

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.

Ernest H. Merrick, Treasurer and Business Manager; Clarence C. Archibald, Advertising Manager; J. Henry Cunningham, Auditor; Charles C. Thompson, Mechanical Superintendent.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1907.

Progress on the Panama Canal.

We are making some progress in the actual construction of the Panama Canal, after all, in spite of the confirmed resignation habit of the higher canal officials.

Mr. Mann laid before the House on Wednesday some figures prepared by Chief Engineer Stevens showing the amount of excavation in the Culebra cut during the past few months.

"Last year this excavation in the Culebra cut was running at the rate of about 200,000 cubic yards per month. For the month of January it ran something over 500,000 cubic yards. It is estimated that for the month of February it will be something over 600,000 cubic yards, and that for the month of March, over 800,000 cubic yards.

Mr. Mann characterized these figures as indicating the "renewed vigor" of our present canal organization, but a dash of cold water was thrown on his optimism by Mr. Towne, who pointed out that there are about 125,000,000 cubic yards in all to be excavated, and that a much better showing would have to be made by the canal workers in order to construct the waterway in eight and one-third years, as is expected.

The important thing is, as the President said last December, that "the work on the isthmus is progressing steadily and without any let-up," and will continue to do so, regardless of administrative changes or the whims, follies, and fatigues of chief engineers.

"Are we immortal?" asks the Kansas City Journal. If you live in Philadelphia and vote "right," you are.

Everybody favors the beautification of Washington. If Congress now assents to the purchase of the property on the south side of the Avenue, between the Treasury and the Capitol, at least it would mean the fulfillment of one of our fondest dreams.

Summary action is not necessary to reach this ideal consummation. In adopting the amendment to the sundry civil bill, Congress, or the conferees, or both, who respectfully suggest, should fix a reasonable time limit for the completion of the squares involved in public parking.

How Harriman Would Run the Railroads. Mr. Harriman confesses that if he were able to do so, and if he were not afraid the government would intervene to prevent, he would take over the Santa Fe, the Northern Pacific, and the Great Northern, and after completing his conquest of the transportation interests on the Pacific Coast, would proceed to the subjugation of the Eastern transportation territory.

Mr. Harriman could see nothing in this truly Napoleonic programme that ought to be restrained by the law. His view was that railway managers ought to be allowed to use the capital and surplus of their roads in the acquisition of other lines "under proper regulation."

What figure is the public supposed to cut in these outlines of a Napoleonic railroad programme? Very little. One of the commissioners asked him where he would fix the limit of dividends on a railroad's capitalization.

Secretary Shaw says no man, by merely taking thought, can make himself President of the United States. Happily, this is quite true.

A Boom That Is a Boom! "A Georgia sun suggests Hoke Smith as a Presidential candidate. Those Georgia fellows will have their fun," Indianapolis Sun.

They are still at it, rowing about that cherry tree story. Why not bury the hatchet?

of cowardice. We suspect he was in the surging thoughts of an illustrious personage who a few days ago stirred the world to contempt for the mollicoddes. The bachelor is a Mr. Hoke, and he must prepare for the inevitable. The worst is yet to come for him.

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Into his home he asked a crook, the greatest scamp unhung; And when his ma excoption took, he bade her hold her tongue.

He looked got on naught but tea, and signed the farm away. It sounds absurd, but then, you see, this happened in a play.

He trusted every rogue he met, and to his friends was cool. He walked into the plainest net and was a perfect fool.

Yet 'twas a queen and gold, b'gee, enough to lead a dandy. It foolish seems, but then, you see, this happened in a play.

"Caution that stout woman about slugging," ordered the department manager. "Yes, sir," said the floor-walker. "And penalize her five yards for being offside."

"Yes, sir; the town shot itself up." "Oh, that to the marines. Or stay?" "Well?" "Tell it to a Senate committee."

"I really must kill some one," she declared in accents grim. He never stayed; he was afraid. It might as well be him.

"How about that fellow who said he could get along without advertising?" "He got along in less than sixty days."

