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Charles C. Archibald, Advertising Manager
J. Harry Cunningham, Auditor
Charles C. Thompson, Mechanical Superintendent
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has a standing to-day which is among the most valuable assets of organized labor—a standing secure among all classes, because of his devotion to a principle, his honesty of purpose, his common sense, and his vigor as a fighter. But he will now undertake a complex task, were heretofore he has been engaged in a simple one. His followers may divide along academic lines and according to non-essential predilections, and trade unionism, deprived of its stinging purpose and involved in a tangle of policies and personalities, may become the disrupted plaything of professional schemers.

Should Mr. Gompers finally be vindicated, however, and the labor movement thrive, with politics as a seaworthy tender. In one respect at least his position among representative men would be materially changed. As a labor politician he will lose much of his influence in the general work of social progress. And this result will be regretted by many who have admired his public spirit and effective generalship without special reference to the cause he represents.

However, that New York man who imagines he is a monkey is not as numerous as those who imagine they are not.

National Anthems.
When Sir Thomas Fletcher wrote, "I care not to write the songs of a people and I let me write their laws," he must have had his regard fixed upon sentimental or devotional minstrelsy. He surely could not have had in his mind our modern national anthems.

Take the "Star-Spangled Banner." It at once recalls Joe Jefferson's criticism. He said, in his autobiography, that when he was a tyro he was playing in New York. During a season of grand opera he was asked to declaim "The Star-Spangled Banner" in one of the entre acts. He not only consented, but thought he could emphasize his own scenic and histrionic genius in the rendition. He religiously memorized the lines, day and night. However, when he stepped behind the proscenium lights his wits abandoned him, and he could only chirp: "O say, do you?"

The audience grew frantic with merriment and bravos. He grew desperate, and repeated the formula three times, with crescendo effect; and was hissed off the stage. He solemnly avowed in his book that while he believed himself to be a sincere patriot, yet he had always hated "The Star-Spangled Banner" with a perfect hatred.

One may scrupulously aver that no singer, with cheeks as ruddy as Diana's, can put her soul into two stanzas without her face becoming more aflame than the guns of Fort McHenry. The popular "Dixie" is in words doggerel and in music ragtime. "The Marseillaise" is full of esprit and fire. "The Watch on the Rhine" may be taken upon trust, because whatever the Germans do is finished and stirring. "God Save the King" is only "America" with a dash of salt—and by the way, why should this whole land emphasize or partialize "Land of the Pilgrims' Pride"?

The Russian national anthem, as set to Pope's exquisite lines, "Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise," is most beautiful and entrancing. There is one genuine poem, national in character, "The Bivouac of the Dead," engraved upon iron tablets in all our national cemeteries. Its last stanza may be weighed against them all: On Fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread, And glory guards with solemn hand The bivouac of the dead.

But a national anthem? Is there not an American who can write one that will touch the American heart? A patriotic country awaits it.
Whatever Mr. Roosevelt may have to say when he returns, we hope no orator will accuse him of talking through his Panama hat.

Advertising Literature.
There was a time when literature and advertising were not synonymous terms. The pages of the magazines were filled with real literary contributions, to which were attached a few commonplace announcements. The columns of the newspapers devoted to news and editorial comment used to be the only columns worth reading. All this has changed.

In New York recently a man of considerable cleverness and intelligence confessed that he had ceased to write for the literary pages of the magazines because his contributions to the advertising section paid him more generously. In other words, he found that there was more money in depicting the beauties of a summer resort or the value of a stove pistol than in describing human emotions. There is no doubt that he spoke the truth. The modern advertisement is a work of genius. It combines fact and fancy, it is illuminated by the spark of imagination, it is made both interesting and convincing by the deft touch of genius. Not only are the best and most ingenious writers finding that their talent is most remunerated by framing advertisements, but the artists are learning that the same field is offering great inducements to them. Some of the illustrations which accompany the advertisements of the present day are genuinely artistic. They are the products of genius. Advertising literature is, therefore, a matter of some moment in these modern times. It may be ephemeral in its nature and it may not rank high in the niche of fame, but none the less does it deserve commendation. It is a product of our civilization, wherein commercialism and artistic instinct find a happy combination. All honor to the writer of advertisements. He is a man of genius and his work knows how to penetrate the shell of our indifference and interest us in the ways he has to offer. He is fulfilling a large part in the development of the world, and we are glad that he is receiving recompense worthy of his work.

there are no newspaper men in the penitentiary any more—no one to write the copy, set the type, feed the press, or fold the papers. If only one all-round newspaper man were there, he could do it all, of course; but from wall to wall not a newspaper man is to be found. The penitentiary is without the one speck of leaven that might leaven the whole loaf. Bankers are there—attorneys, merchants, janitors, and other magnates—but not a compositor or an editor. Hence the sign, "Wanted—A printer." Long may it wave! Let the memory of the Penitentiary News be as a tale that is told. The newspaper men are on the outside.

