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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1906.

Hard Times for Rockefeller.

Our sympathetic hearts are touched by the sad announcement that during the past few days Mr. John D. Rockefeller's fortune has been decreased in the sum of $17,000,000. It seems that Standard Oil stock, which was formerly quoted at $840 a share, has declined to less than $500. Incidentally, the value of the total stock of the company has shrunk $235,000,000. The trouble is that the strong arm of the Federal government has seized the trust by the nape of its neck, so to speak, and it may be that the worst is yet to come.

Rockefeller's loss of $17,000,000 has undoubtedly reduced him to sad straits. We can see him as he struggles along, carefully examining his expense account to see where he can save a few pennies, and even appealing to his wife to endure the winter season without buying another sealskin coat. We wonder how, in these moments of his poverty, he can even procure the few gallons of gasoline necessary to operate his fifteen imported automobiles. Every opportunity for sacrifice and self-denial must eagerly be welcomed by him. Even the 50-cent golf ball is no longer allowed to remain hidden in the high grass. In times of dire distress, 50 cents saved is half a dollar earned.

Seventeen millions poorer! The Queen of Sheba, with all her wealth, was a pauper in comparison with a fortune which can bear such decapitation without causing its owner even a thrill. Surely this is a marvelous age. No wonder that there is envy and jealousy regarding immense accumulations of wealth.

In selecting a combination of Democrat, Rough Rider, and tabasco sauce manufacturer for the Civil Service Commissionership, it looks like the President is getting ready to hand out a hot one to somebody.

The Case Against Standard Oil.

The government has begun at St. Louis a legal warfare against predatory wealth fraught with momentous consequences to national industry and commerce, and of epoch-making importance to popular welfare. For it is there to be determined whether there be power in a government by the people to bring before the bar of justice and to convict of wrong-doing the most powerful combination of organized capital the world has ever known; whether there be remedy by legal process for the monopoly of a natural product of universal use, and whether it be possible by court injunction to restrain corporation managers from using underhand and illegal methods to suppress competition, and to build up a vast industrial monopoly upon the wreck of ruined rivals. Not since Andrew Jackson forced out of existence the powerful Bank of the United States has so important an issue been joined between the people and the power of wealth.

The petition in equity filed by Attorney General Moody in the United States Circuit Court is an extraordinary indictment of Standard Oil practices. These have become sufficiently familiar through public and private investigations, but never before have they been so effectively presented, and with so strong a backing. The impression which the Standard Oil people have been sedulously seeking to create, that their monopoly is a much-abused institution, will, we think, be effectually dissipated by a reading of the government petition. The description there given of the growth and methods of the Standard Oil Company shows that by the favoritism of railroads, by extortion from consumers, and by the deliberate wrecking of independent producers in order to kill off competition, this great corporation was able in fourteen years to pay dividends amounting to over $512,000,000 on a capital of $69,000,000, and to accumulate a surplus of nearly $80,000,000, besides increasing its actual capital to $200,000,000. These figures are a startling illustration of the power and value of monopoly unrestrained by law and operated by unscrupulous men. That the enormous earning capacity of Standard Oil capital is due largely to railway rebates and to contracts and combinations in restraint of trade is the gravamen of the charges which the Standard is now called upon to answer in court.

The government seeks not only to dissolve the parent corporation into its constituent elements, but also to restrain the subsidiary corporations from entering into agreements with each other in contravention of public policy. We have heretofore expressed some doubt as to the efficacy of breaking up a large corporation into small ones as a means of preventing the abuses of monopoly, inasmuch as the monopoly may easily resume some other external form; but the government is going beyond that by asking for injunctions forbidding the various practices in restraint of trade complained of. In the action begun at St. Louis we shall have a severe test of both methods of attacking corporate wrong-doing. If that test shall fail in any particular, there is every reason to feel sure that adequate remedy will be sought through drastic legislation. But there is evidence that the legal actions taken by the government against the Standard Oil Company, especially the prosecutions under the Elkins rebate law, have already produced excellent results, although pending in the courts. A competent authority, writing in the New York Journal of Commerce, says that the system of illegal rebates to the Standard has been broken up in several instances, that an equitable adjustment of rates on oil has been made by a number of railroads, and that in consequence both independent producers and refiners and the public were getting the benefit of reduced and more stable freight rates. The close relation of monopoly with railway favoritism is thus fully proven.

While destined to mark an epoch in the attempt of democracy to control organized wealth, the proceedings at St. Louis are based on principles familiar to the common law for centuries, as Secretary Root said in his Utica speech. Monopoly of things in common use and the restraint of trade have always been hateful to the spirit of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence. It is, therefore, no revolutionary proceeding which Attorney General Moody has brought in the Federal courts. It does not threaten the social order, or violate any of the fundamental ideas underlying American institutions. It is a plain but earnest attempt to administer ordinary justice to the biggest corporation in the world. That even and exact justice will be done is the hope and prayer of every honest American citizen.

