THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Publication Office:
734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered as second-class matter, October 5, 1906, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Telephone Main 3800. (Private Branch Exchange.)

The Washington Herald is delivered by carrier in the District of Columbia and at Alexandria, Va., at 35 cents per month, daily and Sunday, or at 25 cents per month without the Sunday issue.

Subscription Rates by Mail.

Daily and Sunday	35 cents per month
Daily and Sunday	$4.20 per year
Daily, without Sunday	25 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday	$3.00 per year

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Office, Nassau-Beekman Bldg., LaCoste & Maxwell, Managers.
Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg., LaCoste & Maxwell, Managers.

MONDAY, APRIL 1, 1907.

An Idealist in Politics.

One of the most interesting situations in contemporary American politics may be found in the State of New York, where the entire reform programme of Gov. Hughes is threatened with complete and ignominious failure through the opposition of the legislature and the apparent apathy of public opinion. Gov. Hughes took office at the beginning of the year with a declaration that he would refrain from interference with the legislature on the theory that his was a purely executive office, and that it was not his function to take part in legislation. His purpose was to preserve the independent and co-ordinate character of the executive and legislative branches, and to eliminate the common practice of bringing various sorts of executive pressure to bear upon the legislature in order to force through administration measures.

After three months' trial of this idealistic relation of the executive and the legislature, Gov. Hughes finds his reform measures blocked by a hostile Senate and a lukewarm assembly. He, himself, has well-nigh become a man without a party. The Republican machine is giving him no support, and the Republican leaders, with few exceptions, are openly opposed to his policies. Nothing that he has asked for has been granted. His public utilities bill, the most important of his reform measures, if it does not fail of passage, will be so emasculated as to be shorn of much of its value and purpose. In view of this situation, some of the governor's friends have urged him to drop idealist for practical politics, and to enter into the usual negotiations with the politicians in control of the legislative branch. Gov. Hughes, however, is committed to a different course, that of making a direct appeal to the people for support as against the obstreperous legislature.

But will such appeal be effective? Ominous suggestions are heard that public sentiment will not back up the governor; his public utilities bill is openly attacked in charters from which strong support, on general principles, might have been expected; partisan agencies, on both sides, are interested in encompassing his downfall, and the most powerful corporation influences in the country are arrayed against him. To Gov. Hughes has come, thus early in his political career, a supreme test of leadership. Will he be able to convert his present defeat into a future victory?

Easter weather failed woefully to come up to the pretensions of the advance notices.

Armored Motor Cars.

In an article on "Latest Designs of the Motor in Warfare," which appears in the Scientific American of March 23, W. G. Fitz-Gerald says that "there is little doubt that armored motor cars will play a prominent part in the next war, not only for purposes of transport, but also as engines of offense." He calls attention to the fact that practically every military nation to-day has its own type of war car. On the Franco-German frontiers regular batteries of war cars maneuver periodically, reproducing the conditions of actual warfare, and "a special automobile section of the British volunteers has been formed out of a number of rich men, each owning a car which he agrees to hold in readiness for the use of the military should occasion arise."

A popular British type is "a car surrounded with a crinoline of bullet-proof armor, flattened at the sides and having a ram fore and aft." This militant monster naturally appeals to insular fancy, since it is intended for coast defense. It is in reality a powerful moving fortress, being about 20 feet long, with a speed of fifteen miles an hour; carries fuel for a run of at least 500 miles, and more than 10,000 rounds of ammunition; is armed with two automatic quick-fire guns and two of the famous "pompoms," whose deadly efficiency was demonstrated in the Boer war; can climb a steep grade, and carries searchlights and a crew of twenty specially trained men. Mr. Fitz-Gerald sums up the portentous possibilities of the fighting motor car in the following paragraph:

"France, the home of the motor from the beginning, can count in time of war on at least [illegible] cars, in addition to many hundreds of motor [illegible] 254 trucks for heavy transport work and haulage of guns. The motor-mitrailleuse, as the war car of France is called, vies with similar vehicles already adopted in the German, Italian, Austrian, Russian, and British armies. While all other motor vehicles in time of war will rely, like the light cruisers of our navies, on their high speed for escape, these powerful war cars grimly remain behind and fight. Some of them carry revolving turrets mounting guns of quite large caliber. The engines are often of the 45-horse-power Mercedes type, and the cars are so geared that they can travel over incredibly rough ground and negotiate very severe gradients. They are, in fact, miniature traveling fortresses entirely proof against rifle fire, and capable of high speed. Thus their great destructive force, combined with their mobility, bids fair to introduce an entirely new element into the warfare of the future; and it is believed in many of the war offices of the world that these are merely forerunners of veritable land 'Dreadnoughts,' capable of destroying entire cities that lie in their track."

