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MONDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1906.


## Secretary Taft's Achievement.

Secretary Taft is receiving universal and merited commendation for the graceful manner in which he has handled a very delicate situation in Cuba. It is not often that an arbiter of peace sent to another country finds it necessary to take possession of the territory in dispute, nor is it usual for the execution of a coup d'etat to meet with immediate general acceptance and instant popularity. But the genial dictator, assuming without ostentation a role novel to American statesmanship, seems to have delighted the Cuban populace. He has imposed the yoke of American rule so cleverly that it rests lightly upon the Cuban national honor, leaving the pleasant impression that a yoke so lightly placed may be easily removed. Strangers are fair dealing and gracious advice than an army with banners. The revolution flees before the magic of Mr. Taft's presence and manners.

So far, so good. Mr. Taft made a graceful entrance, but how about the exit? This, we apprehend, will be the crucial test of Mr. Taft's genius for solving knotty problems of statecraft. Will it be as easy to remove the yoke as it was to impose it? Perhaps the worst is yet to come.

We shall await with much interest the recession from Cuba, the exeunt omnes of this so far not very thrilling melodrama of American occupation.

## The "Deadhead" and the Conservative.

Curiously enough, there comes, at this late day, an argument against the anti-free pass provision of the rate bill, from a radical and a Populist, which, while it may not convince by its logic, will, nevertheless, interest by reason of its novelty.

This radical, who favors rate regulation in the fullest sense of the word, objects to the anti-free pass provision because he thinks it will ultimately throw the control of the parties into the hands of the "conservative" element of all the parties—a thing very much to be deplored, from the radical point of view.

He reasons along these lines: Suppose the average price of a railroad ticket to any political convention, of national import, is fifty dollars for the round trip. Suppose you add to this five days' hotel bill in a crowded convention city, as well as the value of the time which attendance necessarily takes from one's business. The total sum thus represented would, so this philosopher thinks, at once put it out of the question for the delegates to come from the great mass of the "downtredden" and all of that. He insists that the free pass puts the poor man in the same class, so far as qualification for membership on the delegation is concerned, as the well-to-do. It is the fear that the conventions, and the party control, may fall into the hands of the moneyed element that causes this radical to deplore the taking away of the free pass. He pointedly insists that it would disqualify him.

The natural end of his logic is, of course, free hotel bills and no docking of wages while away—a condition which, we fear, will be very difficult to bring about. Indeed, his platform would seem to be "everything free for the delegates." This within itself, isn't such an unusual argument, after all—though it does come in new and novel dress.

It is, of course, rather late in the day to enter the plea in behalf of the free pass. It looks as though that time-honored institution is a thing of the past—dead beyond hope of resurrection. The novelty of this radical argument, however, should not be suffered to pass unheard.

## Decline of the Pension Roll.

What shall be done with the pension money when the veterans of the civil war are all gone? Perhaps it is too soon to ask this question, but the annual report of the Commissioner of Pensions shows that at last the pension roll has begun to diminish by thousands yearly, so that in course of time the national expenditure on this account will be a good many millions less than it has been. More than 40,000 veterans pass away annually, a death roll constituting an army in itself, but only a fraction of the vast forces engaged in what President Roosevelt calls "the great war." The death rate among the veterans would have made a big breach in the pension expenditure before now but for the commendable liberality of Congress, which has almost yearly added new classes of pensioners to the rolls.

Our pension expenditure is an interesting example of the unexpected results of legislation. When the so-called dependent pension bill was before Congress in President Cleveland's first term, the chairman of the House Committee on Pensions estimated that the number of new pensioners under that bill would be aout 33,000 and the increased ependiture for pensions a little over $4,700,000. In just one year after the enactment of the law in 1890 over 102,000 pensioners had been added to the rolls, and the pension expenditure had been increased by more than $12,000,000. Less than ten years afterward 551,000 new pensioners had been added to the rolls under that law, and Green B. Raum, President Harrison's Commissioner of Pensions, estimated that the total number of pensioners under all laws would reach the enormous total of 1,200,000 and the annual pension expenditure amount to $188,000,000. His prediction was not wholly verified, yet the maximum number of pensioners did reach something over a million and the total expenditure attained a maximum of about $145,000,000.

Twenty years ago such figures were not dreamed of. It would, in fact, have been thought a difficult problem to raise the revenues required for so heavy a pension disbursement in these days, when the public expenditure during an entire administration was hardly as great as that now authorized by Congress annually. Our rapid national growth, however, combined with our abounding prosperity, has enabled us to assume the pension burden with ease.

