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 3300. (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.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1907.

Controversies with the President.

The President of the United States has frequently found it necessary to deny, with varying emphasis, assertions regarding interviews with him and statements alleged to have been made by him. In the very nature of things, he sees and talks to many people—to railroad presidents, to financiers, to statesmen, to politicians, to his personal friends, to casual visitors, to newspaper correspondents. He would be less than human if he said precisely the same thing to all such persons with whom he discusses any given subject.

Misunderstandings and consequent misrepresentations—sometimes willful misunderstandings and misrepresentations, but unintentional just as often, perhaps—are inevitable.

Without presuming to pass on the merits of the President's controversy with Mr. Harriman, or any of the others, we do go so far as to suggest a method by which such unfortunate developments as we have referred to may be obviated. That is for the President to have a stenographer present whenever he expresses himself on a matter of any moment. This is not an intimation that the country asks confirmation of Presidential statements. Far from it. It is merely the proposal of a simple plan the adoption of which would prevent most effectively such unedifying spectacles as are furnished by personal controversies involving the President of the United States. Secretary Loeb is a good stenographer, as well as a confidant of the President. His presence at even the most confidential of the President's conferences would be natural and logical.

It is quite true, as the President is said to have observed yesterday, that fortune favors him when it brings attacks from such persons as Joseph R. Burton and Edward H. Harriman. But not all of those whom the President has put in his galaxy of prevaricators have been of this type.

Without reference to any particular episode, we venture to repeat the suggestion.

Mr. Bryan, who has become quite an authority on good roads, is supreme authority on long roads.

"This Man Hughes."

This man Hughes is distinctly a new force in American affairs. He is more like Grover Cleveland than any other conspicuous public character of the times with whom he is comparable. He has neither flatulency of mind nor indecision of purpose. His ratiocination does not sprawl over the whole boundless universe of "problems." His mental processes are alert and incisive. He indulges in no glittering dreams of a new dispensation of the social and industrial order. He has found the world fairly well off as to government, and human nature about as his own. For twenty years or more he was a safe counselor to his clients, apparently never thinking of seeking office. He strove and wrought earnestly, and vaunted not his achievements, which, in truth, were no more than those of the average lawyer of honest character and industrious habits. A fortuitous combination of circumstances called him to the position of counsel for the legislative committee that investigated the big life insurance companies. In this post he discharged his duty with simple fidelity and resoluteness. It was the thorough work he did in the insurance investigations that attracted public attention to him. It was this that put an end to his private career.

When a crisis was reached in New York politics Mr. Hughes' party, long struggling in the grip of great special interests, turned to him for leadership. He owed his nomination for governor to the influence of no man or group of men. There was an actual public demand for a man of his character to undertake the task of cleaning the Augean stables. He responded in the same unostentatious manner in which he had for years been accepting lawsuits from clients looking for a safe lawyer. He made no boastful promises. Nor did he, upon the stump, attempt to arouse the volatile populace to wild enthusiasm and frenzied expectation. He appealed to the reason, sanity, and good intent of the plain, everyday citizen. He won by a narrow margin, because the people of his State had so often hearkened in vain to the voices of other candidates made melodious to the ear by pledges of "reform" which were never kept.

Gov. Hughes is now confronted by a situation of national importance because it typifies the condition of every State in the Union. After three months of earnest effort on his part he finds that his reliance upon his party leaders in the legislature at Albany has left him without a single accomplished reform. Connivance between the corrupt influences in both parties has hedged about his public utilities measure a wall of opposition which means its defeat for the present. Realizing this, the governor obviously has determined to make an appeal to the plain, everyday citizen to support him in his effort. The appeal will not be futile. "I shall not recount grievances which have made the subject one of paramount importance," said Gov. Hughes, in a speech at Utica on Monday. "It is sufficient to say that the people, without animosity toward the rights of property, but with a just insistence upon the performance of public obligations, demand that the State shall exercise its power over its creatures, and compel due regard for the duties which are correlative to the privileges it has granted." The governor points out that Federal regulation is not a substitute for State regulation. Federal powers and State powers are exercised in different spheres. Washington should not be looked to for everything. The State is still a sovereignty, although the sorry spectacle is presented of the practical abdication by so many States of their sovereignty to the Federal power. The evils being fought by Gov. Hughes, of New York, could not be easily corrected by Federal regulation, even if there were not constitutional barriers that forbid the undertaking. Through their State governments the people can apply wholesome measures of relief and permanent regulation, and thus put a check upon centralization; but to do this they must first elect to office more governors of the intelligence and stamina of Charles Evans Hughes.

