

UNSPEAKABLE DEGRADATION

The New York Evening Post, like many another newspaper that reflects the sentiment of right-thinking citizens, is profoundly disappointed by reason of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt, not satisfied with selecting Payne and Clarkson as his political advisers or with indorsing the Quay "machine" in Pennsylvania has at length leaped to the support of the corruptionist Addicks in the latter's "attempted rape of Delaware." "With a great shock of mingled sorrow and anger," the Post is "compelled to accept the evidence—which is tantamount to an official notice—that Theodore Roosevelt has decided to 'recognize' Addicks. The first step," continues the Post, "is already taken. Mr. Roosevelt has appointed an Addicks man United States district attorney. To do it, he had to pass over the name of the temporary incumbent of the office. Mr. J. P. Nields, who was indorsed for the position by nearly every lawyer in the state, irrespective of party, by both of the federal judges and by the entire judiciary of Delaware. The Addicks tool named by the president, Mr. W. M. Byrne, was a man whose appointment is conspicuously unfit, quite apart from his political affiliations. During his first term in the office—which he resigned at the word of command from Addicks—he had a notorious record for inefficiency. He had to undergo the humiliation of being rebuked in open court by Judge Bradford, for having neglected his duty. It would be a shame to appoint such a man, even if his political sponsor were a saint. To take him at the behest of Addicks is an unspeakable degradation. His confirmation ought to be fought and defeated. We sincerely hope that the judiciary committee of the senate, with Senator Hoar at its head, will show a more scrupulous regard for the honor and purity of federal justice than the president of the United States has displayed in this case."

Continuing in this vein, the Post says: "But even if Byrne were a Story and Webster rolled into one, his appointment ought not to be thought of so long as it could be of the slightest aid

NEVER TOO LATE

To Try A Good Thing.

I am fifty-two years old and for forty years of that time I have been a chronic catarrh sufferer, says Mr. James Gieshing, of Allegheny City; with every change of weather my head and throat would be stuffed up with catarrhal mucus. I could not breathe naturally through the nostrils for months together and much of the time I suffered from catarrh of the stomach. Finally my hearing began to fail and I realized something must be done.

I tried inhalers and sprays and salves which gave me temporary relief and my physician advised me to spray or douche with Peroxide of Hydrogen. But the catarrh would speedily return in a few days and I became thoroughly discouraged.

I had always been prejudiced against patent medicine, but as everything else had failed I felt justified in at least making a trial.

Our good old family physician, Dr. Ramsdell, laughed at me a little, but said if I was determined to try patent medicines, he would advise me to begin with Stuart's Catarrh Tablets because he knew what they contained and he had heard of several remarkable cures resulting from their use, and furthermore that they were perfectly safe containing no cocaine or opiates.

The next day I bought a fifty cent box at a drug store, carried it in my pocket, and four or five times a day I would take a tablet; in less than a week I felt a marked improvement which continued, until at this time I am entirely free from any traces of catarrh.

My head is clear, my throat free from irritation, my hearing is as good as it ever was and I feel that I cannot say enough in praise of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

These tablets contain extract of Eucalyptus bark, blood root and other valuable antiseptics combined in pleasant tablet form, and it is safe to say that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are far superior in convenience, safety and effectiveness to the antiquated treatment by inhalers, sprays and douches.

They are sold by druggists everywhere in the United States and Canada.

to Addicks in the commission of his political high crimes and misdemeanors. The postmaster general explains the president's position, just as our Washington correspondent states it, and just as we know from other sources that Mr. Roosevelt himself puts it. 'Why,' he says, 'the election returns show that Addicks has 12,000 votes behind him, while his republican opponents have but 8,000. How then can I deny him recognition?' When however, did the moral law begin to depend upon a sum in arithmetic? Can we not speak our mind about the outrages of a notorious political criminal until we have worked out a problem in proportion? We understand, of course, that the president attempts to throw the whole thing back upon the electorate of Delaware. He cannot, he maintains, interfere in a factional quarrel within the party. He is forced to make a rule that he will deal with any leader whom the majority of the party voters send to him, and, therefore, he will recognize Addicks just as he has recognized Platt and Quay."