The victory of Smulski over Piotrowski for treasurer of Illinois might, in the present emergency, be claimed as a testimonial in favor of simple spelling.

Elephants, Ants, and Infant Industries.

Reluctantly, but impelled by a high sense of patriotic duty, we several days ago directed the attention of the Hon. Leslie Mortimer Shaw to an oversight on the part of his hired hands at the port of New York whereby a certain opulent citizen of the metropolis was permitted to bring to these protected shores, duty free, a consignment of a million or more of foreign ants, which he purchased abroad for the amusement of his children. The customs officials at New York were much puzzled at first and searched hurriedly through the voluminous schedules of the Dingley law to see what that inspired and sacred statute had to say about ants. Finding no mention of ants anywhere in the tremendously long list of commodities forbidden to be brought here to compete with our infant industries, they admitted the ants without taxing them, but with the reservation that "the case will be communicated to Washington."

At that psychological moment Secretary Shaw was swinging around the circle shedding the light of his countenance upon vast seas of upturned faces that were moved to storms of admiration and gratitude by his assurances of how every industry of this country was secure as long as the 'prentice hand of the Democrat would not be permitted to desecrate a single schedule of the Dingley bill.

There is a clause in the Dingley law which imposed a 20 per cent ad valorem duty on 'animals not otherwise specifically provided for."

Whether in Mr. Shaw's tariff philosophy an ant is an animal, a plant, or a mineral we have not yet learned, though if he classify it under either of these heads he will find that it is subject to a tax in the interest of protection.

We are moved to these observations, and not objurgations, by the recent experience of the luckless owner of four elephants. When these pachyderms were brought into the country a year or so ago, their mahout declared their valuation at $6,000. Upon this basis he paid into the Treasury of the United States the sum of $1,200. He took them to Canada, and when a few days ago he brought them back to the United States he declared their valuation at $2,300. The customs officials at Buffalo assessed them at $4,000. Their owner refuses to pay the tariff on this valuation, and the government now has four elephants on its hands, eating hay and enjoying life. Investigation by the vigilant guardians of the protective tariff, every one of whom we dare say is a standpatter, revealed the fact that the owner refused an offer of $10,000 in Canada for the animals. Thus Mr. Secretary Shaw's troubles are multiplying.

Elephants will soon form an infant industry in this country. Some Northern capitalists, being forehanded always, have purchased a large tract of land in the Democratic free trade State of Texas and now have their agents beating the jungles of Africa, India, and the other habitats of the elephant with the view of establishing an elephant farm. As we understand the standpatter, the bare intention to start a new enterprise in the United States constitutes an infant industry. Therefore, we already have an infant elephant industry to protect and promote. Necessarily, then, the price of elephants to the American citizen will go up, although the American bred and reared elephant may successfuly compete in the pauper markets of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the seven seas. We approve heartily of what Mr. Shaw's agents at Buffalo have done, and we hope to be able to approve of the Secretary's final decision in the case of the imported ants. Neither ant nor elephant appears anywhere by name in the Dingley schedules, but indubitably they were meant to be covered.

"Where does Democracy stand?" demands the Atlanta Georgian. It has been on the run so constantly for the past few years that the question is too much for us.

Morocco in Hot Water.

The Sultan of Morocco will be treated to something rather novel when the French-English fleet appears off Tangiers for a demonstration. The Sultan of Turkey, to whom this style of entertainment is anything but new or pleasant, has been good of late, but the Sultan of Morocco has been filling the place of bad boy and general trouble-maker after a fashion that must remind Abdul Hamid forcibly of the good old days.

Recent events have been such as to tax the patience of all the world, and mankind must profit greatly by Morocco's prompt and emphatic suppression. The state authorities seem powerless to help matters. Foreigners are maltreated and abused; towns are sacked, pundits and sorcerers commit the most outrageous excesses, consular officials are attacked and beaten, public floggings of men and women take place, and these characterized by the most brutal excesses, and still no one seems able to hold the roaming mobs of outlaws and desperadoes in check.

The efforts of the Sultan—a mere figurehead—to suppress these things are marked by the most grotesque edicts and orders. The restoration of peace has been delegated to Raisuli, a bandit chief, whose principal claims to fame lie in his ability to hold wandering foreigners to ransom, and to raid sheepfolds and swineherds. Aside from its tragic features, the whole situation savors strongly of opera bouffe.