Congressman-elect Graff will doubtless emphatically disclaim any connection with a certain large family, very prominent in political society, whose name resembles his.

Anarchy's Latest Crime.
The senselessness of anarchist methods has a fresh illustration in the attempt, happily an abortive one, on the life of Pope Pius. It is impossible to conceive a sane motive for the commission of such a crime. The authority of the Pope is almost wholly of a spiritual and ecclesiastical character, and it does not come into conflict with any political or political aim of the anarchist propaganda, save as his great influence may be wielded against the terrorist cult.

Personally, he is one of the most amiable of men, and his goodness and nobility of character have endeared him to the whole world. His taking off would have accomplished absolutely nothing in furtherance of the anarchist propaganda, while it would have brought down upon the terrorists the anathemas of the civilized world, which must henceforth reckon with the new form of terrorist crime, directed against those in spiritual authority.

The attempt on the life of the Pope will but accentuate the necessity for the sternest measures against anarchist outrages on the part of all civilized powers. "Never again will I be a candidate," says Mr. Hearst. Break the news gently to Mr. Bryan. The grape crop in Germany is reported a failure. Nothing in the world can outfall the German grape crop except the Delaware peach crop.

To all of Count Bonif's pleas, Judge Ditce answered "no." Ditce must be French for "ditto."
One of those meddlesome individuals comes forward with a proposition to abolish birthdays, just as though lovely woman (over twenty-two) hadn't already attended to that. Down in Panama the natives must not understand how it is to "feel like one who trends alone some banquet hall deserted."

The career of Rainsoul in Morocco shows just what a real, persistent reformer can do in the way of making the "ins" come to time. A famous artist says Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan "has no taste." However, he has the price, which is very fortunate for the artist with the taste. Undoubtedly, Mr. Poulney Bigelow begins to suspect a deep-laid plot somewhere.

Now that Mr. Dan'l Sully is in the soap business, he might give his reputation a washing out. A tribe of Indians has been discovered in Alaska who never before saw a white man. They were greatly surprised to learn just how many pretty beads and wicker-covered jugs they can get for their gold mines, valuable furs, and things. A contemporary thinks Addicks has reached his end. The only trouble about this is that he always seems to come back.

"The negro is the South's great scare-crow," notes a contemporary. The principal business of a scare-crow, it will be remembered, is standing in a field all day doing nothing. Senor Nabuco, the Brazilian Ambassador, is not mad, and refuses to become an "incident" because there is nothing to be offended about in his treatment by customs officials. The senator entertains some very curious notions of diplomatic opportunities. An Indiana editor is mad because his pipe has mysteriously walked away. A pipe as strong as that ought never to be allowed out of its guardian's sight.

All this talk about a pumpkin pie trust is foolish. The pumpkin is too true a Democrat ever to syndicate itself. Dr. Jordan found the simple spelling road a hard one to travel. Unless a person is tapped on the head with a sand-bag or a piece of lead pipe about every other night in Pittsburgh, he begins to doubt his standing in the community. Sarah Bernhardt is to live in a flat. She will just about fit it. Young Mr. Pulitzer struck Mr. Hearst a slight blow in anger at St. Louis the other day. When a reporter called to see Mr. Hearst about it, he said: "Pulitzer? Pulitzer? I do not know any such person." There was one from the shoulder.