It would thus appear that while we have been in fearsome fancy anticipating conflicts of "airy navies grappling in the central blue," or raining red ruin on defenseless cities, a terror not less formidable menaces communities hitherto considered remote from the ultimate terrors of international strife.

What might happen should an enemy land a hundred or more war cars and secure a tenable base of operations, on our Northern border, say, is for boards of strategy to consider, and, if possible, offset. The mind of the perturbed layman can hardly be expected to approach such a problem in the calm mood necessary to its rational consideration.

It might be possible for the United States to insure a satisfactory amount of protection by means of a billion-dollar aggregation of war cars, but Capt. Hobson's failure to attract serious attention to his plea for a deep-sea armament of like cost would seem to shut out such a solution. Possibly, with the prospect of paying for great fighting fleets of the air as well as for embattled motor fortresses by land—not to mention the cost of warfare on the raging main—the plain peoples of the earth may move a little more quickly in the direction of international disarmament.

Ohio seems bound to be thoroughly shot up.

Hotel Rates and the Exposition.

The Norfolk Landmark is inclined to take the hotel keepers to task because they will not be frank with the public as to the rates they propose charging during the Jamestown Exposition. The Landmark calls for assurance that there is to be no "gouging," and thinks a schedule of rates to be charged should be filed now, and prospective visitors told in advance just what they are to pay.

The Landmark is exactly right about this matter, and it is to be regretted that the hotel men are not frank and open in their reply, instead of evading and answering in generalities, as they have done.

The Jamestown Exposition will not attain the full measure of success if the impression prevails that visitors are to be held up and mulcted by the hotel men, or any other set of men. The exposition is not to be of a character that will irresistibly draw great crowds of visitors, regardless of the cost. But if the people are given to understand that a genuine Virginia welcome is in store for them, and genuine Virginia honesty is to mark the incidents of their visit to the exposition, they will attend in sufficient numbers to insure a great success to that most meritorious and deserving enterprise.

The dictates of common sense and wisdom would, it does seem, prompt hotels to be frank and fair about this matter. To do otherwise than take advantage of the Landmark's inclination to give wide publicity to the assurance when once it is given is sheer folly. It will hurt the hotel men themselves in the end, much more than it will hurt any one else, to have it understood that they are not going to even promise fair play. The Landmark offers the hotels a fine opportunity to set themselves right in this matter. They will do well to accept the tender.

Wall street ought to go out of the scarecrow business.

As to Wicked Brownsville.

Let us now consider the sad case of Brownsville—Brownsville, Tex., by the Rio Grande.

Time was when Brownsville blushed unseen. Tucked away down in a corner of the Lone Star State, many miles from a railroad, with the warm Gulf in front of it and the land of our Cousin Diaz just across the remarkable river, which frequently can be better navigated by an ox cart than by any sort of boat, the town was serene, careless, and happy. Lawless it certainly was not, judged by the standards of the Southwest. Occasionally, at some baile or fiesta, largely attended by the dark-hued ones from across the river, there occurred those clashes which are inevitable when attempts are made to mix the oil of the white race with the water of races which are brown, or red, or yellow, or black. Occasionally, too, blood was shed among persons whose social status was higher than that of the revelers from across the river and from the out-country. But for the matter of that, blood has been shed in New York, and even in Boston, to say nothing of a few other places, among men who had wealth and position and what is called culture. Brownsville was breezy and unconventional, but it was no worse, and perhaps a trifle better, than countless other towns of similar size in the lureful Southwest—and, maybe, a few in the North and East.

Then a man sitting at a desk in Washington sent down to Fort Brown, the military post at Brownsville, three companies of a regiment of soldiers composed, except as to officers, of negroes. The man at the desk knew, or should have known, that he was inviting trouble. At any rate, his invitation was promptly accepted. Friction resulted, and the culmination was the "affray" of last August. The country knows what followed.

Now comes the esteemed Boston Transcript, whose propinquity to the scene, as well as its grasp of the race question in the South and its broad and impartial attitude with reference to all things Southern, to inform us that Brownsville is about the worst place in the universe. "'The bad man' is very much in evidence," says the Transcript, which later tells us that "the whole region is a dark and bloody ground," where neither United States soldiers, nor tenderfeet, nor even peaceful natives are safe from "a mongrel population, given to violence and drunkenness." It is not odd, therefore, that the Transcript thinks "the abandonment of the military reservation * * * will occasion no grief in the army, which has long regarded the whole Rio Grande valley in that State as a region of peculiarly vexatious exile."

