Kansas and got so he rather felt slighted when the nurse didn't have his poison ready.

And when Senator Baker had finished this story, Willis Glead, who was standing by, said it reminded him of a time when he also had enjoyed an experience with poison drugs. Some years ago a traveling hygienic reformer came to Lawrence and convinced a lot of people that a vegetable diet was the proper thing. Glead became converted along with the rest, and for more than a year he touched no meat of any kind. After his system had reached the weak and watery state best illustrated by boiled turnips, he was taken with an awful attack of chills and fever. The doctors loaded him with quinine and other stuff, but the medicine had no effect until he hired a new doctor who put him on beefsteak and strychnine, and then he got well at once.

Near Atchison the other day Ed Jackson was out hunting. As he walked along he stepped into a hole and fell into the mud. The muzzle of his double-barreled hammerless gun was plunged into the mud and both barrels exploded. As the mud had plugged the barrels the gun burst, and Jackson was struck over the eye with a piece of flying steel, receiving quite a cut, but nothing serious. A man by the name of Teacott was with Jackson and the pair proceeded in the semi-darkness to the house of a bridge tender. As soon as the light was reached Teacott saw Jackson's bloody face and the sight made him fall over in a dead faint. Everybody went to working on Teacott and left poor Jackson standing all covered with blood and mud until his tender-hearted companion had returned to consciousness. It is just this way all through life. The real heroes have to stand in blood and mud while the world gives treatment to the woundless and shamming.

It isn't often one finds a Kansas man who is willing to admit that he doesn't know all that there is to be known about any given subject. Once in awhile, however, there does appear a meek and lowly spirit who not only feels himself unequal to some given task, but is not ashamed to say it. Such a one is Scott Gard, an Iola man with the Twentieth Kansas, who writes as follows to the Iola Register: "Political and military organizations do not in any way coincide. One requires statesmen; the other soldiers. I do not pretend to say whether our government should keep the Philippines or not; I do not think it would pay to do it, but let men appointed for that purpose decide the question. If they do I am not one to shirk my duty in holding them against the whole world."

This same Iola man writes most interestingly of the sights and sounds about the scene of the picturesque and historical site of the American occupation. "There is not a thing here that can be called beautiful except the churches," says he, "but it is more real pleasure to take a stroll along the Luneta in the evening than to explore the whole of Golden Gate park. There is, as I said, nothing in it which is pretty or which would arouse any impra-

draught." The W. C. T. U. should look after our hero.

It is a matter of surprise to many Kansas City drivers of trucks to learn that pedestrians really have some rights at street crossings.

It may as well be noted in passing that there are other evidences that this is a billion and a half country besides the appropriations of congress.

It is believed the board of inquiry found nothing at Chicago on which to base a recommendation that the people of that city quit boiling their drinking water.

"If the Devil Came to Congress," is the title of Jerry Simpson's forthcoming book. If the devil comes to congress next session he will find one cheap demagogue missing.

A St. Louis contemporary remarks that game is growing steadily scarcer in Missouri. Perhaps that is one reason the people of the state are making game of the legislature.

The appearance of the festive tornado in the South is an unpleasant reminder that the season is drawing nigh when people in this locality will wear straw hats and a worried look.

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tion in an artist—but to feel that you are walking where men walked before America was heard of, and to look out over a harbor which was filled with ships from all nations when New York was nothing but a wilderness; to look the other way and see the great crumbling, vine covered wall, which was the scene of battles fought and forgotten long before the days of Marlborough or Napoleon; to stroll on to the parade ground and mix with the crowd gathered where centuries ago the ignorant Malays celebrated their religious festivities and in later years many of them were shot at the same place because they would not adhere to the Catholic religion or swear allegiance to the Spanish government. Then, turning to the left, you come to the cemetery, filled with the bones of kings and heroes who have reposed for ages unmoved by the cries of their people in distress and undisturbed by Dewey's guns. On one side is the boneyard, where those too poor to afford a vault, for which they are compelled to pay yearly, are thrown. Then you enter the city through the very needle's eye that Christ spoke of in the parable of the rich man, and there you see nothing but ancient houses and narrow streets full of Spanish soldiers and lazy Filipinos. You linger only long enough to get a cool drink of some kind, which is brought you by a lazy native woman with a cigar in her mouth, and by a trinket of some kind of a Spanish soldier, and go out the large gate and cross the ancient bridge into what is called new Manila.

