LUCK IN HOLDING HANDS.

He called on her the other night
And held her hand,
And told her how the world seemed bright
And fair and grand.
Then, with a sudden rush of pluck,
Said: "Wish I always had the luck
To hold this hand."

Next evening at the club he held
Another hand.
He scooped the pot and fairly yelled:
"This beats the band!
Say, fellows, that was nip and tuck—
I wish I always had the luck
To hold this hand!"
—Philadelphia Press.

THE JOURNEY BACK

By W. F. SMYTH

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'Tisn't much of a life, bein' a hired man, when you work for some folks. There I was out in the prairie country, miles from nowhere. A long day's work, and when it was done, nothin' to do but sit around and wish you was back at the old home again. And thinkin' an' dreamin', dreamin' an' thinkin' till you fell asleep. A cross-grained, stingy, quarrelsome man to work for; one you couldn't satisfy, no matter how well you did your work; and with a wife that matched him.

But it was diff'rent after Nellie'd come to work there; diff'rent for me, I mean. They didn't change any, unless 'twas to grow harder to please. But what did I care for all their meanness after Nellie'd come? Pshaw, I didn't notice it, for I'd something better to think about.

I can't describe folks looks—never could. I'm afraid I can't make you feel the half how pretty and dainty Nellie really was, with her clear, gray eyes that at times seemed to be lookin' so far off, and her figure so slim and graceful, and her soft brown hair.

How did she come to be workin' for them, so diff'rent from them as she was? Well, that I never knew exactly, for they never spoke to me about her, and she never talked much about the things I knew was troubling her, for all her laughin' ways. I had a kind of an idea, though, that she was someways related, that her people was dead, an' that she'd been offered a home there for her work.

Well, the days run along, and Nellie and I was gettin' better acquainted all the time. I come from a rougher stock than her, and wasn't naturally her sort at all, but I know I was a better man, and a cleaner one everyway than before she'd come into my life. The sight of her filled me with determination to make a success of myself. But what could I hope to do, stayin' there on that farm? I felt I must get up and out, and rub up against the world, and make a man of myself; and then—oh, perhaps then—win Nellie.

I've said I was dead in love with Nellie, but don't think I'd told her so. Perhaps she knew it, for somehow a girl generally guesses at a man's feelin' towards her, though he mayn't have said a word. But is she did she never let on.

Just before Nellie'd come I'd written to my brother, who was prospectin' up in Montana, askin' him if he thought there'd be a chance for me up there. Well, one day, sev'ral months after that, his answer reached me. He said for me to come at once.

Instead of goin' to Nellie then and there, like a man, and tellin' her how I felt towards her, and askin' her if she'd be willin' to have me for her husband; and, if so, if she'd wait for me till I got my start—instead of that, thinks I, I'll just slip away without sayin' anything, and when the proper time comes I'll come back and ask her.

That evenin' when I began to pack up my things, Nellie saw me, an' asked what I was doin'.

"Oh, just goin' up in the country a ways," says I.

"I suppose it must seem dull to you here," says Nellie. "But you're not goin' to be gone long, that is, very long, are you?"

The pretty child. I could see she was trying to talk in a lively, cheerful way; yet she couldn't keep an anxious tone out of her voice.

"Well," says I, "that'll depend mostly on whether I have luck or not.

"I can't make you feel the half how pretty Nellie was."

There's a girl, too, that'll have something to say about it."

I could see Nellie give a start when I said that, and thinks I, "she knows of course I mean her." But just then I was called away by Mr. Morse, my employer, who wanted some help out in the stock sheds, and was kept longer'n I'd expected, and so didn't get to tell Nellie that night what I'd finally decided I would. 'Twas late when I got through an' went back to the house, an' Nellie'd gone to her room.

I had to be up and off early the next mornin', for there was a long walk to the station, and the train went through about five o'clock. I hung around, waitin' for Nellie to come down, but she didn't appear. Then I began to think she might be stayin' back purposely, dreadin' to meet me because she didn't care for me after all, and was afraid of what I might ask her. Fool again, I was! So I didn't wait quite as long as I might, but went away feelin' as if I'd a lump of lead in my heart.

