

## A PRIVATE OPINION

Arthur McEwen is writing some interesting articles for the New York American. His latest is entitled "Loeb Reports on the Letter," and is as follows:

(Special by Wireless Telepathy.)  
Oyster Bay, Sept. 13.—

"Loeb."

"Your Excellency."

"What do you think of my letter of acceptance, now that it has been printed for the instruction of the country?"

"Complete, forceful, masterful, unanswerable, perfect, Your Excellency."

"That's your official view and entirely correct, but have you any private opinions on the great document?"

"Well, sir" (eyeing the big stick which the infallible One was sandpapering) "if I were to offer any criticism, sir, I should be only repeating the words of others, sir, and a due regard for my personal safe"—

"Out with it, Loeb, I have an open mind and a teachable spirit, and I promise you a safe conduct back to your office."

"Then, sir—and remember I merely repeat what others say—your remarks on the tariff are a little, just a little, strong. You assert that the tariff has nothing to do with the trusts, while Havemeyer, who ought to know something about it, declared on oath that the tariff was the Mother of Trusts."

"Havemeyer's an ass to make such an admission."

"Yes, sir. And there's the Steel Trust. Schwab, you remember, wrote to Frick that 'we can make steel rails at \$12 a ton, leaving a nice margin for foreign business,' and you are aware that, thanks to the tariff, the Steel Trust has a monopoly of the home market, where it charges \$28 a ton for rails, while it sells them to Canadians and Europeans for \$5 less. And it's the same way with a great many other things, sir. Take clothes, now. When I was over in London last I had several suits made that cost me \$12 each; they'd have cost \$60 each in New York. The tariff enables American clothiers to sell shoddy clothes to the poor at double or three times what straight woollen goods cost abroad. And the Beef Trust, too. Owing to the tariff, which protects it from Canadian, Spanish-American and Australian competition, the cost of living in the United States"—

"Hang the tariff, Loeb! Leave criticism of that to the democrats. We must stand by the protected interests or they wouldn't stand by us, and then where'd we be?"

"Yes, sir."

"You wouldn't be a president's secretary if it wasn't for the tariff, Loeb."

"No, sir."

"Then it stands to reason that the tariff furnishes employment to the industrious and respectful poor."

"Yes, sir."

"Anything else?"

"On the subject of the anti-trust laws, sir, some exception is taken to your statement that they have been—er—impartially and enthusiastically enforced."

"Great snakes! Have the carping hounds forgotten the Merger suit and the Beef Trust injunction?"

"No, sir; but they say you have nerve when you speak of the 'consistent and steadily continued action of the department of justice under the present administration' in applying the statutes, considering that you haven't moved a step against the Coal

Trust, though for two years the evidence of its guilt has been in your hands. And it's asked why you didn't order Knox to prosecute our Beef Trust friends and send them to jail instead of getting out an injunction which hasn't worried them a bit. It is contended, Your Excellency, that you did no more against the trusts than was needed to keep up a bluff for political purposes, and that when Knox said right after the Merger decision, in order to reassure the Morgans and Rockefellers that the government did not intend to run amuck he disclosed the real policy of the administration."

"What more, Loeb, what more—in Heaven's name, what more?"

"I've been asked, sir, in reference to your contention that everything you did as to Panama was not only strictly constitutional and internationally according to Hoyle, but to the last degree high-minded and noble, whether, if you were President of Columbia instead of president of the United States, you couldn't manage to find something to say on the other side."

"But, confound it, Loeb, I'm not president of Colombia—yet."

"No, sir."

"Well, that point's disposed of; what next?"

"It's freely said, sir, that you are the most remarkable president this republic has ever had."

"Of course."

"And that your majesty in referring to the merits of your own administration is calculated to cause the portraits of all the other presidents in the white house, from Washington to McKinley, to turn their faces to the wall."

"Naturally. They were good enough in their time, some of them, but they had their limitations."

"Yes, sir."

"Go on."

"It is generally remarked, sir, that if confidence is the basis of national prosperity you have more than enough to supply the whole country and open up every mill that's been closed. It is also said that your presence in the presidential chair renders expansion absolutely necessary, since the United States, as now bounded, is altogether too restricted a field for a universal genius like yourself—a Napoleon in war, a Wilhelm in administration and a Talleyrand in diplomacy."

"Loeb."

"Yes, sir."

"The appreciation and trust of my fellow countrymen move me deeply. During my next two terms we shall have expansion."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes; Diaz is old, and Mexico ripe. Central America is quite unfit for self-government, and South America is worse. They need the leading mind and the correcting hand of a Master of Men, Loeb."

"Yes, sir."

"And seeing Canada and some of the West Indies under foreign flags annoys me."

"Does it, sir?"

"To some extent, that is. And, Loeb."

"Your Excellency?"

"At the next outbreak in the Balkans the Turk must be driven from Europe."

"Yes, sir."