## Pay Days in Departments.

For half a century Uncle Samuel received unstinted praise as the promptest paymaster on the planet. Drafts on his Treasury from four cents to forty million dollars were cashed whenever presented for payment. All government servants, from Cabinet men to charwomen, were paid what was due them on the 15th and last working days of each month, in summer and winter, in war or peace. This clock-like regularity brought contentment, promoted happiness, and enabled employes of the United States and District of Columbia to pay their debts and meet their obligations with exemplary punctuality. The entente between the government and its agents was cordial and complete.

In a day, all was changed. Fixed pay days became movable, fluctuating, and uncertain. Whether a clerk gets the balance of his monthly salary on the 2d, 3d, or 4th of the next month depends on the number of intervening Sundays, holidays, and on the varying moods, tenses, and digestion of officials.

The first consequence of this delayed payment is that the debtor employe defaults on his promises to pay. Leases have become invalid because of changes in pay days, and notes in bank have gone to protest.

Annoying ramifications are endless under the changed system.

Policemen are the only class of officials who construe laws and orders literally. They regard the letter, not the spirit or purpose, of a regulation. The John Marshalls and the Justice Storys are liberal constructionists and seek the intent of the lawmakers. The purpose of the law is to have government servants paid as soon as their service is rendered. The certification of service, if true at the time of payment, is sufficient. But suppose it is not. Then the head of a bureau or office could certify that the pay was earned on the morning of the 15th, or 16th, or 31st, as the case might be. This would be clearly practicable by sending to heads of divisions for verbal reports as to those on duty. If an employe should die during the day certified, should a great government grant the widow or orphan child the pittance of a day's pay or rob both, and the dead man also, of the part of the pay earned before he dropped his pen at the call of death?

An eminent auditor of the New York custom-house has ruled, again and again, that the day's salary accrues when a day's work has been faithfully begun.

It is high time to do away with all this bother caused by petty technicalities, and return to the time-honored precedents of the past.

## Nationalism and the Opposition.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger, commenting on the President's Harrisburg speech, says it is not prepared to follow him at equal pace in his attitude of "impatience at all the restraints of a written and rigid Constitution," although admitting that "strict construction as the shibboleth of a party or school had practically disappeared." It is afraid that without such restraints the President might have lent his influence [illegible] creation of a swollen national bu[illegible]ic system which would have infringed unduly upon the powers of the several States.

Without sharing wholly in the fears expressed by the Public Ledger, it may be regretted that the opposition to the liberal constructionists is not stronger than it is; that the Democratic leaders are not more strenuous in upholding their ancient doctrine of the limitation of Federal power. The vast expansion of Federal power which has taken place in the last decade has met with practically no effective opposition. That this is altogether a healthy situation no one who believes in party government will agree, for party government, unless it is to run amuck, needs the wholesome check of an intelligent and well-directed opposition.

To say this is not to condemn the national policy, for it has elements which commend themselves to patriotic Americans of all parties and of all shades of political belief. No one has any doubt, for example, that the extension of the Federal power in order to more effectively regulate the evils which have arisen under corporate management of railroads and great industrial enterprises is necessary and justifiable. But there are undoubtedly limits beyond which the extension of Federal power may not go without encountering serious dangers, and in making this clear a strong and ably led party of opposition will find a large field of usefulness—opportunity to serve the State, not by obstruction merely, but by checking the ardor of those who would rush to the solution of every so-called problem, political or economic, by means of Federal legislation.

## Overhead Wires Going.

The people of Washington are to be congratulated upon the steady progress made by the District electrical department in securing the removal of overhead wires from the streets. This unsightly feature of the local landscape will have entirely disappeared in a year from now, according to the officials of the electrical department. In the work of removing the overhead wires the District authorities have happily had the co-operation of the telephone, telegraph, and electrical companies, and the big job of constructing underground conduits for all the wires in use has gone steadily forward.

A single conduit system would have been advantageous, so that the tearing up of the streets for construction and repairs would be reduced to a minimum; but the District officials have doubtless done the best they could in that regard by using for the District telegraph service the conduits of private concerns. When the conduit system is complete and the numerous unsightly wires still remaining are removed, another notable advance will have been made in the improvement of the National Capital.

## Our Currency System.

The New York Chamber of Commerce has put forth another plan for the improvement of our national currency system. Its latest proposal contemplates a national bank of issue controlled by representatives of the government and endowed with power to issue currency, rediscount for other banks, hold public money, and act as agent of the government in redeeming its paper money and in making disbursements. Such a bank would take over some of the functions already performed by the Treasury, adding to them the all-important privilege of regulating the volume of the currency. Whatever may be said in advocacy of a central bank of issue from the standpoint of theoretical finance, it is practically useless, in the present state of public sentiment, to press such a plan upon Congress. The currency committee of the Chamber of Commerce evidently recognizes this, for they have proposed as an alternative that national banks be authorized to issue credit currency. It is doubtful if this measure would be more popular than the other.