Civilized Europe has had quite enough of it, and unless Morocco is very careful indeed, there will soon be no Morocco. The greater powers would not shy to any very considerable extent at any reasonable excuse for chopping Morocco into several sections and apportioning it among themselves. Either that, or a joint protectorate that would reduce Morocco to an extremely petty standing. It is only by the exercise of the most diplomatic methods and the care with which he has always come to time when ultimately challenged, that the Sultan of Turkey has managed to keep his domains in anything like independent shape. Indeed, Turkey is to-day not much more than a dependency—certainly a dependency upon the fickle goodwill of certain nations that is an outgrowth of their jealousy.

If the present Sultan of Morocco is as wise as his fellow Sultan of Turkey—which he very probably is not—he will find some way speedily to restore order within his domains. Naval demonstrations for the benefit of Sultans have come to be regarded as only the advance agent of ultimatums that must be acceded to.

Perhaps that rainbow of hope Mr. Bryan sees is really T. H. Harriman hovering on the horizon.

Of Course the Law Will Be Enforced.

It is so obviously the duty of the Board of District Commissioners to honestly enforce the law touching the licensing of employment agencies that comment on the subject, in the very nature of things, would seem to be superfluous. The Washington Herald does not for a moment faintly suspect that the Commissioners are going to be remiss in the slightest degree. Ugly charges are pending against some of the applicants for licenses. Responsible people stand sponsor for these charges. If the evidence be found sufficient, if the applicants cannot vindicate themselves beyond the shadow of doubt, licenses should, as of course they will, be peremptorily denied.

To suggest that the Commissioners may shirk their plain duty, under the law, or that any self-respecting Washingtonian will fail heartily to support them in doing that duty, is so preposterous that this newspaper offers an apology, along with its editorial remarks, for even referring to such a suggestion. Certainly, there is no necessity for pressure from press or public in the matter of these employment agencies. The bad among them must go.

The Pullman Car Company has just divided $35,000,000 between the stockholders, but if the stockholders want to retain the ready cash they will be wise to keep off the Pullman cars.

The Republicans got thirteen of the Constitutional convention delegates out in Oklahoma, but in all other respects it seems to have been twenty-three for them.

A man of the name of Dovey is being sued by a Massachusetts girl for breach of promise. The idea of a man with an orange-blossom name like that not living up to it!

A Russian is to be exiled to Siberia because he declines to swear by the government. And, furthermore, because he insisted upon swearing at it.

"Mars is habitable," says a scientist. First it was the canal habit, and now it is the signal habit.

While a man was paying an election bet rolling a peanut along the sidewalk, a friendly practical joker pushed him in a hole and cracked his skull. The practical joker probably considers this one of his most successful efforts.

Now it transpires that Boni is only a bogus count, after all. Even the gold on the brick seems to have been brass.

Santos Dumont says the airship will be the poor man's auto. The poor man is used to being up in the air.

That Washington man who willed his wife $1 ought also to have cautioned her not to buy any automobiles with it.

There is some diversity of opinion as to which Cabinet gent is the regent these days.

All over Panama the sign hangs out, "This Is My Busy Day."

"Frank James is getting old, but still holds up very well," says a St. Louis paper. Frank ought to move to Pittsburg, where hold-ups are easy and not so trying on the nerves.

The south pole must be the skeleton in the pole family's closet. It's name is scarcely ever mentioned.

The Sultan of Turkey has made Rais Uli a sort of Imperial Pooh Bah. Rais must be the Turkish type of a syndicated Rough Rider.

The politician who always wins, Col. S. Anta Claus, will soon be "in our midst."

"The President has made his own coffin," remarks a Philadelphia negro paper, anent the dismissal of the troops. Perhaps; but we would like to see any one strenuous enough to keep the lid on if the President ever gets in it.

The Indianapolis Star says: "There is a widespread sentiment in this country that no man should be President longer than George Washington." Spell "Star" backward, and you will get Gen. Grosvenor's opinion of that sentiment.

"Perfect weather prevailed during the entire trip," says a message from Panama. Thus doth the reprimanded weather man turn the other cheek.

If Uncle Andy were as economical with his money as he is with the alphabet, he couldn't escape dying disgraced.

An English paper thinks Mr. Roosevelt's trip to the isthmus means "trouble." That's just exactly what a lot of folks down there think about it also.

A Toledo thief has been sent to the penitentiary for fifteen years for stealing a purse. He ought to have stolen a few railroads and things; then he would probably have been sent to Congress. However, he may prefer the penitentiary.

An English board of control is advertising for some "temporary woman" to do certain work. A "temporary woman" must be something on the order of a "near Democrat."

That Chicago telegraph operator who made a dash for a seat in Congress seems to have figured his campaign necessities just to a dot.

The Washington water-wagon driver who has been convicted of selling whisky on the side is a shining example of the man who fails to practice what he preaches.