"Boston boasts that it has no sweat-shops." "I suppose they are perspiration emporiums there?" "Talk about the servant problem?" "Yes."

"Doesn't seem to be a marker to this Panama engineer problem."

From the Milwaukee Sentinel. Storage eggs hot. Storage eggs cold. Storage eggs in the pot. Two years old.

"Tompkins is wondering who was mean enough to send him an infernal machine." "What kind was it?" "Photograph."

"What's the matter, old chap, you look hurt?" "You'd feel hurt if you had been struck as I was."

"What's the trouble?" "Jimpkins just struck me for a 10 I've owed him for three years."

"Dr. Wiley says the only safe whisky is the kind that is allowed to remain in bottles." "Why?" "The bottled kind is always handy to throw."

Here's to the man whose hand is firm when he clasps your own— Like a grip of steel. That makes you feel. You're not in the world alone.

Here's to the man whose laugh puts the somber clouds to rout— The man whose fair, And kind, and sure To the one that's down and out!

"What a swanlike neck Mabel has." "True. But it's too bad." "What?" "She's such a perfect goose."

"Do you think there is safety in numbers?" "I should say not."

Some sharp has figured it out that every man must have had 646,568,273.818 ancestors forty-six generations back. Such figures are apt to cause a man to feel like a mere microbe.

The average weight of an elephant is 6,000 pounds, and Mr. Roosevelt must often think it even more.

"It is all very well for Mark Twain to wear a white suit, but where does he strike his matches?" asks the Columbus Dispatch. "He doesn't strike them; he is matchless."

Since it used to cost 2 cents per mile on the railroads, and the legislators seem determined to make it cost only 1 cent in the future, they seem likely to wind up 1 cent per mile to the good on the graft, after all.

"President Roosevelt's vocabulary is quite ample," notes the Des Moines Capital. So Mr. Bellamy Storer discovered.

The new Douma is opposed to the Czar. Nicholas should consult with his Imperial kinsman across the line. The Kaiser never carries his party to victory, but is even said to be a fine ballot-box stuffer.

"All men are good," says a lady writer. This is certainly much less spiteful than the other lady writer's remark to the effect that there hadn't been a respectable specimen since Adam.

"Comer, great Comer, wants to go to the Senate," remarks an Alabama contemporary. Likewise, Mr. Bankhead and ex-Gov. Johnston, but Messrs. Morgan and Pettus, they "jess laff."

A contemporary has an editorial on "the advantages of poverty." He is welcome to stand.

"I stand to-day just where I stood four years ago," says Mr. Bryan. That is a long time to keep a man out in the rain, and the sleet, and the snow.

Suddenly Developed Bravery. From the New York Evening Post. The news that four generals have challenged Kurapatkin to fight duels will surprise many persons who did not suppose that Russia had so many general-braved to fight. But perhaps the challengers are contemplating merely French duels.

Harriman Says So. From the New York Herald. Can a man, in a place of financial trust set stocks to himself without letting his left hand know what his right hand doeth?

I used to love for emphasis of face, For impassioned form, content of grace; I used to love for glorious, many strength— The huge limbs' knotted neck and heavy length. A man more adroit the power of brain, Easiness sought to be eased in pain; Yet, new that age drives self and me apart, I love the man who has a heart.

Wifehood W. Gillilan, in Chicago News.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

PERFECTLY POSSIBLE. The best friend that he'd ever had he treated as a foe.

A pretty girl of his was mad, but, pshaw, a didn't know! You think that such things cannot be? Impossible, you say? Oh, not at all, my friend; you see, this happened in a play.

He looked got on naught but tea, and signed the farm away. It sounds absurd, but then, you see, this happened in a play.

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CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Mr. Newlands' Speech. The types played hob several days ago with a speech delivered by Mr. Newlands in a deal of history to the square mile and the round circle, and the region about Cadiz—particularly the seafarers Gibraltar and the Isle of San Fernando, embracing Tangier on one side of the Straits and Tarifa, on the other, Cape Trafalgar, where Nelson fought the famous battle, midway up the coast—has laid its share.