These revelations—based, as we have said, on that intimate acquaintance with Southern and Southwestern conditions so characteristic of the Transcript—give us decided pause. We doubt not that they will disturb the people of Brownsville, and of Texas as a whole, even more than us. An officer of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, who testified about the moral depravity and general cussedness of the people of the town, met with a tu quoque from citizens of unquestioned standing and probity, thoroughly familiar with his mode of life in Brownsville, which was so potent as to create the impression that the son of Mars might have been mistaken. But, of course, all that is in no way analogous to the case of the Transcript. It knows.

Still, we must confess that we are somewhat troubled. We would not presume to suggest that anything said by our Boston contemporary needs confirmation, yet we yearn for some official information in the premises. The reports of the several army officers who have conducted investigations at Brownsville, to say nothing of Assistant to the Attorney General Purdy, do not tell us all that we would know.

Everything considered, we rather approve the suggestion that the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate go to the Texas town and not only discover how the citizens managed to kill off their [illegible] raid in their efforts to get rid of the negro soldiers, and to shoot into their own houses, occupied by their own women and children, but tell us what there is in the atmosphere down by the mouth of the Grand River to so pervert and taint the people whose lots are cast there.

President Bonilla is following in the footsteps of many another illustrious Central American President. He is hustling from the scene of action as fast as he can, and probably has the strong box along.

The main objection entered by the corporations and the political machines against Gov. Hughes' public utilities bill is that it is a real bill and not a fake constructed to cleverly deceive.

The humble horse has played a most important part in some of the most exciting and momentous incidents in this country's history. The baseball covers are made of hide.

The fact that the antiwhisker movement has spread to Kansas indicates that, perhaps, the Populist party is not so dead as some folks have imagined.

A Boston street car conductor found and returned a young lady's purse containing $5,869, and was rewarded with a bewitching smile. That's a material reward, however, because he will not need to buy ice or stand in front of electric fans for seven months and three days, if it was a typical Boston smile.

A New Hampshire woman, acting in the capacity of tax collector, has succeeded in collecting the largest amount of taxes in the history of the county. There is a pointer in this for the woman suffrage advocates!

Schmitz and Ruef were rather crude in their operations, after all. If they had not been, they would be enjoying the delights of Parisian life about now.

Naturally, so good a fisherman as Mr. Cleveland unconsciously referred to it as "railroad baiting."

The Treasury Department decided some time ago that frog legs must be classed as poultry. Now it is decided that frog skin is leather. The presumption is that the frog as a whole must be classed as boarding-house chicken.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." And one touch of springtime makes the whole piscatorial brigade prevaricate.

Only eleven short months to wait before the Easter bonnet joke heaves in sight again.

That is a terrible racket in Central America, and all kicked up by one mule!

"People hate a successful man," says Mr. Harriman. It all depends. Now there was Jesse James; a fairly successful man, in his line. He did not stand especially high in the estimation of his fellow-men. But there are others! All people do not agree with Mr. Harriman, perhaps, as to just what constitutes a "successful man."

The Sultan of Morocco is about to enjoy the delights of an ultimatum served with French dressing.

Mr. George von L. Meyer shows the effects of his diplomatic career. No sooner was he sworn in as a Cabinet minister than he challenged the President to a game of tennis. The President probably won the game.

"What has Bryan done?" asks the Boston Herald. Well, for one thing, he started a weekly paper, and has managed to keep it going for several years. That is enough to entitle him to a hero medal.

What we need now is a good application of lime to the lemon joke.

He could afford to be "Silent Smith" with all of that money to do his talking for him.

"When, oh, when, will the tariff be revised?" asks the Birmingham Age-Herald. Too busy to answer now. Some one else wants to know "How long is a string?"

If Mr. Jerome's lunacy commission fails to find Harry Thaw crazy, the "learned district attorney" might compromise the case by allowing Thaw to plead guilty to a charge of disorderly conduct, and let it go at that.

"Where are the dudes of yesteryear?" asks the New York World. The last heard of little Jimmie Hyde he was munching bonbons in gay Paree!

The Buffalo News says that Southern writers argue the race problem from "false grounds of fact." It would be interesting to know what sort of a ground a "false ground of fact" is.

An Englishman, writing of America, says our native birds "are none too tuneful." It is evident the man never heard a Georgia mocking bird under full steam ahead!

INSPIRED BY THE HERALD.

Houston Post: The esteemed Washington Herald will also observe that Houston is getting the first whack at the Washington ball team.

Baltimore Sun: "Washington," says The Herald of that city, "is experiencing a revival of interest in Shakespeare." Wondering what district he hails from, maybe.

Columbia State: The Washington Herald thinks that "Roosevelt lemonade" is the popular drink in South Carolina just now. We don't make lemonade out of the sort of lemons Mr. Roosevelt is handing to South Carolina.

