

Editorial Opinions of Affairs.

"While the republic endures let us advocate what the great masses of all the people believe in."—GOVERNOR JOHN M. PATTISON.

LET'S BE TRUE TO THE PEOPLE.

When we as Democrats presume to run away from the two ideas of decency and anti-bossism, just so far we desert the hopes of the people that put us in power last fall. The State Senate or the Governor of Ohio today would not be there as Democrats, had not the great mass of the people rose in their indignation against a liquor soaked boss operating the political affairs of Ohio. Our speeches and campaign war cry was, "down with bossism and the bum element, and up with independence, cleanliness and decency." There is no backsliding or shirking to be tolerated, and when Senator Lamb, Independent-democrat of Toledo, pointed his long finger at the Democratic side of the senate and warned them to be true to their trust; that they must not sell their birth-right for a mess of pottage, else they betray their people and forever kill their party. These are not times of fooling the people to get offices, and then go back on the principles we preach to bring about such success. This is a day of square dealing. Do what we said we would do, Mr. Democratic Senator and Mr. Representative. Be true to the people that put you there. The people reposed confidence in you, now be men and do your duty.

Newspapers Consolidated.

On the first day of March, The Logan Printing & Publishing Co., as announced, purchased and took possession of the Ohio Democrat printing plant. On Wednesday evening of last week the same company purchased the Hocking Sentinel, and merged both papers into one publication, as it is now before you. The subscribers of each will get this paper in its new form. Now being the only Democratic paper in Hocking county we know success is assured, but we will never let up pushing the paper forward as the best in the county. We ask the support and co-operation of all friends, and we will insure our best efforts to this publication.

Here are some kind words said of this new newspaper venture:

SENTINEL SOLD.

[Hocking Sentinel, March 15.]

On last evening we sold the dear old Hocking Sentinel, the paper of our fathers and grandfathers to the Logan Printing and Publishing Co.

We are not quite sure whether it was a sale or a marriage, but on last evening the Sentinel and the Democrat were made one, and will be at home to their many friends in Logan after this issue.

The Hocking Sentinel is one of the oldest papers in Southern Ohio and its friends have lost none of their love and good will for this old time honored paper.

The Sentinel and Democrat will hereafter be issued as one paper to all the subscribers of either paper.

The Sentinel has always been a Democratic paper, and will still be published and controlled by the leading Democrats of this county. There will be no mistake about this.

We are not now able to give the name under which this paper will be published.

Perhaps it will be the Sentinel Democrat or the Democrat-Sentinel, but its identity shall not be lost, and it will continue to visit the homes of its many friends, and we hope to make it one of the best Democratic papers in southern Ohio.

We firmly believe it has been the desire and opinion of the leading Democrats in the county, that it would be to the interest of the Democratic party to have these two papers combined, and therefore we sacrifice whatever personal interest we may have in the matter and shall extend to the paper our earnest support.

Yours truly,

R. M. Brown.

A WORD IN PASSING.

[Hocking Sentinel, March 15.]

It is announced elsewhere, that the Hocking Sentinel and the Ohio Democrat consolidated, and the friends of both papers, in business and politics, join hands in hope for the better of all concerned.

For thirty-three years I have had control of a newspaper which was true to the Democratic party and faithful to every candidate on the ticket.

In the passing of the Sentinel into the new relationship I ask my friends to continue the good will extended to me.

Respectfully,
Lewis Green.

(Lancaster Eagle.)

On February 28th., there was incorporated under the laws of Ohio, "The Logan Printing and Publishing company" with a capital stock of \$10,000. The company has purchased the Ohio Democrat printing plant and Hocking Sentinel. We understand the officers of the company are: Virgil C. Lowry, President, and H. G. Hansel, Secretary. The company has retained J. B. Dollison as editor.

(Nelsonville Buckeye.)

A joint-stock company has been formed at Logan, with a capitalization of \$10,000, for the purpose of consolidating the two Democratic papers, the Democrat and Sentinel. It is a good move and should meet with success.

(Lexington Herald.)

The Logan Democrat has been incorporated at \$10,000, ex-senator V. C. Lowry, et al., forming the new company. J. B. Dollison will continue to be editor and manager.