* * * * * * *

Montana's a great country. My brother'n I worked side by side, day after day, week after week, gettin' what we'd come for—the mountains' gold. We'd had more'n usual luck, and twice had struck it rich. But hard as I worked, and eager as I was for success, there was one thing I was always thinkin' about, an' that was Nellie. What was she doin'? Did she ever think of me? Did she care for me? Such questions I was askin' my-

"Seems to me I ought to know you."

self all the time. But, fool that I was I didn't write to her, for I was thinkin' all the while, "I'll be goin' back to her soon; then there'll be time for her to answer all my questions."

I've said we'd had more'n usual luck, my brother and I; so after eight months or so, one day, says I to myself, "Now's the time for me to go back and ask Nellie."

I'll never forget that journey back. What a happy world this looks like if you're only happy yourself. I was two days on the trail back to the railroad town. It seemed a rough, lonesome road when I was comin'; but goin' back I could feel the beauty of the wild country. And then on the train, two more days. How diff'rent it all seemed from when I went. I was interested now in everybody and everything I saw.

At one small town where the train stopped a few minutes I looked out, and there was a little jewelry store across the street. A sudden thought came to me, an' out I dashed. I guess that jeweler thought I was a crook when I burst in and asked to see the best diamond rings for ladies he'd got. But my roll showed him I meant straight business, and it was soon done. Back to the train I ran, and got it just as it was pullin' out.

"Well," thinks I, "'t ain't much of a ring. I'm afraid; but gladly I'll get her a better one, if only she'll be willin' to take it from me, and wear it."

'Twas toward nightfall of the second day, just in the gray of the twilight, that the train reached my stoppin' place. It had been a happy journey back. Out I piled into the cool air, and walked along the platform, lookin' to see if there was anyone I knew. I didn't see anyone at first, but when the train rolled on east I noticed a farmer on a wagon just over the other side of the tracks, and saw 'twas Mr. Welker that lived a couple o' miles past Morse's farm, where I was bound for.

"Good evenin', Mr. Welker," says I. "If you're goin' to be headin' for home soon, will you give me a lift as far as Morse's?"

The old man looked sharp at me. "Seem's if I ought to know you," he says. "Why, ain't you the young chap that was workin' out there at Morse's last year, and went to make your fortune somewheres out in the wilderness?"

"Guess you're right," says I.

"And' so you didn't get your fortune."

"What makes you think that?"

"Why, natural enough; I figure that no one that's ever left old man Morse's will yearn particular to go back except he's dead broke."

"Well, you're not so far off there," says I; "but then you see it's somebody besides Morse and his wife I'm goin' to see."

"Then I'm 'feared you won't see him, leastways not to-night," says he, "for there ain't no one eist livin' with 'em."

Somehow, his words sent a chill through me. "You don't mean," says I, "that there's no one at all livin' with 'em?"

"Is there?" says he.

"Why, Nellie—Miss Wesley—you know—isn't she stayin' with 'em still?"

The old man looked at me a long time before he finally shook his head.

"My boy," says he, "you won't find her there. And so you hadn't heard of it? I guess it wan't very many weeks after you'd left. Yes, my daughter knew her a little, and after hearin' she'd come down, used to ride over occasionally to see her. The doctor said 'twas the typhoid was allin' her; but my girl thinks 'twas that an' somethin' besides, somethin' that was wearin' on her mind. I reckon them miserable Morses hadn't treated her any too good; for though she didn't complain, bein' of the gentle sort, my daughter suspicioned the poor child was dying', for some reason, of a broken heart."

THE MINISTER MEANT WELL.

But His Good Wishes Boded Ill for the Congregation.

The debt of the struggling little church had all been paid off but $500.

A minister noted for his skill and success in raising church funds had been sent for and was presiding over the meeting. The work of stirring up the audience to the requisite pitch of enthusiasm had begun. Subscriptions rose rapidly to $200, then to $300, and after considerable effort to $400, where they stuck. In vain the visiting brother exhorted and pleaded. The limit of the cash resources of the congregation appeared to have been reached, and at last he sat down discouraged.

Then Brother Burymen, a highly respected undertaker, who had made a liberal subscription already, rose and said:

"Brethren, this thing shan't fall through after it has got as far along as $400. I believe in a man giving as he has prospered, and, although I have given a pretty good-sized donation, I am ready to do more. I'll pay the last $100 myself."

"I don't know your name, brother," shouted the visiting preacher, jumping to his feet with enthusiasm, "but I hope your business will double during the coming year, and I believe it will."

