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MONDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1906.

Congress—Greeting!

From the hour of noon to-day, and for three months thereafter, we shall have Congress on our hands. It is all too short a time. In certain envious regions of our common country sighs of relief may go up when Congress adjourns, but no such impoliteness tarnishes the fair fame of the District of Columbia. For Congress is our peculiar joy, our special wonder. New zest in life comes with every first Monday in December, new animation pervades the official atmosphere, and even invades the precincts of trade and the busy marts of industry. Society preens herself, and looks her prettiest. The gay whirl begins, the keen interplay of political and social ambitions, the sharp rivalries of wit and genius. All this Washington knows and loves, as one knows and loves an intimate acquaintance, while the rest of the country regales itself on the dry bones of the feast—the "proceedings of Congress."

And yet the proceedings of the coming Congress are not likely to be dull. We apprehend a strong breath of life will be poured into the halls of legislation from the region of the White House should any symptoms of inertia develop on Capitol Hill. If rumor may be trusted, legislative topics of the greatest moment will be vigorously pressed—or prest—upon the attention of our lawmakers in the forthcoming message. And there will be special messages; two or three of them, perhaps, to give the solons something to think about, talk about, and act upon. Who knows but this short session may become one of the most memorable ever held? We look forward with the most pleasurable anticipations to the great debate on the revision of the dictionary, and to the rally of the standpatters, while tariff revision waits.

The Washington Herald extends heartiest greetings to the historic Congress of the United States, and wishes it well.

The author of "The Simple Life" says a man should retire from public life at the age of sixty. No one ever heard of the "Easy Boss" being called the "Simple Boss," however.

A Trust Appeal to Patriotism.

The Standard Oil Company, through its foreign department, has issued an appeal to the American people to sustain the organization of that company rather than destroy it, on the ground that the contest in the world's markets for the supremacy of American petroleum cannot be successfully waged without "the comprehensive organization and equipment, at home and abroad, which the Standard Oil Company has created at such enormous expenditure and through such unremitting effort." It is pointed out that the Standard has to contend in the foreign markets with formidable combinations of European capital, and that these combinations appear to be encouraged by foreign governments, particularly when their object is to defeat American competition. It is asserted that trade combinations are regarded abroad "as being in the natural pathway of legitimate, economic, and progressive commerce."

These considerations are worthy the attention of the thoughtful as presenting an aspect of the trust problem commonly lost sight of. One of the significant developments of our modern industrial regime is the strong position in the world's markets attained by the powerful organizations known as the trusts. Highly centralized organization and the control of immense capital, efficiency and economy in production and distribution, have operated to their advantage abroad as well as at home. The great volume of their product and the large profits they make in the home market enable them to undersell the foreigner at his own door. No doubt it is true, as the Standard's appeal says, that centralized capital and extensive equipment are essential to meet the strenuous competition which is bound to confront American enterprise in every quarter of the globe.

The proceedings begun by the government against the Standard Oil Company, however, are not intended to cripple the legitimate operations of that organization, either at home or abroad. Nor would they result necessarily in the dissolution of the trust or the breaking up of the parent corporation into its constituent parts if it could be shown that notwithstanding its control of 90 per cent of the oil output it has not attempted to restrain the normal course of trade and to strangle competition. The oil trust is on trial, not for its part in "legitimate, economic, and progressive commerce," but for illegitimate practices and serious abuses of corporate and capitalistic power, which the government seeks to estop and prevent. No legal means are now in existence to prevent the centralization of capital, and it is doubtful if there is any considerable body of sentiment in this country adverse to the concentration of great capitals provided they are usefully and legitimately and unoppressively employed. Certainly no one desires to destroy any part of our foreign commerce simply because it has been built up by a trust, however obnoxious that trust may have become at home.

The Standard Oil Company's appeal strongly suggests careful consideration by the American people of the whole trust question, with a view to determining whether some means may not be found for securing to our civilization the immense advantages presented by centralized industrial organization, without oppression of the consumer or extinction of the independent producer.

A good many Congressmen who are not favored with flowers to-day will nevertheless feel grateful that they were not favored with lemons a month ago.

Give Georgetown a Park.

Congress, during the short session, will doubtless take up the proposition to buy additional parks for Washington. Favorable action is earnestly to be desired—not on the score of pressing necessity, so far as the city proper is concerned, but because of the obvious advisability of looking to the future of this great Capital of the nation.

Naturally, private interests will figure actively in the pressure to expand the parking system. This is inevitable. Such activities are in evidence whenever public improvements of any sort are in contemplation. It is to be hoped, however, that these interests will not be so obtrusively manifest as to blind Congress to the real merits of the proposition as a whole, and that it will receive due consideration along broad and national lines, regardless of individual interests that may profit by it.

