

DETHRONED MONARCH. Even as a broken down and retired war-horse ignores the curb and defies the rowel when he hears the bugle call, so Tom Reed must fume and fret, and long to bolt back to his old place in the ranks when his copy of the Congressional Record reaches him, with its load of "Czar Henderson" epithets.

INCOMPATIBILITY. One of two things is true; either the ship subsidy scheme retreats a step every time Senator Hanna's candidacy receives a fresh impetus or Senator Hanna's candidacy receives a fresh impetus every time the ship subsidy retreats a step into the shadow. State the case which way you will, the undeniable fact remains that subsidy and popularity do not rhyme nicely.

ULTERIOR MOTIVE. For the same reason which prompts an Irish tenant to entice his landlord into the bog, the Omaha World-Herald urges the editor of its hated rival, the Bee, to run for congress. Editorial effusions of that nature should be sent out with a fender on ahead to prevent the infliction of serious injury upon confiding individuals who stand upon the track.

CAUSE AND EFFECT. Miss Catharine Maude Rice, of Louisville, Kentucky laughed herself to death one day last week, and physicians are chary of their explanation. Not being a physician, consequently having no professional reputation to maintain, The Conservative ventures the suggestion that as the fit seized her upon the very day that Chaffee announced the entire pacification of the Philippines, it is possible that the two interesting events are connected in some way.

HANNA. M. A. Hanna's love of a good fight did not pass away with McKinley. Having no other warm friend whose candidacy needs attention, Mr. Hanna, rather than rust out in idleness, will even deign to look after his own affairs, like the baby which plays with its own toes, when it is unable to reach anybody's else. Having hitched to his chariot the two good horses, "Capital" and "Labor," he promises to run a good race, if the team can only be kept in step. There is but one circumstance which can possibly prevent his becoming president, and that circumstance is—Theodore Roosevelt.

TITLED ARISTOCRACY. In this democratic country there are many who secretly sigh for a revivification of the feudal system, and do not sympathize with the democratic custom of allowing military heroes to struggle along with no title to distinguish them from the common plebeian herd.

Henry Watterson spoke for the establishment of a titled aristocracy by referring to the nation's executive as "That Man on Horseback at Washington," and Senator Rawlins gives the movement fresh impetus by dubbing General Chaffee "The Dastardly Villain of the Philippines."

THE REAL SOUTHERNER. Now and then one gets a glimpse of the real, old-time southern gentlemen, little advertised in the North and somewhat slighted by the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

General Wade Hampton's funeral car was driven by an ex-slave, eighty-five years of age, who was born on the Hampton estate, and will die there if his wishes are respected in the future as they have been in the past.

Many other ex-slaves followed the body of the man they had never ceased to call "Mars Hampton," to its last resting place, but there is no report to the effect that Legree and the bloodhounds were in the procession.

POSSIBLE EXPLANATION. Inspired friends of General Miles complain that the senior officer was given a stinging tongue-lashing by the President, while the irrepressible Funston was reprimanded by wire.

The President will be acquitted of the charge of partiality by those who pause to reflect that it is a far cry from Washington to Denver, and, strong as Mr. Roosevelt's lungs are known to be, he probably feared that even if his sonorous voice should prove equal to the task imposed upon it his words would lose some of their sting when they reached the rarified atmosphere beyond the Colorado line.

MERITED REBUKE. Brigadier-General Frederick Funston has many warm friends and ardent admirers, and out of the thousands who neither befriend nor admire him, few really wish him ill. Upon every hand is deep regret that he has so conducted himself as to necessitate the promulgation of the following cruelly outspoken order:

"War Department, Washington, D. C., April 22.—Sir: I am directed by the president to instruct you that

he wishes you to cease further public discussion of the situation in the Philippines, and also to express his regret that you should make a senator of the United States the object of public criticism or discussion. Very respectfully,

WILLIAM CARY SANGER,
Acting Secretary of War.

To Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, Commanding Department Colorado, Denver."

Jackson's famous reply to those who urged that the government should go out of the banking business was, "Let the banks go out of the government business!" With equal force President Roosevelt might say to those who denounce the executive for embarrassing the military branch, "Let the military branch cease embarrassing the executive."

COMPLETE BIOGRAPHY. There is a good story of an elderly individual who appeared at the desk

of a metropolitan hotel each morning, and helped himself to the contents of the match receptacle. Unfavorably impressed with the appearance of the individual, and little relishing his familiarity at the desk, the clerk frowned ominously at him one morning and none too gently remarked that he did not know why a stranger should feel free to appropriate the hotel matches without leave or license. "Stranger!" ejaculated the offender, "Why, Great Scott, man! Don't you know me?" The clerk, somewhat taken aback, replied: "My dear sir. Possibly I should know you, but really I do not." With pompous dignity the man—who had been busily picking up matches during the dialogue—impressively answered: "You do not know me? Well, you should; I am the man who comes in here to get matches!"

There is a man who appears before the voters at each election, and asks for their ballots. Naturally the people wish to know something of him, and his career. They wish to know what part of his public record entitles him to consideration, what laws he has fathered, what interests he represents, to what laborers he has given employment, how many widows' boards are freighted with his bounty, and how many earthly gardens bloom the brighter on account of his having been born. They see him; they hear him; but they do not know him. Upon requesting information they are pompously, grandly informed: "You do not know me? Well, you should; I am the man who runs for president!" That is all.