A Louisville doctor wants the legislature to make it unlawful to sell whiskey on a physician's prescription. Some of his fellow-citizens of Louisville are apt to carry him across the river and lose him in the woods, if he doesn't watch out. Perhaps the government's activity in prosecuting the turpentine trust just at this time may grow out of its philanthropic desire to provide Mr. Rockefeller with a counter-irritant. When Col. James Ham Lewis goes to vote in that Chicago majority contest, we trust that he will not follow the example of his whickered contemporary in New York and vote in a barber shop. Nothing less than a Turkish bath parlor will do for Col. James Ham.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.
THE SENATORS.
They get themselves spurned
And in effigy burned.
They get themselves hated,
And hated.
They get themselves scorned
And emphatically warned.
They get themselves married
And by the press hurried.
They scheme and they plan;
They grab all they can.
They skate through a maze
Of devious ways.
They set themselves trounced,
And roundly denounced.
And when they are nailed
And very near jailed,
They whimper and wheedle and whine.
They do this and that,
But this much is flat—
They never, no, never resign!

Obviously.
"Croker says that Croker is the greatest rascal in America."
"Who doesn't he come home and say that?"
"It wouldn't be true, then."
One Way Out.
"I'm tired of pounding ivory," complained the pretty typewriter. "What would you advise by way of a change?"
"That you strike the keys with only a modicum of exertion," replied the gentleman who was something of a purist.

Quite So.
Man's inhumanity, dear me,
Makes many a sad!
But woman's inhumanity
Is just as bad.
Not Even Dented.
"Give an example of the indestructibility of matter."
"The case of the Standard Oil Company."
The Question.
"Say, Tiffins," inquired Dusty Rhodes, "would you take work if you could get de kind of gutters on your door, and Mr. Smith replied his question, "That's Kermit," said one of the guards.

Just then a third boy came swirling along on roller skates. "I guess that's another one of the Roosevelt boys," suggested the Maryland statesman. "Yes," was the answer, "that's Quenlin." "By gum," ruminated Mr. Smith, "they've all got names like sleeping cars. I feel just as if I were standing on the platform at home, watching the limited express shoot by."
A Close Fourth.
"My wife thinks a good bit of me."
"That's nice."
"Next to the baby, and the poodle, and the rubber plant, I'm all to the mustard with her."

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.
THE DENATURED AUTO.
John Gilpin was a citizen of credit and renown.
Until his auto got him into rows all over town.
He took the auto from its place beside an empty stall,
And filled the tank with what is called denatured alcohol.
The auto sputtered down the street in an uplifted mood,
A jolly gait, a joyous pace it was that it pursued;
But soon its honks grew raucous and its splutterings grew thick—
Instantly he checked the auto, and it changed to "hick-hick-hick-hick-hick!"

It whirled about, it flew about, it covered all the street,
It jostled at scared pedestrians and knocked them from their feet;
It swooped around the corners with a mighty careless reel,
And then went half a block or so upon one wobbly wheel.
And then! And then its chuffing changed to something wild and new,
With great rapidity it yelled "Hurroo-Hurroo-Hurroo!"
John Gilpin tried to tone it down, to turn it round,
It merely coughed as though it said: "Sit still, or get thrown out!"

The shades of dusk came on apace, the auto shrieked with joy,
And seemed to say: "Fie up se tank anuzer time, or boy!"
And though John Gilpin did his best to slow it up a bit, that meant, "Let's make a night of it."
And so it went along the streets, with people playing tag,
With lamps aglow, now to and fro—at a shame, as though it came to you!"
And then it tried to climb a tree, and then began to weep,
And leaped against a lamp-post and went solemnly to sleep.

John Gilpin on the morrow found he could not turn its crank,
Until he'd put a quart of bromo-seltzer in its tank—
But, oh, 'tis said to tell about it; surely it is a shame,
Although the auto had the jag, John Gilpin got the blame.

SHOCKED HER SENSIBILITIES.
"Thugged the whole world stood between us," he vows, "I would fight my way through flames to reach your side; I would breast the raging flood; I would swim across the seas; I would toll through the dust and mire until I came to you!"
"Mercy!" she shivers, "What an awful-looking sight you would be after all that!"
IDYLIC.
Her eyes are glowing, for she knows
What joys the future holds for her;
Her cheeks are pink as any rose—
What promise sees her soul averse?
Has some romance been newly born—
Is it love's dawn that sweetly breaks?
Ah, no. She knows to-morrow morn
She'll breakfast on fresh buckwheat cakes.
WILBUR NESBIT,
(Copyright, 1906, by W. D. Nesbit.)

