

## Editorial Correspondence

**EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.**  
Washington, April 21.—I have long regarded the Kansas City Star as one of the most intelligent, as well as one of the most enterprising American newspapers. It was with a good deal of surprise, therefore, that I noted by editorials in its edition of Saturday, April 19, how completely it had failed to grasp the real meaning of the fight over Cuban reciprocity in the House of Representatives. I have endeavored in previous letters to make the situation in regard to this matter clear, but if so able a newspaper as the Star has gained a wrong impression in regard to the contest, it is entirely likely that others with not so good opportunities for enlightenment may have conceived even more erroneous notions. At the risk of repeating some things that have already been said in these columns, it may be worth while, therefore, to point out the particulars in which the Star is mistaken. In the course of the editorials referred to the Star said:

The route which the thick and thin protectionists suffered in the House yesterday in connection with the Cuban reciprocity bill, will not tend to strengthen the position of the Speaker or add to his popularity. But best of all, the vote of yesterday shows that the majority of the present House is ready to assail the high wall of protection.

From these utterances it is apparent that the Star regards the Speaker and other Republican leaders of the House as "thick and thin" protectionists, and looks upon the members who opposed the reciprocity bill in the interest of beet sugar as tariff revisionists. The truth of the matter is that the beet sugar representatives have proclaimed long and loud in all their speeches on this subject that they are the only real, simple pure protectionists, and they have charged the Speaker and others who were insisting upon reciprocity with Cuba with proposing a measure which would result in making a breach in our tariff walls. Again and again those who opposed the bill have declared that it might properly have come from the Democratic free trade side of the chamber, but that it was a rank violation of Republican platforms and promises for it to be proposed by the Republican leaders of the House. All the opposition to the bill from the Republican side has been based upon the emphatic charge that it was a step in the direction of free trade.

As to the amendment striking down the differential on refined sugar, which the Star prefers to an especially gratifying evidence of a sentiment in the direction of lower tariff duties, it had no such significance whatever. As I stated in my last letter, it was purely a tactical move on the part of the Republicans who are opposed to the passage of the Cuban bill. Mr. Weeks, of Michigan, made this perfectly clear in his speech the day following the passage of the bill, when he declared in so many words, and with great emphasis that the amendment was put on for the purpose of killing the measure. Speaking of the motive of the Michigan delegation in voting for the amendment, Mr. Weeks said: "Our motive was to kill that bill—that's the plain English of it—and I believe it did kill the bill." Does that look as if the passage of the amendment was due to a weakening of protection sentiment on the part of the Republicans in the House?

The truth is that Republican sentiment in favor of the maintenance of a protective tariff was never stronger in the House of Representatives than it is at this time. As I have already stated, the opponents of the Cuban reciprocity based their opposition solely upon the ground that the measure would result in a breach in the tariff walls of the United States, while the proponents of the measure denied that this would be its effect, and reiterated with all possible emphasis their continued adherence to the doctrine of protection. I do not mean to be understood in any degree as asserting that the Republican party as represented in the lower House of Congress is unalterably pledged to any tariff schedule. No sane business man would insist that there is any sacredness about a tariff law, or that changing conditions should not be met at the proper time and in the proper way by a changed schedule. It is freely admitted by the most ardent protectionists that some of the rates fixed by the present tariff law are higher than necessary, and it is clearly understood that a general revision of the tariff must be undertaken at some time within the near future. It is not believed that this revision should be undertaken now, when all our industries are at

food tide, and when whatever inequalities may exist in the present law are not sufficiently acute to be a matter of serious embarrassment in any quarter. Whenever it becomes apparent that the general prosperity of the country may be enhanced by tariff revision, rather than checked and possibly overturned, the tariff will be revised; but it will be revised, if the Republican party is in power, along protection lines, and not in the direction of free trade.

Altogether the wittiest and most entertaining speech yet made in this session of Congress was the philippic delivered on last Friday by Representative Cushman of Washington, against the rules of the House. Mr. Cushman has a rare gift of sarcasm and ridicule and quaint humor, and he used it, most effectively on this occasion. Even those who were impaled on the shafts of his wit could not help admiring his skill, and at the close of his speech he received such an ovation as is rarely witnessed on the floor of the House.