The Post points out that even though there be a "rule" which compels presidents to embrace brigands, when they go to him with a party label on their backs, yet this "rule" of Mr. Roosevelt's does not excuse him for striking hands with Addicks. "That colossal corruptor," says the Post, "is not yet senator. He is not, like Quay, a successful pirate, in charge of the captured ship; he is still fighting and the beleaguered crew is still hoping to beat him off. But Mr. Roosevelt observing that the piratical assailants outnumber the crew 12 to 8 decides to aid the buccaneer!" Respecting this feature of the case the Post wisely says:

"A party president may be compelled in some strange way to aid a man who has actually broken his way into the senate, like Platt, but how can he be bound to go to the assistance of a man who has not yet completed his burglary? What Addicks says to Mr. Roosevelt is, in effect: 'See, I have sandbagged the policemen on the beat, I have gagged the night watchman, I have got my jimmy, m. drills and my dynamite all ready, and if you will only help me up to that window I can break in and make a good haul.' And Theodore Roosevelt offers his broad back to help the burglar up!"

It is idle in the president to explain that "something must be done in Delaware," that the policy of the anti-Addicks republicans is one of pure "negation," that they deadlock the legislature and prevent Addicks from being elected, but are unable to elect any one themselves. Mr. Roosevelt thinks that an intolerable kind of inefficiency. "The same," comments the Post, "might be said, however, of a woman struggling to prevent her honor from being violated. That, too, is a policy of 'negation.' All she can do is to fight to the limit of her physical strength, and the fact that she is weak is not usually adduced by a bystander as a reason for going to the aid of the ravisher who is strong." In closing what is an admirable example of vituperative writing, the Post says: "The loathing which the honest people, not only of Delaware, but of the whole country, have come to have for Addicks, in both his private and his public character, cannot be unknown to President Roosevelt. The facts are beyond dispute. A political highwayman is trying to rob a sovereign state, and now boasts that he is getting aid and comfort from the chief executive. The situation is one that calls for strong words—and we do not know where to find stronger ones than in the writings of Theo-

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THE COMMONER BUREAU.

dore Roosevelt. He, out of office, is the author of the following sentiments, and he cannot blame us if we hold him to them in office:

"We cannot trust those base beings who treat politics only as a game out of which to wring a soiled livelihood."

"The real and dangerous foe is the corrupt politician."

"No man who is corrupt, no man who condones corruption in others, can possibly do his duty by the community."

"Is Mr. Roosevelt," inquires the Post, "going to eat all these and the other burning words of his in which he has expressed his hatred of the men of whom Addicks is the perfect type? Is he going to invite, by 'recognition' of the greatest political malefactor of the age, such a comment upon his administration as was made by the Roman historian upon the reign of Nero—namely, that by his acts he persuaded the people to admire the vices of public men as much as formerly they had respected the virtues?"

Evidence is not wanting to prove that Mr. Roosevelt, the reformer, has been displaced by Mr. Roosevelt, the

spoilsman. Payne, Clarkson, Platt, Quay and Addicks are all in one line. Mr. Roosevelt is among them and is of them. This is the truth, and though it may not be the whole truth it certainly is nothing but the truth.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Within Bounds.

Governor Budd of California was quite within bounds when he asserted at the Columbus banquet that instead of a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," Lincoln's ideal, we have today, in this country, a government of the corporations, by the corporations, and for the corporations.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Only Question.

The wild indignation of the republican senators over the John D. Rockefeller telegrams is a beautiful thing. The only question is as to how mad these patriots would have been if the receipt of the telegrams had not been made public.—Joplin Daily Globe.

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