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Champ Clark's
Letter

Government Departments Need Investigation—People's Money Squandered. A Suggestion—Denatured Alcohol.

[Special Washington Letter.]

THE fact that there has been a large theft of public money in Chicago—some say that it will amount to a million dollars—and that no arrest has been made seems to show that "there is something rotten in the state of Denmark" and the secret service system of the United States would be greatly strengthened by an overhauling, fumigation and renovation. Those Republican officials in the Windy City seem to think it the proper thing to be very free with Uncle Samuel's money. This and other recent happenings indicate how greatly a change is needed in the conduct of the government. No doubt when Machin and his partners in crime, now resident in the West Virginia penitentiary for malfeasance in the postal department, hear of the heavy swag which their Republican brethren in Chicago got away with and then think of their own meager stealings they must be in the frame of mind in which Lord Clive found himself when he was accused of robbing the East Indian princes of a few millions, whereupon he exclaimed, with a great oath, "When I think of my opportunities, I stand aghast at my own moderation!" A thorough investigation into and shaking up of all the departments would do a world of good and save much money to the taxpayers in the days to come. Of course what's gone is gone beyond recall. The mill will never grind again with the water that is past. I do not mean by the foregoing that all the employees of the government or even a large percentage of them are dishonest, but I do mean that in many instances there is preposterous prodigality in the expenditure of public funds and in some cases dishonesty.

Not long since congress was compelled to pass an act making it a criminal offense for any head of a department to create a deficiency by spending or contracting to expend more money than was appropriated. They had been warned time and again not to do so, but they paid no more attention to the warnings than a full feathered duck pays to a gentle April shower. They went on deliberately and serenely making deficiencies till congress collared them, and then they seemed to think that they were badly used.

Out in bleeding Kansas they never tire of politics. Governor Hoch has just been sworn in for his second term, but already a red-hot campaign is on for the gubernatorial succession. Several candidates are in the field, and a stranger in Kansas would conclude that the Sunflower State would elect a governor in a few days instead of in November, 1908. The strangest part of the story is that the Kansans frequently grow weary of their governors during the two year term and refuse them the endorsement of a re-election. Their greatest governor was George T. Anthony, but he could get only one term. Bailey had only one, though he wanted a second term very much, and they came near beating Hoch for re-election.

Plain Talk by Mr. Sims.

Judge Sims of Tennessee does not set up for a gimcrack orator, but there is no man in the house who talks more sensibly than he. He is a plain, blunt man who loves not only his friends, but the truth also. He is a terror to the looters of the treasury. His honesty and courage are proverbial with the members. On a proposition for the District of Columbia to pay two or three prices for some land Brother Sims delivered this brief but forcible speech:

"Mr. Chairman, I wish to oppose this appropriation because it involves more than the mere amount appropriated. Everybody who has any land in this District that he cannot sell to a speculator or to his neighbors endeavors to sell it to the government. I know of one gentleman who has a lot of hills, ruins and ravines that are not fit for anything except to furnish shade who is trying to unload them on the government for park purposes. Another party or parties who have a piece of land a little nearer heaven than any other spot in the District, with no shade on it, want to unload it on the government for the purpose of furnishing free sunshine. So that you can go down into the cool, shady, damp, musty hollows in Rock Creek park and get hot, and then you can go on the sun, clothed heights of Meridian hill and get hot, and vice versa. They want a park here and another yonder and everywhere, and everybody that has any land he cannot sell to anybody else endeavors to unload it on the government for a street or an avenue or to have another park."

As the gentleman from Kentucky has asked, I would like to know whether men could recover their senses by working on hills like those in the land to be purchased in this District. This particular one may not have been, but it is time to stop encouraging this sort of thing in the city of Washington. Every time we try to reduce the government's share of taxes in this District of Columbia we are met by the statement that the government owns more than half of all the real estate in this District, leaving insufficient property on which to levy taxes, thus making it necessary for the government to pay at least half the burdens of the city and District.

Unloading on Uncle Sam.

And yet every man that I know anything about who has a bad job on his hands is trying to unload it on the government. Now, we are asked to buy everything south of Pennsylvania avenue lying between the avenue and the mall; to buy power houses, theaters, meat markets, hotels, railroad offices and all other buildings in that strip of land, because the property is offered at a bargain and is going up. Nine times out of ten it is just as the gentleman from New York said about this property—it is going down. The city is building away from it, private individuals do not want it, and immediately the government is asked to become a purchaser. How long has it been since this house heard nothing but the beauties, glories and necessities of a hall of records? Somebody had some land to sell. When they got it sold we heard no more about the hall of records. So it goes on all the time. Rock Creek park must be increased, the lines must be straightened, Anacostia must have a park, Georgetown must have a park. We are asked to appropriate for parks, streets and avenues without limit.