Wall street will have to worry along for a while on the existing money supply. Monetary stringency along that thoroughfare is very frequently of no particular consequence to the rest of the country.

According to the New York Herald, "The frost is on the pumpkin, and it's likewise on the squash, but it is really working overtime on the boom for Hearst, b'gosh." We understand now how the Herald squared its conscience with that story about a New Jersey poet dying and leaving $700,000.

The Philadelphia Press is authority for the statement that they have "smashed the bridge trust in Ohio." This looks like another invasion of woman's rights.

Dr. Floyd W. Tomkins, a Philadelphia minister, says that children are a necessity in the American home. But Dr. Tomkins didn't say it first, by several months.

The principal of St. Andrew's University advocated reformed spelling, and Mr. Carnegie immediately made the university a present of $50,000. Of course, if that's the way Uncle Andy is going to talk about it, we will all sit up and take notice.

The fact that Cuba persisted in maintaining a surplus of several millions was enough to convince the most skeptical of the country's rank unfitness for self-government.

That Carolina bank cashier who recently disappeared and left his accounts perfectly straight must have determined to prove that Solomon was all wrong when he declared that there is nothing new under the sun.

Still, if the Sultan was really shot by a woman, she ought not to be punished for it. It's a sure thing that she was aiming at something else.

In other words, Mr. Hearst means to say that Messrs. Jerome, McClellan, Towne, et al., are all those things that Mr. Murphy used to be before he reformed.

The old battle ship Texas is now being used as a boarding house. No use talking, you can't down a real hefty hoodoo.

Since the 'possum season opens with the first frost down South, the average Georgia darkey can see no good and sufficient excuse for postponing Thanksgiving Day any longer.

Baltimore boasts a preacher who once delivered a sermon of only ten minutes' duration. Whether it was a cyclone or a riot that broke up the meeting at that point is not stated.

India needs windmills, according to a press report. And still Mr. Bryan managed to get through without being captured.

The Georgia Bottlers have just adjourned their annual convention in Atlanta, and the papers agree that they had a corking good time.

The short turkey crop report is sprucing up, preparatory to making its annual fall tour of the country.

Tom Watson has issued a statement, in which he declares that he hasn't returned to the Democratic party, after all. Perhaps Tom got tired hunting for it.

The Kansas City Journal has a thirteen-line editorial on "Honesty in Politics." Considering the subject under discussion, that was quite a lengthy editorial.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Mr. Taft flits from governorship to governorship as lightly as any butterfly.

"Credit is better than wealth," says Mr. James J. Hill. Oh, perhaps! And yet, as between the two, who would choose it?

Mr. Hearst declares that Mr. Murphy is "doing his own thinking." He probably is not telling everything he thinks, either.

Notwithstanding the fact that Dowie recently said he would not attempt to carry out his Mexican scheme, he seems to have carried it out and buried it.

Although Mr. Cleveland is an adept at keeping things to himself, he was trained in a hard school. He has been fishing for years and years, and still no one ever heard of his telling any remarkable fish stories.

While Gov. Magoon may not weigh as heavily on the lid as Secretary Taft, still the latter is thought to have sat there long enough to wedge it down pretty tight.

"John D. beats a railroad," was the wild-eyed headline in a New York contemporary the other day. When it was discovered that a schedule, and not a railroad, was meant, the reason for the scare head became more easily understood.

Once more has the Missouri mule been deprived of the patriotic pleasure of mounting the altar for his country's glory.

The Herald's effort to provide a sane Sunday paper seems to have been generously O. K.'d by the people.

Notwithstanding the fact that Manuel Silviera is at present confining himself to the high seas, there is a chance that he may yet be made to sing a different tune.

The Union Republican convention in Delaware, presided over by J. Edward Addicks, has officially designated Senator Allee as a "loathsome traitor." It must be quite a relief to Mr. Addicks to be able to call the other fellow hard names for a while.

A Missouri man has just died as the result of a slap in the face. New York politicians seem immune from this sort of thing.

Senator Bailey says that he is perfectly willing to "submit to another primary." We insist that this would be a secondary consideration.

A Goldfield, Nev., man has been fined for taking a bath. For resisting the temptation to lynch him, the Goldfield populace deserve great credit.

In one respect Dowie's farewell tours resemble Patti's. He wants about a million dollars to take along as a souvenir.

If Yellow Jack has really opened headquarters in Cuba, it may yet be necessary to send Gen. Leonard Wood down that way again.

The "Cuban problem" is having a regular how-old-is-Ann time of it.

The Cubans are said to have every confidence in the American people, just as though they suspected Uncle Sam of an intention to put up a confidence game on them.

## THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

BY TIM TICKLE.

Bless me! here's another paper,
Just as newsy as can be.
News both foreign and domestic.
[illegible] Sea.