There is one park, at least, that should be provided for, by all means, before Congress adjourns. This is at West Washington, or Georgetown. Here is a fine section of the city, the oldest section, peopled by conservative but progressive taxpaying citizens, who hitherto, we regret to say, have received not half the consideration they have deserved. They have no park at all. Think of it! In this city of parks there is not a public breathing space in the whole of the well-populated territory west of Rock Creek!

So deficient is Georgetown in this respect that private grounds are opened to women and children during the heated season. This is a reproach upon the Capital, and The Weshington Herald goes on record unqualifiedly in favor of a public park for Georgetown, without further delay, whatever the fate of the affiliated parking measures. It, at least, has the importance of a pressing need.

The Public Buildings and Grounds committees of the Senate and House and other stanch friends of the Capital city in Congress should see to it that this just claim of Georgetown be no longer disregarded.

This is the day the "lame ducks" explain how it all happened to happen.

Second-class Mail Matter.

No one who has followed the efforts of the postal department to secure legislation that would relieve it from the burden of trying to classify the various sorts of mail matter submitted but will admit, with the Third Assistant Postmaster General, that it is time that Congress relieved the situation.

Designed primarily to foster the dissemination of literature which should be of benefit to all the people, there is little doubt but that the privileges of the second-class mail have been grossly abused. The law was so loosely constructed in the first place that what was meant originally as an advantage to legitimat- newspapers and worthy literature has been abused by a great number of catchpenny devices, adroitly squeezed in under the law.

That newspapers, too, have abused the privilege accorded them by the government is shown by the fact that various gift-enterprises started by reputable journals have been ruled out by the department, and, under a strict construction of the law, upheld fully by the Supreme Court, artistic and seemingly legitimate periodicals have been barred, while sensational—not to say immoral—sheets are still permitted.

The truth is, perhaps, that since the statutes covering the second-class mail matter were enacted, the publishing business has grown in many directions, and along lines which the framers of those statutes never dreamed of. The laws are no longer suitable to conditions as they exist, and the enormous deficit in our postal revenues year after year is one of the best and most striking evidences of this fact.

New laws are needed, and in the making of them Congress has before it the recommendations and the experiences of Postmasters-General for the last fifteen years. We want laws that, dealing with the carrying of mails, shall be fair and equitable to all. If such laws place additional burdens on newspapers, it must be because up to now the newspapers have not been bearing their fair share of the expense. But we think that it will be found that it is not in carrying the products of legitimate journalism to a people eager to be informed that the abuse of the second-class privilege lies. That comes from a horde of publishers whose wares, having no legitimate claim to the privileges intended by the framers of the laws, have miscalled their publications, and by their abuse of the government's generosity have brought disrepute on reputable journals.

The matter is one that concerns deeply all decent newspapers. It is their duty to see that the privileges accorded to journalism, that by its teaching and its example is an aid to good government and a call to good citizenship, is not abused. Few subjects that are coming up in this session of Congress equal this in importance. After fifteen years of dallying, it is time that this matter were settled in accord with the changed conditions—and settled right.

"Taft holds first place in the President's heart," says a press item. This bears out the assertion that Mr. Roosevelt is a very large-hearted man.

Phonetic Spelling Again.

The advocates of phonetic spelling are having a hard time of it. From every quarter comes protests; approving words are few. No one section is satisfied with a simplification which seems at all likely to suit the other sections.

Phonetic spelling is an impossibility. There is no such thing. Spelling that is phonetic according to New Hampshire would not be recognized in Virginia. Louisiana would certainly repudiate Indiana's ideas of phonetics. Iowa would not stand for California's. And there you are.

Take two such simple and homely words as "ma" and "pa," for example. In South Carolina those words are pronounced as though the "a" were short, as in "hat." Just across the Savannah River, in Georgia, they become "mah" and "pah," sounding the "a" as in "far." Cross another river—the Tallapoosa—and in Alabama the words become "maw" and "paw," sounding the "a" as in "awe." Which is truly phonetic? Nobody knows—nobody dare attempt to say. This might be carried forward with other words indefinitely. There would never be an end to it. The quest for the bag of gold at the end of the rainbow would be child's play compared with it.

There's our trusty old comrade, "through." Is "through" phonetically "thru" or "throo?" Or is it, perhaps, "throu?" The Baltimore Sun denies any sort of authority for "thru." "If 'through' must be shortened," says the Sun, "'throo' is the proper thing."

Continuing, the Sun adds: "The vowel 'u' is seldom equal to 'oo.' Its proper force is found in such words as use, unity, &c., which might be expanded into yuse, yunity. To speli 'thru' suggests the impossible sound thryu—an odious suggestion."