The superintendent says they need this land, but he does not present any very convincing reason why they need it. In my opinion this is another attempt to unload undesirable property on to the government. People who have good property that is advancing rapidly in price do not usually show as much anxiety to get rid of it. I have always fought shy of

bargain counters. What we purchase on bargain counters usually in the end costs heavily. I say let our generous minded landowners here in Washington keep their bargains and pay taxes and get the benefit of the inevitable advance in values they so confidently predict when endeavoring to unload their undesirable stuff on the taxpayers of the whole country. Let us vote down all such propositions. The house took Judge Sims at his word and promptly voted down the proposition.

A Presidential Suggestion.

A writer in one of the Washington city papers suggests the name of Hon. Samuel McCall of the Harvard district of Massachusetts for the Republican presidential nomination. Of course nobody commissioned me to select Republican candidates for the presidency or any other office, but I give it as my opinion for what it is worth that the Republicans might go much further and do much worse than to nominate Mr. McCall. He is a scholar, a gentleman, a philosopher and a speaker of great force. I have never heard a man who uses the English language with more grace and delicacy than Mr. McCall. It is a delight to listen to his polished periods. As to verbal precision he is the equal of John James Ingalls. He is honest as the day and independent as a hog on ice, as we say out in the Mississippi valley, and there's the rub so far as his presidential nomination is concerned. He too frequently acts on his own initiative and too frequently kicks out of the party traces to please the bosses. They want a more pliable man. If elected, he would make a clean, capable and patriotic president. Though representing the Harvard district, he was neither born nor educated in the old Bay State.

Denatured Alcohol Once More.

After hard trials and great tribulations the friends of the house denatured alcohol bill got it placed upon the statute books. Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island fought it tooth and nail for fear it would damage the Standard Oil, but he was finally rolled decisively. His way of doing it to death was by an amendment requiring the personal presence of a United States revenue officer at all times when denatured alcohol was being distilled, whereas the house bill provides for sealed tanks to which a federal officer carries the keys. These tanks are so constructed that no one save the revenue official with the key can get one drop of the stuff out. In this way one revenue officer can easily look after several stills, thereby reducing the expense to the minimum. This will enable even small farmers to convert their surplus products—anything containing starch or sugar—into denatured alcohol, which is destined to revolutionize heating, lighting and motive power. This was precisely what Aldrich feared. Those of us in the house who have been active in pushing the bill sent word over to the senate that if the Aldrich amendment should be added we would kill our own bill in the house rather than have it emasculated by the Aldrich amendment, which would have converted a tiptop bill into a legislative gold brick.

Many members of the house deserve honorable mention in this connection, but Hon. Ebenezer J. Hill of Connecticut is entitled to first place. He worked like a beaver and haunted the senate chamber until he made life a burden to some of the conscript fathers. Hill is the most industrious mortal I ever clapped my eyes on and in this case rendered the country splendid service.

A Commoner.

The welcome which Hon. James Bryce, British ambassador, has met in America breaks the record. It seems that everybody is glad that he has come among us. It is a pleasure to meet him. The enthusiasm for him grows out of two or three things. He wrote "The American Commonwealth," decidedly the best book ever written about us by a foreigner. He has visited this country many times before. He is distinguished in his own land. He has a charming personality. He is a commoner. It is in keeping with the eternal fitness of things that a plain, untitled man should be ambassador to Washington. No doubt his official residence here will be of advantage to both countries. In politics he is a Liberal, and Americans, at least a vast majority of them, have always had a friendly feeling for the Liberals of Great Britain, and while of course a foreign ambassador is not expected or permitted to take a hand in our politics, still it is safe to say that Mr. Bryce will be a close and intelligent observer of our political performances and will make many notes for use in his own political activities at home. There is no sort of trouble betwixt us and Great Britain, and there is no prospect of any. In fact, as President Zachary Taylor said in his first and only annual message to congress, "We are at peace with all the nations of the earth and the rest of mankind," so the chances are that Ambassador Bryce will have a delightful service in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Sober Old Connecticut.