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

Senate Minority Patriotic and Vigorous—Lack of Harmony Among Republicans—A Red Theory Vindicated—Mistakes of Mr. Payne

[Special Washington Letter.]

UNDER Bailey's splendid leadership the Democrats of the senate appear to be waking up to the fact that they are alive and are making their influence felt in many ways. This well. All good citizens will rejoice at this manifestation of vigor. Under the despotic rules of the house the machine can run rough-shod over the minority at any time it sees fit to do so, but the senate is still a deliberative body where a man of brains and courage may accomplish something, though in the minority. If the Democrats of the senate do no other good than the defeat of the senseless, hazardous and un-American Santo Domingo treaty they will deserve the plaudits of all lovers of the republic. It is to be sincerely hoped that they will continue to work on the lines they are now operating on. Much good will come of it to both the party and the country.

Dwelling Together in Unity.

Those who, having eyes, see, and having ears, hear, observe many things indicative of the radical disagreements among Republicans, especially on the tariff question. The American Economist, organ of the American Tariff League, is the highest stand put authority in the land, bar none. The reader of that paper can always ascertain precisely what it is up to. That it proposes to read out of the Republican party all but stand patters is clear as the sun shining in his meridian glory in a cloudless sky. Recently the Economist reprinted without comment, thereby indorsing it, the following editorial from the Trenton Gazette, a Republican organ:

These Massachusetts Republicans still call themselves protectionists and affect the scorn of what they speak of as the Democratic doctrine of free trade. Yet they asked for a larger measure of free trade than many Democrats would be willing to consent to.

They want free raw materials and free coal for their factories, and that means free hides, free wool, free iron and free wood pulp.

Out in Iowa Governor Cummins has long been known as favoring a measure of tariff reform, but he would no doubt object to free wool and free hides.

The west generally would object to both, but the west wants a reduction of the duties on manufactured goods to which Massachusetts would object. The difference is this: Massachusetts wants to pay cheap wool and hides and sell clothing and shoes at high prices. The west would like to sell wool and hides at the best possible prices and buy cheap clothing and shoes.

There is a great variety of local interests operating in the same contrary fashion all over the country, and that is why the tariff reformers cannot get together and why the tariff reform sentiment is always weaker than it would appear to be from the noise it makes.

Now, what do you think of that? Republican talk about Republicans? What will the Republican brethren up in Massachusetts think of it? How do they enjoy being practically read out of the G. O. P. in such an ex cathedra manner as that? They have always claimed that the Republican party was cradled in Faneuil hall, though the Michigan brethren have always insisted that Jackson Mich. was the scene of that momentous event in our history. In fact, when the stand patters take a good look at the Bay State Republicans, yelling at the top of their voices for free raw materials, they are as much puzzled and worried as was the chicken hen which hatched out a batch of goslings when she saw her unnatural progeny take to a pond with joy.

How will Governor Albert B. Cummins, now filling his second term as governor of Iowa and fighting for a third term, enjoy that sneer at himself? He is one of the bright, shining lights in the G. O. P., and stubbornly refuses to hide under a hedge. He must be counted in the running for the presidential nomination if he secures his third term in the gubernatorial chair. Can the stand patters afford to read the Massachusetts Republicans and the Cummins Republicans of Iowa out of the party in such an offhand fashion?

A Monumental Job. But there's more to follow. Here is an editorial from the Economist, taking as its text an excerpt from the Portland Argus:

Revise the tariff or lose the Bay State in the Massachusetts ultimatum to the Republican congress, as stated by Republican Congressman Lawrence—Portland Argus. If that be indeed the alternative—which we take the liberty of doubting—then let Massachusetts "go Democratic" if she will. One experience of that kind would be likely to prove enough. A full crop of Democratic congressmen would do more than could possibly be done by fair argument and intelligent reasoning to convince Massachusetts that her interests would not be injured by the party of free trade. One thing is certain—the tariff legislation of the Republican party cannot be dictated by Massachusetts. If on that account she wants to leave the Republican lawn for the Democratic barnyard, way, let her go.