What is the result when an irresistible force strikes an immovable body? The answer is just as easy as the fixing of a set of rules for phonetic spelling that will be phonetic to not more than about 10 per cent of the population.

However well intentioned the movement for radical changes in the spelling of the English language may be, it seems likely to result in nothing much more than confusion. The language is spoken and written by a large number of people in this world, not all of whom live under the Stars and Stripes. If Georgia, South Carolina, and Alabama differ so about such fireside companions as "ma" and "pa," what will England and Australia think?

It is quite possible that changes will come—gradually—as they have in the past. The slightly troubled waters have been seeking a common level for a good many years, but no hard and fast rules will bring that about. The changes come as the life of man progresses—silently, slowly, and irresistibly—not otherwise.

"Mr. President, Congress." "Congress, Mr. President." "Dee-light-ed!"

Those obstreperous anti-Bailey men out in Texas hardly gave the Senator a chance to eat his Thanksgiving turkey.

Evidently Senator-elect Jeff Davis has no fear of the rules against disorderly conduct.

It is said that a man may "live sumptuously" at Marchessi, Switzerland, on $40 a year. Marchessi for Boni!

The drummers of the land are organizing for Mr. Bryan. If they cannot induce the country to accept Mr. Bryan, the case is hopeless.

Maxim Gorky refers to New York in his new book as "the City of the Yellow Demon." "Wuxtry!"

If Russia had only whipped Japan, just think what a load of woe would have been lifted from Capt. Hobson's chest.

It is possible, after all, that honest Jack Reaves, editor of the esteemed Hardaman Free Press, is the real father of simplified spelling.

As we understand it, Secretary Shaw means to say that the Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce is all right in its way, but does not weigh much.

Mayor Schmitz says he "courts the fullest inquiry." The grand jury is showing a commendable desire to accommodate him.

The King of Italy, although a great coin collector, is probably a mere piker beside some of our Wall street kings.

The retiring lord mayor of London, who served 337 days, attended 257 dinners. No wonder he welcomes the simple life.

Why didn't that Washington grocer who advertised "We rost our own coffee" burn all his bridges behind him at once and put it "We rost our on cofe."

Among other delightful and thrilling events scheduled for the near future may be mentioned the reappearance of the Congressional Record.

Now it is boldly asserted that Dr. Crapsey bears a striking resemblance to Richard Harding Davis. This is another severe trial for the doctor.

The Woodrow Wilson Presidential boom is convalescing, but it seems hardly probable that it will ever regain its old-time vigor.

At 12 o'clock to-day Mr. Roosevelt will have it on his hands again.

The Dallas (Tex.) News says: "Many a lobster imagines himself a whale." And many a lobster feels like a whale—about an hour after you have eaten him.

Dr. Osler, of Missouri, notwithstanding his more than sixty years, overpowered a train robber and threw him from the car a few days ago. He probably wanted to "show" that other Dr. Osler.

Somehow we cannot help wondering if the Congressional anxiety to spend the holidays at home is going to be as acute this year as formerly.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

Among the things for which Washingtonians may be thankful is the removal from our parks of the unsightly iron posts and chains which have so long marked the boundaries of the public reservations. These are being rapidly replaced by neat copings of cement. The improvement is noticeable and commendable.

Some of the streets of the Capital are not only in ill condition as regards dirt, but sorely in need of repairs. The condition is chronic. Is the appropriation running short again, or have the Commissioners more weighty things to engage their attention? Then the street lighting is bad—wretchedly deficient as a whole. Is it the system?

The Senate can ill afford to lose the Hon. Joseph W. Bailey. He is the peer of any man in that august body. He has grown tremendously in recent years. No one questions his transcendent ability. Those who know him best are firm in the conviction that he is an honest man—honest to the heart. They expect him to prove it. All hope so. The South has not produced Bailey's superior in two decades.

Upon the very threshold of things Congressional it is disquieting to see signs of rivalry between Senators Lodge and Beveridge—or Beveridge and Lodge—for first honors in the movement for an anti-child labor enactment. Why not split the honor even? In the words of the immortal Schley, there's "glory enough for all"—for both, indeed. Why not call it the Lodge-Beveridge act, or the Beveridge-Lodge act? This is too righteous a cause for hard feeling. Smother the plague in its incipiency. Silence the jarring note. Start the session off right. Let us have peace!

Lo, the lame duck! See him come limping in. The day is cold; the night was dark. His Prince Albert no longer bulges out as once it did. His voice lacks that stentorian ring when it answers roll-call. His sun has descended. But he has a kind friend at court. The newspaper correspondent is for him. If there is an office in the whole category that has not been picked out for one of these lame Congressional ducks it has escaped the correspondents' attention. Newspaper Row is full of big-hearted, red-blooded fellows. They lend a helping hand to the lame duck every time.