Since going to New York, former Secretary of the Treasury Shaw is said to have developed the habit of eating sausage and buckwheat cakes, and drinking sweet cider for luncheon. Mr. Cortelyou will have to add something to his mince pie and sweet milk luncheon, or run the risk of being suspected of incipient mollycoddleitis.

Mayor Dunne Defeated.

The Republicans have gained control of the government of Chicago. Municipal ownership received its death blow. A clean, high-minded, but not virile man, a reformer, Edward F. Dunne surrenders the mayoralty to a practical politician of none too enviable record, Fred A. Busse. In the personal equation, the exchange is not altogether creditable to Chicago, even if President Roosevelt did feel called upon to give the Republican nominee his warm indorsement.

Yesterday's result was forecasted in the aldermanic elections a year ago. The people already had begun to grow weary of voting for a thing there was no hope of getting. Mayor Dunne, conscientiously doing his best, was not masterful enough to control the situation. He wavered in important crises; accepted counsel from those out of sympathy with his aims and undertakings, and in other respects showed weakness and vacillation. Meanwhile the street-car service was going from bad to worse. The pledges made in the first municipal-ownership campaign were unredeemed. The municipal government was honest but helpless in the matter of the public utilities. In the end the city turned to the big New York financiers for succor. The consummation looked for and voted for—ownership and operation of the street railway lines—promised to come only with the millennium. And so a majority of the people of the great city, tiring of the whole municipal-ownership business, now elect a very ordinary politician of no ideals in place of the dreamer of dreams. Chicago may be the gainer by it or the loser. Time alone can tell.

Republicans naturally will be joyful of heart over Busse's victory. It is worth while for either party to hold the reins of the second largest city in the land.

Considering the part the President played in this local campaign, we fancy that the Uncle Joe Cannon Presidential boom is destined to encounter a frost in that quarter in due season.

The seven Michigan gentlemen who have agreed not to shave or get a haircut until the Thaw jury returns a verdict will soon have the seven Sutherland sisters looking like mere imitations.

Has the Day of Omens Passed?

The agile spot light caught your Uncle Joseph in two wideiy separated places yesterday. Once it found him tossed in a little boat, around which the waves went up to meet the skies, and over which the wild winds blew and inside of which were human beings longing for home and terra firma and mother dear.

Again, it illuminated him in Washington through the medium of a statement from that estimable gentleman, Samuel Walker McCall, who represents the people of the Eighth Massachusetts district in the lower House of Congress, which statement was a declaration that Uncle Joe should be elevated to the Presidency.

Heretofore we had imagined that Mr. McCall and the avuncular one had comparatively little in common. Never, even when our imagination soared highest, did we venture to suspect that the statesman from the Old Bay State favored the Sage of Danville above all his fellows for occupant of the residence at 1600 Pennsylvania avenue. We divulge an office secret when we say that the information to this effect came to us as a decided shock.

Without attempting to consider the endless possibilities opened by Mr. McCall's launching of the Cannon boom—the indubitableness of standing pat for another Presidential term, regardless of the value of our hands; the probability of a certain new piquancy in official statements from the White House; the possibility, at least, of some rather material changes in the plans to make Washington a really beautiful capital—we turn again to that stormy scene enacted close to an isle of brilliant green down in the summer seas.

Is it at all significant that the man with the gavel and the graphic vocabulary should be marooned on the same day that a serious suggestion of his fitness for the Presidency was blazoned forth to a waiting world?

We ask that one question, and, having asked it, we pass on.

Occasionally some one says a kind word for the railroads. For instance, there is former Senator Burton's statement, "I was simply railroaded to jail."

No Change in Railroad Policy.

No one will be greatly surprised by President Roosevelt's refusal to speak a "reassuring word" to the country respecting the financial situation alleged to have been brought about by legislation, State and national, affecting transportation interests. The appeals made to the President in that behalf required a response which it was impossible for him to make without self-stultification on the one hand, or without exceeding his constitutional powers on the other. He was virtually asked to recant a considerable portion of his corporation programme, so far as that is known or suspected; and he was also desired to exert whatever power he possessed to induce State legislatures to cease from troubling the railroads. He has concluded that there is no occasion for doing either of these things, contenting himself with a reaffirmation in general terms of his past expressions of opinion as to the necessity of Federal railway control, a policy which he sees no reason to change. The recent course of events, in fact, illustrates, to his mind, the desirability of the measures of Federal control heretofore outlined by him.