"It would never do to forget for a moment what cowards and weaklings are ever striving to forget—that we are a World Power, and that Theodore Roosevelt knows his duty. Heaven has endowed me with wonderful gifts, Loeb, and I would be recreant to my mission on earth were I not to use them unceasingly for the guidance of mankind. At times I am nearly awed, Loeb, by the consciousness, which ever abides with me, that I know it All."

"Yes, sir; but Judge Parker"—

"Parker! What, you dare to mention in my presence the name of that man who has the unspeakable effrontery to openly attempt to deprive me of my office? Begone, you unkathtu dog!"

"Your Excellency, I beg"—

"Begone!"

"Your Highness, I implore"—

"Go!"

"Your Majesty, I"—

"Leave me!"

"Your Imperial Majesty, I"—

"Oh, well, Loeb, I'll overlook it for once. Hang this stick on the wall beside my sabre and get back to your work."

### "When the Band Goes By"

A sunlight city square, and earnest faces row on row about;

White plumes and flashing gilt and ranks of waiting men. A shout—

"Attention!" Then a stiffening with the buckram starch

Of discipline; a baton waves; the band moves; "Forward! March!"

Full the merry marching music bursts and roars and clangs and booms, And a rhythmic oscillation swings along the lines of plumes.

There's a pulsing palpitation; there's a quiver in the air;

There's a tremor, quick-responsive to the brasses' blatant blare;

Clear the clarion of the cornet rides above the glum bassoon,

And the chirrup of the pipers lilts insistently the tune;

Lifting, rising, swinging, sinking—as it were, the froth of song

On the billows of harmonics, tumbling tunefully along.

And like heart-beat of the music, or like tonic pendulum,

Dull, isichronically stolid, booms the thunder of the drum.

Yet the quaver and the clangor and the shrillness and the moan

All are mystically blended in one glorious burst of tone;

They are mystically blended, web of tone on warp of sound,

With the rhythmic, measured trampling on the ringing, throbbing ground.

Oh, the thrill of marching music! Oh, the lift and sweep and swing!

With foot in time and heart in rhyme and senses chorusing!

No man but here is mighty; no arm but here is strong.

For arm and man and heart and brain are atoms of the throng

That is welded by the music, and the craven soul may boast

A partaker of the ardor and the glory of the host.

And they pass, platoon and column, under banner, flag and arch,

Till the shredded tune grows jargon, tricksey echoes beating through,

Buffeted by wall and building, splintered, dying, far and few,

'Til the ear that strains to listen barely hears the fitful thrum

Of attenuated music, and the purring of the drum;

Till that fainter echo falters, and one only feels the beat

Of a great heart throbbing somewhere down the vista of the street.

—Comfort.

### London's High Rents

He is indeed a lucky man who owns building property within the four-mile radius of London, for he can command a small fortune in the way of rental for his houses, shops and offices, as the case may be. Singularly enough, it is not in the West End of London, as many people imagine, where the highest rents are paid, but near the Old Lady of Threadneedle street. Some time ago one room near the Royal Exchange let for between \$10,000 and \$15,000 a year, while a house agent who advertised certain properties in Throgmorton street asked \$1200 yearly rental for each of seven telephone boxes. For a suite of three rooms

on the mezzanine floor \$5000 a year was also asked, and \$10,000 required for six rooms on the first floor.

For shops and business premises in the Strand, gigantic rents are paid, although, of course, Bond street is the dearest thoroughfare in the world with regard to shops. Many shopkeepers between Charing Cross and the old Lyceum Theatre pay between \$10,000 and \$15,000 rentals, exclusive of rates and taxes. Perhaps one might be able to obtain a very small shop for \$3,000 or \$3,500 per annum; but such a price would secure very indifferent accommodation—probably only the one room which faced the street.—Ex.

### Fashions in Names

Fashion in names is a curious study. There is a good, sound reason for most changes and crazes, and the folk who have recently been lamenting that Mr. Barrie has made the name of Mary unpopular are quite correct in supposing that this change of fashion will have its way.

Nothing, of course, could change the university of Mary in Roman Catholic countries, where it is frequently added to a boy's name, too. In England the royal names of the moment are easily first. Albert and Alberta raged throughout England 50 years ago, and today Victoria, shortened to Vera, and Alexandra, shortened to Aline or Alex, are fairly popular.

In the royalist world of Paris the names of Dorothee and Amelie were almost as popular as Marie for some time after the marriage of the duke of Orleans, but for certain well-known reasons this fashion did not last long.

The casual visitor to Devonshire would say that half the 3 and 4-year-old boys in the place are called Redvers, and this was perhaps the least foolish bit of nomenclature connected with the war. Moreover, this was partly a result of the semi-feudal and almost universal custom of christening children after the great man of the neighborhood.

Stanleys swarm round Liverpool, Howards round Arundel, Herberts round Highclere, while at Chantilly the Christian names of the late Duc d'Aumale were adopted even by the numerous English families of the neighborhood.—London Mail.

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