"Tarifa" Does the name not sound a trifle familiar? In the olden and golden days of primitive man, before corporation lawyers had learned how to frame juggling statutes and slick politicians to bamboozle confiding constituencies—when they "an took who had the power and they even went who could—the gentle pirates of Tarifa laid broad and deep the foundations for the protective system in the United States.

To take by law from one man what he has and give it to another man who has not earned it and has no right to it, was an invention of the Moors, copied by the Spaniards, and elevated thence into political economy by the Americans. Tarifa took its name from Tarif-Ben-Mallik, the boss robber baron of his day, and thus the jobs of Tarifa were the progenitors of the robber barons of the Rhine and of Pennsylvania. Tribute was the name they gave the robbery, which was open and aboveboard. The coal kings, the steel kings, and the oil kings of the modern world have contrived to hide the process of their stealing; but in Cadiz and in Seville the palaces of the forefathers rise in lonely and solemn grandeur just as a thousand years hence the palaces upon the Fifth Avenue side of Central Park and along Riverside Drive may become a reality should occur.

Many of Senator Blackburn's closest friends were under the impression that on the expiration of his term with the close of this Congress he proposed to retire to his farm in the heart of the northern region and there pass the remainder of his life in quiet content. His appointment to the Isthmian Canal Commission means the end of his Washington residence, and he would like to see his home among all classes of people.

Philander Chase Knox wore his new honors modestly yesterday. At a dinner given by Representative Deemer, of Pennsylvania, the previous evening the Senator was nominated for President. He protested in vain against the nomination. He told his admirers that he was not a candidate, though unlike Horatio Seymour he did not avow "your candidate I cannot be."

Had he done so it would have made no more difference than it made in the case of Seymour. The Pennsylvanians in Congress are determined to enter Mr. Knox in the running for 1908. It is their purpose to present him to the Republicans of the country as the logical and legitimate successor of Mr. Roosevelt. His anti-trust programme was devised and made practically a reality by the Senator who was Attorney General.

Senator Knox refuses, however, to view his boom seriously. He has a fine sense of humor, and is too practical to be made the victim of illusions. It can be stated that if the situation next year shall look favorable to the success of a Pennsylvanian in the national convention Mr. Knox will not deny his friends the privilege to present his name. The prospect is not propitious his name will not be presented. At any rate, this was what one of his closest and staunchest friends said yesterday after talking with the Senator about it.

Born February 28. "The February 28 Birthday Association of the House of Representatives" held its annual meeting yesterday, and celebrated the event with a luncheon in the House restaurant. The two charter members present were Representative Kahn, of California, and Representative Finley, of South Carolina, both of whom were born on February 28, 1861, the former at Kuppenheim, Grand Duchy of Baden, Germany, and the latter at Yorkville, York County, S. C. The two charter members absent were Representative Johnson, of South Carolina, born February 28, 1838, and Representative H. H. Cook, of New York, born in Ireland February 28, 1854. The latter, although the oldest member of the association, is the newest married, and is traveling abroad on his honeymoon. A message of invitation was sent to him and also to Mr. Johnson, who, although in this country, found it impossible to attend the celebration, the one qualification for which is that the member must have been born on the last regular day of the second month of the year.

Yesterday's celebration was a very joyous affair, and before the association adjourned a resolution was adopted advocating a constitutional amendment making February 28 a legal holiday because so many famous Congressmen were born on that day.

Where Members Are Fed. Two strangers to the Capitol sat in the House restaurant at luncheon time. They had given their orders, and were looking about them with critical eyes. One of them was a farmer, evidently, from his vernacular, from Virginia. His companion looked like a prosperous stockman, and had disposed of a shipment and was seeking the night.

"They seem to do a good business here. I didn't know they had a place to eat in here."

"Yes, they do 'pear to. I am glad we found the place, for I'm hungry. I reckon the gov'ment feeds them fellers over there (with a nod toward the other side of the restaurant) where it says, 'For Members Only.'"