In his last annual message President Roosevelt remarked that it would be impossible to stop progress "along the line of increasing the power of the national government over the use of capital in interstate commerce." He declared that the nation must, at an early date, exercise such control over corporations as would "prevent the evils of excessive capitalization," and expressed the view that the best way to avert the undesirable move for the government ownership of railways was "to secure by the government, on behalf of the people as a whole, such adequate control and regulation of the great interstate common carriers as will do away with the evils which give rise to the agitation against them." It must have required considerable hardihood to assert and a great deal of incredulity to believe that the purpose of the President to recommend to Congress further legislation along these lines was a contributing cause to the late Wall street flurry. We doubt if anybody of consequence in Wall street really believed it, for the professions to that effect were easily open to suspicions of ulterior motive. Whatever its cause, the flurry has passed, and with it the occasion, if there was any, for calling on the President to reassure somebody or other by knocking his own professions into a cocked hat.

"Where do I stand?" asks Mr. Harriman. Is Mr. Harriman really standing at all? The impression prevails that he has latterly been pretty regularly on the run.

The Latest Freak.

Jack-the-sneeze-weed thrower is the latest freak to enter the lists for the championship among nuisances in this country. His idea of fun is to obtain admission to crowded public meetings—especially theaters—and quietly scatter a concoction of red pepper and other ingredients, collectively known, it seems, as "sneeze-weed powder," through the air. The result is an early confusion of "kerchews!" followed a little later by a syndicated outbreak of snorts, barks, coughs, and aggravated sneezes. If he has been able to get the atmosphere thoroughly impregnated with the stuff, the meeting is speedily ended and quick adjournment is had hurriedly and in pell-mell fashion to the outer air.

This great joker has succeeded in bringing to a quick and precipitate finish three theatrical performances, one public speaking, and one lecture so far. He seems to be a sort of Jack-the-vitriol-thrower specimen of humanity, operating first in one city and then another. Despite vigilant efforts to locate him and arrest him, he is still at large, scattering sneezes where he listeth and disbanding well-intentioned gatherings in most ridiculous and undignified manner.

America—the United States—is particularly peculiar in the production of freaks. In no other land on earth do they seem to flourish as they do here. Why? Is there something in the American atmosphere that breeds them? Or are they manifestations of peculiar symptoms of our civilization? Nowhere in the world does the practical joker find such fertile field of endeavor as right among the tolerant, happy-go-lucky people of this republic.

Where else will you parallel Dowie, Mrs. Nation, Coxey, and all the rest? Where will you parallel Jack-the-sneeze-weed-thrower? We are prone to sneer at the Englishman's perverted sense of humor. Perhaps he may sometimes be justified in thinking our sense of humor at least grotesque.

Kalamazoo, Mich., proposes to abolish the campaign cigar. Who knows but that this reform movement may yet overtake the Christmas article?

Mr. Charles B. Taft's enthusiastic acceptance of the Foraker challenge leads one to suspect that he does not share his brother's lid sitting abilities or inclinations.

With all the St. Louis brewerymen on strike, Milwaukee has a chance to make herself still more famous.

"I have been so busily occupied that I have had neither time nor inclination to even think about politics, State or national," remarked Senator Foraker a few days since. Has the Senator no fear of being assigned to the Ananias Club?

"Every one nowadays seems disposed to tell his troubles to Mr. Roosevelt," says a contemporary. Well, hasn't the President been dubbed "The Big Policeman" of this side of the world?

President Smith, of the Mormon Church, is out in an interview strongly denouncing polygamy. The combination of high prices and the Easter season was entirely too much for the old fellow.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Richard Mansfield may be speedily restored to health. Despite his predilection for talking ungallantly to the leading lady and biffing the stage hands, he is a great actor, and the American stage cannot spare him.

"Mr. Harriman's physicians want him to take a long rest," says the Chicago Record-Herald. Mr. Harriman may be depended upon to take along anything he may fancy.

"Some women sing with feeling," says the Montgomery Advertiser. Especially those who are continually reaching for high notes.

The Norfolk Virginia-Pilot says there are no stuttering women. Certainly no one ever saw a woman who could be prevented from saying anything she wanted to say, and then some.

The legislators throughout this land show an enthusiastic willingness to even things up for the loss of their passes by raising their own salaries and forcing the railroads to a 2-cent-a-mile passenger rate.

The more we read of Harry Thaw the more respect we have for the man who chops wood and shovels coal for a living.

The terrorists announced some time ago that they would spare none of the aristocracy of Russia; and they are keeping their word! They have now attacked the aristocracy of wisdom by blowing up an editor.

"Who owns the north pole?" asks the Cleveland Leader. Probably some Esquimau syndicate.

Pittsburg points with pride to her twenty-eight—count 'em—twenty-eight honest men. That leaves quite a number to view with alarm.