And on the surface of things without looking to the foundations upon which they rest, he made a good case. It would seem of hand to go without saying that every representative ought to stand on an exact equality with every other representative, and that the House itself ought to determine in every instance the legislation it will consider. It would seem to admit of no argument that the power to defeat any measure should not be vested absolutely in the Speaker or in the five men who make up the committee on rules.

And yet it is not likely that these rules will ever be materially changed. It is certainly true that when the Democratic party was last in power, it made no effort to change them. It did not even attempt to alter the rule which authorizes the Speaker to count a quorum, although when that rule was adopted, under the leadership of Thomas B. Reed, the whole Democratic party declared that it was revolutionary and subversive, not of the constitution only, but of the inherent rights of man. The reason the Democratic party made no change in this or other any important rule was because it knew from experience that these rules were essential to the transaction of the public business. It must be remembered that the rules by which the House of Representatives is now governed are the result of more than a hundred years of legislative experience. Starting out in the first Congress with only the general rules of parliamentary practice, the House of Representatives has gradually evolved the code under which it now operates. This code is simply an illustration of the survival of the fittest. Through fifty-seven congresses the very ablest, as well as the most patriotic men this country has ever produced, have given their best thought to devising a system of parliamentary procedure which should be best fitted to insure wise and conservative legislation. It needs only a day of attendance upon the House of Representatives to understand how utterly impossible it would be to transact any business if every member of the House were at liberty to call up at any time any measure that he saw fit. It is doubtless a great aggravation to the individual member that he may not do this; but it is a great boon to the country.

Washington, April 23.—At the close of the legislative day on last Thursday, it became evident that no important vote would be taken in the House of Representatives during the remainder of the week, and so Mr. and Mrs. Long, and Mrs. Scott and the writer took advantage of the opportunity to pay a visit to the Charleston Exposition. Not that we expected to be interested in the exposition itself—and in this expectation, as will appear later, we were not disappointed—but because we have long wanted to visit the Old South, and see at close range the social and industrial conditions that exist there.

The Southern railroad, which is to all this country south of the Potomac and east of the Blue Ridge what the Santa Fe is to the Missouri Valley, takes its passengers through a very pretty country, among the hills of Virginia and North Carolina, and through the piney woods of Eastern and Northern South Carolina. A pretty country to look at, as I have already said in these letters—particularly pretty now that the warm touch

of springtime has brought out the vivid greens of the broad leaved trees to contrast in striking fashion with the dark green of the pine needles. A pretty country, but a poor country as I have also said already, containing but a sparse population and yielding even to these few apparently a most grudging support.

One would think that in this Southern latitude the spring work would be all done, and the crops showing well above the ground, but this is by no means the case. All through North Carolina, and until the truck patches near Charleston were reached in South Carolina, there were whole fields that had not been touched by the plow. In other fields the plowmen were at work—negroes without exception, plowing with one mule and a single shovel plow. In not a single instance did we see a man working with two horses or two mules and a good modern man-size plow. But the man and the mule were not alone. The wife and the children were in the field also, the smaller children dropping the cotton or corn as the case happened to be, and the mother and the larger children following after to cover the seed with a hoe. In one or two cases a fat rock hitched to a mule was substituted for the woman with the hoe; reminding me of my own boyhood, when I covered many rows of seed corn in the same primitive fashion. Farming down South is certainly a sociable, if not a profitable, occupation.

About a hundred miles North of Charleston, the hill country ends, and we come into a section as level as Central Kansas, but resembling it in no other way; differing from it particularly in the utter lack of grass. Even in the places where the forest has been cut down, and the ground put to no other use, the grass does not grow. I presume the soil is so loose and sandy that the roots cannot get hold, or that they are parched and killed by the long, hot summer day. As a result of this lack of grass "The Beef Steer and his Sister" are strangers to South Carolina. In all the journey I think we saw not more than two or three skinny and discouraged looking cows, tied to trees browsing the undergrowth; and at the best restaurant in Charleston condensed milk was offered as the best available substitute for cream. Think of having to put condensed milk in your coffee in a city of 60,000 people!

On this trip, as on my little journey a few weeks ago into Virginia, I was surprised to find so little of the country cleared. The big timber has all been cut out long ago, but the ground has been allowed to grow up with a new forest instead of being used for farm purposes. It is certainly a fair estimate to say that of the country in sight of the railroad between Washington and Charleston, a distance of nearly 800 miles, not to exceed twenty-five per cent. is under the plow. Of course this is due to the simple fact that three-fourths of the country is valueless for farm purposes.