Who said that race prejudice is confined to the south? All who believe any such foolery would do well to give their optics to this dispatch:

Hartford, Conn.—The supreme court of the state has just handed down a decision to the effect that barbers in the state need not shave colored men. The decision was reached on an appeal from a superior court decision in Bridgeport by Henry H. Foulkner, a colored man, who brought suit against Thomas Solazzi, a barber of that city. Solazzi refused to shave Foulkner, his defense being that his barber shop was not a place of public accommodation within the meaning of the law. The supreme court upholds that contention.

There you are, gentle readers, squarely up against proof positive that race prejudice is not confined to the south. Connecticut is so conservative that she has earned the sobriquet of "the land of steady habits." She is solidly Republican. Both her United States senators and all her representatives in congress are Republicans. So are the supreme court judges who rendered that decision, which had it been rendered by a southern Democratic court would have been branded as a great outrage. And Connecticut is a northern state. Surely that decision ought to teach some people something.

Come to think of it, here is another opportunity for President Roosevelt to wield his big stick. He forced the Japs into the San Francisco public schools by terrifying California senators and representatives in congress with a war bogey. The Californians seem to have been as badly scared about a war with Japan as the Bostonians were scared about our skirmish with Spain in the spring and summer of 1898. During those sultry days when a president was making in Cuba a genuine Bostonian went to his virtuous couch at night without expecting to be shelled out of his bed before morning. To be consistent the president should forthwith order the supreme court of Connecticut to reverse that decision and should then order that barber to shave that "enlaid gentleman." Such a proceeding would not be a particle more high handed than his caper in the California school case.

Joe Sibley.
With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of—

Joseph Crocker Sibley of Pennsylvania, and so do many others with whom he served in congress. So do all others, in fact, who were brought into association with him. God never gave to any man a more generous heart or a more lovable character. Everybody regretted his quitting congress, which he did not only voluntarily, but against the desire of his constituents. In his long career in the house he never said a cross word to any member, but spoke words of kindness and did deeds of kindness wherever he had an opportunity. He was a successful member and discharged his duties intelligently and faithfully. Many men duplicate that. The thing which endeared him to many is that he is a lover of his fellow men, quick to recognize their virtues, charitable, almost blind, to their faults. He is a wealthy man and dispenses charity not only cheerfully, but enthusiastically. He made his money himself, having labored with his own hands in his younger days at the hardest sort of work. He looks after his employees with parental affection, and if all large employers of labor treated their employees as Sibley treats his there would not be another strike while the world endures. He had as many friends in the house as any member, perhaps more. Their benedictions will rest upon him all his days.

Added.

There are certain professors in the University of Chicago who appear to be absolutely addled. To use a horsey phrase, they are rattle headed. Not long since one of them declared that John D. Rockefeller is a greater literary character than Shakespeare. To John D.'s credit be it said that he promptly squelched that sycophant. That professor was a little later "raised" at his own game by another professor, who declared that all religious songs, hymns, psalms and chants are mere doggerel. Now comes still another, who proposes to establish a department to teach folks how to make love. Somewhere, some time, somehow, there may have been a more astute suggestion. If so, it has escaped observation. Why, bless my soul, love-making was the first lesson learned by Adam and Eve, and when Gabriel blows his horn he will interrupt multitudes of Adam's sons popping the old, old question.

So George W. Perkins has refunded to the insurance company the \$48,000 of which he looted it to help the Republicans buy the presidency. This goes to show that even Perkins thinks that the three supreme court judges who said he had committed a crime knew more about it than the four judges who said he didn't.

Champ Clark

Wouldn't Trust It.

"You reckon you'd make do trip for heaven of dar wuz a elevator gwine dar?"
"No, suh!—Kaze I well knows of I wuz in dat elevator dar devil would be sho' ter be pullin' de rope!"—Atlanta Constitution.

THE PERKINS FAMILY

They Have Their Usual Dispute Over a Trifling Matter.

THE LONG PROMISED FURNACE

Why Mr. P. Did Not Place It In His House—Exhibits Thirteen Different Reasons—Mrs. P. Calls Him A Cap-sheaf.

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Mr. and Mrs. Perkins had been seated around the family hearthstone for half an hour or so, and he was reading the evening paper while she was darning a stocking, when she looked up and quietly asked:

"Mr. Perkins, what would be the consequence of that coal stove falling down?"

"You mean with a fire in it, of course?"

"Yes."