"Roosevelt lemonade" was probably invented for use among Mr. Foraker's following in Ohio.

The Balkan peasants are fighting the government troops with pitchforks. If they only had Gen. Tillman to lead them, something would be doing right!

The weather man may not be mean at heart. Perhaps he got mixed in his dates, ladies, and mistook Easter Sunday for April 1, instead of March 31.

The telegraph companies raise the wages of employes. Hurrah! The telegraph companies raise the rates on messages 33 1-3 per cent. Hurrah some more! Puzzle: Who always and invariably pays the freight?

They are going to erect a statue of "Quiet" in Boston. A sort of set-off for Thomas W. Lawson.

An Ohio man declares that Mr. Bryan will carry every State in the Union next year. We rather think he overestimates the possible effects of the Ohio Republican fight.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

EASY CIGARS.

Father, getting home from biz
And the daily brawl,
Finds a hat that isn't his
Hanging in the hall.
Coming from the club at ten,
Still it isn't gone.
Father takes a tumble then—
Courting going on.

Father cunning is and sly;
Courted once himself.
Father murmurs: "Here's where I
Save a little pelf."
To the parlor father speeds
Every day at dawn.
Never fails to find some weeds—
Courting going on.

Frivolous Times.

"There's no real piety these days."

"Think not?"

"No. Even through Lent the women wore open-work sackcloth."

She Explains.

"I didn't see you," remarked a Roman matron, "at the grand opera with your much-vaunted jewels."

"No," responded the mother of the Gracchi, petulantly, "the young rascals prefer vaudeville."

Spring Poem.

In the gloaming during spring
The air is chill.
Meet me, love, and with you bring
A quinine pill.

Never Wear Out.

"Lots of people crack jokes."

"Well?"

"Did you ever hear of anybody breaking one?"

"No. Jokes are indestructible.

A Sneer.

"Why won't you join our Woman's Club?"

"I think a woman's place is at home."

"Aw, don't be a mollycoddle."

Looking for Trouble.

"This motor boat is apt to break down when least expected."

"Not while I'm aboard!"

PLAIN DEALS.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Amateur Gardener.

I like to spade the garden
And to plant the tiny seeds
But what I sow ne'er seems
to grow—
I just raise hardy weeds.

Personal Experience.

"I wonder if Beesleigh gave up anything during Lent?"

"I guess not. He owes me $10, but I couldn't get him to give up a cent."

Subject to Change.

"What would you call Miss Gayleigh—a blond or a brunette?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen her for several weeks."

A Shining Example.

"He has charming manners."

"Has he?"

"Yes, indeed. You should hear him some time when he is shamefullly abusing his chauffeur—he does it in such a gentlemanly way."

Slow vs. Fast.

Some flings at Philadelphians
Are made, but never meant;
I don't believe they are so slow
They couldn't fast in Lent.

A False Alarm.

"There was a man dropping letters in the new post-office building last Saturday."

"What! Are they ready to receive mail there?"

"No. This was an English workman, and the letters he dropped were all h's."

CARNEGIE AND WALL STREET.

His Recent Speech Said to Indicate Too Narrow View.

From the Springfield Republican.

Wall street organs have been pitching into Andrew Carnegie sharply for some remarks he made at a military telegraphers' dinner in New York last week—this being the cause of offense:

"A few gamblers in Wall street may be in trouble. There will always be some of them in trouble, whichever way the market goes. It is a good day for this country when the stock gamblers come to grief, and I wish I could invent a system whereby both parties to stock gambling would suffer. Wall street is not America. There are some places outside of Wall street, even in New York City. The stock gambler is a parasite who feeds on values and creates none. It is time that we should rise and decline to do business with those who make money without giving any value in return for it."

This is, of course, adopting too narrow a view of the "street" and its economic functions; yet there is so much of the illegitimate in its operations that a word of denunciation from a source strongly supported by the only thing Wall street respects will do no harm, certainly. Mr. Carnegie incidentally remarked that his steel concern was sold to the United States Steel Corporation for $450,000,000, but that if he had it to-day he would ask $640,000,000 for it. This is an admission that he failed utterly to grasp the full measure of industrial advancement and prosperity which further awaited the country at the time of the organization of the steel trust. He thought he was selling out at the top, and intimations used to come from him more or less seriously some years ago that he might yet have the whole vast concern on his hands as foreclosing mortgagee. Apparently he no longer regards this as a possibility.

Tariff That Really Will Protect.

From the Pittsburg Post.

Instead of having a tariff system which enables our manufacturers to charge the highest possible prices to our own people for their products, and to sell the latter to foreign customers at much less figure, we should have one which will really protect the American consumers from extortion, and make foreigners pay proper prices for our goods. It is time that our national lawmakers legislate on this subject for the benefit of the masses of the American people, instead of for the trust magnates and the foreigners to whom they sell some of their goods.