All the Coast in One Tree.
From the Magazine Advertiser.
In view of the fact that Roosevelt and Bryan are continually adopting each other's methods, according to the friends of the two gentlemen, the Charleston Post suggests that we have two national tickets in the field in 1908: one being Roosevelt and Bryan, the other Bryan and Roosevelt. That looks like getting all the coons up one tree.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.
Judge Griggs' Good Work.
Largely because of his name and his unflinching good nature, considerable fun has been had by the newspapers with the Hon. James M. Griggs, of Georgia, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee. The opposition press has dubbed him "Grim Griggs," and all that sort of thing, but it is noteworthy that nobody has ever intimated that he is a fool. In point of fact, Judge Griggs is one of the ablest members of the House.

He served his people on the district bench several years before coming to Congress, and is a lawyer of first class ability. Under the management of the Democrats came very near carrying the House in 1902, and he then exhibited the sort of capacity which recommended him to his colleagues in Congress for chairman of their Congressional committee in the campaign just closed. Although the circumstances under which he labored in both the campaigns he has managed very unusually discouraging, he succeeded in carrying down the Republican majority considerably over half in each fight. In both contests the committee was woefully short of funds, and Judge Griggs and his associates were very hard put to meet the absolutely necessary expenses of their committee, which he will care to conduct another campaign of his party for control of the House is doubtful, as in doing so he has had to neglect his private affairs and to a certain extent the interests of his district.

Names Like Sleeping Cars.
Several months ago the Hon. Thomas Alexander Smith, recently defeated for reelection to Congress in the First district of Maryland by the Hon. W. H. Jackson, was standing in front of the White House talking to secret service men. The boys came dashing out of the Executive Mansion. "Who's that?" queried the Congressman. "That's Archibald Roosevelt," he was informed. A moment later another youngster approached upon the same door, and Mr. Smith repeated his question, "That's Kermit," said one of the guards.

Just then a third boy came swirling along on roller skates. "I guess that's another one of the Roosevelt boys," suggested the Maryland statesman. "Yes," was the answer, "that's Quenlin." "By gum," ruminated Mr. Smith, "they've all got names like sleeping cars. I feel just as if I were standing on the platform at home, watching the limited express shoot by."
Bryan Sold the Maps.
William Jennings Bryan has never been a book agent, as so many other American statesmen have been, notably Senator Beveridge; but he has come perilously near it, and as this incident illustrates, he would have made a good one. In a conversation in London recently with the representative of the publishing house that is bringing out his new book, "The World's Famous Orations," Mr. Bryan said: "My brother in Illinois once took the agency for selling county maps down at Salem, but he could not make a go of it. He had ten maps left on his hands. It took him a week to get rid of them in one day. Of course when I could not get cash for them I took it out in groceries, shaves, and other forms of legal tender peculiar to that section—but I got rid of those maps at a profit."

She Stopped in Washington.
Geraldine Farrar, the American girl who has come back from Germany crowned with lyric honors, laid the foundation of her fame as a song-bird in Washington. Her father was for years coach of the Harvard football club, and although Miss Farrar was born and reared at Boston, she came to Washington to have her voice cultivated by the late Mrs. Perkins of this city. She studied here three or four years, and while in this city was the protegee of Miss Westcott, principal of the Western High School in Georgetown. She used to sing in impromptu concerts at the Western High School, and Georgetown then loved her voice, while Washington proper knew nothing of her. She composed a march, called "Company H," and dedicated to the crack military organization of that school, which has the honor and swing of the Sousa compositions. When she comes to Washington to sing in grand opera the Western High School will turn out en masse, and with a brass band, welcome her with "Company H."

Can't Keep Overcoats.
Senator Stone, of Missouri, is the victim of a mysterious thief. Apparently he is followed around by this rascal, for nearly everywhere he has gone this winter the Missouri statesman has lost either his overcoat or umbrella. Thus far during the season he has had four overcoats stolen, and he has quit keeping count of the umbrellas that have been surreptitiously taken from him. The thief started his depredations in Kansas City. Early in the autumn the Senator was sitting in the lobby of a hotel there and left his light overcoat on a chair while he went to the desk a moment to speak to a clerk. When he returned to his seat the overcoat was gone. A short time afterward he put another overcoat on his traveling bag while purchasing a ticket in the railroad station at Jefferson City, his home town, and in a jiffy it disappeared just as mysteriously as the one at Kansas City. Going on to St. Louis he purchased a new overcoat, had owned this less than twenty-four hours, when thoughtlessly leaving it on a chair in the office of the Hotel Jefferson while engaged in a business political discussion the garment was abstracted, when his back was turned. Two days thereafter he lost the fourth overcoat in the cafe of the Planters' Hotel, where he had hung it on a peg while waiting for lunch. He now checks his overcoat whenever stopping at a hotel, with the injunction that he will hold the proprietor responsible if it is stolen. As to umbrellas, he now makes it a point never to release his grip on the last one he has bought since the thief or thieves got after him.