A new sensation must have been felt by jaded New Yorkers when Seth Low turned into the city treasury something over $27,000 in taxes which he regarded as due on account of a mortgage he had failed to include in his return of taxable property through a misunderstanding of the law. In the midst of the almost daily revelations of financial turpitude with which the metropolis has regaled the country for some time past this honest action of a noble man is refreshing and exhilarating, affecting the moral system like a tonic. Something of the kind was needed to convince us that the muckrakers have not told the whole truth about the demoralizing influence of wealth.

A close examination of the new law regulating employment agencies, which has been so effective as to close a number of questionable concerns, convinces the Commissioners that it does not prohibit agencies from furnishing help to hotels or other respectable places where liquor is handled. The aim, obviously, was to prevent agencies being conducted in questionable places. A literal interpretation might give one of the provisions a far-reaching and unusual power, but this was not sought by the good people who had the act framed and who are now receiving widespread and deserved commendation for the excellent service they have rendered to the community.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

SIMPLE.

I'm often asked if it is hard
To verse indite.
My answer is, to be a bard
Is easy quite.
It takes not much of matter gray
The trick to turn.
'Most any person at it may
A living earn.

Yes, one may manufacture verse
In any style.
You first select of phrases terse
A fairish pile.
Twist 'em until a rhyme is found—
It's only fun.
Now here I've out a poem ground.
See how it's done?

Truth for Once.

"I always buy my Christmas presents early."

"Aw, come off."

"As I was about to say, early on the morning of the 24th."

Plenty of Time.

"Everybody makes mistakes, eh?"

"As regards personal experience," replied the self-satisfied man, "I can't say. I've never made any as yet, but then I'm only forty-two."

Served Right.

"Wilt have these students fried?"
They asked of their bashaw.
And that fierce chief replied:
"I'll eat 'em raw, raw, raw!"

Back on the Farm.

"I lost this dime when I was a boy," said the penurious millionaire. "Queer, eh, that I should find it again after all these years?"

"Not at all," responded the sarcastic friend. "If you'll poke among those dead leaves I should think you might find six or eight cents accumulated interest."

Rhyme and Reason.

"Give a man rope enough, I claim——," began dogmatic Binks.

"That he'll soon quit the smoking game," broke in facetious Jinks.

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

THE LOST BOY.

The Boy I Used to Be would know
How far it is to Christmas day,
And every night in dreams would go
Swift-paced along the wondrous way;
And he by day would count the weeks,
The days—the very hours, indeed!—
With eager eyes and flaming cheeks
The lore of Christmas he would read.

Ah, he knew all the jolly tales
The folk about the Day would weave;
With boyish faith, which never fails,
He had the knowledge to believe.
He knew the legends all were true,
He scrawled queer letters to the Saint,
He heard the fairy horns that blew
Their marvel-music, far and faint.

He heard beyond the northern lights
The pounding of the reindeer hoofs,
And counted all the long, long nights
Ere they should course above the roofs;
And Christmas Eve he heard the song
Of Santa Claus, while rapt he lay,
Heard Santa's laughter, clear and strong,
When he drove merrily away.

Oh, all of this, and more, was his;
The magic of the Christmas time—
But now what little magic is
In thinking of that silver chime,
In thinking of the things I knew
So clearly in the long ago,
And knew not that their being true
Was quite the fairest thing to know!

Of all the Christmas wishes made
This is the deepest in the heart:
That I might find the light that played
Through all the long days set apart,
And might believe the legends quaint,
The sleigh tracks in the snow might see,
And know the jolly olden Saint
As did the Boy I Used to Be!

FOR A WALL CARD.

Directions: Paint with a wide brush in gilt paint on a sheet of blue cardboard; ornament with putty roses and sprinkle with diamond dust. Give it to some friend who is sore on his job:

MY TASK.

This is my task: to watch the slow,
Sad creeping of the lagging hands
Upon the clock, that seem to go
As glaciers drift through frozen lands;
To realize I bear a cross,
And keep my eye out for the Boss.

This is my task; yet through it all
I think of one sweet point of time
When I may let my hammer fall
And know a rapture all sublime—
That hour when joy and freedom mix,
When the big whistle blows for 6!

WILBUR NESBIT.

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This Little Pig Stayed at Home.

From Harper's Weekly.

It was formerly the custom of the country folk to work out their taxes by boarding the teacher, which meant that from time to time he was supplied from various quarters with food.

