

THE CARNEGIE PROPOSITION

The Independent (New York) prints the following editorial:

"In his Commoner Mr. Bryan goes wild over Mr. Carnegie's proposition, or that of his philanthropic corporation, to pension ex-presidents. He says: 'It would be a monstrous thing to permit the president of the United States to rest under the shame of anticipating a pension from a fund accumulated through special privilege.' The 'special privilege' was the tariff, nothing else. Under the tariff system established by congress and approved by the people, all business had to be done. All manufacturing business was 'special privilege;' it could not be escaped, and they did not wish to escape it. The money earned was legally earned, even if the tariff gave too much protection. Mr. Bryan, who severely attacks the pensioning of college professors, is too squeamish; but he is right in urging that now congress provide for the pensioning of ex-presidents."

The Commoner proved its point by an eminent republican authority, the Chicago Tribune. The Tribune complained that Mr. Carnegie was "constantly posing," and that he had "tried the patience of his friends severely in some of his late bids for notoriety." It said that Mr. Carnegie had "scattered libraries broadly through the country, all of which were to be called for him, and every one of them is a contribution to the conscience fund." Then the Tribune said: "Mr. Carnegie made his money in a magnificent way, but he should never forget that HE MADE IT THROUGH UNLAWFUL FAVORITISM of the government of the United States. OWING TO THE DISCRIMINATION PRACTICED IN HIS FAVOR BY THE TARIFF, he was enabled to amass a fortune of two hundred million dollars or more, MOST OF WHICH CAME OUT OF THE POCKETS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN THROUGH THE OPERATION OF UNEQUAL LAWS. Much has been said of the benefit to the workingmen from the establishment of the Carnegie works. The beneficent tariff system permitted the works to survive and flourish, but there are some people who have not forgotten the Homestead strike, nor the outrageous manner in which workingmen were treated at that time by employers whose brutality has seldom been exceeded in the history of labor agitations."

Even if Mr. Carnegie's money was, as The Independent says, "legally earned," it was nevertheless dishonestly acquired for the reason that even the "legal" privilege was maintained through generous contributions to the campaign funds of the dominant party. Now that the immorality of this system is being recognized by men generally, it would be a long backward step to permit a man notoriously a beneficiary of that system, to provide a pension for ex-presidents of the United States.

Mr. Carnegie also received several times the value of his property when he permitted the steel trust to gobble up the Carnegie system. Out of that deal alone, J. Pierpont Morgan made sixty-five million dollars promoter's fees and an additional fee of six million eight hundred thousand dollars for providing a little ready cash. It was just a bit of "special privilege" through watered stock in the trust scheme engineered by Morgan and out of which Carnegie profited so largely.

A GOOD TIME TO SWEAR OFF

Baltimore Sun: Our esteemed contemporary, the New York Sun, which in most things is very sane, and has generally a wholesome sense of humor, never hears the name of William Jennings Bryan without promptly throwing a fit. The continued mention of Mr. Bryan as a probable member of Mr. Wilson's cabinet goads it to madness, and it tears the dictionary into tatters in its effort to find phrases strong enough to characterize an appointment that it regards in the light of a national menace. Apropos of Governor Wilson's remark at the Southern society's banquet about hanging panic-makers on a gibbet of public disgrace as high as Haman's, the Sun, after denouncing Bryan for "his infernal theories of finance" and for having attempted to produce the greatest panic in our history, asks:

"If a panic should be started by the appearance of this same William J. Bryan in a commanding post in the nation's affairs, would President Wilson hang this same William J. Bryan as high as Haman, even if he went to the gibbet from a cabinet chair?"

We do not know what would happen if the

Atlantic ocean should overflow the state of New York, or the man in the moon should become the editor of the New York Sun. Certainly the editor from Luna could not be more sensitive to the influence of that satellite than some folks seem to be now when Mr. Bryan's rays fall on them. What would happen if the impossible took place the country will not waste time in conjecturing. We will take time, however, to make a New Year suggestion to our New York friend and namesake. Give up the Bryan jim-jams habit, and be as sensible, well balanced and good-humored with regard to this distinguished American as you are as to other persons and things. Believe us, you will feel better for it and the country will think better of you for it.

THE BLIND SENATOR

Senator Gore is forty-two years old. He is serving his second term in the senate. His term will expire March 3, 1915. Senator Gore is blind. When he was eight years old he was accidentally struck in the left eye by a stick which a companion threw down. The whole thing was an accident, the stick rebounding and striking him under part of the eyeball. Some injury to the optic nerve resulted and the sight gradually failed in that eye.

When he was eleven years old, and a page in the Mississippi senate—he was born and brought up in that state—he bought an airgun to take home to his brother for a Christmas present. Some of the children at the hotel where he was living wanted to see it work, and naturally an eleven-year-old boy did not need to be asked twice. While he was showing it off the rod he fired kept catching in the barrel, so finally, having placed it in position, Young Gore squinted down the barrel—with his good eye, of course—to see if everything was all right that time. Somehow or other, the gun went off, and so did part of his right eye. Of course the sight was destroyed.