There you have it in plain, unequivocal words that Massachusetts, the home of Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison and many other Republican worthies, can go—must go—unless she is willing to longer support a theory and system which she knows will put an end practically to her manufacturing industries. But Congressman Lawrence is not the only Massachusetts

Republican of high degree who believes that the tariff ought to be revised. Mr. McCall says so. He represents the Harvard district and is the dean of the delegation in the house. Even Senator Henry Cabot Lodge is being educated up to a point where he wants free raw materials. Then there is the new governor, Curtis Guild, Jr., who declared that Massachusetts would have gone Democratic last year had not the Republican state convention declared in favor of immediate tariff revision. We will welcome fifteen electoral votes to the Democratic side in 1908 and a bunch of Democratic representatives in congress this fall.

Won a Signal Victory.

The late Thomas Brackett Reed always contended that even under the code of rules bearing his name the house could do as it pleased. A recent victory won in the house by Hon. Charles Randolph Thomas of North Carolina was what Mr. Reed would have called a vindication of his theory. The committee on ways and means unanimously reported a bill authorizing the president to consolidate customs districts. The intention of the bill was to get rid of certain ports which do not pay expenses. Such legislation has been pressed by the secretary of the treasury for years. Nobody appeared before the committee to fight the proposed legislation, so Chairman Payne concluded that it would have easy sailing through the house, which turned out to be a sad mistake on the part of the Honorable Secre. He arose one morning with an expansive smile on his countenance and proceeded to blantly call the bill up. Thomas politely asked him for a few moments in which to express his disapproval, which Brother Payne blantly and curtly refused. Mistake No. 2 on his part.

The refusal got Thomas' fighting blood up, and he began a fight which ended in a signal triumph for him. He spoke during the time he had in his own right. While he was speaking his friends were busy aligning members, and when the vote was taken he won by a large majority and was the recipient of numerous congratulations. By making his successful fight he took a long step upward and forward in the house, for there, as elsewhere, nothing succeeds like success. The fact that he had locked horns with and vanquished the Republican floor leader was a big feather in his cap, but the fact that he had rolled the Republican leader, who was supported by the entire ways and means committee, was a feather of unusual proportions.

The Speakership and the Presidency.

The esteemed Philadelphia Inquirer in an article about the death of ex-Speaker David B. Henderson of Iowa and his career falls into the error of saying, "It is a curious fact that no speaker has ever been elected president, although many have aspired to the honor." The trouble with that statement is that it is not true, for James Knox Polk of Tennessee was first speaker and then president. His career was evidently not familiar to the writer of the Inquirer editorial. It is a curious fact, however, that only one speaker became president and only one reached the vice presidency, Schuyler Colfax. Really the speakership is the second office in power in our governmental system. Especially has that been true in the last fifteen years. At first our speaker exercised much the same functions as the speaker of the house of commons, those of a moderator, but as the house has grown in membership the speaker's power has increased, and his power has increased principally by reason of the increase in membership. From Maryland to Canada, both inclusive, several great men have wielded the gavel—men who not only aspired to the presidency, but who would have grasped it. Of course Henry Clay and James G. Blaine are the two speaker presidential candidates who are most frequently spoken of, simply because in each case the efforts to become chief magistrate of the republic continued something like a quarter of a century. Clay was an active candidate from 1824 to 1848 and a receptive candidate before the latter and after the latter year.

Just what there is about the speakership which militates against the incumbent's being promoted to the higher place nobody seems to know. The chances are that William McKinley was sadly disappointed when Reed defeated him for the speakership, but he was started straight to the White House when Reed made him chairman of the committee on ways and means. It's a ten to one shot that he would never have reached the White House if he had been elected speaker.

It is said that Reed could have had the vice presidential nomination at St. Louis in 1892, but that when it was suggested to him he scornfully rejected it, and thereby threw away his one chance of becoming president. For had he accepted it then in all human probability he would have been re-elected in 1896 and would have succeeded McKinley just as Roosevelt did.