It has been a long time since I have witnessed so melancholy a scene of merry making as that which a visit to the Charleston Exposition revealed. The buildings are there—graceful and well arranged, and of really striking architectural beauty—and there are a good many exhibits, although most of them are of a purely commercial character. "The Midway is there with its Esquimaux village, and its Streets of Cairo, and its Magic Maze, and its Trained Horse, and its Barkers, and all the other "attractions" which have been so familiar since the bad fashion was set by Chicago in 1893. But the people for whose entertainment all these glories were assembled, and whose good dollars were counted to pay the cost—the people are not here. It was a beautiful afternoon when we were there, the band was out, and the races were in full force and effect—and I am sure that at no time during the afternoon or evening were more than 200 persons on the ground. Lonesome! Why the very barkers in the Midway ceased talking when a stray group of stragglers came by, in order that they might for a fleeting moment hear the sound of some human voice beside their own. On the official program it was Alaska Day, and it was certainly chilly and solitary enough to justify the name. Saturday was Oregon Day, and preparations had been made for a musical and oratorical program. Representative Tongue came all the way from Washington with a carefully prepared and most excellent speech to sound the glories of his state. The day was perfect, and the daily papers gave first page advertisement to the great attractions at the exposition. And when all the special excursions

had arrived, and the band had played, and played again, and then played some more, and the President of the Exposition presented Mr. Tongue, the latter advanced courageously to the front of the platform in the great auditorium, and found himself confronting an audience of seventy-five people! It was pitiful.

Of course the reason is not far to seek for the light attendance which has made the Charleston Exposition a financial failure. In the first place, and chiefly, the people of the United States are tired of expositions. And in the second place, Charleston is not a good location for such an enterprise. The city itself contains but 60,000 people, of whom 40,000 are negroes. The local support of the exposition, therefore, has been insignificant. Outside of Charleston there are no nearby centers of population. The city is off the main traveled roads and on the very edge of the continent. To reach it from the more populous portions of the country requires a long, tedious and expensive journey. And so through all the winter the average attendance has been so light the officers are ashamed to let the true figures be known, and an inquiry as to how many people have been there is answered evasively, but with a sorrowful acknowledgment that the number has been far less than was expected. It is not denied that the enterprise has been a most costly failure to the public spirited citizens who have shouldered the burden of it. The President, Mr. Waggoner, has expended over \$200,000 out of his own purse to complete the fair and keep it going. It is really too bad that so much energy and enterprise should have brought so poor a reward.

But if the exposition is disappointing, the city of Charleston is not, and in another letter I shall try to sketch some of the features in it and about it which to my way of thinking make it one of the most interesting and in some ways the most attractive cities on the continent.

### AS TO MAE

New York Sun.  
It seems rather harsh, but when you come right down to the exact proprieties in the case, the only thing you can do with her is to take her gently away somewhere and there quietly kill her. She should be buried where she falls. The ground should be stamped down and sodded to an even surface. There should not be a trace left to indicate where Mae rests. We want to obliterate Mae. We want to exterminate Mae and then go on as hopefully as we can, trying to forget that we ever had a Mae.

Why we ever had a Mae, any how is a question some might ask. Probably it would be going against providence to ask it. It's our cross, most likely.

The only thing to do is to wear the cross as long as you can and then kill Mae.  
Damn Mae, as the Rev. Dr. Bainsford would say. That, is, he didn't mention Mae, but he said something was damned rot, and if Mae isn't that kind of rot, why, then, what is? And there you are, with clerical authority back of you for saying out loud all the things you have thought every time you saw Mae's name in print.

And who is Mae anyway? She isn't English; she isn't Dutch, Spanish or Eytalian. And by the Lord Harry, she isn't American. Can anybody conceive of an American Mae? If any body can, hunt him out and lynch him. It's the most appropriate attention you can pay him, and then to society his taking off will be a boon—a sweet boon. No, we have no American Maes. That is, it is to be wished that we have as few as possible. Nobody would like the idea of taking a nice American girl out somewhere and then killing her. And yet it would have to be done if she had the Mae habit hopelessly fixed on her. It's a mussy kind of a job, but the "Maes" have got to be done for in some way. Murder seems the only way out.

