

Whitelaw Reid and George William Curtis and the other malcontents in the party. Conkling resigned and appealed to the New York legislature to re-elect him.

With the whole power of the Washington administration, the Democrats and mugwumps in the New York legislature against him he was finally beaten. It was the triumph of a pack of mangy wolves over a real lion. If Mr. Root knows anything he knows the above is true. If Colonel Ingersoll can get any comfort out of it, he is welcome. And he forgets when he quotes from Mr. Root his arraignment of Platt that it was that same Platt who nominated Colonel Roosevelt for vice president on the ticket with McKinley. And he was the colonel's friend up to the day of his death.

The colonel has never yet had occasion to denounce corruption in New York politics, except when he wanted something personally. And judging the future by his past, he never will.

### The Measure Of Character

ONE in every forty-four inhabitants in the great state of New York has some kind of an automobile. And the factories are working double shifts to supply the other forty-three. Apparently not to own an auto in New York is to be relegated to the ranks of the unrespected, and fixes the status of a man as one whose friendship is not only not to be desired, but altogether inconvenient.

When fond mothers tell their small encumbrances not to be rude to neighboring children, but to cultivate no close friendships with them, the children understand the reason—the neighbor has no auto. It is the same as it is among colored people of the south when one of them who has forty acres and a mule tells his children to "hab nuffin to do with dose common niggars," who have no acres and no mule.

In the economy of society it is necessary to have the lines strictly drawn between the classes, else, in some cases, it would be impossible to locate the exact spot where real respectability ceases and the unwelcome begins.

In the meantime there are no colts in the pasture for the children to pet, and as the winter comes on to bring to the stable and see that they are watered and fed; no colts in the stalls to sound a good morning whinney when they come to the stable to see if they are fed and watered and groomed; no ponies to ride along the country roads; no races; no assimilation between the pony and the boy; no chance for the boy to tell the neighbor's boy that his is the best colt because in his veins there is a strain of old Messenger or Boston or Electioneer that were brought across the sea to give to America horses more speed, endurance and courage.

Rather the aristocratic boy now tells his friend that his automobile can make better speed than the other boy's, because there is less waste in the consumption of gasoline, and there is no longer horse sense in a man, rather the brains of the race are being rated as either refined high-class gasoline or just crude oil.

And after a little while longer if a man is tapped upon the breast above his heart, the echo that will come back will have only the barren tintinabulation of a thumped tin can.

### Battle Visions

AT the siege of Troy, in every great fight, according to the Iliad, the gods and goddesses came down from Olympia and took a hand in the battle. Mars and the goddess of war were most prominent, but sometimes old Neptune and even Apollo took a hand, Juno, though a little wary of her husband who had told her to stay at home and see to her housekeeping would mix in, while Jove himself did not refrain when the occasion

called for it, to raise thunder for the side he favored.

About a thousand years later, at Lake Regillus when the fight was at its height, there appeared the two marvelous ones before the lines of Aulus,—"White as snow their armor was, their steeds were white as snow," and when the twilight came they carried the news of the victory to Rome and when the awed Sergius saw and heard them he "scarce found voice" to tell the people that—

"These be the Great Twin brethren  
To whom the Dorians pray."

History is repeating itself in Europe. The British army when sore spent in the battle, when the on-coming Germans threatened to sweep the field, suddenly saw a cloud above them and a little later out of the cloud the form of St. George in golden armor and riding a steed white as were the steeds of the great twin brethren appeared, and suddenly the Germans stopped, turned and retreated, when Paris was almost in their grasp.

Above the field of Mons, the French, when in sore straits, suddenly saw above them St. Michael and Joan of Arc, and again the Teutons fled. The Russians in a crisis saw the Virgin above them, on one arm holding the infant Christ, the other hand pointing to the west. In all these cases, officers and men testify to the apparition and one French soldier when brought in wounded almost to the death, bore a look of exultation on his pallid face, for had he not seen St. Michael in the ether above him.

We have not heard from the Germans, whether the ghosts of old Sagamons have appeared to them or not; nor have the Turks reported whether they have been cheered by the apparition of the prophet or the martial ghost of Soladin. But sure it is, there's nothing new under the sun. However, it is clear that St. George, Saint Michael and even the Maid of Orleans are all old fashioned, else they would have discarded the steeds and come in celestial automobiles that use ambrosial oil for fuel, with engines that do not rattle and whose hand is a triumph like Gabriel's.

