

Washington, there is scarcely a day passes that the fiery senator doesn't want to have somebody—an I. W. W. or a profiteer or a slacker—shot at sunrise. A bit theatrical at times, he has the rare faculty of calling a spade a spade, and when he starts out to flail someone he usually makes the fur fly. That he should suddenly cut loose a broadside of characteristic criticism and invectives against the Southern contingent must have caused some of those fine fellows to shake in their boots. Our junior senator is somewhat of a fire-eater himself—when he gets into action he can out-pitchfork old Ben Tillman himself—and nowhere in all the North or West is there another member of the United States senate so amply equipped to fight those Southern Democrats with their own weapons. In other words, when the senator from Utah unlimbered his armaments it was a case of fighting the devil with fire.

So it was that Senator King's speech provoked a Southern colleague to pay the following compliment to Utah: "Both the Utah senators, I am afraid, are rather vying with each other these days in their attitude toward river and harbor legislation; they are outstripping Don Quixote in his palmiest days when he was fighting windmills; but the junior senator from Utah has no pacemaker either in history or in literature, unless it be that fellow who undertook to ride up the west Capitol steps on his horse, with the intention of proceeding right into the Halls of Congress in an effort to 'teach Congress confidence and horse sense.' He was prompted by a high sense of public duty, similar to that which the junior senator from Utah was laboring under, I take it. The idea of the man on horseback was that he was to represent confidence and the horse was to represent horse sense. So on Saturday (March 18) the junior senator from Utah rode into the Senate on his hobby of economy and reactionary conservatism."

One naturally supposes that the above was intended as sarcasm, but it missed the mark. Senator King may be Quixotic at times, and he has been known to fight windmills; however on that particular day he was not flourishing his sword at a fancy—he was combating one of the most vicious and sinister evils that has crept into our national political system. We have yet to read his reply to the free-booters from the South, but our hot-blooded senator is fairly good at calling names himself, and it wouldn't surprise us in the least to hear any day that he waded right into their nest, bearded the whole pork barrel crowd and called them a gang of cut-throats and thieves, compared to whom the notorious Captain Kidd would seem an honest man and a desirable citizen. That they happen to be Democrats will count for little as our junior senator proceeds to skin them alive and tack their hides to the fence. All of which will be interesting to watch.

Meanwhile, Senator Smoot stands guard of the Treasury and never allows a single day to pass without calling the attention of his colleagues to the current extravagances of government. He is less dramatic, less spectacular in his ways than Senator King, but in clear-headed, cold-blooded fashion he is writing facts and figures into the Congressional Record that will come back to curse the politicians and plunderers who are now running amuck in Washington. When the day of reckoning arrives and the American people come to a full realization of how the treasury has been raided, then the endeavors of the two Utah senators will stand out in striking contrast to that of a majority of the members of Congress, and then will they be accorded the credit due for the splendid, uphill fight they are waging now.

THE TOLL AT SEA.

ACCORDING to figures recently issued by the British Admiralty, the total tonnage sunk by the enemy submarines during 1917 exceeds 6,500,000. At least a third of these losses were sustained during the second quarter of the year when the submarines reached the peak of their efficiency. They were then destroying upwards of three-quarters of a million tons monthly. Since July of last year, however, there has been a steady decline in the losses sustained until at present they approximate less than 50 per cent of what they were on year ago. Moreover, the American shipyards are now in full swing and are more than making good the losses to the shipping of the Allies. The tide has turned and from now on the undersea assassins will have an uphill fight.

Wherefore we may all breathe more easily, and yet one is astounded who contemplates the scope of destruction wrought by the submarines in a single year. It is estimated that every ton of shipping costs \$200. At that figure, the losses in ships alone to the Allies last year aggregated \$1,300,000,000. Then it is safe to say that the cargoes carried by these ships would be worth at least four times as much as the ships themselves. The losses thereby entailed, then, would approach a total of \$5,000,000,000. Thus the combined losses in ships and cargoes—losses that can never be reclaimed—at the least calculation go well past the six billion mark, a staggering item to contemplate. And as one contemplates the dream of destruction of old Admiral von Tirpitz and how near it came to realization, it causes even the most cold-blooded person to shake in his boots.

As matters now stand, the German press is making no secret of its disappointment over the failure of the submarines to starve England and stop the U. S. army transports in their tracks across the sea. They profess chagrin at the thought that they "hardly ever sink an American troopship, and when we do sink one we always find that only the ship is lost, whereas the troops whom we really want to destroy are always saved." They no doubt recall Ludendorff's boastful prophecy of a year ago that "our submarines will see to it that the American troops will not reach the European battlefront" and that other assurance of the war lords that although a million soldiers might leave America, they would all see the bottom of the Atlantic. Well, our troopships seem to be racing past the submarines without having their schedules seriously interfered with, and somehow or other, England manages to keep from starving to death; in fact she is not only keeping body and soul together, in spite of the submarines, but she is showing the Germans the fanciest kind of fighting along the West front. To the thick-headed Teuton this is all very difficult to comprehend; he can't quite figure it out with the information he has at hand. The British Admiralty and the U. S. navy chiefs could no doubt enlighten him, but what they know must remain a dark secret—for the time being, at least.

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THE PRESIDENT IS RIGHT.

PRESIDENT WILSON wants Congress to stay on the job instead of chasing back home to repair political fences and line up for the fall elections. Of late a great majority of the congressmen have been showing more concern over what is happening in their respective districts than they have manifested towards the vital issues that demand their immediate attention. This was to be expected—and is to be pardoned, we suppose. Your average congressman has a deep-seated conviction that the destinies of the Republic reside in his keeping, and therefor it is his bounden duty to perpetuate himself in office. And how can he accomplish this unless he leaves Washington to swelter by itself in summer time while he rushes home to kiss the babies, compliment the ladies and shake hands with every Tom, Dick and Harry in his district?

The President, however, takes a different view of the situation and seeks to set the minds of such as these at rest by assuring them that "politics is adjourned" and that "the elections will go to those who think least of it; to those who go to the constituencies without explanation or excuses, with a plain record of duty faithfully and disinterestedly performed." As to the latter observation, we fully agree with the President, but we doubt that it will be very reassuring to some four hundred and odd lawmakers. They will remain in Washington, of course, and do whatever the President desires, not because they hold the same high opinion of their constituents but because he has fixed the responsibility upon their shoulders and they fear to go home until they have cleared the calendar of all urgent business. Meanwhile they will be most uncomfortable—and the warm weather will not be together the cause of their discomfort.

What the President had in mind when he said "politics is adjourned" invites all sorts of speculations. Surely he is going to allow us to hold our customary elections this fall, even though he will not countenance the return of the congressmen to participate in their own campaigns at an early date! Perhaps he merely desired to speed Congress up a bit.