"Well, I suppose it was new a hundred or two years ago. Here is more life and stir, and on the Escoto, which is the principal business street, you can hardly get along for the crowd. You make your way to the 'Alhambra,' the great saloon and cafe, and taking a seat where you can look out over the river and see the steam launches speeding up and down and the native cascos, propelled by pike poles, going slowly to and fro, or study the throng sitting around you, which represents nearly all nations of the earth, mostly sailors, and you sit as one in a dream until a waiter taps you on the shoulder, and you realize that it is 9 o'clock, when all the stores must close. You go out into the street, and where before you had to elbow your way through you see nothing save a belated soldier like yourself hurrying to his quarters, and the soldier policeman, walking his beat and looking what he really is. 'Monarch of all he surveys.' If you do not feel like walking, you prod a sleepy native cabman, and for 10 cents get taken to your quarters, just in time for 'taps,' and the next thing you hear is the most dismal sound on earth, the first call just before reveille in the morning, and you are living in the present and must get into your clothes in a hurry or you will be up before a 'summary court' for missing 'reveille.' And, although I never tire of looking upon these scenes and gathering information, I miss the push and noise of any American town. I also miss the spring chicken and the things in general which make a man love his home. All our meat is brought from Australia. I have forgotten how a couple looks. I have eaten so much rice that the hair of my head is turning to grey straw, and so many beans that they are beginning to sprout under my toenails, but do not think that I am discontented or homesick. I want to get home as bad as anyone, but not until my time comes to go."

J. W. Ozias, of Eudora, a member of the Lawrence company at Manila, has the following complaint to make against the chaplain of the Twentieth Kansas: Many Filipinos, clean, intelligent and of good character, have expressed a desire to attend the so-called "religious services" held by the chaplain, who got married and brought a wife along with him, that he might better serve the Master, presumably. As the preacher has never made the least attempt to get personally acquainted with all the boys, not even having one gone along the lines for that purpose, so far as my knowledge extends, very few, if any, are left to their certain fate. While the few are relating their "experiences," natives congregate around in small numbers, quietly and intently trying to hear and understand every spoken word and song. Instead of inviting them in (meetings are held in quarters), the guard orders them to leave and to stay away from hearing what ought to be free gospel, by instructions issued to the guard at the request of the chaplain. I am told, a short while past an excellent Filipino lady and her young son stopped to listen for the first time, well pleased and with great curiosity. They were ordered to leave as all others had been. "If that is the way Americans do, we want none of their religion," they declared on departing from the place.

The retirement this week of H. W. Digging, the well known Springfield man, ends a term of faithful service covering a continuous period of thirty years.

A former St. Clair county man, Joseph Blizard, is said to have made a \$100,000 gold strike in a Colorado mine, after a search covering a period of sixteen years. Blizard is unquestionably entitled to "blow himself" now, if so inclined.

It is unjust, the Springfield Republican insists, to withhold from the legislature credit to which it is really entitled. Its slaughter of the Democratic party in Missouri is of itself easily worth the cost of the entire session to the state.

Prosperous Joplin's nerve seems to wax strong and vigorous in equal ratio with the rapid advance in the price of "jack." The Herald makes the claim that the population of the mineral metropolis is increasing faster than that of any other city in the state.

Colonel Drew, who has captured the prize in the Appleton City postmasterhood contest, is a well known and popular public servant, being the present incumbent, for a third consecutive term, in the mayor's office, with a record of never having missed a regular meeting of the council. He has tendered his resignation.

A. W. Bradshaw succeeded his brother "Jim" in the ownership of the Lebanon Trust. The change, however, it is understood, will in no wise alter the "orthodox" relationship between the paper and Lebanon's distinguished citizen, the Hon. Richard Parks Bland, grandfather of Miss F. P. Union, the comely young woman whose classic features adorn the silver dollar.