Statesman and Bear Hunters.
The nightest bear hunter in all the West when President Roosevelt was in office will be a member of the Wyoming legislature this winter from Big Horn County. He is the Hon. George B. McClelland, and by his prowess has won the sobriquet of "Bear George." He earned this title years ago when he and a partner killed twenty-three bears in six weeks in the Big Horn mountains, where bears are extremely plentiful. Mr. McClelland stands over six feet in his stockings, wears a blond mustache and an imperial, and is credited with being able to ride "anything with hair on it." He and the Hon. W. A. Richards, who will soon retire from the Commission of the General Land Office, in Washington, own a ranch in the Big Horn country, and, unusually enough, though the bears play havoc with the sheep herds of other ranchmen in the neighborhood, they don't bother the McClelland ranch.

Our Newest Humorist.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
It was decidedly unsquare of Charles J. Bonaparte to spring the legalized boss interview when Mark Twain was down with bronchitis and in no condition to defend his laurels.

A Great Political Asset.
From the New York World.
The greatest political asset the Republican party has to-day is Mr. Roosevelt's radical policies.
All but Unanimous.
From the Philadelphia Press.
Everybody is of the opinion that Senator Platt is going to resign except Senator Platt.

Y. M. C. A. RAILROAD WORK.
President Oscar G. Murray Commends its Usefulness to Employees.
President Oscar G. Murray, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in the October number of the Pilot, has this to say of the Y. M. C. A. work along his road: "We are encouraging and helping the Young Men's Christian Association work wherever we can over the Baltimore and Ohio system. A new building was recently erected for the association at Cumberland, Md., and others are in course of erection at Brunswick, Md., and Chicago Junction, Ohio. The construction of others is in contemplation. The growth of associations and membership during the past several years, as I am reliably informed, shows how this work is regarded by the men and the corporations. Up to the first of this year the number of railroad associations increased to 297, occupying 139 buildings with a total value of over two and a quarter million dollars. These organizations had over 74,000 paid-up members, being a gain of 12,000 in two years; while many others are using the buildings and feeling the needs of the associations. The rest room in one of the best features, and I understand that during the year 1905 the beds in these railroad associations were used about a million two hundred thousand times, or an increase of over three hundred and fifty thousand in two years. "The Baltimore and Ohio was one of the first railroads to take up the Young Men's Christian Association work, and I am convinced that much good has come from it along broad and liberal lines during its many years of operation. It has been the policy of the present management to clearly demonstrate to all in the service that the B. & O. is for B. & O. men, and the merit system has been firmly installed throughout the various departments. The Young Men's Christian Association work on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is certainly helpful to the men in molding their future course in life, better fits them for performing the duties of their respective positions, and earning success by promotion to higher places through the operation of the merit system."

Gov.-Elect Hughes' Views.
Believes in Hard Work, and is Not Orthodox in His Religion.
From Interview with Gov.-Elect Hughes.
I believe in work, hard work, and long hours of work. Men do not break down from overwork, but from worry and distraction. I notice that most successful men are those whose minds are always cool, who, no matter how swift the movement of their bodies, are able to deliberate coolly and to produce calm, sober judgment even under disturbing circumstances. It is not the man who reaches the corner first who wins, but the man who knows exactly what he is going to do when he reaches the corner. I regard a successful man as one who has utilized to its fullest extent the best ability in him. One may have great ability as a money-maker; then he would be successful when he had made much money. Another man may have ability as an artist; he is successful when he has made his name by his art. If a man leaves any one of his talents to lie idle, he is not a successful man. Mere money-making is a poor sort of success. My views on religion are not what most of my church friends would regard as orthodox; in fact, I have rather free views, but I recognize that we live in the church the greatest conservative force in our affairs, and if for no other reason than this, I feel that it should be supported. There is a lot of cant about it, but it has a great power for good, whether one agrees or not with the teachings of its ministers.