King Alfonso arises long enough to assure his many friends that he has not been reduced to scraps, reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: "The once honorable milk punch now contains formaldehyde, beading oil, and wooden nutmeg." That is suspiciously like a knock-out punch.

Prof. David Starr Jordan has resigned from the simple spelling board. It might have eased his fellow members' pain somewhat had he simply "resined."

Mr. Bryan calls Mr. Roosevelt a Democrat, and Senator Beveridge says Mr. Bryan is a poet. How much nicer these soft and gentle impeachments than the mud-slinging methods of New York.

St. Louis subtreasury officials should not play handball with $61,000 wads of money.

For loud sneezing while the Emperor was passing, a German has been arrested and charged with lese majeste. Neither the Emperor nor the law is to be sneezed at in Germany.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

BE STRENUOUS.

If you find things going wrong,
Kick.
Just unloose a good and strong
Kick.
Do not let things go awry
Whilst you idly sit and sigh.
That's no way to do, say I.
Kick!

Get right in and with a zest
Kick.
Give offending folk no rest.
Kick.
Headwork's all right in a way,
But when evils come to stay,
Bring your footwork into play.
Kick!

Driven to It.

"My man, what induced you to become a road agent?"

"Well, I tried being a book agent—"

"Say no more. Yours is a sad case."

Doubly Objectionable.

"I don't like Gayboy's line of talk."

"He does tell long stories."

"Yes; and they're as broad as they're long."

The Latest Craze.

If I am good and save my tin
I hope to see some day
A hyphenated actress in
A hyphenated play.

Can You Blame Him?

"Workin', hey?" sneered Tired Tiffins.

"Till de football season is over, yes," responded Dusty Rhodes with dignity. "I kin stand occupyin' de same cell wit' a trust magnate, but when it comes to them college rooters, I draws the line, Tiffins, I draws the line."

He Sways All Right.

"Language is queer," said Mister Gray. "Now why employ the term, 'full sway'?"

"You foolish talk," quoth Mister Gull. "Didst never see a fellow full?"

Comprehensive.

"I don't know how to describe this society leader. Her figure is nondescript."

"Call her stately."

"I will. That means anything from Rhode Island to Texas."

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

GOOD OLD GRANDPA.

Grandpa had a wooden leg
And throughout his life he boasted
None could take him down a peg
For few men like he were posted.

Grandpa wore an auburn wig
And his household always dreaded
Lest some one the wig might prig
And thus make grandpa red-headed.

One of grandpa's eyes was glass,
Its expression was disdainful—
Thus it was it came to pass
People thought his looks were paneful.

Grandpa's artificial teeth
Often helped the poor old sinner;
When deceit he was beneath
He would send his teeth to dinner.

Grandpa's ears were slow to hear
And this caused him lots of sorrow.
If you'd say, "Let's have a beer,"
He'd not catch it till to-morrow.

Grandpa's stomach once played out,
For it truly needed resting.
When his living was in doubt
He observed that he'd digesting.

Grandpa carried many a scar
And his spine was known to lack bone,
So he'd never go to war
For he didn't have the backbone.

Grandpa's lungs were good and strong,
He could quote from good old Horace,
But when for a loan we'd long
He would seldom cough up for us.

HOW TO READ CHARACTER.

Character may be easily judged by the handwriting. If you should mail a proposal to a young lady and she should reply briefly, her chirography being bold, rapid, and angular, writing simply the word "No," you may at once know that she is not a person who could appreciate you at your true worth.

Side whiskers are sometimes a sure indication of character. If they flare out in whirligig style on each side of a man's face, you may at once decide that he is a man of confiding disposition, for some one has told him that he resembles the late Commodore Vanderbilt, and he believes it.

If you call a man a liar and he hits you in the eye and then proceeds to kick you all over the street, you may set him down as an irascible man, with little or no control of his temper.

If a man pauses with a leaf of lettuce on his fork and insists upon telling you how many chefs he has taught to make French salad dressing, you may decide that he is a star at the chafing dish and that some girl will conclude that a man with his knowledge of cooking must make a good husband.

The man who is constantly interrupting your stories in order to tell one of his own is usually a man of great tenacity of purpose; one who will set his mind upon something and achieve it, no matter what happens. WILBUR NESBIT.

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Immaterial.

From the Youth's Companion.

Aunt Hepsey was in ecstatics over the young lady her nephew, Ike, was going to marry. "I never saw her till last week," she said, "but I fell in love with her at first sight myself. She's good, sweet, amiable and as pretty as a picture."

"What's her name?" asked the listeners.

"Maria."

"Maria what?"

Aunt Hepsey wrinkled her forehead, pursed up her lips, looked at the ceiling and gave it up.