One day a boy named Tim Moorehead breathlessly sought the teacher, exclaiming:

"Say, teacher, my pa wants to know if you like pork?"

"Indeed I do, Tim," was the reply. "Say to your father that there is nothing in the way of meat that I like better than pork."

Some time passed, and there was no pork from Tim's father, a fact that in no way surprised the teacher, for the old man was known throughout the country as a tight proposition. Nevertheless, one afternoon the teacher took the boy aside and asked:

"How about that pork, Tim, that your father promised me?"

"Oh," answered Tim, "the pig got well."

He Could Stop Tillman.

From Judge.

Senator Tillman was recently talking in his usual vehement manner. The conversation threatened to be stormy. A friend expostulated with the Senator, saying it was "hardly a place for such a discussion."

"Please don't talk so much," said the warning voice.

It irritated Tillman.

"Talk!" he shouted. "I'll talk as much whenever and wherever I please. I would like to see the man who can keep me from talking!"

"I can!" came a voice from the crowd.

Tillman turned and glared about him. Then his eye caught the speaker. He pretended to quail. The laugh went round and the critical situation was saved.

The man who had hurled the defiant "I can!" was Dr. T. T. Moore, Tillman's lifetime dentist.

Couldn't Help Thinking of It.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

'Do you ever think of the future?" asked the good man.

"You bet I do," replied the man who had not been able for three years to get his salary raised. "Every time I get my bills paid up I wonder how in the world I'm going to be able to settle when the next batch comes in."

He Still Stands Pat.

Everybody's glad but Cannon;
He sits around all day,
Fretting because the tariff
Will have to be changed some way;
Roosevelt wants revision,
The Chinese wall must go,
Everybody's out for progress
But your
Un-
cle
Joe.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Hughes and the President.

When New York's governor-elect, the Hon. Charles Evans Hughes, responds to the President's invitation to be a White House guest, he and Mr. Roosevelt will have their second long talk. The President is probably least acquainted with Mr. Hughes, in a personal sense, than with any other American of great prominence. They had met only in the most casual way up to the time that Mr. Hughes had completed his part of the work in the insurance investigation. Soon after the close of the public part of that Herculean labor President Roosevelt sent for Mr. Hughes to come to the White House and get acquainted. As the result of the visit the President asked Mr. Hughes to assist the government in the prosecution of the Coal Trust as a special attorney for the Interstate Commerce Commission. He went over that case fully with Attorney General Moody, carried all of the important papers back to New York and was to give the President his answer in a few months. Meantime Mr. Hughes found that he could not spare the time from the preparation of his report on the insurance investigation to give close attention to the Coal Trust investigation, and so notified the President. Had he not been nominated for governor, and elected, he might have undertaken this prosecution for the government. The next time the President met him was soon after Mr. Hughes had been nominated by the Saratoga convention. He then rode part of the way with the President as the latter was returning from Oyster Bay in October, and on that occasion, it is believed, he learned more about politics than he had ever known before.

Looking for Trouble.

The Hon. William Richardson, of Alabama, appears to have determined to kick up a big rumpus on the Democratic side of the House at this session of Congress. He has framed a bill for introduction at an early date which seeks to take from the Democracy's patron saint, the immortal Jackson, the credit for winning the battle of New Orleans. The Richardson bill provides for an appropriation of $50,000 with which to erect a monument to Gen. John Coffee, who, Judge Richardson asserts, did more than Jackson in whipping Packenham's redjackets. The bones of Coffee lie crumbling in a graveyard at Florence, in Judge Richardson's district, and it is there he would have the monument erected which would proclaim to future generations that Jackson was not the hero of New Orleans. The Kentucky Democrats in the House will probably support the bill, not only because Jackson used to trounce Henry Clay, but also because Jackson in his report of the battle of New Orleans declared that the Kentucky regiment "ingloriously fled." But it is not believed many other Democrats will give it their support. More than once efforts have been made to remove the equestrian statue of Gen. Jackson which occupies the center of Lafayette Square, with his head turned in watchful attitude toward the front door of the White House; but each time the Democrats have raised such a row about it that the promoters of the scheme have fled as ingloriously as Jackson said the Kentucklans did at New Orleans. Because of this the statue of Lafayette, presented by the French government, had to be placed at one corner of this square.

To Fill Ike Hill's Place.