Senator Gore has undergone several operations in Washington and elsewhere in the hope that his eyesight might be restored, but without avail. Since he was eleven years old Senator Gore has not been able to read a word. After he lost his sight he promptly decided on an education as the first necessity for life, and set about getting one. He went through the public schools, then the normal school, then the Cumberland university at Lebanon, Tenn. One of his earlier schoolmates accompanied him to Lebanon and read to him. Every bit of his work was done this way. He was valedictorian of his class, and one of six graduated with highest honors.

When he left college he went to Jackson, Miss., for six months to learn to read with his fingers. In 1896 he moved to Texas, and to Oklahoma in 1901. On December 27, 1900, he was married to Miss Nina Kay. Mrs. Gore is the senator's constant companion. She understands law and is one of the best informed women in the United States on public affairs. She is his eyesight. He has a marvellous library and Mrs. Gore is the senator's chief reader.—The New York Sun.

"WATCH OUT, WILSON! BRYAN BEWARE!"

Baltimore Sun: Eminent standpatters refuse to allow their opposition to Wilson's election to prevent them from giving him liberal advice. "Save him from Bryan!" is the cry that goes up from these patriotic souls. Their solicitude as to Governor Wilson's safety is touching. A year ago they were urging Mr. Bryan to resent the terrible insult of the "knock-him-into-a-cocked-hat" letter. How could Bryan trust a secret enemy like Wilson? they asked.

Before and during the Baltimore convention they warned Wilson against this man Bryan, who was at the psychological moment to throw the Jersey candidate overboard and grab the nomination himself. The number of horrible things that Mr. Bryan has not done during the past year has distressed his enemies beyond measure. He has had so many opportunities to wreck the party and has not taken advantage of a single one.

But a ray of hope pierces the gloom. Washington dispatches state one day that Bryan is going to be secretary of state and run the administration; the next that he is preparing to set up an insurgent junta in Washington, declare war on Wilson and through The Commoner pour hot shot into the White House. The fact that both can't be true doesn't discourage the industrious despairers. Whatever happens, they hope for the worst.

Meanwhile Mr. Wilson is placidly enjoying the smiling skies of New Jersey, little thinking what dangers hang over his head. And Mr.

Bryan, never dreaming of the deep, dark conspiracy hatched up for him and the role in rehearsal, is quietly going about his business. Three months from now this tremendous tragedy that threatens to wreck the Wilson administration, right on the front pages of republican newspapers, will be numbered among the awful things in politics that never happened.

UNCLE JOE'S PHILOSOPHY

From an interview with ex-Speaker Cannon, in a Washington dispatch to the New York World: "There is one of two things for a man who loses out to do: Go to work at something else and try to keep busy, or commit suicide.

"Work for me. I know too little about where I am going to commit suicide.

"Now, if I were given an insurance contract that would guarantee that I would live out the 100 years that I am on, I would not have it. Not that I do not want to live to be 100 years old, but I want to take my chance instead of having a cocksure thing. If I were guaranteed 100 years, I would spend my time counting my days. As it is, I may die tomorrow or the next day, but whatever happens I will have the chance that every human likes to take. I have one chance out of 5,000,000, or perhaps 10,000,000, to live to be 100.

"There is something in every human animal that makes him like to take a chance.

"I knew Phil Sheridan, and we often talked over the war. I told him that I did not understand how a man could make a charge when he knew that certain death awaited most of those in the charging party.

"It is the human chance that makes the man charge without fear," said Sheridan: every fellow believes that he will be the one that escapes."

"My defeat is behind me. Like the old negro that was up in the tree handing down chickens to his partner, I have not time to discuss that question, but am looking forward.

"Simon was in the tree, gathering the poultry, when, all of a sudden, he stopped and said to Rastus, who slipped them in a sack:

"This here thing is wrong, Rastus."

"It's a great moral question," said Rastus, "but give me another hen."

"It is pretty bad that my people were deceived into not sending me back, but that is passed, and they are good people. I will go back to them when I get through here."

Mr. Cannon is very happy with his daughters and granddaughter, and great quantities of cigars at his home, 1040 Vermont avenue.

OLD PROVERBS MADE NEW

Governor Wilson's remark that if any one starts a panic he will hang him higher than Haman suggests the bringing of several proverbs down to date. For instance:

A threat in time saves nine.
An ounce of warning is worth a pound of punishment.
A word to the scared is sufficient.
To Wall street:
The fear of the law is the beginning of wisdom.

INSPIRATION

I show men things they do not see,
So oft they pass them by;
And some have found new things to love,
New splendors in the sky.

I pull the veil from Mystery,
And show her cynic's smile;
Men look a foolish look, and feel
They knew her all the while.

I give a youth the power to tell
Old lore that is like new;
The wise men wag their heads and frown,
And know his words are true.

A beggar played his violin
Where wind folk sob and sing;
I whispered to his heart, and now
He plays before the king.

The crowd saw but the parts of steel
Piled high before their eyes.
Long to the builder's heart I came—
He saw his tower rise.

I am a guest that comes and goes,
Not lured by throne or mart;
I give to Man the loaf of Life—
Or else I break his heart.

—Ainslie's.