"I declare, I can't think of her other name."

The general laugh that followed this confession nettled Aunt Hepsey.

"What's the difference about her last name, anyway?" she said explosively. "It's only temporary. She's going to change it."

Bible Reading in Missouri.

From the Kansas City Star.

Colonel John Cosgrove, afterward Congressman from the Boonville district, was especially distinguished as an advocate before a jury. Defending a client accused of some crime, Colonel Cosgrove in an eloquent climax shouted:

"What does the State's attorney expect? Does he expect my client, like Daniel, to command the sun to stand still, and have it obey?"

Judge James W. Draffen, lawyer for the opposition, interrupted:

"May it please your Honor," he said, addressing June E. Hazell, who was on the bench, I object to Colonel Cosgrove's misquoting Scripture."

"I beg pardon," blandly replied Colonel Cosgrove, "I forgot for the moment that it was not Daniel, but Solomon, who commanded the sun to stand still."

And that statement went unchallenged.

Juvenile Curiosity.

From the Montgomery Advertiser.

"Say, Mamma?"

"What is it Ethel?"

"Do catboats cause the howling gale?"

Feminine Exercise.

From the Montgomery Advertiser.

Most of a woman's exercise consists in jumping at conclusions.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Croker and Lewis.

It is announced from Europe that Richard Croker, now that he is living the life of an English squire, would very much appreciate the favor if some friend would write for him his biography in such form that he could put it out as his autobiography. This is a reminder that an erstwhile friend of Croker, Alfred Henry Lewis, undertook this task a few years ago. At the time the author and the Tammany boss were great chums. Mr. Lewis' book was voluminous. It treated in Lewis' happiest vein of Alexander the Great, Caesar, Xerxes, Hannibal, and all the great men of ancient and modern times. When Croker first read it he was immensely pleased. He confessed that some of the characters introduced by the author, and to whom he was compared were new to him, but as his friend Lewis had done it he would let it go at that. Soon there came a crisis in the relations between the litterateur and the boss. Each went his haughty way. Croker repudiated the Lewis biography, the title of which was "Richard Croker: The Man." Lewis forthwith brought out a new edition of the work under the title "Casting Pearls Before Swine." Under that name the book is now kept in all the public libraries of the country, and it has been read by many thousands of Croker's former countrymen.

White Is a Marylander.

Few persons seem to know that the American Ambassador to Italy, the Hon. Henry White, is a Marylander by birth and rearing. His appointment is accredited to Rhode Island for purposes of convenience. Mr. White has a summer cottage at Newport, which he has occupied for a few months only. He has been so long a time in the diplomatic service of the country, however, that his State identity has been completely lost. No other American diplomat has seen so long a service as has Mr. White. When Levi P. Morton was Minister to France Mr. White was connected with the American Embassy there as an assistant secretary. Prior to that time he had held a similar position in the American Embassy at London. He entered the service as a Democrat, and for some reason that has never been explained, President Cleveland, in his first term, supplanted him as secretary at London with Roosevelt Roosevelt, a cousin of the present Chief Magistrate. Mr. White was out of the service only a short time, however, as he was soon reinstated, and his promotion has been constant since. His stepfather was one of Baltimore's best-known physicians, the late Dr. Thomas Buckler, who quit the practice of medicine after marrying Mr. White's mother, and lived in Paris. Mr. White's brother, Julian White, now lives in the old family estate near Baltimore, and is something of a religious recluse. His half-brother, William Hepburn Buckler, who also lives near Baltimore, was secretary of the special embassy sent by President Roosevelt to the coronation of the young King of Spain.

She Was Once Marshal.

Miss Phoebe Cousins, of St. Louis, who has come to Washington for the winter to assist in the movement to restore the canteen to the army, enjoys a distinction that is absolutely unique for an American woman. About twenty years ago Miss Cousins was United States marshal of the Eastern district of Missouri, with headquarters at St. Louis. Her father was holding the office when he died, and the appointing powers at Washington gave the position to her to the end of the term to which her father had been appointed. She had been a clerk in the office under her father, and had thoroughly mastered its details, so that when the full responsibility of the position devolved upon her she was prepared properly to discharge it. Her record in office was first class, and the late Joseph B. McCullough, editor of the Globe-Democrat, who was as afraid of women as he was of ghosts, in which he believed, gave her the title of colonel, which has ever since stuck to her in Missouri. Miss Cousins is one of the ablest women in the country, and for more than thirty years has been prominently identified with movements that appeal to the interests of her sex.

Helped Form the Rate Bill.