A MOUNTAIN BREAD BAKER.

Mrs. Gamble Achieves Fame by Her Good Cooking.

Mrs. Peter Quintman Gamble is a proud woman. Her pride is in "the bread that tastes like cake."

Mrs. Gamble lives six miles from New Florence, Pa., on a farm in the heart of the Allegheny Mountains of the western part of the Keystone State. The region round about is still largely wild and fine trout fishing and small game abound.

Mrs. Gamble's house is in the center of this sportsman's paradise. As a result she is constantly being importuned by Nimrods from western New York, eastern Ohio and West Virginia, as well as from all parts of Pennsylvania, to give them lodging. Many are favored, and as a result get to know of the graham bread that tastes like cake.

When these men return home they find themselves longing for another taste of Mrs. Gamble's bread, and as a result this woman of the mountains is constantly receiving letters from all parts of the states mentioned asking her "please to send along a loaf or two of that delicious graham bread of yours." Hence Mrs. Gamble's pride; she is the most famous bread baker of the Alleghenies.

In Norway and Spain.

Norway has a beautiful Christmas custom. In front of every home on Christmas morning is fixed a pole and from it are hung offerings of corn and wheat for the winter birds. The Norwegian system of giving at Christmastide is peculiar. Presents wrapped in huge trusses of straw are thrown into a house through windows or open doors, and the recipients are left to guess where the offerings come from till the following Christmas day, when there is a general confession all round.

In Spain all work ceases at noon on the day before Christmas and the people make ready for the great midnight mass. Three hours before this every prison in the land is visited by judges, accompanied by advocates, and all prisoners held for minor offenses are released with a benediction and a gift of a little money. Most Spanish families employ physicians by the year, and their doctors' bills are all paid on Christmas day. In the morning the front door of every home is left open and scavengers, porters and beggars enter and ask for a Christmas offering, which in most cases is freely given.

Christmas Carol.

O lovely voices of the sky,
That hymned the Savior's birth,
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang, "Peace on earth"?
To us yet speak the strains,
Wherewith in the days gone by,
Ye blessed Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky!

O clear and shining light, whose beams
That hour heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams
And on the shepherd's head;
Be near through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of Hope, and Joy and Faith,
O clear and shining light!

O star which led to Him, whose love
Brought down man's ransom free:
Where are thou?—midst the hosts above,
May we still gaze on thee?
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim—
Send them to guide us yet,
O star which led to Him.
—Felicia Hemans.

Kelvin Dislikes Electric Light.

It is a curious fact that Lord Kelvin, who has done so much to advance the world's knowledge of electricity, dislikes the electric light.

When he visited this country a few years ago with Lady Kelvin they spent a week-end with Mr. and Mrs. George Westinghouse, whose Lenox home after sundown is a blaze of electricity.

The first night they spent there Lady Kelvin rang up a servant to beg they might "be accommodated with a couple of tallow dips, as they were unaccustomed to such intense light in their bedroom."

Lord Kelvin's country home in Scotland is an unostentatious house overlooking the Clyde at Largs, where electricity is unknown even for public illumination.

Shelling the Parquet.

"How was that play 'The Fall of Santiago'?"

"Great! The shells fell among the audience."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, the gallery boys were eating peanuts."

POSTOFFICE GRAFT.

ITS MAGNITUDE ONLY PARTIALLY DISCOVERED.

Postal Car Rent and Padding the Mail a Constant Drain on Uncle Sam—System Rotten in Many of Its Departments.

The report on the postoffice frauds is a most appalling revelation of the rottenness of the department, but the report is more remarkable for what it omits or only hints at, than for the exposures it makes. It is evident that the rascality commenced the moment Senator Hanna handed over the patronage to his favorites, after the corrupt campaign of 1896. Perry Heath was made the dispenser of patronage and the looting at once began. Postmaster General Smith appears to have been a figurehead, who either was incapable of administering his office, or refused to see the corruption that was permeating it. The exposure of the scandals would never have been made if the heads of the department had not disagreed about their respective rights, and the brazen recklessness of Beavers and Machen. The reference in the Bristow report to work of sundry congressmen inducing Beavers to increase the salaries of their favorites is only hinted at, but it was the dispensation of these favors that gave the looters power with those they aided and forced through appropriations for double the amount necessary so that the "rake off" could be gathered in by the conspirators. So influential with the Committee on Postoffices and Post Roads had the chief looters become that Congress in its last session provided for the raising of the salaries of both Beavers and Machen.