Spotting an Impostor.
From the Boston Herald.
Joseph Choate, the famous lawyer, related at a dinner party at Lenox some interesting reminiscences of the bar and bench. "A striking case," said Mr. Choate, "transpired in the '80s. It was a case of a workman who claimed to have lost the sight of his left eye in an explosion. "There was no doubt about the explosion, and there was no doubt that the workman's eye had been blown out by the physicians claimed that he could see out of it, while he stoutly declared that the sight was utterly destroyed. "The judge heard all the evidence, pronounced the man sane, and the workman from the courtroom, he said: "Get a blackboard and write a sentence on it with green chalk. Also get a pair of spectacles with ordinary glasses for the eye, and with red glass for the right." "This in the course of an hour or so was done. Then the workman was brought back, and he was ordered to put the queer glasses on. "He put them on and the judge said to him: "Turn the blackboard round and see if you can read what is written." The man read the sentence word for word; whereupon the judge said to him sternly: "Your case is dismissed. You are an impostor. You must have read that sentence with your left eye, for the red glass over the right one turned the green writing black and made it quite invisible on the blackboard."

Defiance from California.
From the San Francisco Union.
Our schools are our own; they are maintained for the education of our own children; we have a right to make such regulations concerning them as we choose, and Japan will have to be satisfied, or at least she will have to accept the decision, whatever it may be. Nothing could be more foolish than to yield a point, or even to consider the matter of yielding a point to the presumed military power of a country which Uncle Sam could speedily wipe off the map with his right hand tied behind him.

Evidence of Good Faith Needed.
From the Baltimore Sun.
Congress already has the tariff issue before it in a very practical way, so far as reciprocity with Germany is concerned. If the "short session" is long enough to decide the principle involved in the controversy with Germany, it ought not to be too short for the Republican leaders to give other evidences of their good faith in regard to tariff revision.

"Revision by Its Friends."
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
The revision of the tariff by its friends is a "barren idealism," an "iridescent dream." If the voters really desire a reform of the tariff schedules, in the interests of the people, and not of the trusts, they must impose the task upon those who do not believe in monopoly, who wage a real and not a sham battle against criminal combinations.

Perplexity.
From the Atlanta Georgian.
Where, then, stands our Democracy in the midst of these differences and contentions? What are the things in which we consistently and coherently believe?

Difference in Quotations.
From the Pittsburg Dispatch.
A church pew in New York has just been sold for \$3,673, but this is still far below the quotations for a seat on the stock exchange.

Not Much Choice.
From the Boston Transcript.
Where would you prefer to live these days, in St. Petersburg or Pittsburg?
A Merry Old Soul.
From the Atlanta Journal.
Old King Cole is the same old king.

"In Canada," said Mr. M. J. Maloney, of the Raleigh, "a very liberal sentiment prevails as to betting on horse races. There is no law forbidding people to speculate on the tracks, and consequently bookmaking is practiced in the old-fashioned way; the men who lay the odds chalk up the prices on the boards, so that the public can see just what is going on, each bettor being given a ticket as he makes his wager. There is no concealment about the matter; everything is open and aboveboard, and I contend that if betting is to go on at all our way is a lot preferable to the system now in vogue at Benning, where everybody knows that bets are being placed, though in a sort of clandestine fashion, as if the subterfuge of going away with the customary paraphernalia could deceive anybody."

"There are about twenty plate glass factories in the United States," said Mr. E. Wertheimer, a prosperous Pittsburg manufacturer, at the Shoroham. "Of these Pennsylvania has the larger share, there being half a dozen in and around Pittsburg. Curiously enough, our glass producers lose money on at least 90 per cent of all their output, making up the loss on the remaining 40 per cent, which is altogether the glass of big dimensions, the sort you get for sash windows, mirrors, and the like. This small stuff, all under ten feet, comes in competition with that imported from Germany, and despite the tariff, we can't sell this kind except at a loss. "The pioneer in the plate glass industry was Capt. Ford, who established a plant at New Albany, Ind., some fifteen years ago. This plant proved a failure, after which Capt. Ford moved to Pittsburg and established a new factory, which was a magnificent success. American glass producers pay their workmen from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day, as against 90 to 60 cents a day paid in Europe. That is why much of the product must be disposed of at a loss. "Mr. William S. Delliba, who is serving his second term as president of the American Chamber of Commerce, in Paris, France, and Mr. Henry Cachard, attorney for that body, are guests of the New Willard.