That Reed, pretty good authority in such matters, says that the Whigs were anxious to have Daniel Webster for their vice presidential candidate back in 1840 and in 1848, in both of which years they were successful, but that Webster would have none of it. In either case he would have reached the presidency, on which his heart was set and the missing of which inhibited his life.

MOTHER BIRD'S STRATAGEM.

Her Clever Method of Reaching Her Nest Unobserved.

While strolling on the banks of French creek, near Clayton, in company with my wife and a friend we started a woodcock, which feigned being wounded and gave utterance to the most plaintive squeaks, from which we inferred the nest must be near.

A short search discovered it among small bushes on the ground in a comparatively exposed position. The nest contained three eggs, which we, of course, did not disturb. Leaving the nest for over an hour, I cautiously returned and, getting on my hands and knees, crept within ten feet of it without disturbing the old bird. After watching her for about ten minutes I saw her stand up in the nest and with her bill and one foot change the position of two of the eggs, after which she settled back on the nest.

She then evidently saw me for she gave a sudden twist sideways with her head and then slowly and cautiously stretched out as flat as possible, her bill resting flat on the ground. She remained thus for fully five minutes. Presently I arose from my position and stepped forward, when the bird quietly sneaked away from the nest, seeming to crouch as near the ground as possible until about twenty feet away, when she arose with the usual cry, but immediately fell to the ground, fluttered up and down and finally turned over on her back, fluttering her wings as if in the last agony, but as I approached she scrambled away, dragging one wing on the ground until she had led me fully 200 yards from the nest, when suddenly she made me an evoyer and darted away like a rocket.

Secreting myself some distance from the nest, in fourteen minutes I was surprised to see her sitting on it as before being disturbed, but how she reached there I am unable to say, as I did not see her approach, and half a minute before her appearance on the nest nothing was to be seen or heard. As the woods were open, I had an excellent opportunity of watching her interesting maneuvers and had hoped to be able to note the manner in which the return would be made.—Forest and Stream.

Dick's Brilliant Scheme.

Dick had no father, and occasionally the fact worried him. One day his mother fell ill, and some one incautiously commented on the sad state of affairs if his mother, too, should die. Dick said nothing, but he kept up a great thinking. When his mother was quite well again one night at dinner Dick, who was seven years old, suddenly broke the silence with the question, "Mamma, why don't you marry again?" When the laugh which this unexpected query raised had subsided his mother asked Dick why he wanted her to marry. "Well," was his slow response, showing that he had carefully thought it all out, "then I'd have a papa, and if you died he could marry another lady, and she'd be my mamma, and if he died she could marry a man, and so I'd always have a papa and mamma." And then Dick looked grieving because his family all laughed harder than they had before at this continuous parent arrangement of his.

Gene.

In a fine burst of eloquence Edmund Burke said, "The age of chivalry is gone." If Tom Moore could revisit the glimpses of the moon, no doubt he would say, "The age of poetry is gone" as he reflected on the fact that a trolley line is about to be built through the Vale of Cashmere, which he embalmed in immortal verse. That's nearly as laconic as a performance as building a trolley line into Jerusalem, Joppa and Damascus. Wouldn't it jar you to have to hear a brakeman yell, "Mount of Olives?" "Nazareth?" or "Bethsean?"

A Hustler.

Tom L. Johnson, mayor of Cleveland, is now a member of the Democratic national committee, vice John R. McLean, resigned. Tom Johnson is a hustler from away back, energetic as a steam engine, bright as a new silver dollar before it was demoralized. In Cleveland he is monarch of all he surveys, and now he has obtained a foothold in national politics once more there is no guessing how far he will go or how high he will climb.

Standing From Under.

Hon. J. W. Babcock of Wisconsin declines to again be chairman of the Republican congressional campaign committee. His coworkers, Governor J. A. F. Hull of Iowa and Mr. Overstreet of Indiana, declare that they will not play unless Bab does. Under their leadership the Republicans have won six times hand raising in the congressional elections; but, as they had more money than they really needed, there is small wonder at their victories. Now they all refuse to lead any more. Wherefore? The chances are that these veterans scent defeat and are standing from under in order to save their own reputations.

