

Three pages of **HIS EXACT MEASUREMENT.** fulsome eulogy for a deceased anarchist in another state; three lines of cold mention for the foremost citizen of his own state. A man's character may be judged by the character of those he most admires.

So long as the **NOT CONVINCED.** packers continue to furnish butchers with meat at a cheaper rate than they can buy it on the hoof at present gold-standard prices, those skeptically inclined will continue to doubt that the beef trust is really and truly an octopus, but it may be a venal vampire or something of that sort.

The free selling of **HEATHENISH MONEY.** Chinese indemnity silver has pounded down the market price until the actual bullion value of a shining dollar is just forty cents. In periods of opulency the silver standard is an unfaithful servant; in hours of dire extremity, it is a tyrannical master, but the Chinese are not the only people who have not yet discovered those facts.

Towne emerges **NEEDLESS EXPLANATION.** from the woods to remark that he is not a candidate for the presidency and has no well-defined idea who will be nominated. Nobody has thought of Towne for so long that it is difficult to see why he finds it necessary to defend himself against such an accusation; and as he has never been accused of resting under the suspicion of being suspected of ever having entertained even the pale shadow of a well-defined idea, the second part of his explanation is likewise incompetent and immaterial.

Preternaturally **SAVAGE.** good and wise republican editors have forced Governor Savage to abdicate. He has been made the victim of some ignorant criticism, more deliberate misrepresentation and vindictive abuse, and still more shallow, demagogic politics.

In penning the announcement of his withdrawal the governor is so evidently sincere in stating that he has nothing to apologize for in connection with the pardon of Bartley, that a great many doubters have been convinced by reading it that he thought the pardon justifiable under the circumstances. What one of the clamoring horde of critics has a better acquaintance with the circumstances?

James K. Jones' **FLIMSY EXCUSES.** explanation of his intimate association with the corporation formed for the purpose of promoting the round cotton bale, bears a faint resemblance to the statement of the Nebraska divine who bowled ten-pins and played billiards, justifying his actions by asserting that he hated to turn these places of amusement entirely over to the devil. Jones evidently went into the trust to reform it, and was compelled to rake off a few dividends, just to avoid suspicion.

Secretary Shaw, in **PSHAW! SHAW.** a gushingly confidential mood, very truly says: "If the door set ajar in the spring of 1896 by the unanimous vote of both houses of congress ever swings wide on its hinges, the United States will police not only the street on which it lives, but the entire western hemisphere, and with it all countries and all islands of the Pacific."

No doubt America will do all of that; but are there not more pleasant and remunerative callings than that of a policeman? From what chapter of history, from what utterances of great men, by what process of reasoning do we gather the conclusion that it is America's duty to serve as the world's volunteer scavenger, taking her pay in Mauser projectiles?

The staff and line **SUBMARINE CRAFT.** are still quarreling over the introduction of the submarine boat into naval warfare. The staff officer, being a theorist, sees the obvious advantages which the underwater torpedo boat possesses over surface craft, consequently always favors it. The officer of the line, being pre-eminently a fighter, feels a soldier's natural repugnance to the skulking tactics which a plunger must employ, so always has, and quite probably always will, dislike to be liable for service on this type of vessel.

The next international peace conference could perform a good work by eliminating this obnoxious craft from the world's navies, thus insuring honest, open and literally above-board marine battles.

Governor Cummins, of Iowa, an erstwhile protectionist who has freighted the playful zephyrs of his state with eloquent pleas for tariff-in-the-highest legislation, has at last struggled to the

surface and taken a look about him. Evidence of this may be found in the following:

"I have long been a most devoted adherent of the principle of protection, and my zeal for it has increased rather than diminished with the progress of time. Nevertheless, I believe that the consumer has a better right to competition than the producer has to protection. Competition we will have, that of our own country preferred, but that of the world if necessary."

The very boldness of the suggestions of this notable apostate may startle the devoted guardians of the infant industries for a moment, but if the alarmed ones do not shy too far away from Mr. Cummins' statement before examining it, the logic of his remark that "the consumer has a better right to competition than the producer has to protection" cannot fail to make an impression, even upon those who worship the tariff, as a Christian worships his God.

McKinley, Roosevelt, Grosvenor, Cummins.—Next!

The extreme caution observed by **DELICATE SITUATION.** American commanders in treating with the Moros promises temporarily to avert a threatened war, which is only viewed with contempt by those unfamiliar with the fanatical character of the inhabitants of Mindanao.

Those who have come in contact with the bloody-minded Mussulman; who know his fierceness and his stubbornness in warfare, are gratified to learn that there will be no attempt to make Mindanao, like Samar, a "howling wilderness" strewn with the corpses of its obstinate defenders, and obscured by the smoke of burning villages.

At present it is probably impossible for the Dattos, whose positions as rulers are none too secure, especially when there is blood in sight, to accede to the American demands; but, if given time in which to cool the hot blood of their bellicose subjects, they may be able to arrange for the turning over of those who took part in the massacre of a squad of American engineers a few weeks ago.

Diplomacy may, without endangering American prestige, gradually accomplish results that tons of war munitions would fail to attain. As to teaching the Moro a lesson that will last, that is impossible, as, like the American Indian, he remembers punishment as an injury to be avenged, not as a merited chastisement, a repetition of which may be avoided by a proper observance of the laws laid down by his white brother.