

tariff plank: 'A revision of the tariff by a special session of the next congress, insuring the maintenance of the true principle of protection by imposing such customs duties as will equal the difference between the costs of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit, to the end that without excessive duties, American manufacturers, farmers, producers and wage earners may have adequate protection.' The story put out here tonight is that Mr. Burton offered a plank which followed the sentence demanding revision by the next congress with the words, 'To the end that the further fostering of trusts and monopolies by the tariff shall be prevented.' Members of the sub-committee who are here admit that the plank as written above was that Mr. Burton offered, to the best of their recollection. It is said that the Cleveland congressman assured the sub-committee that he had consulted with the party leaders most interested on his plank and that it had their approval. This was accepted as an assurance that the president and Secretary Taft had approved it. Nevertheless General J. Warren Keifer offered a prompt and warm protest against talk of fostering trusts and monopolies in connection with the tariff plank of the Ohio republicans and enough of the sub-committee took his view to chloroform the Burton plank then and there."

THE "TAFT declaration of independence created quite a stir in political circles. The Washington correspondent for the Boston Herald explains: "Secretary Taft, in Washington, and Manager A. I. Vorys in Columbus, O., today nipped in the bud after a few hours of embarrassment the delight that began to pervade the ranks of the anti-Taft allies over the issue from the Taft campaign bureau in Ohio of a pamphlet purporting to show that the Secretary, if elected president, would be entirely independent of the Roosevelt policies and influence. When the story, which was published this morning, was first called to his attention, Secretary Taft 'got busy' at the little telephone desk in the corner of his office. Soon he had Mr. Vorys on the line. Mr. Vorys disavowed the pamphlet, so Secretary Taft denied it publicly and the news flew to the capitol. In the meantime, there was a commotion at Columbus, for Manager Vorys found that the pamphlet had gone out as represented. After an anxious investigation, he telephoned to Secretary Taft and explained that the pamphlets had been issued without his knowledge or consent while he was away at the Ohio state convention. He said he had found that a subordinate in his office had taken some excerpts from a Columbus newspaper and had sent them out in the envelopes of the bureau. The secretary again sent for the newspaper correspondents and explained matters. 'It was done wholly without authority,' added Secretary Taft, 'and is repudiated by Mr. Vorys as strongly as by myself.' Some one who saw the president this afternoon says he laughed loudly, as though it were a splendid joke."

J. M. PAYNE, Charleston, W. Va., writes: "In your issue of the 6th inst., you publish a poem entitled 'Look Aloft,' and ascribe it to Jonathan Lawrence in St. Louis Globe-Democrat, but you do not give the date of the issue of the Globe-Democrat. It surely can not be recent. I knew that poem forty years ago." The poem referred to was clipped from a recent issue of the Globe-Democrat, but was probably intended by the publication as a reprint of an old poem.

CONGRESSMAN Hitchcock of Nebraska has replied to a New York inquiry in this way: "I challenge your allegation that the democratic party has reached a crisis and that the coming campaign involves its existence. The fact is that rarely in the history of political parties has there been such unanimity of opinion as now prevails among the rank and file as to candidate, principles and policies of the democratic party. This harmony is so great that even your ordinarily powerful newspaper and its abettors will be unable to induce any avowed candidate to dispute the nomination with the generally accepted candidate in any state. With your utmost efforts you have failed even to ruffle the serene surface of democratic waters. In the matter of policies and principles I see no need to outline any particular ones 'to give the party new life,' for the reason that the recognized principles and accepted policies have

endowed the party with a vitality so great that in the face of repeated defeats it has survived and increased in following and in influence. It is prepared to enter the approaching campaign with excellent chance of victory. It has already forced leaders of the rival party to adopt the principles it has made popular during the past twelve years. Only those so blind they will not see dispute the rising tide of popular approval of the accepted candidate and principles of the democratic party." Governor Beekam of Kentucky wrote to the World as follows: "As I consider the World the enemy and not the friend of the democratic party, I prefer not to discuss in its columns what is best for the party."

THE ANNUAL banquet of the Massachusetts Republican club at Boston early in the month has furnished considerable amusement to the country at large. First, because of the wit and satire of Simeon Ford, the noted wit, who is proprietor of one of New York's big hotels, and second, because Secretary Taft seemed unable to appreciate the witty and satirical shafts aimed at his chief. Mr. Ford referred to the president as "the blue pill for the country's disorders," and Secretary Taft prefaced his own speech by saying: "I love my chief, am loyal, and can not be silent." The people around the banquet board who had laughed at Ford's wit and had cheered him to the echo, sat dumb with amazement at the secretary's seeming inability to appreciate the humor of the situation. After Mr. Ford's response was followed by that of Lieutenant Governor Draper, and while the lieutenant governor was speaking Secretary Taft was "thoughtful and apparently much troubled." When the secretary arose to speak it was evident that he had something on his mind that was not there when he entered the banquet hall. He began his address by saying: "I love my chief. I don't like to put myself in the attitude of breaking in on the kind hospitality of this meeting, but when I love my chief, and when I am loyal to him, and when I admire him from top to toe, I can't be silent and allow it to be supposed that I sympathize with what may be hidden. I don't want to mean that I can't appreciate humor. If we didn't have humor in American life, we couldn't stand a joke. And if I couldn't enjoy a joke on myself, I'd retire to a monastery. But I hope you see the distinction I have tried to make."