Mr. Bristow's report is an indictment of Postmaster General Payne, for he says: "What the service most needs is honest, intelligent and vigorous administration," and he points out the defects of Mr. Payne's management. When this is taken in connection with the "hot air" and other exclamations of Postmaster General Payne when the first exposures were made, indicates as General Bristow evidently believes, that Mr. Payne was determined to thwart any investigation. Yet Mr. Payne continues, by the grace of President Roosevelt, a member of his cabinet, and Perry Heath is to continue secretary of the Republican National Committee. But the greatest frauds in the postoffice department have not been investigated and no hint is given that they ever will be. The railroads are receiving at least double, what the law contemplates, for carrying the mails. They receive rent for postal cars, enough in one year, to buy all the cars. The agents of the railroads are active in padding the returns of the periodical weighing of the mails, so that the average is vastly augmented and the cost of carrying the same is increased far beyond all reason. This department of the postoffice service is under the supervision of the second assistant postmaster general, and if any one is interested in knowing the vast powers and opportunities for graft that the law and regulations of the department offer in this branch of the service it is only necessary to refer to page 958 of the Postal Guide, under the head of "Office of the Second Assistant Postmaster General"—the guide can be found at any postoffice, and it will be seen that the second assistant postmaster general can wield enormous power for good or evil.

The railroads alone received for the year 1892 $39,953,608 for carrying the mails, being one-third of the whole expenditures of the department. The cost of carrying that portion of the mail handled by the railroads has increased from .1038 per mile in 1873 to .1278 in 1902. And the cost per capita of population has been added to in even greater proportion for each decade. In 1880 the cost was about 20 cents for each man, woman and child, in 1890 about thirty cents, and in 1900 over fifty cents. The basis for these figures will be found in the statistical Abstract of the United States for 1902, page 459.

This increased cost to the people, that the railroads demand and a complacent Congress and administration allow for carrying the mail offers a large field for an honest investigation of the office of the second assistant postmaster general. If an honest weighing of the mails could be had with no notice given of the time when it would occur, so that padding the amount could not be resorted to, an enormous saving would be made. If the Republican majority of Congress would revise the law so that a reasonable price for mail cars should be paid another great saving would follow.

Then there are the special subsidies granted by Congress to some of the railroads for running fast mail trains, which for instance, pads the amount paid by the government for carrying the mail on the Southern railroad to the enormous figure of $1,646,525 when all the receipts for express over the same road was only $776,327. The statistics do not give the number of pounds of mail and express carried by the railroads but it is certain that express matter far exceeded the mail in weight and yet the sum paid for the mail was much over double.

The looting by the railroads far exceeds all that has been exposed by the Bristow report and if President Roosevelt is really intent on sweeping the postoffice department of graft, he will find the dirty work has only been partially accomplished. A partisan investigation by Congress would be worthless and will only be undertaken for white-washing purposes, for the investigators are recipients of favors from the railroads, by accepting passes and other friendly turns and are hardly likely to smite the hands that have been kind to them. It is unfortunate that President Roosevelt should have received even greater favors from these corporations by riding on special trains furnished by the railroads free of cost, it is therefore unlikely that he will feel free to stop their looting.

Obliging the Sugar Trust.

"Ask and you shall receive" is the motto of the Sugar trust. It asked our senate a few weeks ago to oblige it by delaying action on the Cuban reciprocity bill until the agents of the trust had time to buy up all of the sugar in the back country districts, while it was cheap and before the little planters there had heard that the duty on sugar imported into the United States was going to be lowered soon. The Republicans in the senate soon arranged for the delay.

It appears now not only that the trust agents have been buying up the sugar, but that they have been buying the sugar lands also. Mr. Robert N. Burnett, the financial writer on the Washington Post, says in his letter of Dec. 5, written from New York:

"A report has been current that many Cuban plantations have been purchased in the interest of the Sugar trust, to which it will take title after the reciprocity treaty is signed. This would afford the company all the benefits arising from the reduced tariff. Some think the Sugar trust after the new law has become effective will be able to control the raw sugar market even to a greater extent than it does the market for refined."