Certain feeble minded persons declared yesterday that electing a Democratic governor and senate last fall in Ohio would do no good, but their pessimistic utterances have already been discounted. A senate investigating committee is shaking up the dry bones in Cincinnati in a manner to delight the souls of all honest men. They are finding graft, and lots of it, some in high places and some in low places. It appears from this investigation that the Cox machine was founded on graft and flourished on graft. It is inflated broadly that the doors of the penitentiary are opening wide for some who have grown rich on graft. A few more Democratic investigating committees would place the G. O. P. hors de combat.

His Alma Mater.

"I thought," said the irritable old head of the firm, "that you said when I hired you that you had taken a course of instructions at an academy?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man. "Well, do you mean to tell me that any one could go through an academy and spell the way you do? Look at that letter. Half the words are misspelled, and what do you mean by making me say 'has come'?"

"Confound you, if I hadn't glanced over this thing after you'd got it copied the man it's written to would think me a fool! Come, own up now! What academy was this that you attended?"

"It was Professor De Flippendale's dancing academy, sir."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Handwritten signature: Champ Clark

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

SUCCESS.

Success is a peculiar thing. It takes an otherworldly good fellow. And when it gets him on the string it makes him act a trifle yellow. With haughty step he passes by. The ones in whom he once delighted, And often when they happen nigh. He seems to grow at once nearsighted.

You meet a man whom you regard In every way as worth the knowing. And, though his luck is coming hard, His kindness seems to be o'erflowing. But when his fortunes are made whole He doesn't see the common people. Nor could you touch him with a pole. So long that it would reach a steepie.

When he is poor and feels the need Of touching you to get his dinner, Oh, then he is a friend indeed. But wait till he becomes a winner! Then he could give the poor a dinner. His nod, so cheerful once, grows colder. Until he looks the other way. And turns to you the chilly shoulder.

'Tis pity, but you know 'tis true. That money takes a otherworldly fellow. And soon of turns him wrong side to. Just as the wind turns an umbrella. But when instead of an increase His fortunes take a mighty tumble. Then he could give the poor a dinner. Some offhand points on being humble.

Suspicious.

Mr. Cityman (nervously)—I—I thought I saw a snake in that grass! Mr. Subbubs (commiserating)—Is it as bad as that?

A Little Craft.

Some people who make themselves so horse-blowing about graft that they have to send for a horse doctor still nevertheless receive with an open hand all of the government seeds that their congressmen have the nerve to frank to them.

It makes some difference whose ox is being struck with a pitchfork. When we can save 37 cents by accepting garden seeds from the generous hand of Uncle Sam it looks all right, but it seems to be a truce of a different color when a congressman is able to save enough out of a \$5,000 salary to buy a railroad and a steamship line.

Of course a man would scorn to sell his vote for the seeds by which he might raise a mass of postage, but it is seldom that he waxes indignant enough to send back the seeds, for if he hasn't a garden himself can't he sell them for something to his neighbor?

Broke the Engagement.

"When are Jack and Ethel to be married?" "Never." "What's up?" "Ethel's started to take vocal lessons."

Annual Agony.

When resolute spring Chases beautiful snow And comes for its turn at the bat, We'll have to be saving A tender or so To buy for our wife a new hat.

Plenty of Warning.

"Wasn't it awful the way Bluebeard acted?" "Still, what could women expect from a man with that kind of whiskers?"

Doubtful Compliment.

"Do you think he will ever make a writer?" "Well, he has an ear plenty large enough to hold a pencil."

More Purchasing Power.

The dollars of our daddies May hold us with a spell. But the dollars of our uncles Will do us quite as well.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Latent devilry in a man comes to the surface when the unexpected happens.

When a man is talking to the wind it doesn't matter much what he says.

Public sentiment is indeed a beautiful thing when it doesn't interfere with private interest.

There are men who think that they earn their living by the simple act of drawing their breath.

The hedge of an investigating committee should be a sunny smile and a whitewash brush.

The man who has money to burn didn't earn it.

Don't go round looking for trouble unless you are able to hand it something.

The copper plated rule of modern business is "Do 'em, and do 'em now."

The right belong to the present, not the past.

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