It is a joy to think that maybe when those devoted soldiers in all the armies are dying, celestial visions shine before their glazing eyes and make them forget the anguish of dissolution.

### Thomas A. Cosgriff

A STRONG man, an industrial chief, a christian gentleman was Thomas A. Cosgriff of Denver, whose final summons has come.

He forged out a fortune for himself, in doing it his deeper nature was never smothered; he was a banker in business, but all the time was a little providence to those who leaned upon him. He was a pillar of strength to the business of the intermountain west for many years; his death is a great loss to both those states; a great loss in business and in citizenship.

Sincere sympathies go out to his relatives and the multitude of his friends.

### The Progressives

IN 1913 Charles Summer Bird, Progressive candidate for governor of Massachusetts, received 127,750 votes; the Republican nominee, Augustus Peabody Gardner, 116,705; Mr. Bird this year is supporting the Republican, Mr. McCall, the Republican candidate for governor, even as he said he would provided the Republican platform was progressive enough to suit him. He says it is.

We take it that the above represents the thought of all Progressives in every state, save such as have been buffaloed into a conviction that no one will do for them as a candidate except their fascinating Bull Moose, and those others who are the modern apostles of discontent and have no interest in the world save to live 'w' work.

IT is possible that the disturbed commercial relations between Brazil and the United States is a good thing for the rubber gatherers up the Amazon.

Could the monkeys in the Brazilian forests get hold of one of our illustrated papers and see the pictures of our automobile manufactories, they would load up with cocoanuts and beat the rubber-gatherers to death. And the Anacondas that go to the banks of the Amazon, take a twist around the rubber trees and then submerge the balance of their length in the river to stand off the heat, would they not try the twist on the rubber boats? Then the centipeds, tarantulas, spiders and those ants that eat through a thick leather boot in a night, would they not all be enlisted?

Too close relations with neighbors are not good things—sometimes.

Notwithstanding the manipulation of the daily treasury statement by which the net balance in the U. S. general fund was made to show an increase from \$40,898,894 on September 30 to \$128,063,545 on the following day, the trend of government business is such that the net balance is gradually dropping. On October 11, it had gone down to \$119,819,746, even under the new method of bookkeeping—a decrease of \$8,243,799 in ten days, or an average of \$824,000 per day. It will be interesting to see what the next device of the treasury department will be to cover up its deplorable financial condition.

Postmaster General Burleson announces that the parcel post is paying a profit. While that is merely his opinion, given in the absence of any definite facts upon which a safe conclusion could be based, it furnishes a proper occasion to remark that the postmaster general placed an additional burden upon the railroads without giving them additional pay when he required them to transport, as parcel post matter, money which had previously been carried by the railroads as express matter. In various other ways he increased the amount of parcel post matters transported without increasing the pay of the railroads. Perhaps litigation or an investigation will sometime show the extent of this additional service required without corresponding compensation, but until that is shown it will not be possible for anyone to say whether the parcel post pays a profit above all rightful charges against it. It is a good bet that it doesn't under the Burleson rates and weights.

Messrs. J. Henry Goeke and E. R. Bathrick, erstwhile Democratic congressmen from Ohio, blew into Washington recently and foretold the carrying of the Buckeye state for President Wilson in 1915 as a "foregone conclusion." Some foretellers, these boys! Their power of prophecy is almost uncanny. Each of them foretold his own re-election on the Democratic ticket to the next congress, by a "rousing majority," but if you will scan the list of congressmen who are going to spend the next year patching up the job-lot of legislation enacted by the Democracy since 1913, you will find Hon. J. E. Russell, Republican, will restore dignity to the seat lately occupied by Mr. Koeke, while Hon. J. G. Cooper, also Republican, will return Bathrick's congressional district to its pristine vigor. The more such political repudiatees predict Wilsonian victory the more confidence is inspired in the breasts of the Republicans.

To be adequately prepared for defense, the president now says, is not a mere technical matter. Yet last spring and all through the summer he thought the country was adequately defended when a lone college professor locked himself up in a room at the White House and fired a volley of words from a typewriter.