Should I write all days about it
All its beauties were not told.
It's a gem, a bird, a treasure—
Washington Herald, one week old."

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

### Oratory.

The statesman gravely wipes his "specs" and straightens out his tie.
And says: "My friends, unless it rains, the weather will be dry."
And when this thought into our brains has percolated through,
We common folk throw up our hands and loudly cry: "How true!"

The statesman blows his massive nose and clears his august throat,
And says: "The ship will never sink so long as it's afloat."
Whereat we roll our solemn eyes, applaud with main and might,
And slap each other on the back the while we say: "He's right!"

The statesman waxes stern and warm; his talk becomes a roar.
He yells: "I say to you, my friends, that two and two make four!"
And thereupon our doubts dissolve, our fears are put to rout,
And we admit that here's a man who knows what he's about.

### Treat It Kindly.

"Be circumspect, my son," said the old millionaire.

"I'll try to, father."

"That's right. Just because we are above the law is no reason for kicking the law in the face."

### Usually Is.

"Ah, such a husband as I have."

"What is his fault?"

"Everything."

### Preservative.

The poet saw his hopes decay,
Long years ago he died.
He might have better done to-day
And used formaldehyde.

### Young Love.

"You're buying cheroots since you're married. Beginning to economize, eh?"

"No; my wife likes me to leave nice, long butts. She ties 'em in ribbon and hangs 'em about the flat."

### Ze Plan Installment.

The duke was raging.

"She gif me but ten dollars at ze time," he declared.

"Ah, my poor friend!" exclaimed the count. "She evidently think she haf bought you on ze easy payments."

### After a Taste.

"Why won't you let your little brother kiss you? You should encourage such affection."

"Aw, g'wan. De foxy kid knows I bin eatin' 'hasses."

## THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

### THE BARGAIN.

"It is naught, it is naught, saith
the buyer."—Proverbs xx., 14.

What did you buy when you bought the thing?
You bought far more than the vender's ware;
Though you be slave, or be crowned king,
Know you the stakes that your coins now bear?
They were exchanged for a toiler's dreams,
They were the price of a stifled song,
They meant the blurring of hope's fair gleams,
They were a gift for the driven throng.

Yes, with a coin, be it mean and small,
You may have purchased an afternoon
W[illegible] a good [illegible];
You may have purchased a mother's croon;
You may have taken the blessed sleep
That would have brightened the dulling eyes
That are too hollow and worn to weep,
That would hail tears as a wondrous prize.

This is the ware that we buy with gold,
[illegible] or silver or baser stuff:
Striving and struggling in heat and cold,
Stumbling and falling in pathways rough,
Roses from cheeks, and the smiles from lips,
Songs from the heart. But who understands?
Think you the treasures all come in ships,
Beating to us from the hidden lands?

This do we buy—and the angels c[illegible]
Gladness toll steals from the pale child,
Hours that the children should laugh and leap,
Sighs from thin lips that have never smiled.
Ho, it is splendid! This thing we buy
Whispers no word of its inner part,
Tells not of aching, or frown, or sigh,
Or the despair that has drowned the heart.

### THE POSTMAN.

Postmen, like doctors and lawyers, know too much about one's affairs to make them entirely comfortable folk to meet continually.

The doctor, probably, knows that the dyspepsia, of which you are so vain, is caused by eating things that no absolutely sane person would want to take into his system.

The lawyer, too, may have eyes that light with pleasure when he sees you and recalls the fat fee he got for snatching you from the hands of the jury when you were about to be questioned as to the trust you had formed.

But the postman—it seems that he intuitively knows just when you are expecting a letter with good news in it. He has some sort of subliminal apparatus that advises him of this, and he will come up your steps with a blithe tread, ring the bell gayly—and hand you a bunch of circulars begging you to have your furs cleaned or to allow some one to pump the dust out of your rugs with compressed air. Then he walks away, and you know in your heart he is chuckling to himself.

Again he will see you standing on your porch watching for him, and half a block away he will begin ostentatiously sorting his letters and laying several on top of the heap for you. He turns in at your house and looks you in the eye as he hands you a couple of missives. Away back in that eye of his is a glimmer of unholy joy. He tells you there is 2 cents due on one of the letters. The other letter is a notification that your club dues are delinquent. The postage-due letter is from the only relative you have with whom you are never happy, and she writes that she is coming with her nine children to stay a month.

For days the postman will pass you without a sign. He brings you neither checks nor mail of value. But on a certain day he will clamor for some one to open the door, and you will hasten to get the mail. On the way to the door you will assure yourself that surely this time you are to be notified that your rich uncle in South Africa has at last died and left you two or three millions. Or, maybe, if it is not so good as that, the distant cousin of your mother's who went to the Klondike has returned to this country and wants you to come and see him and take your choice of the nuggets he has brought home.