REPUBLICAN MACHINATIONS.

Party Leaders Aim to Stifle Discussion—Delay and Discord.

The Republican leaders seem to be struck with paralysis of fear lest a discussion should arise in Congress on the tariff and trust issue. But that bold political bucaneer Senator Foraker, comes out in a carefully prepared interview in the Washington Star cutting loose from his Republican colleagues and declares: "Let them (the Democrats) talk tariff if they want to. What have we to be concerned about? We admit that some schedules of the Dingley tariff act, framed in 1897, may not be altogether satisfactory," and he continues with a good many other declarations to show, at least, that he is not afraid. It is possible that this fire alarm is sounded because the near approach of the end of the senator's term makes it imperative that he place himself on the popular side of the tariff and trust issues and not with the other Republican leaders who have organized a "gum shoe" brigade. There is further evidence that Senator Foraker is treading on thin ice, for Senator Hanna declares that Senator Foraker will be as a matter of courtesy, allowed to be one of the delegates at large from Ohio to the Republican National Convention, but none of the Foraker followers will be permitted to participate. That may account for Senator Foraker bucking the program of the "stand patters."

Mr. Payne, the Republican floor leader of the House of Representatives, in replying to the twitting of the Democratic leaders upon the dilatory tactics of the majority and asking for a definite statement of party policy, said: "The Republicans would hardly care to take up the question of tariff revision and disturb business conditions on the eve of a presidential campaign." He also said the time was not opportune to consider reciprocity with Canada. That direct evidence of the fear of the Republicans that any measure of tariff reform should even be considered is supplemented by other evidence of secrecy, fear and trembling. During the same time that the above discussion was going on the United States Potters' Association met in Washington for the double purpose of holding the annual convention and impressing the Republican leaders with the necessity of "letting well enough alone." The pottery trust is protected by a duty of 60 per cent ad valorem and the enormous protection is largely increased by unfair valuation of foreign importations by the customs officers, who are selected for their friendship to the protected trusts. The meeting of the Potters' trust was concluded by a banquet to which several Republican senators and representatives were invited to be present and make speeches. These congressmen, the Washington Post declares, "made it a condition of their acceptance that nothing of what they might say should by any means get into print. The congressmen who are said to have imposed this condition and who were at the banquet and delivered addresses included Senator Scott and Representatives Grosvenor, Dovenor and Payne. What was said was kept secret, but doubtless each and every congressman declared that the Potters must continue to be protected at the expense of the whole people of the United States.

But why was it necessary to keep these well-known views of these Republican leaders secret? Why are Mr. Payne and especially Mr. Grosvenor who are usually so anxious for publicity, afraid to have their "stand pat" ideas and their defense of protection to the trusts made public? The answer must be, "they fear the people."

There are indications that the president is very restive—in fact, rearing like an unbroken broncho—over this determination of the Republican leaders to prevent discussion of the tariff. He has evidently arrived at the conclusion that the great majority of the Republican leaders are determined to "stand pat" to his detriment and apparently for the purpose of unhorsing him. The president knows that the vast majority of the American people are demanding that the tariff protection which allows the great trusts to extort enormous profits from the consumers must be reduced and the shelter that the tariff gives must be abolished, so that we of the United States can, at least, buy our own products as cheaply as the trusts sell to foreigners. No gum shoe methods nor secret palaver can hide the tariff robbery and the Democrats in congress will find a way to discuss the situation in spite of the Republican leaders.

Protect the Laborer.

As the Republicans declare that the present tariff duties are meant to protect the present wages of American labor, it is up to them to tell the American consumer how much the duties should be reduced when the trusts cut wages 20 per cent. Wage reductions have already begun, but the Republican leaders declare that the protective tariff must not be even brought up for discussion in the present congress. High cost of living and reduced wages may protect the trusts but the voters who thus suffer will hardly feel like continuing the party in power that stands for it.

Commoner Comment.

FROM FATHER TO SON.

John D. Rockefeller, jr., in an address to his Sunday school class recently said: "I fear that the modern tendency is to forget the duty we owe to the Lord in the struggle to advance ourselves in a worldly sense; to accumulate riches or acquire a position of power. It should not be. Our first thought should be 'How can we best serve the Lord?'"