Senator Depew's Speeches.

From the New York World.

Over 300,000 copies of Senator Depew's recent speeches have been mailed from Washington for distribution in this State. Are the postal authorities making their regular mail-weighing just now in order to determine the rate of mail pay for the New York Central?

A Suggestion from Kentucky.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

As the quarantine seems to be the only thing that heads Joe Cannon off, it might be well to quarantine him some day next winter and pass the Appalachian and White Mountain Forest Reserve bill.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

"Bat" and "Ben" and "Bull,"
Trio most delectable,
Called upon the President,
All in garb respectable;
Bad men from the veldt,
Gun stuck in each belt,
But no one made a move to draw,
So far as was detectable.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

MEN AND THINGS.

A Promising Crop.

This is the season for the crop of Cabinet-trouble rumors. It is looked for about this time every year, especially if Congress is not in session. When Congress is not on their hands, the energetic correspondents are sometimes hard put for interesting topics of discussion. The Cabinet is always here or hereabouts, and it is always a legitimate topic upon which to base entertaining speculation for the delectation of newspaper readers. Just now it is Secretary Cortelyou who is getting at cross-purposes with the President. There are reactionary forces within the Republican party, and these are to be led by Mr. Cortelyou. If he leads them, of course, he will leave the Cabinet. Last week it was Secretary Root. The premier of the Cabinet, who has been at the side of the President from the day, fresh from Harvard, Theodore Roosevelt asked for his first nomination to office—that of member of the New York legislature—last week was as "sore as a sore toe," and was packing up his tools preparatory to quitting the game.

The fact is that, in the broad sense, there have always been "reactionary forces" in President Roosevelt's Cabinet. This was particularly true with respect to the President's original railroad-rate programme. Every member of the Cabinet, except the then Attorney General Moody, was opposed to the President's programme, and they told him so at Cabinet meetings, pourparlers, &c. But that caused no breach in the Cabinet. The President simply gritted his teeth, shut his eyes, and plunged ahead, a way he has of doing whenever he makes up his mind on any proposition, when he wots not longer of the opinions or advice of his ministers.

Stone and the Barbecues.

Senator William Joel Stone is at his home in Jefferson City preparing for the opening of the country picnic and barbecue season in Missouri. This season ushers in the gala time of the year for all Missourians, and especially for all Missouri statesmen who are wise in their day and generation. With the single exception of Francis Marion Cockrell, who held on to his seat in the Senate for thirty years without a break or a hitch, it is said that no politician in Missouri has attended as many country picnics and barbecues as Senator Stone. His appetite for roast mutton is quite as famous throughout the State as is that of the celebrated Col. Dave Ball, of Pike County, whose firmest political conviction is that next to William Jennings Bryan Champ Clark is the greatest man alive for pumpkin pie. Those who know Senator Stone intimately declare that the greatest enjoyment he gets out of public life is in attending country picnics, barbecues, and fish fries. It is conceded that he knows nothing about the fine art of fishing, nor of the still finer art of cooking a fish, but when it comes to barbecuing a sheep or a steer it is the proud boast of his admirers that not another living Missourian is within hailing distance of him.

Asked for Prayer.

The Hon. John Langley, who comes to the next Congress as a Representative from Kentucky, used to be appointment clerk of the Census Bureau. He knew how not to make an appointment when he didn't want to. A story is told of an excellent old clergyman from Pennsylvania who called on Langley to urge the appointment of a young woman from that State. The appointment clerk talked in such manner as to lead the clergyman to believe that his young woman would get the appointment. It didn't materialize, however, and the man of the cloth asked one of Langley's subordinates:

"What kind of a man is Mr. Langley?"

"A good man, I think," was the loyal reply.

"But what is his reputation for truth and veracity?"

"I always understood it to be sound."

"No. He tells me crooked tales. He told me a flat falsehood."

"There must be some mistake."

"No, there is no mistake, and I told him he had told me a falsehood."

"And what did he say to that, sir?"

"He put his hands on my shoulders and said: 'My good brother, pray for me!'"

Little Rhody's Tie-up.