"I reckon 'ee does," said his friend. The pair finished two milk stews without further comment, and left, fully of the impression that they were helping as taxpayers to "feed them fellers" on the east side of the tall lunch counter and steam-tables.

At the Door of the House. A curious gathering was seen at the main door of the House yesterday afternoon. On one side of the messengers stood three big Sioux Indians, their features as expressionless and stolid as the statues in Statuary Hall. Facing them, in all the glory of a bright colored silk kimono, her little feet resting in sandals, with head bare and her artistically coiffured raven locks set off with one large pink and one large red carnation, stood a diminutive, pretty, red-checked Japanese maiden. Between the Indians and the Japanese lady stood William I. Vernon, perhaps as black a negro as can be found in the United States. Persons hurrying past invariably stopped for an instant to size up the little group and then went on their way smiling. Messengers boys and older people, too, gathered about to admire the little Japanese beauty without rudely staring, and she did not seem to mind at all the attention she was attracting. Besides the nationalistic group there were a few more in the crowd about the door people from half the States of the Union, who were waiting to see members from their home districts.

Love's Changing Reason. From the Milwaukee Sentinel. We have not discussed much truth in what the President says of the bad or selfish material motive that has often actuated insistence on State rights, from slavery days to our own. But that there is a good deal of perfectly honest and patriotic insistence on State rights was illustrated in the well-known universal support of California's recent stand for the right to run and regulate its own public school system.

The Real Martyr. From the Chicago News. Our idea of a martyr is a man who meekly wears a home-made shirt.

Like an Empty Shovel. From the Milwaukee Herald. The coal bin reports having heard a slight scraping sound.

WHERE TARIFF WAS BORN.

Mr. Watterson Revisits the Shrine of the Protective System. Henry Watterson, in Louisville Courier-Journal.

Spain, both on land and water, has made a deal of history to the square mile and the round circle, and the region about Cadiz—particularly the seafarers Gibraltar and the Isle of San Fernando, embracing Tangier on one side of the Straits and Tarifa, on the other, Cape Trafalgar, where Nelson fought the famous battle, midway up the coast—has laid its share.

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AT THE HOTELS.

"There never was a time in the history of Texas when its people were enjoying such flush times as they now have," said Mr. Alfred Smith, a prosperous merchant of Austin, Tex., at the New Willard.

"Everybody is practically out of debt, and our banks have more money than they know how to employ. Values have risen enormously. Our black farming lands are now selling freely at \$100 an acre, and if we have one more good crop year I believe they will go much higher. In Southern Texas, from Houston to the Louisiana line, the rice planters are making \$80 an acre clear profit. Lumber is bringing \$30 to \$35 a thousand that a few years ago was only \$12. There is not in the whole State an industry that is not in splendid condition.

"Politically, while we are overwhelmingly Democratic, there is no hidebound conservatism in Texas, from asserting their independence. No State in the Union is more tolerant in all things. We have a favorite son whom we would like to see in the White House some day. His name is George F. Parker, of New York. Well-known in Washington, is at the New Willard.

Two very noted men, but of decidedly opposite views, were registered at the Shoreham yesterday. One was Judge W. M. Rose, of Little Rock, Ark., ex-president of the American Bar Association, conceded to be one of the greatest lawyers of the country. He was named by President Roosevelt a delegate to the forthcoming Hague Conference.

The other was Col. James M. Guffey, the famous Pennsylvania millionaire politician, chairman of the Democratic State committee of Pennsylvania, whose political craft is hard to find. Col. Guffey is as polite as a French dancing master, but as hard to interview as the Sphinx. "The next time he comes to town" he will give The Herald man a talk. Judge Rose is equally facetious. He is a Democrat, but inclines to the belief that whatever happens, the nation is safe.

"The various State commissions added to the national Interstate Commerce Commission make a complicated, bungling, abortiveness of railway supervision and control," said Mr. A. B. Stickney, the famous railroad magnate, president of the Chicago Great Western road, at the New Willard.

