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SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 1907.

The Real Dementia Americana.

What is the nature of the political obsession now sweeping the country and culminating in the refusal of a Southern editor to sit at a Democratic levee feast unless he were permitted to propose the nomination by William H. Bryan of Theodore Roosevelt as the candidate of the Democratic party?

We are in the midst of a political obfuscation without exact parallel in our history. Civic principles are confused and uncertain, party lines loosely drawn, life-time convictions forgotten, platforms pitched into a heap of old lumber, jumbled together and indistinguishably mixed; the venerable Constitution itself seen through a haze. The older order changes; that, while some may see through a glass darkly, others view the shifting political panorama upside down, while still more give way to foolish imaginings.

It is a fit time for the spread of disorders of the mind political. The fixed idea, as the psychologists say, grows and abounds that there is but one man meet, suitable, and destined for the Presidential office. That is the real dementia Americana afflicting our fair land.

"To-day you can always tell what the weather will be to-morrow," said former Secretary Shaw recently. Not the political weather, Mr. Secretary.

"Uncle Joe"—That's All. Hon. Joseph G. Cannon objects, so it is said, to being addressed as "Mr. Speaker" or "Speaker Cannon" after a Congress has expired by limitation, and before another has been organized and the Speaker selected.

Technically, he is correct, but so far as everyday converse is concerned, it makes very little difference. To practically every man, woman, and child throughout this land he is neither "Speaker Cannon," "Hon. Joseph Cannon," nor "Mr. Cannon." He is "Uncle Joe"—just that, and nothing more. No one has the slightest doubt as to your meaning when, in conversation referring in any manner to public affairs, you speak of "Uncle Joe" doing this or that, or saying the other. Waving aside all technicalities or niceties, whoever talks of "Uncle Joe" means one man in all the nation, and one man only—the gentleman hailing from Illinois who was born in North Carolina and is one of Washington's biggest and most wholesome assets.

And it is a fine thing thus to be affectionately dubbed by the great masses of the people of this happy land. Whether we agree or disagree with "Uncle Joe" and his methods of dispatching legislation, all of us are for "Uncle Joe" in his individual capacity, and do not care who knows it! We like his genial ways, his frank and red-blooded talk, his preference for a dance instead of a speech at a social function in a land like Cuba or Rio de Janeiro. We admire the angle of his cigar when he smokes. His language does not always commend itself, but he is "Uncle Joe," and we forgive him a lot of things.

Long may he wave and remain on the hurricane deck. The ballot stands seven to five against "train-storm" as a sufficient excuse for murder in New York.

Mr. Taft and the Ohio Campaign. There appears to be ample warrant for the opinion that President Roosevelt's desire to have William Howard Taft participate actively in the Ohio campaign, if the Secretary is to continue in the role of an aspirant for the Republican nomination, will be applauded the country over, regardless of political affiliations. All the world loves a fighter. So far Mr. Taft, apparently, has been willing to leave the conduct of his campaign to his relatives and friends. His opponent in Ohio, on the other hand, is a man of strife as the President himself. This naturally accentuates the contrast between the two Buckeye candidates; and although Senator Foraker was notably dispassionate and temperate in his opening speech at Canton, there can be no doubt of his inclination, to say nothing of his ability, to shape his future course in such a way as to define the temperamental differences between him and his adversary all the more sharply.

The situation being just as it is, the President's plans for his Secretary of War doubtless will be generally approved. With excellent reason, we think, the public wishes to hear from Mr. Taft personally, and to see him in action. It is not satisfied with the arrangement which makes Editor Charles P. Taft the most prominent exponent in Ohio, of the Taft propaganda. It does not take kindly to a context in which one of the principals remains in the background.

We are quite ready to believe that Secretary Taft is not anxious to go on the stump in Ohio. But we are unable to discover any other course open to him if he expects to be considered as a Presidential possibility. In his statement, some weeks ago, he practically placed himself in the hands of his friends, and since that time those friends, and particularly his brother-in-law, the Secretary, and presumably with his consent, Charles P. Taft first made statements which elicited Senator For-

aker's challenge to a joint canvass of Ohio, and then formally announced the acceptance of the challenge. Thus the only alternatives now offered to the Secretary are to get into the thickest of the fray at home, or to announce definitely that he is not a candidate for the nomination.