A law to compel the railroads of Missouri to provide medical attention and proper nursing for train robbers who are injured while industriously plying their vocation

as well as suitable provision for their dependent relatives in case of accidental death during a holiday, is a measure worthy of earnest consideration by the Missouri legislature, the Henry County Republican thinks, in view of recent developments in Jackson county. Dr. J. T. Coombs—yes; same one—has been reappointed superintendent of the Fulton insane asylum, for a term of three years by the board of which the good doctor's faithful relative, the governor of the state of Missouri, is the ex-officio head. Some remarks pertinent to the occasion by General Richard Horne, of the Marshall Democrat-News, who was once chairman of the board of managers, would scarcely fall to command attention, at the present juncture.

The petition for executive clemency in the case of Soper, the convicted murderer of his wife and child, has called forth a vigorous and angry remonstrance from Cass county people, but there isn't one chance in a million, the Democrat says, that the approaching execution will fail to take place at the appointed time. The sheriff has been beset with applications for the privilege of witnessing the hanging, but practically all have been refused.

Mr. John R. Baugh, an Appleton City business man, numbers among his choicest treasures an autograph letter from Admiral Dewey, recently received, the contents of which are self-explanatory: "Manila, P. I., Jan. 27, 1899. "Dear Sir:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of December 5, informing me that you had named your son Dewey Baugh. With much pleasure I express my appreciation of the compliment, and thank you cordially for your courtesy. Yours very truly, GEORGE DEWEY."

"One half of the world does not know how the other half lives." One style of living, with which few people of Barton county are acquainted, was shown in Laramie the other day, the Republican says, by a former resident of Dodge county. He was moving his family and effects by railroad. He was apparently well-to-do, having more farming implements and household goods than could be loaded in one car, and quite a drove of horses and cattle, together with freight money, enough, at least, to pay ready and passenger fare and to purchase cornmeal—for himself by the jugful. He took his meals at a restaurant, while he carried bread and bologna to his seven children, ranging from a baby in arms to 17 years, and his poor, hard-working wife, who, for two days and nights, while the car was being loaded, sat at the depot holding a child in her arms and caring for the other children; while he cursed the railroad company because it would not permit him to load his wife and children in the same car with the horses and cows. There is no need to cross the ocean to find a missionary field.

Mention recently was made of the fact that an effort was in progress in Kentucky to remove the remains of Daniel Boone from the Frankfort cemetery to the site of the famous old fort at Boonesborough. It was argued by the Jeffersonian City Tribune and other papers that in place of removal within the borders of Kentucky the body of Boone, if removed at all, should be reinterred in Missouri, whence it was taken to Kentucky some years ago. In this connection a letter from S. C. Griswold to the New Haven Leader is of special interest: "We know nothing of an effort to bring back the remains to the resting place selected by Boone for the bodies of himself and wife near Martinsville, Mo., but we do know that the committee that removed them to Kentucky never complied with their contract with Harvey Griswold to remunerate him for damage done his property by the removal, though they claimed to act by authority of the legislature of Kentucky, through the Frankfort Cemetery Company, and we further know that the original bond drawn up by Joseph B. Wells, Esq., and signed by said committee is still in existence and can be produced whenever needed."

It is estimated that there is nearly \$50,000 more subject to demand in the banks of Nodaway county now than there was two years ago. The Tribune recently published a statement of a Maryville bank which showed that it had \$300,000 more of demand deposits in the early part of the present month than it had two years ago. Afterward a reporter called at the three other banks of the city and asked for figures bearing upon the same subject, and he learned that one of them had \$75,000 more than it had at this time two years ago, another \$50,000 more, and another \$125,000 more, a total increase in the four banks of \$1,125,000. There are thirteen banks in Nodaway outside of Maryville. The Bank of Conception, at Conception, recently issued a statement showing that its increase of demand deposits during the year preceding was \$22,000. If the increases in the demand deposits of the other banks outside of Maryville in the county have been as great—which is probable—there is \$208,000 more in the banks of Nodaway county subject to check than there was two years ago, an average—estimating the county's population at 40,000—of \$11 for every man, woman and child. When it is remembered, as the Tribune suggests, that Nodaway is a strictly agricultural county, and that much the greater part of this money belongs to farmers and stock feeders, a pretty fair idea of the immensity of the change which has taken place in the county's financial condition during the time may be formed. Whether or not there may be a question as to the prosperity of other parts of the state, there can be none respecting that of Nodaway county.