And there is "Mayme" and "Jean"; what are you going to do with them? Well, of course, in those cases, that's a death with painful accessories. "Mayme" naturally leads to mayhem, and suggests its own remedy of breaking on the wheel. And as to "Jean," which is the beginning of a decent French name, who, there was Jeanne d'Arc, who was burned alive for not doing half so bad.

But this age is beyond all that. What we want to do is to give "Mae" and "Mayme" and "Jean" decent deaths, and above all, burials that are out of sight. We need the room that they take for our own gentle Maes and our own modest Marys and our own sincere Janes.  
"Mae," "Mayme," "Jean"—faugh! Damn 'em! as the Rev. Dr. Bainsford would say.

## Kansas Clips and Comments

Eight boys from the Hutchinson Reform school are serving their country in the Philippines.

The pension building at Washington is a large barn-like structure and it is now called the Eugene F. Warehouse.

A Sylvan Grove woman beat her husband for a place on the council. There's nothing like keeping an office in the family.

Abilene Reflector: To the weather man: Sample of rain received last night was satisfactory. Send full shipment at once.

Lawrence World: They make the most of water in Wichita. A woman drowned herself there in six inches of water the other day.

Abilene is so thoroughly convinced that there is oil or gas underneath the town that she is going to sink another well before she gives up.

Victor Murdock says that General Funston will now proceed to give an imitation of a grave yard of a deaf and dumb asylum at midnight.

Minneapolis Messenger: The most remarkable incident in Eugene Ware's appointment as Pension Commissioner is the fact that the Atchison Globe is pleased.

Out at Hutchinson J. B. Bushnell sued L. J. White for \$217.96 and the jury gave White a verdict for 53 cents and made Bushnell pay the costs of the suit.

The Wichita Eagle thinks that by the time the beef trust is investigated the price will have fallen and the people won't care whether it is investigated or not.

At a dance in Leavenworth somebody left the cellar door open and one of the young ladies danced into the opening and both limbs were broken by the fall.

Consul Bigham who was appointed consul to South Africa not long ago from Kansas will resign and return home. He says he cannot live on the salary of \$3,000 a year.

The Ottawa Herald has believed all the time that the Kansas City post-office fight was a serious thing but it knows it now since the Leavenworth Times called it an "embroglio."

Senator Burton was the chief speaker at a dinner given by the Union League club and the Grant post in Brooklyn Saturday night, the occasion being Grant's birthday.

On Tuesday old residents of Wichita dropped a tear of sorrow. It was the thirteenth anniversary of the opening of the Strip, on which date Wichita figured she lost 5,000 population.

Another of those deliciously sensitive consciences has been discovered at Emporia. An Englishman who left the county in 1875 owing thirteen cents in taxes has just paid the county.

Marion Record: The Twentieth Kansas boys were invincible on the field of battle, but they surrender right about at home. Every few days we hear of one of them getting married.

The Topeka Capital thinks that the Kansas delegates to the bi-ennial club meeting at Los Angeles will land on that third wife of Brigham Roberts good and plenty when she presents her credentials.

At Hutchinson a colt was born in a pony show; at Ft. Scott a pup was born in a dog show; at Wellington a jobu was born to a menagerie; and at Chanute it is expected the circus elephant will have twins.

A Russian nihilist who was sent to Siberia and escaped is located at Newton where he is doctoring eyes. Any man who could see a way to escape from Siberia alive must be an authority on good eyesight.

Lawrence Journal: The twenty-first birthday of prohibition will be celebrated in Kansas this week, but so far no steps have been taken to get up much of a meeting or make a great demonstration over the day in Leavenworth.

The papers report that all the elephants in the State took sick and nearly died from drinking water at Hutchinson. Has anyone inquired whether the elephants got near that Abilene spring?

The only thing that saved Junction City from being wiped off the map Sunday was the fact that Uncle Sam has a big army post close by. A Junction City doctor shipped a small pox patient to Abilene and that town found it out Sunday.

At Galena a deserted wife has applied to the authorities for aid. She is 16 years old and has two children, having wedded when she was 13 years of age. Her husband left her fifty cents when he moved on. He ought to be tried for child desertion on three counts.