Those who know Secretary Taft naturally incline to the opinion that one of the reasons why he hesitates to follow the first of these courses is his belief that the spectacle of a member of the Cabinet engaged in a scramble for public office, however high, would be the reverse of satisfactory to the American public. It is a trifle odd, all things considered, that President Roosevelt did not give some attention to this phase of the conflict in the Buckeye State. He must appreciate the unseemliness of such an exhibition as we have referred to, and he must realize that Mr. Taft would be entirely free to take an active part in the Ohio battle only in the event of his resignation from the Cabinet.

While, as we have said, there is little doubt that the people will uphold the scheme to send Mr. Taft on a stumping tour through his native State, we believe that before the matter is carried much further a practically unanimous desire for further light on the point we have mentioned will manifest itself.

Still, Mr. Graves, if Mr. Bryan will not nominate Mr. Roosevelt, perhaps you might induce Mr. Grover Cleveland to do it.

A Disgraceful Criminal Trial.

Opinions may differ as to whether Harry K. Thaw should have been found guilty of murdering Stanford White, as seven jurors have held, or whether he should have been acquitted on the ground of insanity, as the remainder of the jurors insisted; but there will be no disagreement, we think, on the proposition that the whole trial was a disgrace to American jurisprudence and a shameful commentary on our administration of the criminal law.

Here was a case where no doubt existed that a crime had been committed, and the only defense of it that was made or could be made was that it was justifiable or that the transgressor was irresponsible. Yet after three months of evidence and argument and expert opinion, the facts of the case appear so muddled and uncertain that a jury of intelligent men cannot reach any conclusion for or against the accused. That is one of the results for which lawyers for the defense constantly labor, for next to acquittal is valued a disagreement of the jury; and the practice of our courts favors the introduction of an immense mass of confusing and befogging evidence which is often dragged into the case for no other purpose than to raise uncertainty in the minds of jurors.

That reform is loudly called for in the administration of criminal law has long been recognized by eminent members of the legal profession, who have lamented the tedium of criminal trials and their frequent failure to accomplish the ends of justice either from the viewpoint of the prosecution or the defense. The trouble lies partly in the criminal code, but more largely in the practice of the courts, where so much latitude is given in the introduction of needless evidence, and where ought to begin with the bench, and spread thence to the bar and to our legislatures. Expert evidence, if the courts will not rule more strictly upon it, should be defined and restricted by law. That sort of evidence has never been more thoroughly discredited than in the Thaw trial. It is doubtful if the testimony of the experts, which took up most of the court's time, had any influence whatever in determining the decision of any of the jurors. It might just as well have been omitted, as it was in all probability totally ignored.

What we need is a more prompt and certain administration of the law, so that the guilty may be quickly convicted and the innocent, or those who are justified of their acts, may be quickly restored to freedom. The Thaw trial ought to lead to a wholesome agitation for the betterment of our criminal procedure, which is now one of the most unpleasant features of American civilization.

Just as the Republican party is getting into a big family row, the suggestion is seriously made that the Democratic party join it. A rough-house in the Republican establishment makes it look like home to the Democrats.

A Great Administrator. Lord Cromer, for twenty-four years the ruler of Egypt, who has retired on account of ill health, is one of the world's great administrators, a splendid exemplar of the long line of the fellahs free of usury, the immense agricultural possibilities of the land developed into extraordinary productiveness.

He it was who settled the Egyptian question, so long the bête noir of British ministries. "The question was," says Stevens, in his piquant way, "When is England going to quit Egypt? The right answer was, Never. The provisional answer given from time to time has been, 'First, it is not quite certain that no other power will enter Egypt; and second, Egypt is capable of setting up a tolerable government for itself. In the course of the last fifteen years the latter answer to the question has gradually approximated to the former. When has come gradually nearer and nearer to 'Never.'"

Twice the British government attempted to initiate a policy of withdrawal, and twice the ministerial purpose was thwarted by foreign influences; but Lord Cromer meant to stay in Egypt and to maintain the British occupation.