He regarded the stove from his rocking chair for a moment and then rose up and regarded it from a standing



"WITH A BOAR THAT IS HEARD FOR HALF A MILE AROUND."

position. He then gave it a shake and looked at the stovepipe and slowly answered:

"Mrs. Perkins, I have no wish to exaggerate, but I may tell you that if that stove fell down with a reasonably hot fire in it at the time the consequences would be disastrous. The chances would be nine out of ten that the house would be burned to the ground. Why do you ask?"

"Because about an hour before you came home I went to put in a scuttle of coal and I found one of the legs almost worked out. The slightest jar would have sent the stove tumbling. I was so startled that I haven't got over it yet."

"It was a wisely thing on your part, Mrs. Perkins, to look at the legs of that stove. Not one wife in a hundred knows or cares whether a stove has two legs or four or any legs at all. I compliment you."

Same Old Coal Stove.

"Thanks. There is another little matter I want to refer to. About the middle of last July as we sat on the veranda one evening we somehow touched upon the subject of winter heating. You then and there declared with a good deal of emphasis that this house should be heated this winter by a furnace. I called your attention to the fact that we have the same old coal stove before us with its dirt and dust. Have you any remarks to make?"

"Let me see—let us see," he mused as he felt for his memorandum book. "May, June, July, Ah, here it is. Under the date of July 19 I have written: 'Sat on the veranda with Mrs. P. after supper. She was in her usual complaining mood. Weather hotter than blank.' Mrs. P. said that she was depressed from society because we didn't have a furnace in the house. I promised one for the winter, and she quit kicking."

"Yes, Mrs. Perkins, you are right. My diary proves that you are right."

"Well, have we got a furnace?"

"I can't truthfully say that we have."

"And why not, if you please?"

Mr. Perkins got up and walked the length of the room three or four times and pondered over the matter and then sat down and said:

"My dear second wife—"

"There you go!" she interrupted. "You never miss an occasion to throw that fact at me."

Should Keep Wives Separate.

"Softly, dearest. I sometimes speak of you as my second wife so as not to get you mixed up with my first. One should keep his wives separate. What I was going to say when you interrupted me with what seemed undue heat was that the husband who won't promise his wife a furnace for winter on one of the hottest days of midsummer has no philosophy about him. We will mark that 'Exhibit A.' Again, within two days after making the promise I ran across Johnston. He is in the furnace business. I spoke to him regarding the furnace, and he said it would cost more to put it in than the house is worth. We will class that as 'Exhibit B.'"

"Determined not to stop until I had all possible information, I figured on

the coal. I figured it down to a dead certainty that it would take ten tons of coal to run it through the season. That would be plain ourselves in the grip of the coal barons, and we will class that as 'Exhibit C.'"

"It would take two months to install the furnace, and during that time the workmen would have possession of the house. 'Exhibit D,' my dear."

"Then I consulted all medical and scientific authorities available, and I discovered some interesting facts. Hot air from a furnace will cause numerous ailments and is particularly productive of pneumonia. It also causes all the furniture to shrink and warp; warranted to draw three legs off a sofa inside of a month. That is 'Exhibit E.'"

"In one year the hot air furnaces of America caused the destruction of 48,000 homes. Coal stoves caused only a loss of about 230. We class that as 'Exhibit F.'"

"If we had a furnace and it consumed ten tons of coal during the season, there would be the ten tons to feed in and the ashes from the ten tons to take out and dump into the alley. Owing to my lame back I could not do the work, and consequently it would fall on you. Would it be right for a husband to put such a burden on his second wife? It certainly would not. We put that down as 'Exhibit G.'"

"I knew you would answer me with just such nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins after standing it as long as she could.

"For five years, my dear, people poked fun at Diogenes and said that he talked nonsense. Today it is universally conceded that he was the greatest philosopher the world ever saw. Dr. Bombs, who is the greatest medical authority in Europe, says of hot air furnaces, 'They are responsible for rats, mice, cockroaches, bugs and all sorts of germs and microbes.' In face of that, my dear, what was I to do? That is 'Exhibit H.'"

As to "Exhibit I."

"Once more. Gases are liable to accumulate in hot air furnaces. You sit here sewing, and I am downtown trying to raise the money to buy a ton of coal. All is peaceful and serene. You are totally unsuspecting of danger. All of a sudden, without the slightest warning and like a bolt from the blue, those accumulated gases explode with a roar that is heard for half a mile around. We mark that as 'Exhibit I.'"

