

**ENCOURAGING.** John Wanamaker grasped Emperor William by the hand and said: "I am glad to meet such an enterprising young man!" This was no doubt very gratifying to the youthful Hohenzollern, but there are a great many people who will always think that Wanamaker should have, at least, offered him a job in one of his stores.

**HIGH CARDS.** The world having acknowledged that "a man is King in his own house," there is ample room for the supposition that in his own barn he may be at least a Knave, but furnishes no excuse for his overlooking the fact that there are a number of higher cards in the pack, and they are all out against him.

**THE GREAT BEYOND.** A western editor who discusses military problems with great solemnity, and should have a place on the board of strategy, asks where the Filipinos went after General Smith raided the island of Samar. Those who repose any faith in the teachings of the Good Book are aware that all this depends upon the past life of the Filipinos. Some are little brown angels; some are—not so fortunate.

**PUNGENT.** The Louisville Courier-Journal says: "Teddy is neither sugar, nor salt." No siree! Sugar and salt melt and run away, when cold water is dashed upon them, but the astute editor of the Courier-Journal has discovered that this is not a Rooseveltian characteristic. Teddy is cayenne pepper, horseradish, tabasco sauce and other strenuous seasonings all combined, and before Watterson, other men have found him too strong for their taste.

**DASTARDLY CRIME.** Ulysses Simpson Grant Welt is the imposing cognomen of a culprit who is under arrest at Quincy, Illinois, charged with having sent an infernal machine through the mails. Press reports give but a meagre description of the hellish contrivance, but from their statement that it was "malignant," "destructive," "highly dangerous," etc., many are convinced that it was nothing more nor less than a copy of a certain explosive journal, published upon the dry strip which separates the shimmering Platte from the narrow winding streamlet called Salt Creek.

**WOOLING.** When the Kaiser sent his precious royal brother into this savage wilderness, we were suspicious; when he christened one of the German vessels "The Alice Roosevelt," we were nearly satisfied; now that he has slapped an American officer on the back and called him "Bill" doubt has been dispelled. The Black Eagle is certainly courting, gallantly, persistently courting the Bald Eagle. If, instead of slapping this officer upon the back, he had prodded him in the ribs; and if, instead of plain "Bill," he had addressed him as "Billy old Boy!" America would ere now have asked to be annexed to Germany, just for the privilege of being ruled by a really and truly democratic sovereign.

**UNFAIR.** Atlanta levied a tax to support the library which Andrew Carnegie presented to the city. Negroes, of course, paid their share of this tax, but are not permitted to enjoy the benefits and pleasures of the institution. The question is, how long will it take to educate Atlanta's portion of the white man's burden if the black is to be taxed for the benefit of the white man, and denied access to the means of improving his mind? Without entering into the vexing race question, which, it must be admitted is better understood in the South than in the North, it appears that if the color line is to be drawn by the librarian, it should be no less faithfully observed by the assessor, and tax collector.

**NOTABLE CONVERT.** Grovenor, of Ohio, one of the first to follow McKinley into the tariff maze, was also close upon the heels of the illustrious exponent of protection, when the latter came out of that maze, just before his lamented death. Mr. Grovenor says he never has considered the tariff "a fetich not to be touched or examined." The republican party stood for a principle, not for a schedule, and many notable leaders are beginning to see that an obstinate adherence to the rates—which never can be fixed permanently—will make trouble for candidates at the coming congressional election. Grovenor, the party's soothsayer, seems to lead the van of the procession of republicans who are marching away from the temple of their little wooden god—protection. The pace is slow, and there are frequent halts for consultation, but slow progress is better than no progress, and there is every reason to hope that tariff idolatry will soon be an unpopular ceremony.

**SOMEWHAT MIXED.** An editor whose name will not be mentioned, because readers would be none the wiser if it was, volunteers the startling statement that The Conservative has been slandering Colonel Bryan, and remarks that "it is a good thing for Morton that he does not live in some good, moral community that we know of, or he would get tar and feathers just as often as his Conservative made its appearance." You will note that at the head of these columns appears the statement: "Terms of subscription one dollar and a half per year, in advance." This signifies that The Conservative does business upon a cash basis only, and as we have already refused to accept cobs, coon skins, cord wood and pumpkins in payment of subscriptions, we could not consistently exchange The Conservative even for marketable merchandise such as tar and feathers. Not even the joys of living in a "good, moral community" and standing upon a par with "the great champion of human liberty"—as this editor calls him,—would recompense The Conservative for the loss of the liberty of expressing its sincere beliefs upon public issues and public characters, and incidentally the right to choose its own medium of exchange in settling with subscribers.

**DESERVED RECOGNITION.** Eugene F. Ware, the new commissioner of pensions, provided he is willing to accept the position, is 61 years of age, has an army record of five years and more of faithful service to his country, was admitted to the bar in 1871, served five years in the Kansas senate, has twice been delegate to republican national conventions, and has been prominently identified with the interests of this state, being frequently retained to assist the attorney general in trying important cases for the state.

Mr. Ware, as "Iron Quill" has written many poems of merit. "It hurts a lawyer to have it known that he beats his wife, or writes poetry," is the reason he gives for having assumed the nom de plume.

Being soldier, lawyer and statesman combined, there is good reason to expect much of him as commissioner of pensions, and those who have watched the development of his character, and know his moral integrity, industry and sturdy independence of thought and action, congratulate the president and the country, upon the selection of this remarkable man. Deserving veterans will find in him a friend and comrade; they can ask no more. Unworthy applicants and bogus veterans will find him at his post and with his eyes open; they can expect nothing at his hands.