The postman hands you half a peck of bills. And then he goes down the steps and continues his journey, spreading dissatisfaction and discontent from door to door.

You study his gray clad shoulders, and are positive that you detect the signs of internal laughter. If the government wasn't so confounded strict, you might run after him and teach him a lesson.

The only hope you have is that, perhaps, in the wisdom of the authorities, there are postmen who deliver mail to other postmen. WILBUR D. NESBIT.

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## Clever Cartoons Reproduced.

The New York Herald yesterday reproduced nine cartoons which it regarded as the best of the week. Two of the nine were from the newest newspaper in the country, The Washington Herald—the work of Mr. Jack Smith, which has daily been winning the praise of Washingtonians.

## Consistent.

From the Chicago News.

Mayme—[illegible]row is your birthday, is it? By the way, how old will you be?

Edyth—Why—er—twenty-two.

Mayme—Huh! You said that three years ago.

Edyth—Well, what if I did? I'm not a girl who says one thing to-day and another to-morrow.

## GOSSIP ABOUT NOTABLE PEOPLE.

### A Literary Incubator.

If the facts were collated it quite probably would be shown that California has contributed more members to the literary circle of the East than have any two or three other States, for all of the boasting of Indiana as a literary center. By this is meant that a greater number of men and women now earning their livelihoods by the use of their pens in the East are from California than can be claimed by any other part of the country. Many of them are the authors of famous books, while the majority are winning laurels as magazine and newspaper writers and publishers. In point of celebrity, William Randolph Hearst, of course, leads the California literary host in the East, but there are dozens of others from that far-off State who do nothing but write for the magazines and other popular publications. Here are some of the names dotted down from memory: J. O'Hara Cosgrave, managing editor of Everybody's Magazine; Robert H. Davis, Frank A. Munsey's chief editorial lieutenant; Robert Mackay, managing editor of Success; Bailey Millard, editor of the Cosmopolitan; Gelet Burgess and Edward Townsend, of the Ridgway-Thayer forces; the brothers, William and Wallace Irwin, voluminous and popular contributors to various high-class publications; Mrs. Gertrude Franklin Atherton, who has succeeded in writing the best book about Washington thus far put out, to say nothing of Ambrose Bierce and others of the strictly literary guild, whose names are as well known in England as in the United States. Obviously this is the golden era of California literature, although its output is produced in the East.

### Wetmore's Mission Was Futile.

It develops that Col. Moses C. Wetmore, the celebrated trust-buster of St. Louis, made the tour of Europe with William Jennings Bryan on a mission of exactly the opposite character to that with which it was generally credited. Col. Wetmore is a very great admirer of Mr. Bryan, and will not die happy unless the Nebraskan is elected President. Withal, however, he is not in accord with Mr. Bryan's government ownership advocacy, although he is in thorough harmony with his leader on nearly every other important issue. Col. Wetmore discovered ahead of the "safe and sane" element of the Democracy that now wants to accept the leadership of Mr. Bryan, if it can, that the Nebraskan had made up his mind to spring his railroad ownership theory upon the country immediately upon his return from his tour around the world. Col. Wetmore perceived it to be to his duty quietly to seek out the distinguished traveler in Europe and labor with him on the government ownership proposition. Mr. Bryan welcomed him cordially on the other side of the Atlantic and made the colonel a member of his party on the swing around Europe. Day and night Col. Wetmore argued and pleaded with his host against committing himself publicly to the new idea. When he learned that Mr. Bryan apparently was immovable, he induced the Hon. John Sharp Williams, who met the party in London, to work on Mr. Bryan with the same object in view. Mr. Williams had no better success than Col. Wetmore. When the Bryan party arrived in New York harbor, Col. Wetmore hurried up to the city and laid the situation before numerous of the Democratic national leaders who had assembled there to join in welcoming their party leader back. Among these was Senator Bailey, who in turn argued earnestly with the Nebraskan against advocating at this time the government ownership of the railroads either as a party principle or as a personal conviction. Col. Wetmore, however, does not despair of Mr. Bryan's triumphant election to the Presidency in 1908, in spite of the seeming unpopularity of the Nebraskan's latest advance from the old outposts of his party.