In the recess of Congress Col. Ike Hill died, and this regrettable act of Providence has imposed upon the Democrats of the House the task of choosing a successor to him as one of the special employes allowed the minority. Col. Hill held the post so many years that his fine old physiognomy became as much a feature of the tout ensemble of the House, as seen from the galleries, as did that of Uncle Joe Cannon, Gen. Grosvenor, or Gen. Bingham. The Democrats will meet to-morrow to select Col. Hill's successor. Among the candidates, whose name is legion, is the Hon. Nathaniel T. Crutchfield, of Kentucky. Col. Crutchfield has been a resident of Washington more than twenty years. He was parliamentary clerk of the House when John G. Carlisle was Speaker, and Mr. Carlisle esteems him as the readiest and most thorough parliamentarian in the United States. Col. Crutchfield has stood at the side of the chairman of every Democratic national convention for the past twenty years to steer that functionary right on parliamentary twists and procedure. He is a lawyer of ability and long experience, and is seeking the place in the House more as an honor than for its compensation.

Senator Bailey's Prosecutor.

Robert Vance Davidson, the attorney general of Texas, who is bringing grave charges against Senator Bailey in connection with Standard Oil matters, is a North Carolinian by birth and development. He has lived in Texas only a few years, and naturally had not been much heard of outside of his home city of Galveston until he was nominated on the ticket with Gov. Lanham. He and the Senator were on terms of cordiality until Mr. Davidson was elected to office, or probably he would not have been nominated. Senator Bailey has taken a conspicuous part in every State convention of his party in Texas for a decade or more, and fights valiantly for the nomination of his friends. Mr. Vance is not the young man he is represented to be in the Eastern press. He is about fifty years old. It is said that he is related to the late Senator from North Carolina, whose middle name he bears, and that he studied law under his distinguished relative. He was prominent in the politics of his native State before removing to Texas, and it is thought that should he establish the truth of the serious accusations he has made about Senator Bailey's connection with the Standard Oil Company he may be elected to the Senate by the legislature at Austin, this winter, even though the legislators were unanimously instructed for Mr. Bailey in the primaries last summer.

Had Read Horton's Book.

George Horton, United States consul general at Athens, owes his appointment to that much-sought berth to the fact that one of the President Roosevelt's children had read one of Horton's books only a few days before the author was introduced to him at the White House. The meeting was quite by chance, and until the person who presented the author to the President casually mentioned the fact that Horton had written several books Mr. Roosevelt did not know to whom he was talking. He then immediately became interested. "Why," said the President, "one of my boys has just finished reading your charming book, 'In Argolis,' and he turned it over to me. I got about half through it last night, and two or three years ago I read your 'Tempting of St. Anthony.' I wish I could write so good a book as either of them." Mr. Horton had served four years as consul general at Athens by appointment of President Cleveland, but President McKinley turned him out to make room for a constituent of Senator Spooner. He came to Washington from his home in Chicago soon after Mr. Roosevelt succeeded McKinley to do some newspaper work. He had no political backing, and besides he was a Democrat. But when President Roosevelt learned that Horton wanted to go back to Athens as consul he sent for him and assured him that just as soon as a vacancy occurred in the place he would give him the appointment. Senator Spooner's man died a short time afterward and the President immediately appointed Horton.

QUIZZING CANAL DIGGERS.

President Roosevelt Ran Down a Complaint that Was Groundless.

Panama Correspondence New York Herald.

Beneath an iron-roofed mess shed President Roosevelt paused. It was built on a slope. Charcoal burners, in which the negro laborers cook their food, were on the muddy ground.

"This strikes me as pretty poor," he remarked.

Jackson Smith said that a cement floor was to replace the swampy underfooting. A crowd of negroes surrounded the President.

"How much are you paid?" he demanded, pointing to a tall negro.

"Thirty-two cents, silver, an hour. I am a glazier."

"Where do you get your food? How much does it cost? Is it good?"

"Get it from the Chinese stores. Government commissary not so good"——

"What is the matter with it?" broke in the Presidently quickly.

"Well, the yams are not good. The Canal Commission storekeeper won't take them back when they're bad."

The President directed the men to proceed to the store, where he confronted the negro storekeeper with the negro making the charge. Contradictions ensued, and the President led the way to the yam bin. Some yams were moldy on the end, but shown for the most part to be sound. A yellow negro shouldered his way in, loudly complaining they were bad.

The Jamaicans speak exceedingly well, and this man's grievance was fluent until the President demanded to know whether he had actually purchased bad food. He had. Would not the storekeeper take it back? The complainer said no.

"What I wish to know," persisted the President, "is whether you ever tried to return any bad food and were unable to do so?"

"I wouldn't stoop to bring it back."

"That's all." The President cut the man off in disgust, and departed, satisfied that the criticism was captious. In consideration of the fact that many negroes prefer cooking their own food to eating it in the general mess, President Roosevelt ordered the sale of an uncooked ration of exactly the same food stuffs as are served in the mess. This will be sold for the same price as mess house meals, minus the cost of cooking.