Rhode Islanders in Washington have about despaired of the Senatorial deadlock in their State being broken. The legislature is still tied up in the fierce factional tangle brought about by the candidacies of Senator Wetmore, Col. Colt, and Col. Goddard. The mighty Mr. Aldrich made a little effort to untie the knot soon after Congress adjourned, and, failing, set sail for Europe. At the inception of the contest he promised his colleague that he would take no active part in the fight, and he has faithfully kept this promise. The regular term of the legislature will expire about the middle of the month, after which, if it is held in session the members will receive no per diem from the State—a prospect generally regarded as unpromising for longer continuance of the lawmaking grind. If either Col. Colt or Col. Goddard would get out of the way, Senator Wetmore could easily be elected. It is said that Col. Goddard would be glad to withdraw from the hopeless struggle were it not for the fact that by so doing he would violate his pledge to his Democratic allies. Should the legislature be unable to reach a decision, the governor, who is a Democrat, would have no right to fill the vacancy by appointment, as that kind of appointment was ruled against by the Senate in the famous case of the late Matthew Stanley Quay. Thus it seems not unlikely that Rhode Island will have to get along with one Senator at least for a time after the next meeting of Congress—but that one Senator is Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich.

Gen. Keifer to the Lecture Platform.

Gen. J. Warren Keifer will soon be numbered among the host of statesmen who between the sessions of Congress entertain the people from the lecture platform. The Ohioan was one of the party of fifty Congressmen who recently visited the isthmus to inspect the canal work, and it is upon this topic that he will address the patrons of the Chautauqua circuit in his part of the country. His lecture will be profusely illustrated with kodak pictures, showing actual scenes along the route of the Panama Canal. Gen. Keifer is in his seventy-second year, but is still as spry and active as the best of 'em, to which fact the younger members of the Congressional party to Panama testify with many anecdotes.

Scott on a Possibility.

When a Republican statesman, who, like Senator Nathan Bay Scott, has been heretofore resolutely set in his opposition to all talk of a third term, suddenly veers around to the view that should the President consent to accept another nomination he could get West Virginia without an effort, other Republican statesmen, not so outspoken on this subject as he, are pretty apt to be emboldened to express their opinions soon. The West Virginian frankly stated in Washington the other day that he had no doubt at all of the President's sincerity in the famous declination issued on the night of his election in 1904, but that if the West Virginia folks got it into their heads that Mr. Roosevelt could be induced to recant this declaration they would be for him to a man. Senator Scott has been opposed all along to represent in the Republican National Committee a faction of that organization hostile to the President's more pronounced policies and to favor the nomination of Vice President Fairbanks. It is presumed that he still leans strongly to the eminent Indianian, but his talk about a third term for President Roosevelt is causing a lot of statesmen to sit up and sniff the air. "Scotty," as he is called by his intimates, has never yet been with a loser in politics.

THE PRESIDENT'S STATEMENT.

Reiteration of Railroad Views Produces Mixed Emotions.

From the Hartford Times.

This statement, intended to reassure timid souls, is put forth at the behest of financiers and railway magnates who have been throwing forty fits. The utterance isn't important, but it may calm the distracted nerves of investors. Now that the President has spoken, and now that various State legislatures which have been waging war on transportation corporations are adjourning, the railroad managers should get over their intellectual panic, banish their fright, and move the accumulated traffic as rapidly as possible.

From the New York Globe.

Thus it laid at rest, let us hope finally, the reports that the President proposed making a campaign against the value of existing railway securities. Intelligent persons have long known that there was no truth in these reports; nevertheless, they have been industriously circulated, and many ready to believe the sensational have been deceived.

As to the "valuation" plan, the other storm center of vigorous surmise, the President calls attention to the fact that in his speeches or messages he has as yet made no references to the plan.

From the New York Herald.

While Mr. Roosevelt confines himself to the selection of extracts from his speeches and messages to Congress, these have all the force of news at this time, since he reaffirms his adherence to the views therein expressed.

This letter takes the place of the speech which the President was expected to make on the railroad situation, and incidentally disposes of the widely circulated report that he would advocate an appraisal of railway property with a view to possible readjustment of capitalization or ultimate acquisition by the government. Mr. Roosevelt, it appears, is firmly as ever opposed to government ownership, and there is nothing in his policy as now iterated to disquiet any legitimate vested interest.

From the New York Sun.

To the Raleigh speech, to the two passages from the annual messages, and to that remarkable address to the railroad men's union in which Mr. Roosevelt produced the germ of the idea that an attack on capitalization promises larger wages for the employes, the President should have added, for the information of Smith and the big and little manufacturers, this passage from his original prospectus, as delivered at the Minneapolis State Fair on Septemmer 2, 1901:

The vast individual and corporate fortunes, the vast combinations of capital which have marked the development of our industrial system, create new conditions, and necessitate a change from the old attitude of the State and the nation toward property.