Rome (Ga.) Tribune: The Washington Herald is now trying to escape solution of the plural of grape fruit question, by bringing up the matter as to whether Editor Graves was struck on a public corner or a busy square.

Norfolk Landmark: The Norfolk Landmark will most surely be disciplined for yanking Hoke Smith from out the Presbyterian Church and thrusting him into the Baptist.—Washington Herald. It was a guess, we admit; but not a word of protest has the Presbyterian Church uttered.

Terre Haute Tribune: We are obliged to The Washington Herald for comments on a rare event that has happened in Indiana. In its line there has been nothing more unique since the days of "Jack and the Beanstalk." The Herald is always on the lookout for the strange and wonderful things which occur in Indiana, but the strangest of all that it has found is Mr. Bryan's bean pod, of which the Herald speaks with due reverence and faith.

Not Exactly Upward.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Nobody has yet been found, however, mean enough to describe a move from the Senate to the penitentiary as a rise in the world.

A View from Georgia.

From the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Washington is said to be experiencing a revival of interest in Shakespeare since the Tillman minstrels have taken to the provinces.

One Spring Certainty.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

[illegible] too hot or too cold or too wet or too [illegible] almost [illegible] weather

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN.

Life's a rather solemn matter;
Too much so for foolish chatter,
So they say.
And a deal of playful gabble
Comes a-bubbling from the rabble
By the way.

Still, the road is long we travel,
Dry as dust and hard as gravel,
Dull and gray.
So when we've a chance for jesting
Who can censure us for resting
By the way?

Temptation.

"Why do you pout?"

"He went away without kissing me."

"You should have done your pouting while he was around."

To a Turn.

"This latest article of yours is pretty well done."

"It ought to be. The editor boiled it down and the critics roasted it."

The Young Man.

At 8 p. m.
May, the grand piano strumming,
Wonders if he's ever coming.
At 11:45
Mother, nodding o'er her sewing,
Wonders if he's ever going.

Out of Style.

"Jinks is hopeless!"

"What's wrong?"

"He has married a chorus girl. Everybody knows that manicure attendants are the thing in freak weddings just now."

Love and Grammar.

"To what shall I compare you?" ranted the ardent youth.

"Never mind about comparing me," coldly responded the girl. "I shall be compelled to decline you."

Recrimination.

"I like a brilliant man."

"Well, I could make bright remarks if you'd lead up to 'em, like wives do in the newspaper witticisms."

NOTHING SERIOUS.

From the Philadelphia Press.

The Only Sure Way.

"What, then," asked the new clerk, "do you consider the best method of keeping books?"

"There's only one sure way," replied the old hand.

"And what's that?"

"Forget to return them."

Aye, Verily.

"I suppose our friend Hussel is still working on that claim of his?" said the Easterner.

"No," replied the man from the Western mining town, "he's gone to Europe for a rest. He's taken out so much rich ore lately he doesn't have to work."

"Ah! resting on his ores, as it were."

The Retort Direct.

"See here!" cried the artist, who had come to complain about the materials, "I can't imagine anything worse than your paints."

"That's strange," replied the dealer. "Don't you ever use your imagination on your painting?"

Buttons Mostly Off.

"What pretty white flowers they are on that plant."

"Yes; but they don't stay on very long."

"No?"

"No, they're bachelor buttons, you know."

A Cutter of Revenue.

"He's very wealthy, they say. Has he got a yacht?"

"No, but he's got a revenue cutter that's a regular clipper."

"A revenue cutter?"

"Yes, the scissors that he cuts his coupons with."

Warmth at Last.

O joy, the gentle spring is due;
We're mighty sure of that,
For now the steam goes humping through
The steam pipes in our flat.

PRESIDENT FINLEY'S CANDOR.

Head of the Southern Commended for Sincerity of Utterance.

From the Manufacturers' Record.

If every railroad official expressed himself as frankly and clearly to the public as does President Finley and with as much consideration, it is safe to say that the hostility manifested in various quarters to the railroads would be much diminished, if indeed, it existed. Mr. Finley appealed particularly for justice to the railroad man. His sincerity of purpose should not be questioned when he announced a policy upon broad and just principles to improve the relations between the carriers and the public. The railroad men who were striving to improve railway conditions should be admitted to the confidence of the people and upheld by their encouragement. They could succeed only if they were thus upheld.