As he saw scenes of activity surprising in the face of the downpour, he turned to Chairman Shonts, who, in khaki, had accompanied the President everywhere:

"Is this normal?" The chairman's answer was frank.

"Except for the fact that we have for this day grouped our trains so that you might get the best possible view of all parts of the work, and except for the fact that no risk is taken of blocking the progress of this train by blasts, the conditions you see are normal."

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

Interesting Figures Show Their Influence on Marriage and Divorce.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

An interesting contribution to sociology is furnished in a recent report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor statistics on the decline of marriage in that State. The number of single women in 1885 was 1,079,151. In 1905 the number was 1,668,169. There was an increase in the number of married women from 739,586 to 1,134,315. Ten years ago there were 330,565 more single than married women in the jurisdiction. Now the single women outnumber the married by 533,854. The head of the bureau characterizes the disparity as startling. He attributes it chiefly to the fact that women are entering the business field, and are therefore not so dependent on marriage for a livelihood as formerly. The official also ventures the statement that the independence which is becoming more and more prevalent among women is one of the causes of the great increase of divorce. In Massachusetts divorces increased from 2,956 in 1885 to 7,800 in 1905.

PRESIDENT AND TARIFF.

New York Sun Urges Him to Take Initiative in Reforming It.

From the New York Sun.

A change in the existing tariff is inevitable. The all important thing is how it shall be effected. If as heretofore, then five years of wretched and wholly gratuitous trouble, anxiety, and misfortune. If by a new party coming into power and inspired by the kind of doctrines that have clothed the winds of late years, then more years of worse misery and tenfold misfortune.

It seems more than possible that the President could bring such a reform about if he addressed himself to it. Unless he does so there will be no such reform until there is a change of government. The whole force of initiative rests with the President. The Republican party is absolutely incapable of initiative, and if Mr. Roosevelt once started on the proposition he would have the whole country behind him as even he has not yet had it.

Guides Who Use Arsenic.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Horses and mountaineers," said a chemist, "consume arsenic as a college boy consumes Egyptian cigarettes. No particularly evil results so far as I can make out followed.

"During the Alpine season big consignments of arsenic go out regularly to the Swiss guides. These men claim that a lump of the drug, allowed to dissolve gradualy in the mouth, helps one up a stiff grade as a rope would do.

"A pinch of arsenic is occasionally sprinkled over horses' oats, or a piece the size of a pea is fastened to their bits. The stuff puts fire and go into the animals. It rounds them out. It makes their coats glossy.

"But no one should take to arsenic. No one should take to any stimulant. We are better off without such things."

More Trackage Needed.

From the New York Herald.

The whole system of railroad traffic in America is wrong, terribly wrong, with its network of congested single track roads where there should be two, and two where as much freight and as many human beings are transported as demand a four-track route. Grade crossings are death-traps, the invention of the devil they are well called, and should be abolished throughout the country.

Need Watching.

From the Catholic Standard and Times.

Dr. Price-Price—Yes, I need a vacation badly, but I can't take it just now. Many of my patients are in such condition that I can't afford to leave them. They need constant nursing.

Wise—Ah! yes; foxy people, aren't they? If you quit nursing them they get well the first thing you know, eh?

A Very Cold Bottle.

From the Cleveland Leader.

Peary left a bottle on the ice at the farthest point reached by him. It ought to be cold enough by the time he reaches it again.

Why So Thankful?

From the Indianapolis Star.

With Gov. Vardaman still at large, Mississippi has the nerve to celebrate with two Thanksgivings.

HEARD AT HOTELS.

The energetic junior Senator from Illinois, Hon. A. J. Hopkins, was kept busy at the New Willard yesterday shaking hands with numerous friends. Mr. Hopkins has two more years to serve before his present term expires, but the outlook is that, with his acknowledged strong hold on the people, he will have no opposition for another Senatorial term. In a brief chat with a Herald reporter, the Senator said:

"It is not probable that anything along the lines of tariff revision will be done at this session, but undoubtedly the next Congress will go in for a complete revision of the schedules. There are certain inequalities of taxation that need remedying, but always along protection lines, so that no harm can happen to the wage-earners, whose high comparative pay is the direct result of protection. The Republican party can be intrusted with the task of revision, and when the work is done it will be a satisfactory performance."

Many friends have called at the Metropolitan to express to Senator Berry, of Arkansas, their regret that he was defeated for re-election by the spectacular chief executive of that State—Jeff Davis. The Senator smiles good-humoredly and thanks his friends for their kind expressions, but he bears his defeat philosophically. His public career at Washington has been useful and honorable, and when he retires on the 4th of March he will carry with him the good wishes and respect of every Senator.

