

**UNCOMPLIMENTARY.** In his maiden speech Senator Dietrich argued that the Filipinos are surely friendly, because certain of the dusky señoritas danced with General Funston. Without touching upon the virtues of the astute gentleman's argument, it is certainly no compliment to Funston's terpsichorean abilities to assert that to dance or not to dance with him is the crucial test of the mestizo belles' loyalty. A common mortal seems to see why a school girl might one-two-three over the waxed floor, even with Funston, without being particularly desirous of being annexed to the United States, but perhaps the perspicacious mind of the potent, grave and reverend legislator sees things that are not to us revealed.

**UNREASONABLE.** Minister Wu Ting Fang, in his late impromptu debate with Ex-Mayor Phelan, of San Francisco, advised the latter to "go away back off the earth and sit down," which feat of aerial balancing the dignified Californian discourteously refused to do. Mr. Wu certainly has room to be provoked that his countrymen, no matter of what grade or condition should be excluded from America, and for China to retaliate by excluding all Americans would be but simple justice, as it is no more proper for the two races to mix upon the other shore of the Pacific than upon this side; furthermore, if we have the right to appropriate a large proportion of the earth's surface for our own exclusive use, the Celestials certainly have a similar sovereignty over their own already sadly over-populated domain. Yet we think it unreasonable in Mr. Wu to ask an American of prominence to perform aerial contortions which to date have only been attempted by M. Santos Dumont.

**EXIT HENRY.** Prince Henry has come and gone, taking with him many good wishes and pleasant evidences of the esteem in which he is held by those who lately had the honor of entertaining him, and leaving behind him as many pleasing reminders of his visit. Of all the many speeches with which he was regaled—or bored—while touring the country, that of Mayor Rose, of Milwaukee, stands out pre-eminently the best. While the prince was the recipient of fulsome flattery from some quarters, and no doubt the faint, distant cries of "flunkyism" and "toadyism" were wafted to his royal ears from other directions, Mayor Rose's speech is the golden mesne between the two extremes: snobbishness and bigotry. Conceding to the people of the Ger-

man Empire their inalienable right to adopt and continue (or, at least tolerate) such form of government as they may, Mr. Rose points proudly to American laws and institutions, and portrays the Yankee as "the ruler of his own destiny; the king of his own fortune; the lord of his own manor." The entire speech rings with true patriotism, yet passes no criticism upon the peoples of other countries who are as loyal to their own forms of government, and those who execute them.

**AN OLD TRICK.** You have all seen the man who goes to the circus simply because the children wish to see the elephant, and he has to go along to take care of the children, and many a woman has purchased corn salve or hair dye "for a friend" which was surreptitiously used by herself. In this connection we quote the following from The Commoner:

"A reader of The Commoner desires to know where he can find a book entitled 'The Way Out of the Wilderness.' If any one knows and will send the information to The Commoner on a postal card, it will be forwarded to the inquirer."

We suggest that inasmuch as it is possible that the "inquirer" is really not a myth, anyone having the book had best send two copies, as there is room for real apprehension that if only one is sent, it will never get out of The Commoner office.

March 17, 1902,  
**SIXTY-FIVE YEARS OLD.** Ex-President Grover Cleveland is sixty-five years of age. His political record as Mayor of Buffalo, Sheriff of Erie county, Governor of the state of New York, and President of the United States, brightens as the years roll over it.

There has been no man in public life in this country during the last one hundred years who has served the people with a more disinterested and patriotic purpose. Practical politicians, trimmers, moral cowards, and opportunists generally, deserted Mr. Cleveland, because during his last administration he pronouncedly adhered to commercial freedom and honest money. Perhaps he ought to have vetoed the so-called Wilson Bill? It was not like him to permit the bill to become a law without either vetoing or without signing it. The judgment of the editor of The Conservative was against permitting the bill to become a law at all and in favor of its veto. Subsequent events seem to ratify and approve that judgment.

Few men, however, can celebrate a birthday this year with a more ap-

proving conscience than can Grover Cleveland, and few Americans command so universally the respect, and admiration and confidence of the best citizenship of the republic of the United States.

**THANKLESS BENEFICIARIES.** Mr. Astor's alleged remark that no man can be a gentleman without a college education, is rebuked by the Chicago Record-Herald in these words: "Poor Washington, poor Lincoln, poor old John Jacob Astor, the fur peddler." Cornelius Vanderbilt was once taken to task by his daughter who protested against his habit of tipping his hat to a certain lady, whom the daughter was pleased to describe as ignorant and illiterate. The young preceptress wound up her lecture by saying, "Father, in future you do not know her." "But I do know her," replied this gentleman of the old school. "I have known her ever since the days when her mother used to buy oysters of your mother." It was the old Astors and the old Vanderbilts, without college educations, who laid the foundations for the fortunes which have reared themselves with little aid from the present generation of golf enthusiasts and yachting experts. Are not these pioneer financiers and gentlemen who had no capital other than stout hearts and willing hands entitled to a mite of consideration? However, The Conservative is not inclined to criticise Mr. Astor, for we are firmly convinced that he is too level-headed to make such a remark, but is probably the victim of modern sallow-hued journalism. But while Mr. Astor is probably innocent of making any such foolish statement, there are other sons of sturdy fathers who are fond of waving their sheep-skin diplomas ahead of them wherever they go, and loudly proclaiming that a man without a college education is but half a man, while as a matter of fact there is scarcely one of them but traces his lineage back to some long-headed old tradesman with iron in his blood, and whose business and social education was begun in the little red school house, and finished in that greatest of all schools—the world.

### AN ERROR.

Through the accidental mingling of a private letter with a communication for publication, an article in last week's Conservative was improperly credited to Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Morton, for which we wish to beg the forgiveness of all parties interested, and on account of which we are willing to have the entire force of employees lectured by the first man we meet who has never made a mistake.