Judge Samuel Cowan, of Fort Worth, Tex., who has been in Washington for the past week, looking after important business before the Interstate Commerce Commission, was, next to the President, perhaps the most influential man in railroad legislation in Washington at the last session of Congress. Judge Cowan quit the employ of the railroads in his State to become attorney for the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association, and he has thus been in positions for many years to learn a great deal on the practical side of rate-making. He was one of President Roosevelt's trusted advisers through all the preliminaries of rate legislation, and did quite as much as Attorney General Moody to assist the President to an understanding of the legal phases of the problem. Every bill submitted to the White House was turned over to the Texas lawyer for investigation, and usually what he said about it "went" with the President. Judge Cowan's advice also was utilized by Senator Dolliver and Representative Hepburn when they were preparing the Hepburn-Dolliver bill, which finally got through the Senate in mutilated form.

What He Could Have Been.

Having rejected joint Statehood with New Mexico by an overwhelming majority, it is now generally conceded that Arizona will remain a Territory for an indefinite time, or at least until the Democrats get complete control of the government—and nobody is bold enough to venture a prediction as to when that will happen. But for the shrewd manipulations by the Hon. Marcus Aurelius Smith, who has served Arizona as Delegate to Congress numerous times, it is not improbable that Senator Beveridge would have been able to so shape legislation at the last session of Congress as to have forced Arizona into joint Statehood with New Mexico. Had this occurred it is believed the joint State would have been safely Democratic, in which event Mr. Smith undoubtedly would have been elected to the Senate, the goal of every member of the House. But he rejected all overtures on this subject and stood stoutly for separate Statehood or nothing for his Territory. Mr. Smith will represent Arizona in the next House as Delegate. What he has accomplished for his Territory in Washington illustrates that after all the personal equation is powerful and frequently determining in large national affairs. In the fight he made last winter he was opposed by the entire administration and the Republican party. Mr. Smith, a Kentucky Democrat without a vote in the House, fought this powerful array of influences to a standstill through the sheer force of his personal popularity.

"SCOOPED."

Had I but known
The first snow of the season would have been
While all were sleeping in the morning hours,
Its crystals mingling with the wintry showers,
And so swept quickly from the sight of men
And swiftly blown
Into the regions whence they lately came,
Again to mingle with the insensate wave,
Amid the billows of the sailor's grave
(When death o'ertakes him in his nautic game)—
Had I but known
That such would be the untoward circumstance,
I should have written my few lines of rot
In time to have been "Johnny On-the-Spot;"
But it was so; I did not have a chance:
'Twas stealthy done.

—THOMAS H. DANIEL.

LEWIS STUYVESANT CHANLER.

Aristocrat and Philanthropist Is Elected Lieutenant Governor.

From the New York World.

A sturdy young man, six feet two inches tall, with a clean-shaven, serious face, blue eyes and jet black hair, brushed back from a high forehead, appeared in the Court of General Sessions sixteen years ago and began defending voluntarily the cases of miserable offenders who were too poor to hire a lawyer.

He protested that he was merely following a quick path to acquaintance with the criminal law, and he resented the imputation that his conduct was eccentric. Being of a wealthy family, he could afford to work without pay.

Once, having gained the acquittal of a human derelict on a murder charge, he tucked a $5 note in the prisoner's pocket. Then, noticing that snow was falling and that the man's clothes were threadbare, he took off his own $100 overcoat and put it on the other's back.

"Your honor," he said in court recently, "this man has a wife and six children. If you will make the fine $25 I will pay it myself." The court agreed.

This young lawyer was Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, who was elected lieutenant governor of New York on Tuesday. It is said to have worried Mr. Chanler's relatives in the Astor family that he should practice at the criminal bar, as did his trip to Ireland, where he made red-hot speeches for the Parnellites under the leadership of John Redmond; but Mr. Chanler only replied: "I want to get to the front, and I have discovered, as Theodore Roosevelt says, that you can't do that as a dude."

His descent from the Astors was through his mother, Margaret Astor Ward, whose great grandfather was the original John Jacob Astor. He is a cousin of Col. John Jacob Astor, and of William Waldorf Astor. His father was John Winthrop Chanler, at one time a sachem in Tammany, and for several terms a Congressman.

Mr. Chanler is thirty-seven years old. He was born in Newport, R. I., and at twenty-one married Miss Alice Chamberlain, in London. Mrs. Chanler was one of the guests invited to the dinner given by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt in honor of Prince Henry—an event which, for the time being, pruned the Four Hundred down to about forty. Mr. and Mrs. Chanler have three children.

Mr. Chanler's law education was obtained at the Columbia Law School, and he took a course in international law and jurisprudence at Cambridge University, England, where he was made president of the famous Cambridge Union Debating Society. It was on his return to this country that he engaged in the court work which gave him notoriety as a "philanthropist."