Lord Cromer's career interests us because his achievements and his practical annexation of Egypt to British dominions have been frequently cited as furnishing instructive lessons, and, perhaps, significant analogies applicable to our own colonial adventures. The Philippine agricultural bank lately authorized by Congress was modeled after Lord Cromer's Egyptian bank, and his methods of promoting native agriculture have been closely studied by our governmental experts. Our course in Cuba comes so near to that of England in Egypt as to suggest to many whether the Cuban question will ever be settled in any other than Lord Cromer's way. The answer we now give to the question, when shall we quit Cuba? is curiously like that rendered by English statesmen to the like inquiry respecting British occupation of Egypt. But we do not send to Cuba Cromers full of ambition to extend American dominion,

and willing to sacrifice a lifetime of endeavor in the accomplishment of that single purpose. There is something tentative and hesitating about our colonial policy which makes it exceedingly improbable that the analogy between American occupation of Cuba and British occupation of Egypt will be carried further than it exists at present. We are not hungry for lands beyond the seas, nor are our proconsuls filled with lust of power.

The President of Honduras denies that he is whipped. He is quite as much of a last-ditcher as Senator James K. Jones.

Capt. Edward VII. His most Catholic majesty Alfonso XIII, king of Spain, has created his most gracious majesty Edward VII, of Great Britain, Ireland, etc., king, defender of the faith, and so on, a captain in the Spanish army. This is regarded in Europe as quite an important matter, and very pointedly marks the existing entente cordiale between these brother monarchs.

We fear that Edward is already several captains, if not quite a number of colonels as well. Indeed, he probably has a different string of titles for every day in the week, not to mention a particularly illuminating array for Sunday wear. However, he has never been a Spanish captain in all of his life before, and he will doubtless be able to stagger along in his usual fine fettle despite added weights of this kind that loving and admiring fellow-sovereigns may thrust upon him.

Happily for his Britannic majesty and likewise fortunate for his Spanish majesty this crisis, it is not the custom for kings holding commissions in foreign armies to take active command of operations to which they may have been assigned. Edward will be expected to shine as a Spanish captain, but not to command any Spanish soldiers. He is to realize that he is to be splendidly ornamental, but must steadfastly refrain from asking any embarrassing questions concerning his troops.

We have no doubt that so tactful a monarch as Edward VII will make haste to reply in kind to his brother who abides in the land of the olive trees and dark-eyed serenos! Alfonso ought to be repaid in as nearly the same coin, so to speak, as the captain may be able to discover among his large and varied assortments. Without assuming to be officious or forward in a matter not directly concerning us, we suggest, nevertheless, to King Edward the propriety of retaliating by appointing Alfonso an admiral in the British fleet assigned to the Great Lakes that lie along the south Canadian frontier.

Now that King Alfonso has offered our American yachtsmen a chance to win his cup, why not return the courtesy by offering the Spanish yachtsmen a chance to win back our Philippine islands?

"The tariff dilemma" is a rather tempting topic to various pro-Roosevelt papers these days. Look out, Mr. Bryan; you may soon have an absolutely empty clothes line!

Great Barrington (Mass.) hens are said to be laying eggs with 10-cent pieces in them. That will tend to reconcile the people of Great Barrington to the market price of eggs.

A scientist declares that the hammer is the most ancient of all tools. We suppose there are evidences of the existence of the knocker brigade as far back as Adam.

A number of John Paul Jones relics have come to light in North Carolina. It is altogether probable that John Paul was buried in North Carolina, as well as Scotland, France, and several other places.

According to the Omaha Bee, a "Sore Toe" club has been organized in Kansas. The very place for apprentices to serve, preliminary to joining the Ananias Club.

"Philosophers are unpurchasable," says one old Baltimore American, though one who had intimated that it could be purchased.

Tillman Murray made an excellent head waiter, says the Chattanooga Star in its report of the Bryan banquet. How did Tillman take the suggestion that Mr. Bryan nominate Mr. Roosevelt for another term?

