

CURRENT TOPICS

REFERRING to the death of the grand old man of Illinois the New York World says: "Of the generation to which William R. Morrison belonged few survivors remain. He served under Zachary Taylor in the Mexican war and commanded an Illinois regiment in the civil war. He was a 'Forty-niner,' having gone to California in the early days of the gold excitement. But it was as 'Horizontal Bill,' the chairman of the committee on ways and means in a democratic house in 1884, who sought to secure a straight or horizontal reduction of 20 per cent in the tariff, that he was best remembered. Bitter recollections of his experiences at that time with protectionist democrats led by Sam Randall must have been revived as he witnessed the betrayal of party pledges during the recent session of congress by democrats who aligned themselves with the republican stand-patters whenever tariff revision threatened to affect certain local interests."

RETURNING FROM a trip abroad William Allen White, the Kansas editor, said: "Can you imagine a self-respecting Kansas farmer going around grabbing his hat all the time to a man who has no other distinction except that he happened to have a white shirt? No? Neither can I. That's one of the things that makes a man proud of America—the fact that there is no peasant class here. Over all Europe a man that works with his hands, whether he be a farmer, railroad man, or mechanic, forever is putting his finger to his cap or pulling his hat off. He has a servile attitude, and the finest thing in the world I found when coming back to America was the American farmer and workman, who looked you squarely in the eye, and kept their hands in their pockets, and who indicate by their general attitude that if you don't like their style you can go straight up. The present burning issue in England is a form of what in America is known as the single tax. The government—that's their cabinet and members of the majority party in parliament—proposed a finance bill which purposes to put a tax on the unearned increment in land, including mineral, coal, and the like. This is taking a direct drive at the landlord system in England. The cry of the government party is 'down with the dukes.' You see it on banners in processions, hear the titled members of the majority party crying it in political meetings. The government feels perfectly confident of passing the bill, and the Tories are much disheartened."

LOUISE, DAUGHTER of Mr. and Mrs. Ross L. Hammond, passed over at the parents' home at Fremont. Mr. Hammond is the editor of the Fremont (Neb.) Tribune and for that paper the father wrote this beautiful song of immortality: "We can really know only that which we feel. In thirty years of writing a thousand times of others' woes effort has been made to soften them with a touch of sympathy, but there was not full knowledge of the bitterness of their grief till yester morn when the angel of death passed the portals of the home and touched the fair young brow of one with whom we were all in such deep love that we were not aware. But now knowledge is full and sad and if life shall be spared to write a score and ten more years the heart will understand the words the fingers form. The birth of a daughter was to the father a great miracle, almost as if a new world had been flung from the Creator's hand into an azure space of the starry sky. A new tune was struck in the sanctuary of the heart that thrilled with ecstasy. Day by day and year by year she grew and twined herself about the affections. She nestled so close and warm and loving. Through childhood's happy hours she dwelt as one sent to make glad with the music of her sweet voice. She grew beside the dear mother until her stature filled the full measure of her who had felt the anguish and the joy of the miracle that had brought her forth. No picture of pigment and canvas ever portrayed the beauty of these two walking side by side in the home, entering so completely, unreservedly, and affectionately into each other's lives. So gradually was this

picture formed and framed that the one who saw it as it developed in its beauty could not say when the lines were drawn that gave it grace and form and color. He knew only that by constant and delicate touch the masterpiece was created and that it was revealed in a scene that was divinely fair. That younger soul was beginning to search the universe. With a passion to know God's great truths she delved and digged and sought. Every new discovery was a great delight. With glorious zeal she strived to fathom the facts and secrets and mysteries of the great wide world. With dignity and serenity and sweetness that those about her sensed and knew she dwelt in the home as a sweet benediction. At rarest intervals she showed the traits that made her human. As she came into the greater, deeper experiences of young womanhood the parents felt a sense of profoundest satisfaction. But in a twinkling, like a flash from the sky, the beautiful picture was riven. Broken is the golden bowl, the spirit flown forever; let the bells toll for a saintly soul has crossed the Stygian river. The mystery of death is greater than the miracle of birth. Forth again into that life from which it came. Parental hearts are in the ground but their hope is in the skies. Just as sure as that they journeyed with her on that hard and lonely path close down to the dark river's edge are they that she was helped across by the hand of God and that all the joys of heaven are her's. That this sweet young girl was not more to those who loved and lived for her than have been others who have gone on the unknown journey, to those about them, proves to newly-stricken hearts how great is the sorrow of the world. And with this new lesson of anguish is the compensating one of knowledge of human sympathy. A deluge of tender messages of sympathy and appreciation from far and near in some measure mitigated the grief that shows that though stricken in the rosy morn of life dear Louise did not live in vain."