OLIGARCHY OF FINANCE.

Defiance of Public Opinion in the Illinois Central Election.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

The fact is that in all these great corporations it is not the majority that rules. It is not the shareholders that determine the policy to be pursued. The proxy system of voting is used in railroad corporations much as it has been used in the big mutual life insurance companies. It is the large stockholders and not the many stockholders that rule, though the former hold but a small minority of the stock. They elect themselves as directors, perpetuate their control, choose officers who do their bidding and carry out their schemes of combination and alliance regardless of the great body of the shareholders.

The consolidations, alliances, and "community of interest" arrangements are effected by a few men controlling by the use of proxies and otherwise the stock they do not own and the owners of which are oblivious to their schemes until they are effected. They constitute a powerful oligarchy, enriching itself, extending its domination and presenting a formidable front to the government whenever it proposes to subject the instrumentalities of commerce to the regulation of law for the protection of the rights of the people.

In this action of the board of directors of the Illinois Central on the day after the State and Congressional elections there was an arrogant defiance of public opinion and of the growing determination to bring great combinations of capital into subjection to law and justice, and it was calculated to add new fuel to the flame of popular wrath.

HIS INFLUENCE ENLARGED.

Roosevelt Regarded as the Master of Congress and All Parties.

From the Springfield Republican.

The final reflection we must come to, in view of these facts, is that the President of the United States has now attained a power, political and moral, over the general government of the country which has not been equaled by any chief magistrate since Andrew Jackson, save possibly Lincoln alone, whose power was largely due to the conditions of civil war. All things, all events, continue to exalt Theodore Roosevelt in the minds of his country and to make him the master of Congress and all political parties. He promises to be even more influential in the next Congress than in the present one, since nothing has happened in this week's elections to shatter his personal prestige. He not only dominates parties with imperious will, but he rises above them so far, in the confidence and affection of the majority of the people, that Republican losses and Democratic gains, whether in State or national contests, alike seem to add to his altitude in the eyes of his contemporaries. This is the one towering fact observable in this year's elections.

The Trouble with Harrison.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

The late Senator M. S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, was bitterly opposed to the renomination of President Harrison. Quay maintained that Harrison could not be reelected, and the result showed the correctness of the judgment.

During the convention at Minneapolis, when Quay was trying to name anybody but Harrison, one of Harrison's friends went to Quay and said:

"Senator, why is it you dislike President Harrison so thoroughly?"

"Well," Quay replied, "one reason is this: Harrison never does exactly what you want him to do. He always puts some embarrassing trimmings on. Should you ask him to lend you five dollars, he would not do that. Instead, he would hand you $4.75 or $5.25."

The Cold Shoulder.

From Harper's Weekly.

At a reception in Washington some time ago one of the guests, a man with a poor memory for faces and, in addition, a little nearsighted, took the host aside and spoke to him in a confidential whisper:

"You see that tall man standing by the door?" he asked.

"Well, I was talking to him a while ago about the terribly cold weather in Nebraska last year, and he yawned in my face.

The host smiled. "Don't you know who he is?" asked he.

"No."

"That is Lieut. Peary, the Arctic explorer."

Mrs. Langtry Scores.

From Human Life.

Mrs. Huga de Bathe, otherwise known as Mrs. Langtry, appears to be entitled to the first joke perpetrated under the operation of the new immigration law.

"Complexion?" asked the inspector when she came up for examination.

"Troublesome," she said.

HEARD AT HOTELS.

"A United States judge, whom I will not call by name, was extremely rude to that eminent and successful lawyer, David Fairleigh, of Louisville," said Mr. B. J. Robertson, of Kentucky, at the Raleigh. "'Dave' Fairleigh is one of the biggest lawyers in the country and no man throughout our State is more heartily respected.

"It was while he was making an argument in a most important case, involving the liberty of two of his brother lawyers. In the course of his argument he was interrupted in the most brusque fashion by the judge, who told him that he was talking along a line in which the bench did not care to have information, and to omit further speech on that head.

"'Yes, your honor,' said Fairleigh, making a beautiful bow, and straightway began where he had left off, as he had a right to do, since he was proceeding in order, as every lawyer in the courtroom knew. Upon this the judge glared at him savagely, and in the most imperious tones repeated what he had formerly said. It was the acme of impoliteness, but again, with that Chesterfieldian bow, Fairleigh smilingly said: 'Yes, your honor,' and then resumed the thread of his talk as before.

"Upon this the judge, as if to show his utter contempt, wheeled in his chair, turned his back completely on the lawyer, and gazed out of an open window that gave upon the street. It was the coarsest act I have ever seen, but Fairleigh was equal to the occasion. From the moment that the judge turned his back, the lawyer ceased talking and a silence as though of a funeral fell upon the chamber.