This speech of Mr. Finley's is one of the best of many that have recently been made upon the railroad question. There is a dominant note of truth throughout the whole utterance. It is one which should be hearkened to and thoughtfully considered, not only by the business men of Atlanta, to whom it was addressed, but by others in similar walks of life and by public men. The question has been put in a plain, businesslike manner, so that it can be readily understood by any one of ordinary intelligence. It should have the effect of bringing about a quiet, calm consideration of the questions concerning railroads, to the end that they may be dealt with considerately and justly without any diminution of their facilities, but, on the contrary, looking to their enlargement and improvement to meet the constantly expanding needs of industry and commerce.

Taft, Foraker, and Bulldogs.

From the Springfield Republican.

Senator Foraker has lost a pet bulldog in Washington, and it is suggested that this is the first dark move on the part of the Taft forces. But there is bulldog enough in Foraker himself to furnish all the amusement that the Taft men will want. He apparently is fairly spoiling for the fight.

Why Kittredge Admires Taft.

From the Springfield Republican.

Senator Kittredge, of South Dakota, has come out for Taft, and says that his State will go solidly for the big Secretary. There is just a suspicion that one reason why Kittredge is for Taft is that he admires Taft's shape. Kittredge is himself the fattest man in the Senate.

THE ORIGINAL FIGURE 8.

If people when on Life's highway should halt and foolishly look back,
They'd note with grief that day by day their steps had made a zigzag track.
The dust of travel there would show that, while convinced of walking straight,
They reeled about so all might know their course ran like a figure eight.

And in the years to come when men proceed along that trampled road
On which, before them, walking straight, at least in thought, their forbears strode,
They'll smile to see the giddy gait of those now sleeping on Time's shelves,
And in the dust of Life's old highway make some [illegible] themselves.

MEN AND THINGS.

What Foraker Has Done.

Joseph Benson Foraker, who is to lead the fight against the administration's candidate for President, has been a member of the Senate ten years. He entered the Union army as a private when he was sixteen years old and came out at the close of the war as a first lieutenant with the brevet rank of captain. He paid his way through Cornell after he had fought as a soldier four years, and began the practice of law in Cincinnati in 1869. Ten years later he held his first civil office, that of judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati, which he resigned in 1882 because of poor health. He was the Republican candidate for governor in 1883, but was defeated. He was again nominated by the Republicans for governor in 1885, and was elected. He was reelected in 1887. In 1889 he was nominated for a third term and defeated in one of the most exciting campaigns in the history of his State. Mr. Foraker was a delegate-at-large to the Republican national conventions of 1884, 1888, 1892, 1896, 1900, and 1904; was chairman of the Ohio delegations in the conventions of 1884 and 1888, and presented to both of these conventions the name of John Sherman for President. In the conventions of 1892 and 1896 he was chairman of the committee on resolutions and reported the platforms. In the conventions of 1896 and 1900 he presented the name of William McKinley for President.

Mr. Foraker's most notable performances as a member of the Senate consist of the Cuban intervention resolution which brought on the war with Spain; the resolution prohibiting corporations from exploiting Cuba after the war, the statute under which Porto Rico is governed, and the motion in executive session of the Senate by which the old Clayton-Bulwer treaty was abrogated prior to our acquiring the right to construct and control the Panama Canal. He was the first Republican of great prominence to declare for the nomination of Roosevelt, and did this at a time when such action was fraught with the imminent peril of arraying against his re-election to the Senate the full force of the powerful Hanna machine in Ohio. As a Senator Mr. Foraker has opposed three of the Roosevelt propositions—the original railroad-rate bill, joint Statehood for Arizona and New Mexico, and the summary discharge of three companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, colored. He and the President were good friends until soon after Judge Taft was called from the governor generalship of the Philippines to the Cabinet. What the cause of their estrangement is is not exactly known by the friends of either the President or the Senator.

Bierce's Latest Book.

Ambrose Bierce, Washington's widely-known author, has just brought out anew "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter," a short, weird, and thrilling story. The author's great mastery of English was never exhibited more convincingly than in this volume. A peculiarity of Mr. Bierce, which distinguishes him from most other authors, is that he has never had the desire to write "the best seller." In point of fact, his friends know that this strange, chivalric, painstaking student and indefatigable worker would consider that book a failure, which, bearing the imprint of his genius, should gain wide popularity. Artistic to his finger tips, he entertains very hearty contempt for the applause of the millions, because he believes the millions are too busy with the grosser affairs of life to acquire an appreciation of art. He is not a prolix or voluminous writer, and considers five hundred words a day enough for anybody to write whose work is fit to read.

Ryan's Careful Methods.

Thomas Fortune Ryan is said to have regularly in his employ a greater number and a higher class of detectives than has any other man or institution in the United States. He is credited with having developed the use of them to a positive science. All his lawyers—and he has an enormous staff of them, some of whom draw more than $50,000 a year—are experts in handling detectives and in finding ways for getting valuable information for their client. It is said that whenever he plans to deal with a man whom he does not already know intimately, he immediately puts detectives on the trail of that man and finds out everything possible about him.