However, Secretary Taft's decision that a man's mother-in-law is not a part of his immediate family may mean that the man is simply a part of his mother-in-law's family.

It seems that "Uncle Joe" made a great speech to those Porto Ricans in a language not a word of which they understood, but they punctured his remarks with "great applause," "laughter," etc., just as naturally as the Congressional Record would have done.

Senator Pettus says the Brownsville investigation is a "fruitless undertaking." Certain there does not appear to be any lemons in it for the President.

Ex-Gov. Odell says the "so-called reformer" is a "grasshopper." However, the Odells of this land are finding out that he is not as green a grasshopper as he looks.

Mr. Bryan suggests Mr. La Follette, and Mr. La Follette suggests Mr. Roosevelt, notes the Pittsburg Dispatch. And Mr. Roosevelt suggests Mr. Taft—and there you are!

We refuse to believe that some one yelled "Kill the cop!" in a Boston theater. What he probably said was "Kindly separate the custodian of the peace from his power to assimilate the oxygen in the atmosphere."

And now comes a report from the South that the blackberry crop is a failure. We presume the crop liars will never let up until they have killed even the 'possum crop.

Mr. Edward Ward Carmack, who was present and "also spoke," was another guest who didn't feel that he could, "as at present advised," endorse the suggestion that the Democrats nominate Mr. Roosevelt as his own successor.

ALAY SERMON.

By A LAYMAN.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proverbs of Solomon.

This text coming from him, who was denominated the wisest of mankind in often quoted, but, I fear, seldom pursued. In the first place, there are, and always will be, differences of opinion as to what is meant by "the way he should go." Each parent has his own idea about it, and no two will often fully agree.

The teaching of Spartan children was to tell the truth and learn how to shoot. "Taking the education in shooting in a broad sense, I am inclined to favor this brief statement of an important Federal officer in Ohio—to the internal revenue collectorship either at Cincinnati or Cleveland. Earnest protests from both factions of white Republicans in Ohio, and especially from supporters of Representative Nicholas Longworth, in Cincinnati, are understood to have dissuaded the President from putting Tyler in office in the Buckeye State. It is expected, of course, that the President's selection of Tyler for an important office in Washington will have weight in the fierce factional warfare now opening in Ohio. Judson Lyon's colored friends in Georgia, by the way, are said to be much displeased with the President's treatment of him.

Watterson's P-I Column. Reporters in Washington who have worked on "Mars" Henry Watterson's Courier-Journal in Louisville say that Kentucky's great editor when at home watches more carefully the work of the reporter assigned to the "hotel column" than that of any other member of the staff. Contrary to popular belief, "Mars" Henry pays very little attention to the work of his editorial writers. Just so they follow the policies he sets, he seems to care nothing for the subjects they choose or their treatment of them. He leaves to his managing editor's judgment the length of the character and amount of news printed each day. He never interferes with the work of other chiefs of departments. But was betide the aspiring young journalist who is assigned to the "hotel column," this "Mars" Henry scans with critical scrutiny every morning. It is his pet column in the paper. If a single misstatement of fact creeps into one of its paragraphs and Mr. Watterson finds it out, the reporter responsible is forthwith called "on the carpet" by the Star-eyed Goddess of the country, and as never he was before. Other mistakes he will excuse, just so they are not in his "hotel column." But after he has finished his report of the luckless reporter "Mars" Henry usually takes him out and buys him a good lunch, warning him that if he again make a blunder he must look for a job elsewhere.

A Journalistic Hatchery. The destruction the other day by fire of the building and plant of the Rome (Ga.) Tribune is a reminder that that section of its most widely known and influential newspaper men. Henry Grady got his start on its staff. He was followed on the Tribune, soon after he built up the Atlanta Constitution, by John Temple Graves and Frank L. Stanton, who worked on the paper at the same time. Stanton went to the Constitution with Grady, and is there yet, writing his quaint and tuneful melodies, "Just from Georgia." Another journalist of national distinction who worked on the Tribune was Montgomery Folsom, whose poetry in his magazines of the country a few years ago took high rank. Mr. Folsom is now dead. John Temple Graves is editing an afternoon newspaper in Atlanta, and it was he who startled the nation a few days ago by advocating, at a banquet in Chattanooga at which William Jennings Bryan was the guest of honor, that Mr. Bryan rise in the next Democratic national convention and nominate Theodore Roosevelt for President.