The Arkansas City street commissioner is out with a statement saying that all persons owing poll tax will confer a favor on him if they will call and pay it without further notice. It's certainly his first term. Printer's ink will work wonders but it won't collect poll tax.

The prohibition troubles abound down on the lower Mississippi. On the river are dry counties but boats ply the river equipped with bars and they pick up the thirsty along the banks. After a long wait the authorities have seized the last of these "blind pigs."

There is a man up in Emporia so ornery that it is said the meanest thing he ever did was to go back to live with his wife from whom he had been separated.

Miss Essie Fae, formerly of Fort Scott, now the wife of a French count and a celebrated violinist, gave a concert in Fort Scott lately and with the proceeds paid \$150 she borrowed there to pursue her musical studies years ago.

The Holton Record thinks that the impression that has got abroad that no Kansas jury will convict a pretty woman for murder may be the means of getting women in trouble because some very homely women think they are pretty.

The Lawrence Journal excuses the State University's recent defeat in debate at the hands of Nebraska by saying that the Nebraska boys are from Lincoln where they are constantly under the influence of Bryan's spell-binding.

The Shawnee Democrats have endorsed J. B. Billard for State Treasurer and the Hiawatha Democrat rises to ask who Billard is. Is fame so fleeting? Billard is the man who kicked up a row at Topeka because the teachers wanted to read a chapter from the Bible in the city schools.

Frank Jarroll in his political dictionary is giving out some useful information. For instance: County Convention—A machine to test the strength of Bailey and Troutman. Slate—A list of candidates fixed up by men who are not delegates to the convention which the men who are delegates are expected to vote for.

Prof. Bashford, the scientist who says there is no gold in the Kansas shale, does contend however, that it contains valuable properties and that from it may be made cement, paint, grease, shoe blacking, artificial sugar, fuel, etc. having 100 articles in his list. So we shall not really miss the gold, after all.

A Sumner county lawyer has received the full confession of a man who killed a servant girl by striking her over the head with a broom stick, and the tender hearted lawyer hints that the murderer is another Jean Vanjean and would be invited to step from prison if the public knew what he knew.

Leavenworth Times: A Barber county man has the nerve to say that Kansas will have a bumper wheat crop in spite of fate. It is this glowing brand of hope which percolates through the heart of every Jayhawker which makes it possible for him to look at adversity in the eye without a tremor and say: "It might have been worse," or "It will never happen again."

The Abilene Chronicle says that the war between the Santa Fe and Union Pacific for the women's club business to the Pacific coast has reached that acute stage where the Union Pacific is giving a copy of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems and the Santa Fe a shirt waist and a subscription to the Ladies' Home Journal with every ticket sold.

The trouble between the students and faculty at Baker University has reached that stage where the students feel that the interests of humanity and civilization demand that their side be placed before the public and they are out in communications to the Dailies. Will the tyrannical and despotic faculties in these United States never cease to trample on the God given rights and privileges of the students?

Usually when a man rides in a hearse he is traveling towards the grave but down near Pittsburg the other day a hearse carried a man from the edge of the grave back to life. Some men were engaged in a free for all fight and two of them opened fire on another. A hearse came by returning from a funeral and the man they were firing on jumped on and was carried to safety.

The Wilbur-Kirwin opera company pleased some of the habits of the baldheaded row at Wichita so well that they gave the girls a dinner after an entertainment, and two of them loaned their favorites diamond rings. The girls forgot to give them back and the policemen were sent to recover the property. The girls claimed the rings were given them and rather than stand the notoriety the men refused to prosecute.

Since his appointment as pension commissioner some of the old soldiers have gotten up the following parody on his poem "Are you there Alabama?"

Are you there Eugene Ware,  
If you are, will you be fair,  
All we ask in our prayer  
Is for you to be square.  
Let the eagle sweepers beware,  
Let them cage and tear their hair.  
Give us what the laws declare  
In our just and proper share  
That is all we ask of Ware,  
BUREAU WAR.

The Arkansas City Traveler tells one of a pair of little boys who were their mother's especial pride. She boasted that they never had language and they always said their prayers voluntarily. One night she tucked them in bed and said down near the bed waiting for them to go to sleep. One of the darlings began poking the other in the ribs who after lying still for a moment turned savagely and said "Go to the Devil, can't you. I am saying my prayers." The mother was a sadder but wiser woman.