"It may interest the readers of The Herald," said Mr. Delliba, "to know that the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris accedes in importance any other American organization outside the United States. In order to add to its prestige, and for legal reasons, Mr. Cachard and myself have come to Washington to incorporate the Chamber of Commerce under the laws of the District of Columbia. The especial functions of the chamber are to endeavor to promote the volume of trade between France and the United States, and to foster amicable international relations. We also enter into questions growing out of the respective tariff laws of the two republics, with a view of smoothing any friction that may arise in the application of the laws. "Of the scores of American cities in France, I have never seen the country as prosperous as it is to-day. Americans contribute greatly to that condition by the millions they spend in Paris annually. It is estimated that there are \$300,000,000 of American capital in France, and that invested without the least financial disturbance, which is proof of the marvelous thrift of the French nation. "Paris, for beauty and general charm, has but one rival in the world, and that is Washington. I have seen the Capital of my native country for twelve years, and as I drove up Pennsylvania avenue to-night I felt proud that we have for our seat of government a city that eclipsed anything in Europe, with the solitary exception of Paris."

"The waste in domestic economy in the United States is something frightful to Frenchmen," said Mr. Jean Le Prade, of Paris, at the Arlington Hotel. "We have, in France, through the inherited prudence of centuries, learned to save things that in America, I find, are reckoned of no consequence. For instance, if a Parisian buys from a dealer in fowls a dressed chicken, the vender will keep as his own the head, feet, gizzard, and other parts of the fowl, or will surrender them only on payment of a few cents. Each part obtained is put away with other scraps, and is eventually sold to such frequenters of the market as are glad to buy the inferior portions, from which they manufacture delicious soups. "If our country were to live moderately, he can enjoy life in Paris at much less expense than in New York. That is to say, if one is not ambitious to go to the very fashionable cafes and restaurants of Paris, he can get a dinner for less money than in the United States. But if he patronizes our most luxurious establishments, he will find the tariff quite a bit higher than in the most expensive resorts in America. I have dined in New York the other night at a place which has a world-wide fame, and was surprised to note lower prices than are charged in the swell restaurants of Paris."

"Kalamazoo," said one of its most solid citizens, Mr. A. M. Gates, at the Shoroham, "is about the prettiest city of its size in the United States, and it is also one of the best. "I am a manufacturer of steam engines and boilers, and sell them all the way from Vancouver to Houston, Tex. We have in Kalamazoo seven big power mills, a corset factory that employs 1,600 girls, stove works, a buggy factory, and one of the biggest playing-card concerns in the country, besides a score of other industries. Last, but not least, is the home of the senior Senator from Michigan, Hon. Julius C. Burrows, a name that is regarded with the highest favor in every nook and corner of the State, and who, I believe, will be kept in the Senate for the rest of his life."

"After an interval of thirty-five years, an average life-time, Gen. Isaac Sherwood, of Toledo, Ohio, is to once more make his appearance in Congress," said Hon. B. F. James, of Bowling Green, Ohio, last evening at the Metropolitan. "The old veteran, who, at the ripe age of seventy-one, is still sound mentally and physically, defeated McClellan, our Republican nominee, by the narrow margin of thirty-nine votes, a remarkable revolution, since the district was carried by the present Representative, Hon. James Southard, by 18,000 majority. My home county, Wood, went for Sherwood by 948 majority, though nominally Republican by 3,000 votes. "Several causes contributed to the defeat of McClellan. One, he had no money in the campaign. He had no recruiting attorney with Wood County, and the voters were of the opinion that he failed to prosecute a set of county officials, nearly all of whom had been short in their accounts. Then there was intense opposition to the 'machine,' which threw its aid to McClellan, thereby securing him the nomination over Southard. Another factor was the impudence of the nominee in appearing in Congress," said Hon. B. F. James, "and the fact that he failed to prosecute a set of county officials, nearly all of whom had been short in their accounts. Then there was intense opposition to the 'machine,' which threw its aid to McClellan, thereby securing him the nomination over Southard. Another factor was the impudence of the nominee in appearing in Congress," said Hon. B. F. James, "and the fact that he failed to prosecute a set of county officials, nearly all of whom had been short in their accounts. Then there was intense opposition to the 'machine,' which threw its aid to McClellan, thereby securing him the nomination over Southard. Another factor was the impudence of the nominee in appearing in Congress," said Hon. B. F. 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