The junior Rockefeller should invite the senior Rockefeller to become a member of his Sunday school class.

It will be remembered that John D. Rockefeller, sr., recently said that his religion had been so "comforting" to him that sometimes he felt that he wanted to go on the platform and tell the people all about it.

With a few lessons on the line of those given by Rockefeller, jr., to his New York Sunday school class, Rockefeller, sr., might be persuaded to "let well enough alone," and to refrain from making another increase in the price of oil.

PAYNE'S "HOT AIR."

Referring to Mr. Roosevelt's remarks on the Bristow report, Senator Carmack of Tennessee made this interesting comment: "The president makes the best he can out of the situation. He deals very gingerly with Perry Heath, who was evidently very deep in the mire. He seems to give Postmaster General Payne the credit for the investigation, when, as a matter of fact, Mr. Payne did nothing but pooh pooh the charges by declaring they were 'hot air.' At the time of his appointment as postmaster general, Mr Payne was known to be a political wire-puller and spoilsman of the lowest type. The president's attempt to shield him, therefore, emphasizes the importance of an investigation not absolutely controlled by the administration. Whether such an investigation will be permitted remains to be seen. The present indications are that it will not be permitted."

A PECULIAR KIND OF "HEATHENS."

A short time ago Manila was the scene of some remarkably brilliant fetes, being in the nature of a Venetian carnival. It is reported that these fetes have never been excelled in design and display, and that Governor Taft and his retinue were delighted at the wondrous spectacle. For the information of those who still cling to the notion that the Filipinos are ignorant heathens it may be stated that these great spectacles were executed from designs furnished by the native professors and students in the Manila academy of fine arts. The spectacle of a lot of "heathens" and "ignorant barbarians" maintaining an academy of fine arts is certainly an interesting one.

A PECULIAR CASE DECIDED.

The supreme court of Nebraska has just decided a peculiar case. The founder of Lyons, Neb., who owned the original townsite, had incorporated in every deed that liquor should never be sold on the premises, the penalty being that the property would revert to the original owner or his heirs. The founder is dead. Recently his heirs brought suit to recover possession of a lot, alleging that the then owner had sold liquors thereon. The lower court held the original provision to be legally sound, and on appeal the supreme court affirmed the decision of the lower court.

A VERY GOOD SUGGESTION.

In his memorandum accompanying General Bristow's report, Mr. Roosevelt suggests that a law be enacted extending from three to five years the statute of limitations. Commenting upon this suggestion, the Louisville Courier-Journal very properly suggests: "One method of preventing such corruption is already in the power of the president, without additional legislation. That is the selection of a postmaster general for his competency to attend to the public business, and not for his qualifications for attending to the personal business of Mr Roosevelt."

WHY THE MESSAGE "STRADDLES."

People who keep in close touch with events are not surprised that President Roosevelt's last message lacks candor, and is on the whole a very tame state paper. A review of presidential messages submitted to congress at the session just prior to a presidential campaign will disclose the fact that it is customary to make such messages a "straddle." With political ambition on one side and party fealty on the other, it is not unnatural for the executive to be very cautious and conservative. This would not be necessary if a president were ineligible for re-election.

Speaker Cannon has received many compliments because he ordered a lobbyist out of his office. The lobbyist in question, however, was not a member of congress. Uncle Joe would earn the heartfelt gratitude of the people if he kicked a lot of lobbyists out who are members of congress.

In view of recent developments, the administration press is not now laying especial emphasis on the "redemption of Nebraska" from fusion control.

That section of the president's message dealing with the trusts has something of a "come on boys" invitation between the lines.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger and other administration organs are printing long and solemn editorials on "the decline of socialism," finding that subject much easier to discuss than the decline of prosperity.

The difference between federal taxes and federal surplus is growing wider, the former standing still and the latter decreasing.

The ship subsidy promoters read a certain portion of the message with a suspicious drooping of the left eyelids.

The president is so earnest about his fight on the trusts that he asks for authority to divert that $500,000 prosecution fund to some other purpose.

The more the people study the isthmian situation the harder it is for the president to keep his Panama on straight.

The president does not recommend enough commissions to make up for the many omissions of his administration.

BRAVE WORDS BUT FEW DEEDS.