"It seemed to me that fully five minutes passed during which no word fell from Fairleigh's lips. He stood there in his place as fixed and firm as a stone wall. At last his honor could stand it no longer, and wheeled into a proper attitude, whereupon the Kentuckian resumed his remarks, taking up precisely the same line of argument that had aroused the ire of the court. But this time he was allowed to proceed in his own way without interruption. It was the neatest counter to judicial bullying ever seen in a court of justice."

Tall, erect, and with the bearing of the true soldier, Maj. Carroll A. Devol, of the Quartermaster's Department of the army, stood in the lobby of the Ebbitt House last evening and shook hands with a number of his friends, who welcomed him after an absence of more than four years on the Pacific Coast. Maj. Devol has been in charge of the transport service since his return from the Philippines, where he was quartermaster for Gen. Otis. The record of the former has been marked by distinguished efficiency throughout his entire service, and it is surmised that he may be made Quartermaster General of the army, Vice General Humphreys, though Maj. Devol asserted that he knew nothing of any such contemplated promotion.

Maj. Devol was in San Francisco during the earthquake, and rendered valuable service in aiding the victims of that catastrophe. "The finance committee," he said, "were putting up, before I left, a large number of one-story cottages for the use of the people who had lost their homes, and who had been sleeping in tents during the summer. The people of San Francisco will eventually rebuild the city, but it will take a long time, owing to the gigantic task. Nobody can say with certainty when the work of restoration will be finished, but the citizens are brave and determined in face of many obstacles, and the new San Francisco will be a more important and beautiful place than the old."

"Is there any real need of keeping up the tariff on steel products?" asked The Herald reporter of Mr. J. F. Meigs, of Bethlehem, Pa., at the New Willard. Mr. Meigs is one of the officers and principal owners in the great steel works of that town, and there is no shrewder expert in his line of business.

"Well, that is a question that is hard to answer off-hand. It was, unquestionably, through the aid given by the tariff that the iron and steel industries of this country have reached their present magnitude. Perhaps they might survive abolition of the duties, but we of the East would not consent to a removal of the tariff unless we could get in return free ore and free fuel. Give us free trade in these and we would be willing to let the duty on our products go. There is considerable ore brought in from Cuba and Spain, very high in quality, and it would be of great benefit to manufacturers to have the tariff taken off, but there is no great probability that this will be done. Eastern mill men have also to pay more for their coal than they do in the West, and hence the free entry of Nova Scotia coal would be highly advantageous in all this section.

"Are American ores going to be exhausted in the not far distant future?"

"That was a funny prophecy of Mr. J. J. Hill when he wished to dispose of his mineral holdings. Of course, the time will come when the very highest grade ore will get scarce. This will be many a year from now, but after that the inferior and leaner bodies which exist in vast quantity throughout Pennsylvania and New Jersey will last for generations."

Capt. Charles Vivian, the noted New York contractor, is at the Raleigh, accompanied by his wife and daughter. Capt. Vivian has many friends in Washington, where he has performed much work for the government. The captain has sailed into every port of the civilized world and he says that in point of all-round attractiveness, Washington has no peer. If it were not for the engrossing nature of his business he would make this city his home.

Three eminent Ohio lawyers were at the New Willard yesterday—Judge William A. Lynch, Charles C. Upham, and John Crain, all of Canton. Judge Lynch, in point of legal lore and ability, ranks with the foremost practitioners of the Buckeye State. For fifteen years he and Associate Justice Day, of the United States Supreme Court, were in partnership, making one of the strongest legal combinations in the country.

Judge Day's business here was to represent before the Supreme Court the plaintiffs in error in a celebrated case. His clients are the vice president, cashier, and one of the patrons of the wrecked State Bank of Canton, which was looted to the amount of $500,000 in the spring of 1905.

The prosecution of the alleged bank wreckers was conducted by Mr. Upham, county attorney of Stark County, who came here to represent the State of Ohio, assisted by Mr. Crain. The prosecution won out in both the Circuit Court and the Supreme Court of Ohio.

Cause for Indignation.

From Smith's Weekly.

The train was about to depart when a stout old lady ran on to the platform in haste. The obliging guard pounced upon her, fairly lifted her into the carriage, and, as he slammed the door the train steamed out of the station. The first stopping place was thirty miles up the line, and when the train arrived the guard observed the old lady stepping out of the compartment in a state of boiling indignation.

"You nearly missed it, mum," he said.

"Missed it! You silly ass!" fumed the old lady. "I didn't want to come by it at all. I simply wanted to post a letter in the late-fee box on the train. And now perhaps you'll tell me who is going to pay my fare back. Talk about the intelligence of man. I'd rather have a donkey to de