"The effect is simply to embarrass the transportation lines and do the public no benefit.

"Our road, for instance, has to do with a State commission in Iowa, and another, say, in Minnesota, and on top of that the Federal commission in Washington. The absurdity of it is in the fact that our entire business is a unit, and all of it is interstate commerce; it cannot be separated into State and Federal matters. The same officials are engaged in handling the traffic. The interference of so many different commissions is burdensome, and, as I said, does the public no good.

"If we had competent regulation in Washington alone it would go a long way toward solving the whole transportation problem. Perhaps a board that would do things, rather than imagine itself a tribunal created by the Congress, was the idea of delivering opinions, might help the situation. Nobody cares for the commission's opinions; life is too short to read them."

A gentleman of imposing appearance, dignified and courtly of manner, is Gov. Jola F. Brown, who for twenty consecutive years has been chief of the Seminole tribe. There is no man of Indian blood in this country who stands higher socially or financially than Gov. Brown. His father was a Scotchman, a doctor of medicine, and his mother was of the Seminole tribe. At the Ebbitt House last evening he said:

"There are about 3,000 of the Seminoles all told, of whom 2,000 are full bloods, 800 negroes, and the remainder of mixed white and Indian blood. Our people are getting on very well, and I do not think that we will suffer by the creation of the new State of Oklahoma, of which the Seminole country will become a part."

It has been suggested that the Indians should be recognized by allowing to each one of the United States Senators, and friends of Gov. Brown hope to see him come to Washington in that capacity.

"There is no part of the United States with a brighter future than Southern Arizona," said Mr. Frank H. Hereford, of Tucson, Ariz., at the New Willard.

"The whole of our section is going to be, at no distant day, the greatest copper producing district in the Union. Copper is king these days, and Southern Arizona and the southern part of Mexico will yield untold wealth if that metal was developed. We have not only rich minerals, but we are blessed with a climate that is for nine months of the year almost perfection. Some of our copper mines are now admitted to Statehood on its own account, and not in combination with New Mexico, and then, with the Hon. Marcus A. Smith, our popular and eloquent delegate, promoted to the position of senator, the best of the nation will be proud of the youngest of the sisterhood of Commonwealths."

The rosy-hued stories you Eastern folks hear of the great rebuilding going on in San Francisco must be taken with a big grain of salt," said Mr. H. Bratnaber, of California, at the Arlington.

"As a matter of fact, the process of reconstructing the city is painfully slow. I was absent from there several months in Alaska, and on my return it did not appear to me that any new buildings had gone up. The biggest States are the ones that are being cleared away the debris of the earthquake. It is going to be a tremendous while before San Francisco gets back to its former status, and people do not really know what to do, or what sort of houses to erect. The fear of another earthquake makes them shy of building skyscrapers, and I doubt greatly if a half dozen tall structures are reared."

Where Babies Are Welcome. From the World Today. The Osage country is a land where baby may always be sure of a large welcome. For one reason, he has an earning capacity from the day he is born, which is paid for by the government. He is often quite as great as his father's. One of the next things after naming the little puppette is to go to Pawhuska, the capital of their nation, and have his name put upon the tax roll. Once every three months Uncle Sam pays up the interest on the money which he holds in trust for them, and the amount paid to each Indian varies from time to time according to how many have gone to the happy hunting grounds, and how many new ones have come to take the places since last pay day. The latest little arrival at the newly built wigwam receives just as much as does the oldest grandfather or the most athletic warrior. Such is the Chief Outlook not long ago had the happiness to be blessed with twins he was not only eligible to the usual congratulations of a new father, but at the same time he was the most new father, he took his estate increased by the snug sum of \$20,000. For until the children reach the age of eighteen their incomes are paid to their parents.

Forge Flame. From the Detroit Free Press. Thou who hast wrought into me Fire of the heart, growing strong— Thought-impulse, eager to see, Pines to get in touch.

Let it go—led by a dream— From the Milwaukee Herald. Well these with one gift sacred; Power to master them, Lord!

Alis Dunder, in Smart Set.