"A great cloud of smoke is seen in the air, with debris flying in every direction. The fire engines arrive. The ambulance is rung for. A great crowd gathers. Fragments of your arms and legs are gathered from the surrounding roofs. 'Exhibit J.'"

"I have failed to raise the plunks for the ton of coal and am on my way home when I see the cloud of smoke, hear the confusion and have a feeling that disaster has overtaken you. I start on a run. 'Exhibit K.'"

"I arrive on the scene. I learn what has happened. I look upon the blackened fragments. I know that you are no more on earth and that the chances of my getting a third wife are nil. The crowd sympathizes with me and advises me to brace up. 'Exhibit L.'"

"But I cannot do so. I feel that all is lost, and I fling myself into the blazing ruins and am roasted alive and join you in that other land, and the Perkins family is wiped off the face of the earth. That is 'Exhibit M.'"

Gives Her Chance to Say Something.

"Mrs. Perkins, I have called your attention to thirteen different exhibits, beginning with A and ending with M. Have you anything further to say?"

"Yes, sir, I have," she replied. "Of

all the mean husbands in this state I think you are the cap-sheaf!"

"My dear second—"

"Stop right there, sir!"

"My second without the dear!"

"Enough, sir! The last bit of coal we have in the house is in the stove, and I shall leave you to keep warm on your philosophy. I am going to bed."

Mr. Perkins sat for three or four minutes after her disappearance and pushed off his slippers and cracked his toes and then musingly exclaimed:

"What a woman! I wanted to save her life, but she wouldn't have it that way!"

M. QUAD.

Where the Shoe Pinches.

First Magistrate—This problem of taking care of the poor is a hard one.

Second Magistrate—Most difficult. It's easy enough to get money from them, but it ruins them to give it back.—New York Life.

On the Scent.



Beggars (to blind ditto)—You have no dog with you. How do you find your way home?"

Blind Beggar—It's all done by smell. For instance, from here I go past the shops, and when I have smelled cheese three times, cook shops four times and chemists twice I turn to the left and am at home.—Pele Mele.

A Recipe For Kisses.

Take a bit of dark piazza.
Add some moonlight—not too much—
Press in two strong hands a small one.
Add of coy reserve a touch;
Sift in just a pinch of folly
Mixed with softly whispered sighs;
Of romance add two small teacups
And the starlight of her eyes.Then dissolve some pure emotion
In a longing and a laugh;
Mix a grain of deep affection
With a bit of merry chaff;
Add an ounce of mild resistance,
Two of yielding—then in mute,
Inexpressible enjoyment
Serve in quantities to suit.
—Nixon Waterman in St. Louis Republic.

The Man With the Shovel.

With burdened look upon his mug he
With his mitts, and then, with shovel firmly
grasped.He makes grim onslaught on the snowy
porch.In manner quite heroic. Frequently
He pauses, looks around to see if he's
Observed from neighboring windows. If
he isHe straightaway cheery gets, for then he
knowsThey think he's all the cream. And soft
he says,

"Oh, I'm the noble husband every time!"

The porch cleaned off, he pipes the snow-
chad walk.That stretches out a hundred feet or
more.And thinks 'tis time for him to catch his
car.But he must finish or endure a piker's lot.
And so he shovels on and on, and for a
changeHe also sometimes shovels off and off.
At last, when all is done and muscles
ache,Comes floating from the kitchen, "John,
be sureTo feed the furnace, for I think it's
nearly out!"

—Milwaukee Sentinel.



LADY MILBANKE, AN IRISH BEAUTY.

Lady Milbanke, wife of Captain Sir John Peniston Milbanke, is said to be the most beautiful Irishwoman in English society. The wedding of the Milbankes about seven years ago was a great social event. Immediately afterward Lady Milbanke accompanied her husband to South Africa, where the latter won the Victoria cross for distinguished bravery in action against the Boer patriots. The Milbankes have a son and heir five years of age who will inherit Sir John's fine old estate in Sussex.



MRS. HILL-TREVOR, BRITISH BEAUTY.

One of the noted beauties of British society is Mrs. Hill-Trevor, who comes of a distinguished family and married into one still more distinguished. Hill-Trevor is the family name of the second Baron Trevor, present holder of the baronetcy which was created in 1830. Like most Englishwomen of the aristocratic set, Mrs. Hill-Trevor is fond of outdoor sports. In society she is a prominent figure.