"I think that the Democracy of North Carolina is unquestionably for Bryan," said the Hon. Edward Pou, the Congressman from that State, at the Riggs House.

"What is more, I believe that he will be nominated and elected. The people of this country have solemnly determined that they will put a man in the White House who will not only favor remedial legislation, but who will see that it is carried out. They are tired of half-hearted efforts to produce better political conditions, and want a man who will give them bread instead of a stone.

"Col. Bryan has a hold on the country such as no other possesses. The public believes in his sincerity and ability, and many have come to think he is the only public man who can bring about the desired changes in our affairs."

"Those Baltimore newspaper fellows are as great romancers as Baron Munchausen," said Congressman W. H. Jackson, of Maryland, at the Arlington. "They were mad with me for my opposition to the Hayman oyster bill, and that is why those yarns about spending money to win the election in my district were printed. But I don't care a rap what they print. I beat them good and hard, and can do it again, any time.

"I was cheated out of the election by trick ballots two years ago, and though my contest has not yet been decided, I expect to have a decision rendered in my favor at an early day. Isn't it funny how a fellow howls when he is beat at his own game? That's what my opponent did when the people declared they wanted me to represent them."

"One of the peculiarities of Vice President Hannibal Hamlin was that, no matter how cold the weather got, he never wore an overcoat," said Representative Llewellyn Powers, of Maine, at the New Willard.

"I knew Mr. Hamlin intimately all my life. He and my father were neighbors and close friends. Hamlin made no pretensions to oratory, but he was an effective speaker before a crowd of people. He loved his farm and all that related to rural life. Many a time I've seen him ride into town on a load of hay when he was United States Senator or Vice President. At the age of nineteen he began to edit the Oxford Democrat, and he was a straightout Democrat till 1856. He was not a college-bred man, but had acquired much knowledge by reading. What the people of Maine thought of him was shown by their re-election of him to the Senate after he had resigned by way of entering his protest to the course of the Democratic party."

Representative Gordon Lee and wife arrived in the city yesterday and will live at the Shoreham. Mr. Lee is serving his first term in Congress, but he was renominated by an overwhelming majority in a primary against a candidate who was supposed to be almost invincible. He is unlike most Southern Congressmen, not a member of the legal profession, but an up-to-date and pushing business man, and is making a scientific study of the work that his constituents expect of him.

Mrs. Lee, who is an exceedingly clever woman, and who rendered her husband splendid assistance in his campaign, was Miss Olive Berry, of Newnam, a member of one of the best of the old families of Middle Georgia.

"Alaska needs thousands of able-bodied, industrious young men," said Mr. Frank Watson, of Seward, at the Ebbitt House.

"I am engaged in copper mining in the interior of the country, and there is no finer region in the world. It doesn't get nearly so cold in our district as it does in Montana, and the summer climate is perfect. But what I started out to say was that a husky young fellow who is not afraid of a little rough life makes a mistake by not emigrating to Alaska. It is the only place left in Uncle Sam's dominions where opportunities for making a fortune are still plentiful, and where magnificent returns are to be had by those who can endure a bit of privation and who are stout of heart."

Somebody asked ex-Senator William Lindsay, of Kentucky, at the New Willard, last night, what he thought of the late election in New York, the former Senator having been a resident of the metropolis since his retirement from public life.

"It was a peculiar election," said he, "and an analysis of it will show that while Hearst was personally repudiated, Hearstism was indorsed. That is to say, the forces of discontent and protest were strong enough to beat every candidate on the Republican ticket, save Hughes alone. Any man, except Hearst, who might have been named, with the consent and support of that remarkable young man, would have been elected."

"Does it not look, Senator, as if the Democrats were preparing to have Bryan head their ticket in 1908?"

"Yes; which is to say that the Democrats were preparing for another defeat. But what is the use talking about the Democratic party when you can hardly find two men in it who agree about anything. A party that doesn't think together will never get together."

Capt. Thomas J. Appleyard, of Lake City, Fla., who is at the Metropolitan, is in Washington with a view to obtaining the position of special employe of the House of Representatives that belongs to the Democratic minority. Capt. Appleyard has for years been one of the Democratic leaders of Florida. He has been secretary of the State senate, and an editor by profession he is now secretary of the State Press Association. Among the fraternal organizations of the Elks, Knights of Pythias, and Knights of Honor he also occupies a conspicuous place.

A Virginian by birth, Capt. Appleyard went into the Confederate navy when only twelve years of age, and did a gallant part for one of his years. He will have the active backing of several of the Southern delegations, and a strong plea will be made in his behalf that the State of Florida has been almost always overlooked in the dispensation of Democratic patronage.