

MR. ROOSEVELT MAY REVISE IT

(By SHOWALTER.)

Washington, D. C., July 7.—"The Republican party is the party of extravagance and greed," said Representative Livingston today, "and every year witnesses greater extravagance than its predecessor. Not so long ago that party was turned out of power by the people of the country, largely because it gave us a billion dollar congress. But that day is past. Now it spends more than four-fifths of a billion dollars at each session, and its appropriations increase from year to year. It cannot be urged, either, that the appropriations are in keeping with the growth of the country, for they increase a great deal faster than the population of the country grows. The fact is, that economy is out of the question with the republicans. They pile up a big expense account in order to justify their high tariff. Some of these days, however, things are going to change. Public sentiment has a curious way of going to sleep and of a sudden rousing up and demanding an accounting, and beware its wrath at the unjust steward! That is what is going to overtake the republicans at no distant day. The time is about ripe for that awakening."

Hearst vs. Bailey.
The letter of William Randolph Hearst charging Senator Joe Bailey with having refused to wear a dress suit and afterwards donning the livery of Standard Oil is the subject of a great deal of angry comment here. Those who know Mr. Bailey know him to be one of the strongest and purest minded men in the congress of the United States. No one who has been around the Capital long would take the slightest stock in the insinuations of the New York editor. It is regarded here as being the meanest and most contemptible form of slander. But that has ever been Hearst's way. Then it is his favorite way of replying to an attack on him. It was the way he replied to Representative Sullivan of Massachusetts, it is the weapon he used when showing his sore toe which the St. Louis convention gave him. It is Hearst's way, and there is little need that it should be copyrighted by him, for there will be no imitators. It is safe to say that despite this unmanly fling at one of the most manly men in all America, Mr. Bailey will still continue to enjoy the respect of the whole country.

Hit Tillman Pretty Hard.
Senator Elkins is not as strong as a debater as he is at a conference table, and yet there are times a plenty in the course of rough and tumble debate when he gets in a straight-from-the-shoulder blow. One of these occasions happened a few days before adjournment when Senator Tillman was on a high horse over the elimination of the pipe line from the commodity amendment to the rate bill. Senator

Elkins had read telegrams from practically every independent oil man in West Virginia, urging that such action be taken. Senator Tillman declared that such a course was in the interest of Standard Oil and against the interest of the independents. "Well," rejoined the West Virginia senator, "if the senator from South Carolina knows more about the oil business and what will be for or against the interests of the independent operators than they do themselves, and can show that he does, then his counsel ought to be taken, and I hope it will be; for I am as earnest in desiring the protection of the interests of the independent operators as he can possibly be. But the pitchfork senator did not attempt to 'show' the West Virginia senator, who literally as well as figuratively is from Missouri. The contention of the West Virginia senator was sustained.

Congress Worked Hard.
Yesterday I was talking with Mr. W. A. Smith, who is in charge of the Congressional Record office at the capitol. He said that in the eighteen years he has been in charge of that office there has never been such a busy session nor such a great demand for the printing of speeches. "This is going to be the greatest campaign of education in the history of politics," said he, "if one is to judge from the printed speeches that are being ordered. The most of the members of the house delivered speeches on the tariff question, and they are having us print them in wholesale lots. They will broadcast them over their districts, and the best of them will be broadcast over the whole country. From this it is evident that the politicians have seen the handwriting on the wall and that they are preparing to fight the battle out along that line. It is believed by the unbiased observers of the political game as it is played that this gives the democratic party the best issue it could have at this time."

As I stated in a previous letter there is a probability that President Roosevelt will get into the campaign at the last moment and say that he wants the tariff revised. Since I stated in that letter that I had it on the authority of one who knew, that the president had scratched out the paragraph in his last annual message recommending tariff revision, I have had that statement confirmed by two other prominent men. If he should jump into the fight and say that tariff revision must come, and that the only way to bring it about would be through the election of a republican house, it is pretty generally believed that it would be a pretty hard frost on some mighty good democratic campaign material. But you cannot tell what Theodore Roosevelt will do.

WORK OF THE CUB REPORTER.
What the City Editor Got in a Fire Report.
The angels of night had spread their ebony wings over the vast city, and a stillness as deep and profound as that which envelops the starlit, trackless prairie was brooding over the red-tiled cottages of Kimberly Crescent, wherein the weary workers, worn out by their herculean labors, were snatching an all too brief interval of repose on the

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lotus-scented breast of Morphous, when from out the erie veil of silence there rang forth, with paralyzing suddenness, a stentorian shout of "Fire!" No sooner had the dread alarm ceased to fling its reverberating thunder over the responsive housetops than the sleeping settlement became a veritable pandemonium of noise and confusion. Like myriads of bees from an overturned hive, the startled denizens swarmed into the streets and focused their dilating eyes upon a dazzling effulgence in the skies the crimson luster of which made it all too awfully evident that a conflagration of unprecedented fury was raging in the near vicinity.