Hoosiers Discouraged.

Until the State Department promulgated its rule requiring applicants for consulships to be able to speak and write another language besides English, no State of the Union had a larger host of patriots eager to serve their country in foreign parts than Indiana. Before Secretary Root established the present dispensation, he accounted that week dull which did not produce a half dozen or more applicants from Indiana for positions in the consular service. It is said that now there is not a single Hoosier name on the list of eligibles. There are, of course, numerous Indianians in the foreign service, but they got there prior to the adoption of the new rule, and it is presumed that these have acquired at least a speaking acquaintance with the language of the countries to which they are assigned. It is recalled, however, that their most famous diplomat, Oom Jack Gowdy, who held the consul generalship at Paris for several years, knew not a word of French when President McKinley selected him for that post, and it is related with patriotic pride by Indianians that he made no attempt to master the dialect of the gay Parisians while he was among them, though it is conceded that he made one of the best consul generals in the service.

Sale of Autographs.

John D. Crimmins, prominent in the social, religious, and political life of New York, has tired of his lifetime fad for collecting autographs and has decided to sell at auction this month his entire collection, which is said to be the finest in the United States. It is said that the collection contains the signature of every man and woman of prominence both in this country and Europe who have lived within the past forty years, and also that at great expense Mr. Crimmins secured the autographs of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The auction will partake of the nature of a great social function in New York at an early date.

Buckeye Governors.

That the sons of Ohio take to politics as naturally as a duck does to water is illustrated in the history of Colorado's Statehood. In the thirty-one years that have elapsed since the Centennial State discarded its Territorial swaddling clothes Ohio has furnished nine of its governors. The list begins with Gen. J. W. Denver, Colorado's first chief magistrate, and in honor of whom the State's beautiful capital and chief city is named. The other Buckeyes who became Colorado governors are Robert W. Steele, John Evans, Gen. Edward Moody McCook, Samuel E. Elbert, Benjamin F. Eaton, Jesse F. McDonald, and the present occupant of the office, Henry A. Buchtel, a preacher-school teacher by profession, who celebrates with song and prayer the signing of reform bills passed by the legislature.

Neglected Issues.

From the Macon Telegraph.

The tariff and the trusts are the great issues that Democracy appears to be strangely slighting.

SAN FRANCISCO'S ORDEAL.

Painful but Necessary Purgation Now in Progress There.

From the San Francisco Call.

San Francisco is undergoing a severe surgical operation. The process is painful but necessary. The patient will come through, but there will be sorrow and suffering. Names that have stood high in the social, political, and commercial life of the city will be smirched beyond the possibility of rehabilitation. If these men escape prison stripes, they will be lucky. They have themselves to blame, and under the inexorable compulsion of justice they must reap where they have sown. There is no bribe-taker for whom the bribe-giver did not come first. The tempter is worse than the tempted and has less excuse, because he is not found among the paltry crew of cheap rascals nourished in an atmosphere that makes graft its god. The bribe-giver holds his head high among the "best people," so called. He cannot plead necessity or lack of knowledge of the iniquity of his doings. His motive is vulgar greed, and he sells his soul for a price with the fullest knowledge that he is committing a crime against humanity, debauching a whole Commonwealth by an example of successful outlawry, rewarded by rank, position, influence.

The sale of privileges and protection is matter of common knowledge, resting on moral certainty, and the prosperous impunity of the bribe-givers has served more than anything else to debauch the public mind by the evil example of profitable crime. It is not surprising that in the popular idea the gilt-edged rascal has come to be confounded with the captain of industry, and admired as such. Nor will the cleansing process be complete until venal newspapers that have given moral support to eminently respectable bribe-givers and encouragement to bribe-takers are exposed to public scorn. The business of graft is not new in San Francisco or in any American city. In a greater or less degree it has always existed here, but never before on the scale of organized greed that Ruef established. The long-suffering tolerance of an easy-going and liberal community was capitalized by this sordid rascal until everything—there is no exception—was for sale. There was no line of business that was not made to yield up its tax to Ruef and his crew of parasites.

MUCH IN A NAME.

Sixteenth Street a Notable Thoroughfare Despite the Numeral.

From the New York Evening Post.

It is a thousand pities that the aspirations of householders of Sixteenth street northwest, Washington, to rename that thoroughfare "The Avenue of Presidents" have been quenched by a literal-minded Board of District Commissioners. It is stated that the magniloquent name will still be used in the world of fashion, but it must be done in a surreptitious king-over-the-water sort of manner. The mere numeral is as hateful as "Citizen Capet" must have been to the French royalists. For if ever a street deserved a name out of the ordinary, it is this one.