Example of a Beef "Crime." From the New York Press. In the army beef investigation Tuesday Captain Homer F. Aspinwall, in command of the transport Manitoba during the Spanish war, testified that he arrived off Ponce on August 19 with 125 quarters of quarters of beef. He reported it to General Gilmore, and this conversation followed: "General Gilmore looked up smiling and said: 'You had better throw it overboard; we have no use for it. We can get all the beef we want here.' "I said that it was the best of beef and I did not care to take any such course as that unless ordered to. He replied: 'If necessary I will give you an order to that effect.' "General Gilmore was General Miles' adjutant-general and chief of staff.

The Manitoba went from Ponce to Milwaukee. At that place the depot quartermaster and commissary said he would like to have some of the beef for the troops. An issue of it was made, and the next day the commissary said that he was delighted with the beef. The beef was used there until the ship was ordered back to Ponce, where further issues were made. The testimony follows: "I made inquiries of different commanders and I found that all the beef and all the fat was used, with one exception, were well talked to, with one exception, were well talked to with the meat. Major Birmingham, the commissary at that time, said: 'The beef was the best beef he had had. But Colonel Foster, of the Sixth Illinois, whose regi-

ment was stationed six or seven miles in the interior, said the beef when it reached his command, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon—the first day of the day—was spoiled. But he did not consider anything against the beef, as he said it was a long haul after it had been taken out of the refrigerator."

This was the army beef which General Miles months ago was embalmed, but which his adjutant-general ordered to be thrown overboard because he "did not need it." Was it in such ways that yellow generals and yellow journals discovered the "crime" that was being perpetrated by army officers who were "feeding their soldiers" by feeding them with "embalmed beef?"

Death of Joseph Medill. From the Chicago Tribune. Joseph Medill, editor-in-chief of the Chicago Tribune, died of heart disease at San Antonio, Tex., at 9:30 a. m., on Tuesday, the 16th inst., in the 75th year of his age. He was born April 6, 1823, and had been identified with the Tribune since April, 1855.

sketch, printed elsewhere, gives the biographical details of his active life—a life the larger part of which was spent in the service of this paper, which he loved so well and to which he gave unremittingly and with rare industry his extraordinary talents. He was a man of the highest order of his career in that capacity and of the success which he achieved the Tribune prouder than his contemporaries should speak. He has been in the public gaze for nearly half a century, and his assiduous labor and the manner in which he performed his duty may safely be left to the criticism of those who have known him so long and so well. Of his great services to the city of Chicago, to the state of Illinois, to the nation, and to the Republican party, it would be impossible to do justice in both time of peace and in time of war, it may also be left to them to speak.

But of Joseph Medill, the man, only those with whom he was intimately and constantly associated can speak authoritatively and appreciatively. They will remember him as a man of tender heart and spotless integrity of soul; a true friend and a sagacious counselor; of earnest convictions and of fearless independence in utterance; full of self-reliance; of industry and strong intellectual grasp of affairs; eager in his search for knowledge, peculiarly retentive in memory, quick of observation, and having the faculty of crystallizing his observations into valuable, practical suggestions. In the management of his paper, he set upon them, even in emergencies; genial in his contact with his associates and loved and respected by every one in the Tribune force as their teacher and chief.

Mr. Medill's capacity for work remained undiminished to the end of his life. He was, though an invalid for three or four years past, his hand remained upon the helm until death loosened its grasp. From his faraway winter home in Texas, where he had hoped to find relief from suffering, came daily, and almost to the day he died, editorial advice and suggestions by mail and telegraph. He kept in active touch with all the departments of the Tribune, was quick to seize upon all mechanical improvements, and even when afflicted with great personal suffering, and sometimes contrary to the advice of his physicians, he persisted in work with the same energy and enthusiasm which had characterized him in his more robust days. His example was an incentive and an inspiration to all who worked with him, and his unassuming manner and genial bearing endeared him to all who looked up to him as their chief.