"What we need is to feel against wrong-doing no mere passive reprobation, but the active desire to hunt the wrong-doer down." Those are very brave words. They sound very well, indeed. "Words are good when backed up by deeds, and only so." Those are very brave words, too. The two quotations here given are from the same source. The intelligent citizen is cordially invited to contrast the words of the author with his deeds. The task will afford plenty of opportunity for striking contrast.

THE THIN MASK OF HYPOCRISY.

When the Filipinos complained they were told that it was "manifest destiny." When Colombia complains she is told that it is "manifest destiny." The Boers were told that it was "manifest destiny." The Poles are told that it is "manifest destiny." Simmered down, the weaker peoples are compelled to accept subjugation by stronger peoples as "manifest destiny." And "manifest destiny" as practiced in these strenuous times is only a hypocritical pretense of virtue put forth as the best possible excuse for wrong-doing.

MR. MORGAN A GOOD SELECTION.

Panama has selected J. Pierpont Morgan as its fiscal agent. This is in keeping with the eternal fitness of things. Panama is a proposition that naturally appeals to a man who has been engaged in selling wind and water, and Morgan is the sort of financial manager to recommend himself to exploiters who have nothing in particular to sell save great expectations. The Panamans, however, should carefully study the shipbuilding trust case before trusting too much to the financial wisdom of Mr. Morgan.

THE BOODLERS IN OLD MISSOURI.

The administration press, pursuing the tactics of the cuttlefish, is howling itself hoarse over political corruption in Missouri. But it will be noticed that the administration press is not giving the party affiliations of the boodlers who have been indicted. That would not suit their case at all. The fact of the matter is, most of the Missouri corruptionists thus far exposed are republicans. Does any administration organ possess the candor to tell the whole truth about the matter?

FROM CAUSE TO EFFECT.

The president had nothing to say in his message about the tariff. The reason is not hard to find. The tariff is responsible for some of the trusts, and these trusts have shown their readiness to pay for tariff favors by contributing liberally to the republican campaign fund. And a campaign fund must be provided if certain plans are successful next year. By "standing pat" on the tariff the president doubtless will find the campaign fund in workable shape at the right time.

SUBJECT TO REVISION

It is noticeable that a number of newspapers that have worshipped long at the Cleveland shrine do not exhibit any signs of accepting as final Mr. Cleveland's last epistle concerning the presidency. In this they show considerable wisdom. A very little effort will serve to recall the fact that Mr. Cleveland once declared against a second term, and did so in very clear-cut and emphatic language. But he afterwards changed his mind.

The New York World compares Neldermier, the "boy bandit" of Chicago, to some of the Wall street operators. This is unfair to a fellow who is behind the bars and unable to speak in his own defense.

The Sioux City Journal says the president's message, boiled down to one word, is "Americanism." If this be true, then let us have a message that does not prostitute that great word to such uses.

Speaking of the strenuous life, a lot of republican managers are preparing to show Mr. Theodore Roosevelt a sample of it between now and the date of the next g. o. p. national convention.

It remains to be seen whether the people will accept as final the Roosevelt theory that treaty obligations are to be observed when it is profitable and ignored when they are unprofitable.

There is one thing that must be said in Great Britain's favor—when that nation wants to grab a slice of territory it does the grabbing without any hypocritical cant about "manifest destiny."

Trusts, currency reform, ship subsidy and tariff might have secured more recognition in the message if it were not for the fact that a campaign and an election are due next year.

The president's reference to "our unparalleled prosperity" will be intensely interesting to the 500,000 wage-workers who find their envelopes considerably lighter on pay day.

One-half of the Panama army is being rushed to the south to repel the Colombian attack. The other half is in town drawing rations for himself and comrade.

The Fairbanks presidential boom seems to be working the "manifest destiny" dodge on Mr. Roosevelt.

The presidential nomination is chasing Uncle Mark Hanna, and Uncle Mark finds his game leg very convenient.

The indications are that the Moros did not begin quite in time to have the anticipated effect on congress.

The president's war on trusts and Secretary Hay's open door victory in Manchuria seem to be paired off.

That Panama business might have been expedited by sending the boodle with the treaty.

A pauper in the right is better than a millionaire in the wrong.

Some theories are like gunpowder—most useful when exploded.

There's nothing more disgraceful than insincerity.

A happy home is the reflection of heaven.

It isn't every married couple that is a pair.

A broken engagement is a case of "ring off."