The presence of the White House is not its sole distinction. At its southern end is the highest monument in the world. A little farther along is undoubtedly the most remarkable monument in the world—the statue of Gen. Jackson, mounted on a horse whose tail exactly balances his body, and celebrated by the further legend, which visitors seldom receive with incredulity, that its sculptor had never even seen an equestrian statue before he made this one. More than all this, our American longitude all comes from Sixteenth street. The meridian runs down the middle of the street, making it a particularly desirable residence locality for persons who are fond of such things. Even if it does lie between Fifteenth and Seventeenth streets, this highway deserves to be taken out of the common list. We suggest that a test case be made by some one addressing a letter to such-and-such a number "Avenue of the Presidents," and then suing the government whose postmen fail to deliver it.

TAFT AND THE TARIFF.

His Candidacy Regarded as Promising for a Revision Policy.

From the Springfield Republican.

The Boston Globe raises the question whether President Roosevelt's now unmistakable choice of Secretary Taft for the nomination means that he is of the mind that tariff revision must be one of the promises of the Republican platform in 1908. Apparently, it does not merely "mean" it; it emphasizes it. Those who have talked with the President this winter on the tariff question have come away impressed with his belief that the Republican party must go into the campaign of 1908 definitely and unequivocally pledged to reform the tariff. Therefore, although Mr. Roosevelt always reserves the right to change his mind, in committing himself to the Taft candidacy he more clearly commits himself to the policy of revision, since Secretary Taft is already a declared opponent of standpatism. It would be strange indeed if, after declining to lead a fight for tariff revision during his own term, the President should lead a fight largely on that very issue for the nomination of Secretary Taft. Stranger things, however, have happened.

Republican View of Tariff Issue.

From the New York Tribune.

With the old sectional antagonism vanishing and the South and the West doing their share in manufacturing, the tariff agitation of the '80's is out of date. Most of the Democratic leaders who count know that it is moribund, and they will only smile at the suggestion of dropping the real issue of the day and pledging exclusive devotion to a pale memory of the past. The Democratic party is incapable of agreeing on any logical and consistent programme. But it has not yet reached that stage of decadence at which it would be willing to identify itself with a single ossified "lost cause."

Frog Skins Are Hen Feathers.

From the New York World.

There is a dispute between the collector of the port and a firm of Japanese importers over the classification of frog skins. The collector holds that they are dutiable as leather and the importers insist that they be classified as fish skins. It is a needless and profitless wrangle. Long ago the Treasury Department experts decided that frogs' legs were dressed poultry. Consequently frog skins are chicken feathers and should pay duty as such under the wise and beneficent provisions of the Dingley tariff.

So 1,654,876 Paragraphs State.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Washington Herald notes that "Roosevelt lemonade" is the popular drink in South Carolina. Is there a big stick in it?

No Telling.

From the New York Mail.

Then, again, the plural of grapefruit may be crates.

HIS PROGRESS.

He used to think the toiler's lot was hard;
He used to think a drudge whose hands were rough
Was worthy of the proudest man's regard
And never might be favored half enough.

He used to think the rich man's soul was dead;
He used to praise the worker for his worth;
He thought the man who had to toil for bread
Deserved the greatest blessings on this earth.

His heart no longer beats with sympathy
Because the sweat is on the toiler's brow;
He calls the worker arrogant, for he
Who labored is employing labor now.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

AT THE HOTELS.

Mr. James Deitrick, well known in Washington and New York as a railroad and mining engineer, is at the New Willard. He has mines in Nicaragua and Honduras, and is a warm personal friend of Gen. J. Santos Zelaya, president of the former republic, speaking of whom Mr. Deitrick said:

"Gen. Zelaya is a greatly misunderstood man. His younger days were spent in school in Paris, London, and New York, and in that time he became a master of the French and English languages. He gave special study also to our American form of government, and returned to his native land well equipped to guide the helm of his country's affairs. When in 1892 he was made President, he immediately commenced the work of improvement and advancement with judgment and enthusiasm. He constructed over 200 miles of railroad; made it possible to carry freight and passengers from ocean to ocean; built harbors, wharves, mills, and warehouses.

"He encouraged his people to plant coffee, fibers, dyewoods, spices, and fruits. Liberal with foreigners in making contracts to bring in capital, he has at times been imposed on by sharpers, who prefer a fat claim against a small republic to the fulfillment of contracts. His enemies have hatched stories to his disadvantage because of his vigor in enforcing the laws.