This, we say, should have been included in the documents attached to yesterday's message. It must be included in any satisfactory exhibit of the President's carefully thought out and immutable beliefs concerning the relation of government to property. Without knowledge of this seed thought of Mr. Roosevelt's careful thinking, neither the craven Smith nor any other American manufacturer can understand the mind which they, with sordid impulse, now desire to investigate.

MR. BRYAN AND HIS PARTY.

Ohio Paper Sees Evidences of Plan to Eliminate Him.

From the Ohio State Journal.

There is a quiet effort going on among the Democratic chieftains to eliminate Mr. Bryan from party primacy, especially when it comes to the problem of nominating a candidate for the Presidency. There are two men who are most talked of for that honor; one is Judge Gray, of Delaware, and the other Judson Harmon, the Cincinnati lawyer.

Notwithstanding the devotion of the party to Mr. Bryan, and its admiration of his many high personal qualities, there is a substantial belief that he cannot carry the full party vote, and either of the other men can. Probably the prevailing judgment of the leaders is that Judge Gray is the better candidate if simply the question of capacity and personal merit is involved, but if availability and location are considered, Mr. Harmon becomes the more attractive candidate.

There is some discussion as to what the issue will be, and that may be comprehended in the word "nationalism;" or in other words, the very doctrine that first divided this country into two political parties—the Loose and Strict Constructionists, the Federals and anti-Federals, the Whigs and Democrats, the Democrats and Republicans.

It will be fine to get back to that venerable discussion; and it will be intensely interesting now, for there has been a great deal learned on this subject in the past fifty or hundred years. But how Mr. Bryan, if nominated, will adjust himself to the anti-national idea, will become a subject of great interest.

POWERS OF THE PEOPLE.

Faith in Their Potency Gives Relief and Reassurance.

From the Austin Statesman.

There is after all a sense of relief and as well a feeling of reassurance in the expressed faith of the Washington Herald that amid all the talk of federalism and the usurpation of power by the executive branches of the government, there is one fact which looms with constantly increasing impressiveness. It is the fact that the power of the people, instead of being upon the wane, is greater to-day than ever before in our history.

The Herald is on the ground and keeps in constant touch with public questions and the lawmakers, and we repeat that its opinion to the above effect is reassuring. As proof that there is an actual trend toward democracy the Herald insists that an analysis of all the important legislation of the past ten years shows that it has been enacted in response to a popular demand.

Politicians Are "Split Up."

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Now the professional politicians are accusing Gov. Hughes, of New York, of having "split up the party." From their standpoint the accusation is doubtless well-founded. It is characteristic of those persons to consider themselves the party; and they are unquestionably all split up.

Prize for Self-assurance.

From the St. Louis Republic.

The prize for self-assurance must be given to the Oregon Congressman who objects to the execution of the sentence committing him to jail for land frauds on the ground that it will keep him from being present at the opening of the new Congress.

Reasons for Praising Mrs. Sage.

From the Baltimore American.

The fact that Mrs. Russell Sage is at the head of the list of taxpayers in New York City is not the least among the reasons for singing the praises of that estimable woman.

A DINKA SONG.

Upon the day when God all things created,
Created He the sun.
The sun goes up and down and comes again,
Created He the moon.
The moon goes up and down and comes again,
Created He the stars.
The stars go up and down and come again,
Created He mankind.
Man comes forth, goes to earth, returns no more.

—Southern Workman.

AT THE HOTELS.

"Rich Americans maintain racing stables purely for the pleasure it gives them to have a hand in the noblest of human sports, and not from any mercenary considerations," said Mr. "Jimmie" James, one of the best known of the bookmaking fraternity at the Shoreham.

"Years ago George Lorillard told his trainer that if the latter would not let his employer lose more than $25,000 a year on his thoroughbreds that he would consider his racing venture a success, because the pleasure derived from his horses would be fully equal to that expenditure. Curiously enough, Mr. Lorillard's stable did not entail on him a loss because of the many prizes won by his animals, and yet I cannot think of another famous owner who had any such fortunate experience. The Keenes, the Belmonts, the Whitneys, and others of equal fame who have made the racing history of the country have done it at an immense financial sacrifice."

"None of the great owners of stables are given to betting on their horses. Mr. Belmont doesn't put up a cent on the issue of a race, nor does Mr. Hitchcock, or Mr. Keene. I never heard of William C. Whitney doing so. In the old days when Senator Hearst had some fast ones, he occasionally backed one of his own, and yet I never knew him to risk over $200 on a race. Indeed, when the crafty old Californian put up that much he was plunging heavily. Lucky Baldwin would sometimes make a bet up to $50, but that was his limit. Haggin was not a bettor. The only man of this class who risked his money was Mike Dwyer, and it proved his ruin. He was the nerviest speculator on a race of modern times. I saw him once put up $45,000 to win $9,000. Think of a man venturing that much coin on a 1-to-5 favorite! His horse won by the narrowest sort of margin—a short head. Had he refrained from backing his judgment he might have retired as rich a man as his brother Philip."