REFERRING TO the incident the Boston Herald says: "The secretary's reply, delivered with all sternness and punctuated by gestures, was received in silence by the audience who had been apprehensive ever since the conclusion of Ford's speech. The secretary had listened to the earlier speech without a smile, and while Lieutenant Governor Draper, who followed Mr. Ford, was speaking, had sat thoughtful and apparently much troubled."

SOME EXTRACTS from Mr. Ford's address will serve to show its general tenor, and furnish the reader with some idea of Secretary Taft's reasons for so gravely defending "his chief" against the aspersions of the New York boniface: "I want it understood at the outset that my appearance here in the role of 'chaser' to Secretary Taft is entirely without political significance. I have no edged tools to sharpen, no bees buzzing in my Dunlap, and though I am proud to play second fiddle to your distinguished guest, I have but little ear for music and have no ambition to clamber on to the band wagon. I understand the secretary is looking for a good running mate, and I don't want to rouse false hopes. I feed them who are a-hungred and I irrigate those who are a-thirst, and, like the politician and the financier, I take in the public. Poor old John D., that much libelled and Tarbelled philanthropist, when asked to give his opinion of Theodore the First, said: 'Fine. Twenty-nine millions fine. I like him. He does me good.' They say that message had the true ring, but some folks think the more judicious ring would be the 'ring off.' Yesterday I attended a directors' meeting and tried to look intelligent for ten minutes and this new predatory \$10 gold piece which I hold in my hand (very firmly grasped) was my reward. I have seen them before, but as through a glass darkly. On its issue carping critics took exception to the coin because its shape was such that it could not be stacked. In the

light of recent events we see how captious was this criticism. Clergymen grew black in the face with rage because the motto was omitted. That's what makes the eagle look so down in the pants. He realizes that he is a God-forsaken bird. I won't venture to say what has brought about the present condition of business, but when I walk about my banquet halls deserted, and contemplate the vacuum which was erstwhile my bank account, and then gaze upon the throng which surges about my free lunch counter, I realize that the times are out of joint, and that something must be done."

CONTINUING IN his facetious strain, and speaking with apparent seriousness, Mr. Ford said: "I look upon Theodore Roosevelt as a sort of political blue pill. The body politic doubtless was suffering from many disorders the elimination of which was necessary. Well, we have had our dose all right. Our livers are all stirred up and our lights are pretty nearly out. Our tongues are coated even if our backs are not. What we need now is a gentle aperient—something soothing and healing, and rest. Perhaps we have our remedy right here—the heir apparent to the throne. I wonder if this big, calm, wholesome, sane, guest of ours, taken steadily for four years, wouldn't put us on our feet again. I never saw him before, but I've been looking him over and he seems to size up all right. He looks to me like a good all 'round man, who could hold down any job no matter how big. I think he could fill anything—even a bob-tall. Perhaps, like the whale which swallowed Jonah, he could even fill an interior. He has sat on the bench—no end of benches—but none of them could hold him. He's too heavy for the bench and there's only one chair big enough for him and he holds the coupon for that I guess. It looks now as if, next November, we'll have to choose between two Williams, William Bryan and William Taft. A genuine bill and a counterfeit."

AN EDITORIAL in the New York American, William R. Hearst's paper, referring to several rumors concerning the possible course of the "Independence League" says that the league will not support Theodore Roosevelt or William J. Bryan, and adds: "The independence party is going to nominate its own candidate and is going to vote for him with a strength and a heartiness in numbers that is likely to be a revelation to the older and sadder political organizations. If it does not elect this candidate of its own in this particular election it is going to lay the solid foundation for doing so next time."

THE CHICAGO Evening Post prints the following: "Ex-Mayor Carter H. Harrison arrived from California this noon with a 'straight hunch' that William Jennings Bryan was to be the next president of these United States. He has diagnosed the coming presidential contest as a fat man's race, but thinks the extra republican weight which Taft carries will handicap him so much that the Nebraskan will carry off the honors easily. The former guide of democratic destinies in Chicago reached the city over the Santa Fe with a heavy coat of coast tan on his face and more flesh than he had when he went away last fall. Mr. Harrison said he had been out of touch with Chicago affairs so long that it would take a good deal of industrious pumping on the part of the scribes to get any ideas on local affairs out of him. The word Bryan came out at the first 'pump.' 'Bryan is the only thing in sight for the democrats,' he said. 'No Governor Johnson nor no Woodrow Wilson is going to cut in on the Nebraskan. You can tell everywhere you go that Bryan is stronger than ever before. The people are talking and thinking Bryan more than ever.'"

A GREAT FIELD

Fred Floed, editor of the Boise (Idaho) Citizen, writes: "I am on hand for the fifth consecutive week with a list of five names for The Commoner, which I have secured in clubbing offer with my little paper, the Boise Citizen, and I think all democratic publishers in the United States could adopt my plan, which is to send in at least five subscribers to The Commoner every week. All that is necessary to get them is to speak to the people about the clubbing offer."