### Blufted Bandera.

Col. Bussell B. Harrison's presence in Washington this week reminded many of his comrades of the Spanish-American war of an incident near Havana of which the ex-President's son was the hero. Col. Harrison was the provost marshal of the Seventh Army Corps, commanded by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and which was encamped at Mariona, a suburb of the Cuban capital. "Gen." Bandera, who looked more like a chimpanzee than a human being, and who was hacked to pieces with machetes by Estrada Palma's rural guards soon after the recent insurrection had been started, gathered around him near the camp of Lee's corps a tatterdemalion host which he was proud loudly to proclaim "the survivors of the Cuban army of liberation." Neither Bendera nor his "liberators" welcomed the spectacle of an American army quartered upon Cuban soil to preserve order and protect life and property, and when they could secure rum enough to go around they were emboldened to make threats and other menacing signs of their disapproval. Finally, the whole outfit got drunk enough to make their camp ring with the shout: "Mort de Americanos!" Moreover, some of them who had Mausers began to fire them off in rather reckless fashion. Old Bandera pretended that he could not control his drunken crew. When the situation became really threatening, Col. Harrison mounted his horse and, with pistol in hand, boldly invaded the camp of the "liberators," who continued aimlessly to fire their Mausers. Galloping straight to the tent of Bandera, he warned that palpitating patriot that unless the indiscriminate firing ceased at once and order was restored in the camp every mother's son of a "liberator" would be arrested by a provost guard and thrown ignominiously into jail, with Bandera counted in for good measure. In a jiffy the raging patrious were as quiet and meek as lambs, and no more trouble was threatened the Americans by Bandera or his followers.

### Clark Is Out of It.

News of a positive character has reached Washington from Montana that the Hon. William Andrews Clark, one of the world's richest men, will not ask for re-election to the Senate by the legislature to be chosen next month, even if the Democrats should win. Gov. Joseph Toole will probably succeed him if the Democrats control the legislature. Senator Clark's determination to retire from official life is final and irrevocable. It is based upon strictly private and business reasons. Although the Montana Croesus has not taken high rank in the Senate, perhaps largely because his immense wealth has been a handicap to him, it is known that he likes the Senate very much and would desire to retain the toga if his great business affairs were not pressing hard upon him for exclusive attention. The Senator will, therefore, probably be seen or heard of no more in public life after he attends the session of Congress this winter.

### A Dog Fancier.

From the Chicago Examiner.

Mark Twain was talking of war and of the hardships and privations of sieges.

"A Frenchman," he said, "called one day on a woman who had two dogs. They were ugly little brutes, and when they came near him the man pushed them out of the way with his foot.

"'I perceive, sir,' said the woman coldly, 'that you are not very fond of dogs.'

"The man started in surprise.

"'I not fond of dogs!' he exclaimed. 'Why, madam, I ate more than twenty of them during the siege of Paris.'"

### Skidoo.

Sir Lipton's building Shamrock IV,
To beat our yacht; but we
Will make him think the yacht's he's built
Is shamrock XXIII.

—Woman's Home Companion.

## GREETINGS TO THE HERALD.

From the Army and Navy Register.

The first issue of The Washington Herald appeared on Monday morning, and was, in all respects, a notable achievement in local journalism. It shows careful, intelligent, and sane editing, and it is a pleasure to chronicle and welcome the advent of a daily newspaper which is free of arrant rot, disgusting personalities, and unmitigated fiction bearing the semblance of news. The Washington Herald, under the editorship of Mr. Scott C. Bone, gives promise of being an influential, as well as an informing, daily newspaper. It is certain to be all of that if Mr. Bone is in charge.

From the Lynchburg (Va.) News.

The Washington Herald is a new morning newspaper at the National Capital, the first issue of which appeared last week. The editor is Mr. Scott C. Bone who, under the regime of Frank Hatton and Beriah Wilkins, was one of the chief builders of the prestige and influence which the Washington Post has enjoyed for the past fifteen or twenty years. A high order of ability and the results of ripe experience and of well-directed enterprise are seen in the first issues. There are no raw edges, no experimental touches, but a first-class newspaper full-fledged. It is nonpartisan in politics, and is a clean, entertaining and up-to-date public journal.

From the Concord (N. H.) Monitor.

The Washington Herald is the newest candidate for journalistic honors. The chief hand in its making is that of Scott C. Bone, long managing editor of the Washington Post, and his new paper is a handsome sheet, newsy and interesting.

From the Culpeper (Va.) Exponent.

The Washington Herald, the new morning paper of Washington City, is a most welcome addition to our daily literature. Scott Bone, the managing editor is no stranger to Washington journalism, having for years successfully managed the Post, and he has hosts of friends and admirers. The quiet, temperate, and just tones which have pervaded his journalistic admonitions, and his careful recordation of wholesome truths, wisely couched in kindly words, have placed him in the front rank as a sound newspaper leader and director, whose readers have become allied to him by confidence, which, like hooks of steel, binds to him many staunch supporters. Mr. Bone's friends in Virginia are legion, and as soon as they know he is again in the editorial chair, they will rally to his call. Here's to the success of Scott Bone and the Washington Herald.