Mr. Louis Sterne, one of the merchant princes of New York City, is at the New Willard. Mr. Sterne can afford to laugh now, but it was no joking matter at the time—that time he refused to take off his hat because his majesty the German Emperor was coming along the street. His refusal caused a big Berlin copper to "pinch" Mr. Sterne, and but for the intercession of the American Ambassador he would have remained a while in durance vile. As it was, the case was compromised by the payment of a fine. Mr. Sterne cherishes the hope that some day the Kaiser may visit New York, whereupon a certain citizen of the metropolis will show the autocrat that it is no offense in this country for a man to keep on his lid it matters not how great a mogul may be on parade.

A popular young patron of the turf who mingles nightly with the New Willard throng is Mr. Francis Joseph Nolan, of Albany, N. Y. Mr. Nolan is a young man of pleasing personality and excellent family connections who is in racing more largely for pleasure than profit. He is a son of the late Congressman Nolan, who was elected to Congress in 1882, and who was three times the Democratic mayor of Albany. The son is owner of a very good string of horses that are included in the Beverwick stable, and he also is reckoned among the solid business men of New York's capital.

"In regard to the issue of veracity that has been raised between President Roosevelt and Mr. Harriman, it goes without saying that the American public will take the word of the President," said Mr. J. W. Gerard, a New York lawyer of high standing, at the New Willard. Mr. Gerard married a daughter of the late Marcus Daly, and like his father-in-law, is a stanch Democrat, having for a number of years been chairman of the regular Democratic campaign committee of Tammany Hall.

"The reason that the public will side with the President is simple; he has the confidence of the people, something that Mr. Harriman, with all his millions, does not possess. The Harriman letter proves nothing and the emphatic denial of the President will be accepted by his countrymen.

"I say this as a Democrat who hopes to see his party again get in control of the government, which is by no means a utopian dream. If the Republicans are so certain of remaining in power let them nominate some of their frigid and eminently respectable candidates like Messrs. Fairbanks and Root, and then watch what the voters will do to them. Col. Bryan looks a pretty sure winner of the Democratic nomination, and it is going to make the dominant party hump itself to beat him."

"I do not believe that there is any overpowering sentiment in Massachusetts for tariff revision," said Mr. H. A. Gould, a prominent paper manufacturer of Springfield, Mass., at the Arlington.

"It is curious how this tariff question is perennially before the people. I remember coming to Washington during the civil war to appear before the Ways and Means Committee of the House, which was giving hearings at the time on a new revenue bill. It is true that the schedules need rearranging, but the trouble is that any change creates unrest and dread in business circles, and we had better go along even with an imperfect law than to disturb a good business situation. My notion is that a commission ought to be appointed that would handle the tariff scientifically and take it out of the realm of partisan politics."

"I have read many books about America prior to coming here and was fully prepared to be impressed with the grandeur and enterprise of your country, but I have, now, after seeing something of it, to declare that the reality far exceeds my most sanguine expectations," remarked Mr. I. Petschek, of Aussig, Austria, at the New Willard. Mr. Petschek is known as the coal king of Bohemia, and is one of the richest men in the Austrian empire. He is accompanied on his tour by his son Ernest and his nephew Paul, who are students in the university at Dresden; and Messrs. Gustav Bihl, Francis Hvizdalek, and Herman Loecker, counselors of the government and expert mining engineers. In the party also is Mr. Joseph Polatschek, former chief clerk of the city court of Chicago, who is a native of Bohemia, and a boyhood friend of Mr. Petschek.

The Austrian coal magnate employs more than 12,000 men in his numerous mines, and their output is fully one-half of all the coal produced in that country. His immense fortune is the result of his own industry and shrewd business sense, as he did not inherit any wealth.

"If I were a young man," said Mr. Petschek, "I think I would like to come to America and live permanently. It is far and away ahead of any of the countries of the Old World. Your people are the most progressive of all nations and they do things on a scale that is not approached elsewhere. I am more delighted with this country than any words can convey, and the visit here is the happiest and most memorable episode of my life. So far as Washington is concerned our whole party is under the spell of its fascination. It is the most charming, the most attractive place I ever saw, and is eminently fit to be the seat of government of this wonderful republic."

The Austrian visitors leave this morning for St. Louis, and after visiting all the big coal mining centers of the West, will return here for another brief stay preparatory to their homeward voyage.