Like a flotilla of fishing boats swept irresistibly on before a mighty, rushing tidal wave, the crowd surged in a conglomerate, inextinguishable mass to the precise locality where the fire demon held manifold sway, and a wail, resembling the cry of a lost soul shut out of Paradise, filtered through their lips as they discerned the form of a wondrously beautiful maiden, clad in an exquisitely chaste robe de nuit, peering with the eyes of a startled fawn from one of the upper windows of the burning domicile.

vociferated the crowd in cyclonic chorus. "For pity's sake, save her!" And, as if in providential answer to this clamorous appeal, the fire engine thundered like a rampant monster of the antediluvian period down the congested thoroughfare, and a tumult of cheering that seemed to cleave the heavens in twain greeted the appearance of an intrepid young fireman of Titanic proportions who had reared an elongated ladder against the side of the burning edifice and was bounding up with the strides of a Colossus to the rescue of the distressed damsel.

With what a dazzling luminosity did the pellucid orb of the prepossessing young lady light up when she descended amid the asphyxiant smoke the form of her indomitable deliverer! And what a mighty fusillade of ecstatic shouts burst from the leather-lined lungs of the marvelling multitude as the valiant fireman's ax shattered the window frame! Instantly a dense exhalation of volcanic vapor volleyed forth with Vesuvian velocity, but the imperturbable fireman leaped into the red-hot furnace of flame with invulnerability of a salamander, and when he reappeared he held in his charred and blackened arms something which, but for an occasional cell-like wiggle, and a characteristically feminine anxiety concerning the symmetry of his black hair, might have been mistaken for a marble statue.

For a moment the magnificent figure of the lion-hearted rescuer poised itself in an eye-blinking flame of fire, on the scorched window sill, then, unfolding his fair burden in a giant-like, yet infinitely tender, embrace, he made a breath-suspending dive into the yawning fire escape, and not a second too soon, for, simultaneously with his precipitous passage into safety, a gorgeous pyrotechnical display of sparks betokened the collapse of the roof, and the fire demon, wringing of his mournful holocaust, permitted himself to be reduced to impotence by the tons and tons of aqueous artillery which the fireman poured in a Niagara-like cataclysm upon the once massive but now wretchedly mangled and mutilated cottage.—London Tit-Bits.

PROBLEM PRESENTED BY BREAKFAST FOOD AND PIE.

The death of Henry D. Perky, the champion of vegetarianism, recalls the terrible indictment he brought against pie as a disturber of the harmony that should prevail in our midst. His indictment is thus succinctly stated by a contemporary:

"When the New York vegetarian society celebrated Thanksgiving day in 1900 Mr. Perky made an address, in which he said that the diet of the Pilgrim Fathers was so poor that it made them and their descendants stingy; that they lived for generations on pie, doughnuts and cake, sold their slaves because slaveholding was not profitable in the 'pie belt,' and then, out of pure meanness, caused by a pie diet, did not want the residents of the southern states to have slaves. Hence the war."

It must not be forgotten that this arraignment of pie was made by a man who made a great fortune in the manufacture of breakfast foods. There

has not been time enough since the introduction of these foods to estimate accurately their effect upon the conscience of the American people, but it must be admitted that damaging allegations have been made against them. Eaters of pie, curiously enough, are usually the most bitter accusers of breakfast foods. The Post, with proper conservatism, refuses to take sides in this controversy until it has ascertained the whole truth. An irrepressible conflict is at hand, and we don't propose to be on the wrong side if we can help it.

In the pursuit of information on this topic a somewhat extended study was made during the past session of the diet of senators and representatives, which may shed some light upon obscure features of recent famous episodes. It was discovered that a most tenacious and belligerent senator kept the fires of his wrath burning with vegetable fuel exclusively, and that another senator noted for his explosive temper lunched entirely upon hot buckleberry pie. This would appear at first blush to be a case of twocedars and twosidedness; but it is far from it. Both foods were vegetable compounds, after all, so that if a man is controlled by the food he eats, it is fairly well proved that vegetable products are responsible for much of the excitement that has prevailed in the senate during this session.

Studies in the house of representatives led to the same assumption. Take "Uncle Joe" Cannon, for illustration. At the very beginning of the meat panic he announced that he was eating his regular portion of Chicago meat, with youthful zest, three times a day. And where is there a more benevolent, mild-mannered, optimistic American than "Uncle Joe"? In addition to his meat rations, "Uncle Joe" has with faithful devotion consumed at luncheon a slab, or wedge, or "piece" of pie, thus responding to those mysterious hereditary influences which engrossed the mind of Hawthorne. Yet "Uncle Joe" has no trace of stinginess or meanness, and he has been converted to vegetarianism this cult will always have a lion in its pathway.

Within the past few days a little more light has been cast upon this baffling subject by revelations of the character of food consumed at the white house. Here, again, the theory that pie contributes to combativeness and aggressiveness is not established. Pie is not mentioned in the president's list of what he eats, and yet his contests with congress were waged with unusual vigor, as the whole world knows. The belligerent nature of breakfast food may have made itself felt there, as in the senate; but here hard-boiled eggs appear in the equation, and speculation staggers and is lost.

If the department of agriculture is not too busy with other vital matters, it should make a series of investigations into the nature of breakfast food and pie. This is a matter that will not be settled until it is settled right.—From the Washington Post.

The government of Brazil has prepared an extensive program of festivities for the coming visit to that country of Secretary Coo.

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