He had labored long, and lovingly, and well. It is given to few men to labor so long and so successfully. But his busy brain has ceased to originate and suggest. The pen has dropped from the tired hand. The laborer is at rest. He leaves a reputation for fearless integrity, for honesty and independence of conviction, for moral courage and physical industry. His monument is the Chicago Tribune, to which he gave all that was best and highest in him.

"Turn Down an Empty Glass." From the New York World (Times). The sad presage of the World that the Jeffersonian dinner of the Democratic Club on April 13 would be notable for the number of distinguished Jeffersonian Democrats who would not be there was immediately verified.

Ex-Governor and ex-Senator David B. Hill, who is a distinguished Jeffersonian Democrat and really a person of some political influence in the state, allowed it to be known publicly that he would not be invited to the dinner and did not expect an invitation. His melancholy anticipation has been confirmed by the official authority of the dinner servers.

The situation is indescribably painful. It is painful to David B. Hill, and it is painful to the anniversary of the birthday of Jefferson, wandering dinnerless and hungry through the streets of New York, while his fellow Democrats are feasting sumptuously at \$10 per plate at the banquet hall which he is excluded. But it is not even more painful to think of the Democratic Club giving a Jeffersonian dinner to which Mr. Hill is not invited?

Will they not at least pay to his rowny the cost of the dinner? Or will they turn down a knife and fork and the sad symbol of a turned-down glass?

How One City Abolished Dog Pounds. From the Chicago Tribune. Lovers of dogs will be interested in a short article by Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, in the Philadelphia Journal of Zoophily on "How License and Dog Killing Were Stopped in Cleveland, O." The dog license in Cleveland led to the usual aggressions of the dog against the head of a crowd in the streets and drowned at the pound, and one day a pet dog was coaxed out of the arms of a poorly dressed little girl and shot at her feet. This sort of thing aroused a certain Cleveland business man, C. M. Munhall, to employ a lawyer and to institute a test suit on the ground that a dog was property, the same as a horse or cow, and could not be legally killed—license or no license. The result was that Mr. Munhall obtained a perpetual injunction to restrain the city from killing dogs, and the license law was of no effect after that decision. This was eight or ten years ago, and Cleveland had since been a paradise for dogs. Mrs. Bolton claims that the city is not troubled with surplus dogs, and that it has no more dog pounds, and that the city's size in which the dog license is rigidly enforced. It is to be doubted, however, whether many sufferers from howling and prowling dogs in cities would regard the prevention of the yearly slaughter of "thousands" as an improvement. The dog is a faithful friend but a bad neighbor, and his presence in cities should not be encouraged.

No Virtue in Lenity. From the New York Sun. Judge Thomas C. of the United States district court, has decided that lenity is a failure. In future criminals will find him a terror. He has tried one thing and will try the other. He has tried to be lenient, and he has failed in this court with its full punishment. There is to be no such thing as a suspension or reduction of sentence, excepting under extraordinary circumstances. I find that lenity has no effect. Those who have a sentimentality weakness for criminals would do well to ponder this example.

New Title for "A Democrat." From the Boston Herald. The degree of D. D. has now been conferred on David B. Hill by Mr. Croker, who says Hill is a Dead Duck.

Encouraging Ambition. From the Detroit Journal. "Why don't you cut down my cherry tree?" asked the old man of a young boy, who was ambitious for his father. "The boy hung his head." "What if I should discover that I can tell a lie, father?" he exclaimed, trembling. "For a lie is the character of the youth of today to lack confidence in itself."

THE TRUCK LEADER. The line is on the right to buy, and the line is on the left to sell. About me in the darkling air, Where each beloved volume lies, But now they seem to live and move, And flash from their marble slabs; And all the authors that I love, And all their creations fill the air. They never speak; their eager eyes Look for companions never found, As each into the darkness dives In