W. N. Brockwell in Trades Unionist.

On a bright, crisp October morning—Monday last—Washington's new daily paper made its initial appearance. Fully as bright, as crisp, and as wholesome as the morning of its birth, The Herald found hearty welcome in thousands of the Capital City's homes. In the editorial "Foreword" the statement is made that "The Herald intends to be as much of a fixture at the Capital as the Washington Monument," which sounds like bounding faith and robust life—two things with which I hope the new venture will be well supplied. With Mr. Scott Bone at the head of the enterprise, I have little doubt of the outcome. His training and his ability, added to the genuine gift of newspaper making which he possesses in a very marked degree, all spell success in an undertaking like that which he has essayed. That he and his coadjutors will achieve that success I sincerely trust. They deserve it.

From the Union Bridge (Md.) Pilot.

The Washington Herald, a nonpartisan paper, published by the Washington Herald Company, gives promise of being a clean, up-to-date publication fit to be read by the best people.

From the Caucasian.

Washington's new paper, The Herald, is a journal worthy of having the National Capital for its home. It begins life with the assurance to its readers that it will be clean, accurate, newsy—in all respects a home newspaper. What else could it be with a man like Mr. Scott Bone at the helm? It is unnecessary to wish it a long and prosperous life. No one doubts that it has come to stay.

From the Maryland Reporter (Hyattsville).

The Washington Herald, the new daily, made its first appearance on Monday morning last. It is one of the handsomest newspapers ever turned out at the National Capital. It is ably edited, and thoroughly up-to-date in every particular. From surface indications, we are led to believe it has come to stay. Mr. Scott C. Bone, editor, is well and favorably known in Washington, and its fine typographical appearance is due to Mr. Charles C. Thompson, mechanical superintendent, who is justly recognized as one of the finest printers in the country.

From the Emmitsburg (Md.) Chronicle.

The Washington Herald, the new Richmond in the field of journalism at the Capital, made its initial bow to the public on Monday last, and right proud ought those to feel who have the enterprise in hand. The entire staff of The Herald is composed of seasoned newspaper men, who know from vast experience what the reading public demands, and it goes without saying that Mr. Scott C. Bone and his able confreres will ever keep The Herald up to the high standard it has set for itself. We heartily congratulate The Herald and wish it all success.

### His Lordship's Amidship.

From Harper's Weekly.

Ambassador Choate tells a story of the bishop of Rochester, England, the divine who was so fond of cricket that he used to play the game with an expert local team.

It appears that one day when the bishop was batting the bowler pitched very wide.

"Please keep the ball in the parish!" commanded the bishop, testily.

The next ball the bowler sent in caught the right reverend gentleman full in the waistband, whereupon the bowler observed:

"I think that's somewhere about the diocese, my lord."

### Easy to Understand.

From the Independent.

An ardent teetotaler, in conversation with the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, once found fault with the practice of "christening" vessels with champagne before being launched. Sir Wilfrid did not altogether agree with him, and said a good temperance lesson could be learned from the practice. "How can that be?" asked his companion. "Well," replied the witty baronet, "after the first taste of wine the ship takes to water, and sticks to it ever after!"

### Distance Lends Enchantment.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"The earthquake that Eastern siesmographs recorded was somewhere 14,000 miles away."

"Hasn't it been reported yet?"

"No."

"Took place and nobody knew it, eh?"

"Evidently."

"Well, say, that's just the sort of earthquake I like."

### The Reason.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel.

"What a well informed woman that Mrs. Wudleigh is, isn't she?"

"Why shouldn't she be. Her cook has worked for nearly everybody in the neighborhood."

## VIEWS OF VISITING MEN OF AFFAIRS.

Doubtless the most famed sheriff of the United States has been at the Ebbitt House since early Sunday morning. He is Capt. J. F. Shipp, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who must to-day face the Supreme Court on a charge of contempt, because a negro brute was taken from his custody and hanged by a small band of citizens who believed their community had been outraged. Nevada Taylor, a young white woman, born in Ohio and the daughter of a Federal soldier, was lassoed by the negro. Ed Johnson, thrown over a fence, choked into insensibility, and otherwise maltreated. Johnson was caught, tried, and convicted after a defense by some of Chattanooga's ablest criminal lawyers.

After the conviction, these lawyers, believing Johnson guilty, withdrew from the case and he was sentenced to hang on March 13. Two negro lawyers then took the case to the Tennessee Supreme Court, which affirmed the lower court. Later, a petition was filed with the Federal judge for a writ of habeas corpus, setting up the plea that Johnson had been denied the equal protection of the laws. Judge Clark denied the writ, whereupon an appeal to the United States Supreme Court was taken and entertained by Mr. Justice Harlan. An order to assume custody of the negro from Washington reached Sheriff Shipp on Monday, March 12. That night seventeen masked citizens broke open the jail and lynched the negro.