"Thirteen years ago Zelaya was forced into war with his northern neighbor, Honduras. After taking that country, and after a wise and honest man had been made its President, Gen. Zelaya retired without asking a dollar of indemnity or a foot of ground from the defeated government. To-day he is again victor over Honduras, and as soon as the Hondurans select a worthy and competent native son to be President, Zelaya will once more take his troops back to their own country in the interest of peace and mutual security.

"The President has repeatedly made known his wish to retire from the cares of office, but has yielded to the wishes of his friends, who regard his occupancy of the executive office as essential to the welfare of Nicaragua. The talk of his desire for a federation of the five Central American States, with himself as President, is pure fiction, gotten up to injure him with the United States government. Nothing could induce him to undertake such a task.

"The wife of President Zelaya is a Belgian by birth, a most beautiful and estimable lady. They have eight children, and the oldest, Charles, a lad of twelve, is now at school in Belgium. Madame Zelaya is only thirty years old, and is loved greatly for her philanthropic deeds, spending money liberally for orphan homes and schools and other charities. Her recent work under Red Cross auspices has made her beloved even by the Hondurans, her country's enemies. The home life of the Zelayas is beautiful. The general has the dignity and amiability of the late President McKinley, and as a worker he has the abundant energy of Roosevelt."

"I have lived in Utah for the past twenty-seven years, and I consider that we have one of the greatest States in the Union," said Mr. J. H. Woodman, a former Maine man and a successful miner, at the Raleigh. "Salt Lake City is in the lead of everything as a center for the treatment of ores, and its reduction and smelting plants are the greatest in the land.

"Everywhere I go in the East I am asked about the Mormon question. My reply is that it is no longer an acute one with us, for the reason that polygamy is in its death gasp and will soon be extinct. Some of the old church leaders still keep up their plural marriage relations, even at the peril of arrest, but the young Mormons are against that part of their church doctrine, and few, if any, of them have more than one wife. My own wife was of Mormon parentage, but her opposition to polygamy is as strong as that of a Catholic or Presbyterian, and this is the case generally with the younger generation."

"The framers of the constitution for the new State of Oklahoma did not fashion an ideally perfect instrument, but it is a long way better than no constitution; and while I am not enthusiastically for it, I hope it will be adopted," said Hon. Tams Bixby, the sole survivor of the Dawes Indian commission, at the Raleigh.

"The constitution-makers undertook to do too much, and a good deal of their work has aroused opposition. Though the Democrats were overwhelmingly in the majority in the convention, there is a considerable dissatisfaction among Democratic voters. It is not absolutely certain, even, that the people will vote to ratify the organic law in the election to be held in August next, but the chances are that they will, for unless the constitution is adopted there will be no immediate Statehood. At the August election the voters will also be called on to choose a full State ticket from governor down, two United States Senators, and five members of the House of Representatives. For the Senate there is keen rivalry on the Democratic side. Some of the leading aspirants are Robert Lee Owen, who is well known in Washington, a fine man and able lawyer, who would make a most excellent Senator; M. L. Turner, of Oklahoma City, a banker and business man of high repute, who would be a credit to the new State; Henry M. Furman, a lawyer of radical views, who has been making a canvass in his own behalf for months, and a blind man named Gore, who is, if anything, a still fiercer radical. On the Republican side no candidate for the Senate has come forward, and no Republican has been mentioned for governor as yet, with the exception, possibly, of Gov. Frank Frantz, our present Territorial governor.

"Five members of Congress are to be chosen, and the Democrats claim they will elect all of them, but I feel sure that the Muscogee district will send a Republican. There is also an excellent chance that Hon. Bird McGuire, now a Delegate in the House, will win in his district, as he is extremely popular and has made a good record in Washington."

"The people of Charleston, S. C., have profited greatly, as I found out in a recent sojourn there, by a late popular novel which indicated that ancient town without directly naming it," said Mr. R. S. Whittaker, of New York, at the Arlington.

"This novel was not well liked by many of the worthy residents of the Palmetto State seaport. They construed it as a satire on their community, in spite of the fact that it gave due credit to the good qualities of the Charlestonians. But, any way, the book was a No. 1 advertisement, and thousands of Yankees who read it and laughed were imbued with an immediate desire to see the place and judge of the natives at close range. As a consequence, every hotel and boarding house down there is packed this season with Northern tourists, and so great is the influx that it is very hard to get any decent accommodations."

A Job for Her.

From the Rochester Herald.

A Chicago girl engaged in a friendly wrestling match with her father the other day, during which she split his knee-cap and broke his leg. The young woman should apply to Richard Mansfield for a job as leading lady.

Passes Have Passed.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The venom with which the legislator legislates for a 2-cent rate recalls to the railroad magnate the halcyon days of the passed in melancholy contrast with the present.