IN THIS CONNECTION an incident may be of service to men everywhere. The Fremont Tribune is a strong republican paper, its editor being foremost in the republican leadership of Nebraska. The Fremont Herald, edited by Marc G. Perkins, is a strong democratic paper. In the democratic paper Editor Perkins pays this beautiful tribute to the daughter of his business and political rival: "Death has entered the home of a brother worker. No other mystery is so impenetrable as that of God's will. Why must loving hearts be torn with grief; why must the most innocent and affectionate, the dearest of them all be taken away? Cherished from the cradle, almost ripening into womanhood, attaining that sweet age where she stepped from childhood to the companionship of mother and sweetheart of father, Louise was stricken with a fatal illness, and today her dear body will be laid away. No words can come to fill the measure of sympathy needed but from those who have suffered the agony of such loss. Language can only express a sincere, prayerful sorrow for the parents and a hope that in those who live to fill her place may be found a consolation for their distress and that God may be merciful to them in their deep affliction." It would be well if men and women habitually put the proper value upon such incidents as these.

GOVERNOR COMER, of Alabama, has given out an interview replying to an attack made upon him by Thomas G. Jones, judge of the United States court in Alabama. Governor Comer boldly declares that Judge Jones had made up his mind to enjoin the state rate laws before he heard the testimony, and that the railroads, against which the laws were directed, knew that he was going to do so. "I have criticised Judge Jones," the governor said, "and have stated that on account of his environment he was not fitted to sit upon the rate cases in Alabama." The governor then goes on to recite that Judge Jones was an employe from youth of the Louisville and Nashville road, that many of his family were employed in the same way, that he was a virtual protege of

Milton Smith, president of the road, that he continued in the employ of the road until he went on the bench, and that Milton Smith helped to put him on the bench, he had been informed. "With this environment and his disposition it was impossible for him to give the state a fair, impartial trial, continues the governor. "The sacredness and justice which by common consent is accorded to every court, could not be conceded to his court in the trial of these cases." The governor also says that the partisanship of the judge to the railroads compelled him to take as conclusive evidence the expert's statements of the railroads, although he should have known such evidence to be questionable from the very nature of the case. He charges "that it was very generally believed that by his invitation he (Jones) had railroad employes come to his chambers, where in the most spectacular manner he assured them of the protection of his court." The governor further asserts that the attorney general refused to appear in the court because the judge, before hearing the side of the state, pointed out his course in a newspaper interview. The citing of Solicitor Steagall for contempt because he talked back to a deputy of the federal court "shocked" the governor. He speaks of the "exaggerated egotism" of the judge, and says that the talk of civil war was only in his "fevered brain." The governor declared that former President Roosevelt intimated to him that if state officers were fined for contempt of the Jones court they might be pardoned.

THE NEW YORK Independent prints this human interest story: "The following letter from William E. Barton, D. D., of Oak Park, Ill., tells a kindly story and preaches a short lesson: 'Some months ago I made request through your columns that picture postal cards be sent to a friend of mine in prison. May I now be permitted to thank those who responded to that request, and to say that it will not be necessary to send any more? The gentle, kindly man to whom this kindness was extended, has been released, and is doubly free; he died a free man. Friends who sent him postal cards without knowing his name will be interested in knowing that there came to him through the mails 1,600 illustrated postals, from every part of the world, and that he found great satisfaction in arranging them, and that every one of them touched his heart with a sense of the kindness of unknown friends. It is something to have brightened the last months of a life as those did who remembered him in bonds. As his name was not mentioned before, let it still rest in the silence of this quiet ministrations. But let me preach this little sermon to men who are trusted as he once was trusted, and honored as he once was honored. Keep trust funds separate from your own money. It is a very simple sermon, but for lack of following its direction some kindly men, generous and good, have learned bitter lessons.'

SPEAKING TO a reporter for the Washington (D. C.) Herald, Dr. V. W. Holder of Philadelphia says: "Speaking of words that are overworked, I want to put in a mild protest on behalf of the word 'most.' Now 'most' is a good word, and may be put to a great many uses. But in my judgment," continued the pedagogue, "it is greatly overworked, and the fact is particularly noticeable in the society columns of newspapers. Like a great many other qualifying words, used so frequently for the purpose of strengthening a phrase, 'most,' when used without fine discrimination, has just the opposite effect. It weakens and detracts from the sentence. It is never well for the writer to allow the suggestion of gushing, or gaudy fulsomeness to crop out between the lines, and this often happens when qualifying words are used. 'Most' is simply one of the many words that are pressed into service often enough to become offensive. Such expressions as 'most beautiful,' 'most brilliant,' 'most graceful,' 'most eloquent,' 'most unique,' and so on, are constantly appearing in newspapers and periodicals, and these expressions, and others of the same kind are commoner now than ever before."