Considering it a disregard of the mandate of the Supreme Court, a rule was made citing Capt. Shipp, ten of his deputies, and seventeen citizens, alleged lynchers, to appear in Washington on October 15 and show cause why they should not be held for contempt.

The hearing takes place to-day. With Capt. Shipp at the Ebbitt are Judge S. D. McReynolds, before whom Johnson was tried; Judge Lewis Shepperd, who defended Johnson, and who will to-day defend the alleged lynchers; G. W. Chamblee, city attorney of Chattanooga, and Attorneys Martin Fleming and T. P. Shepperd, who are also of counsel for the alleged lynchers. Sheriff Shipp's chief counsel is former Attorney General Judson Harmon. Mr. Harmon will be assisted by Robert Pritchard and Judge Lynch, both of Chattanooga.

The Chattanooga contingent, a party of fine-looking and intelligent men, declare that there was never a shade of doubt as to Johnson's atrocious act, and that the only exceptions to the general belief in his guilt in the community were one white preacher and a portion of the negro population.

"How important the movement that has been started in Texas against Senator Joe Bailey may become cannot now be determined, but it will scarcely be strong enough to defeat his re-election next winter," said Mr. Maurice E. Locke, a successful lawyer of Dallas, at the Metropolitan.

"The Senator is speaking over the State and he seems to arouse his audiences to a high pitch of enthusiasm as he defends himself from the charges that have been made by those who condemn him for representing corporations. He has already been named in the primaries for another term, but his opponents hold that the legislature need not be bound by the election if its members have reason to think him unworthy of further public service. The whole episode is unfortunate and to be deplored, as it affects the character of a man who is admittedly an intellectual giant.

"A pleasanter theme is the present happy condition of Texas. The way that people and capital are pouring into the State is something wonderful. The best evidence of the solidity of our prosperity is seen in the decline of interest rates. The big insurance companies of New York have, for the first time, begun making Texas loans, and but recently I negotiated a loan of $130,000 for one of them at 5 per cent, which is about the lowest price ever obtained in our country. It has not been a great while ago since money down our way regularly commanded 8 and 10 per cent."

Mr. G. Hallstrom, from far-away Sweden, talked with a Herald reporter last evening at the New Willard.

"Sweden," said he, "was never better off than at present. I know a good deal about the condition of the country, because of my business as a manufacturer of machinery. The secession of Norway has had no adverse effect on Sweden commercially or financially, but Norway does not seem to be getting on very well. Taxes are high there, and the people are not prosperous. The Norwegians are proud and ambitious, but it may be that they will regret separating their lot from ours. There was never any real occasion for the dismemberment."

Mr. Hill McAllister, who is at the New Willard, is city attorney of Nashville, Tenn., and extremely youthful-looking he is to hold such an important office. His father before him held the same office when quite a young man, but for many years has been on the Supreme bench of Tennessee. In chatting with a Herald reporter, the former said:

"We are in the midst of an exciting campaign, but the Democratic ticket, with Patterson at its head, will triumph in spite of factional bickerings. The race troubles in Atlanta and the vote of H. Clay Evans for the force bill are the prime factors insuring Democratic success."

Capt. J. D. Britt, one of the most popular men in West Virginia, was talking in the Raleigh lobby last evening of some incidents in the life of his warm personal friend, the late William L. Wilson.

"There was never," said Capt. Britt, "a more honorable man in public life than William L. Wilson, and when he represented West Virginia in Congress he reflected credit on the whole State. It may not be generally known, but it is a fact that he could have been elected Speaker of the House instead of Judge Crisp, of Georgia, had he agreed to support the bill appropriating $2,500,000 for the Chicago Exposition. The Speakership was alluring, but he absolutely declined to be a party to any deal, deeming it a compromise of his honor. It would be better for the country if there were more public men of his nobility of character."

Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson, who will have a seat in the next Congress as the successor of Representative John H. Bankhead, may never be able to achieve his pet hobby, a billion-dollar navy, but if given any chance he will not fail to impress upon his fellow-Congressmen the fact that he is able to give plausible reasons for any cause he may advocate. Capt. Hobson, who was seen in the Ebbitt House lobby last evening, is undoubtedly a fine talker and endowed with that peculiar charm which goes by the name of personal magnetism. In a talk with friends here he gives it as his opinion that the Democrats have a fair prospect of carrying the November elections, and he bases his belief on the theory that the country is rather weary of such a long period of Republican domination and ready to try the minority for a while. The average American, he thinks, believes it a healthful thing to give the country rotation in partisan ascendency.

### A Fitting Punishment.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Here's something about the Dutch stealing one of the Philippine Islands. I wonder what Uncle Sam will do about it?"

"Well, it would serve them right if he refused to take it back."