Evans and the "Boozers." Admiral Robley D. Evans—"Fighting Bob"—is now the St. Patrick of the American navy. He is fighting the demon rum and its snakes, and determined to run them off every war ship that flies the Stars and Stripes. The enlisted man who violates the rigid rules he has established for the conduct of the big fleet, "the doctored admiral is commanding by tarrying long at the wine cup when shore leave is given the limit of punishment—and then some—when he returns to his ship. The officer, regardless of rank, who shows signs of overindulgence when returning from shore gets a dressing down from the very admiral that will not soon be forgotten. Admiral Evans is said even to have gone so far as to prohibit officers from keeping in their lockers whiskey of all kinds under the name of "sherry." Ever since the law prohibited the keeping or drinking of whisky aboard ship officers have made it a rule to keep a bountiful supply of "sherry," in the event that they might give their guests a bracing snifter of the "real stuff" before dinner, and the naval authorities, though they have not been so far as to forbid it, have taken the matter in hand so far as his fleet is concerned, and now the officer under his command who desires to keep sherry in his locker must follow Missouri law and "show" the admiral that it is sherry scarce enough.

Warner's Heavy Mail. Senator Warner, of Missouri, probably has a heavier mail to attend to than any other member of the Senate. Frequently he receives 300 letters a day, and rarely is the number less than 100. The unusual size of his mail is due to the fact that he is the first Republican elected from Missouri for more than thirty years, and to the further fact that he was at one time commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, whose members in all parts of the country are familiar with his name and apply to him for aid. Then, too, Maj. Warner is conducting the President's defense in the Brownsville investigation by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, and this has increased the number of his correspondents noticeably.

In New York. From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Madly the throng pressed about the woman. Protection guarding her could hardly protect her from the crush. "The matter?" a stranger ventured to ask. "Aw, you're green," responded a native in the patois of Manhattan, "dat a loidy wot once knowed de sister of de valet of de guy dat's on trial fer murder."

What Would Have Happened? From the Louisville Courier-Journal. What would have happened to Joe Bailey in Texas if he'd been caught writing letters to Harriman inviting him to Washington for a talk before writing his speech upon the railroad rate bill?

A Mad World. From the New York Herald. With sunspots troubling Pittsburg, "brain-storms" in Manhattan, and snow in the month of April in the sunny South, 'tis a mad world, my masters.

Less Likely Than Ever. If Theodore Roosevelt continues to steal William Jennings Bryan's thunder, the gentleman from Nebraska will be less than ever likely to be struck by Presidential lightning.

MEN AND THINGS.

Only One from the South.

President Roosevelt's appointment of Ralph W. Tyler, of Ohio, to the important position of Auditor for the Navy Department, succeeding in office, a constituent of Senator 2arrington, has called attention to the fact that he now has in office in Washington only one negro from the South—Dancy, of North Carolina, register of deeds of the District of Columbia. About a year ago he supplanted Judson Lyon, a Georgia negro, with W. T. Vernon, a Kansas negro politician, as Register of the Treasury. Tyler is one of the leading negro politicians of Ohio, and the President some time ago thought of appointing him to an important Federal office in Ohio—to the internal revenue collectorship either at Cincinnati or Cleveland. Earnest protests from both factions of white Republicans in Ohio, and especially from supporters of Representative Nicholas Longworth, in Cincinnati, are understood to have dissuaded the President from putting Tyler in office in the Buckeye State. It is expected, of course, that the President's selection of Tyler for an important office in Washington will have weight in the fierce factional warfare now opening in Ohio. Judson Lyon's colored friends in Georgia, by the way, are said to be much displeased with the President's treatment of him.

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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

NO MATTER.

Another fellow writes the jest We might have writ. It is much better than our best And makes a hit. But we our feeble chunks of fun Conceive to sell. And so when all is said and done, It's just as well.

Another fellow gets the maid We might have had. Secures her heart in one fell raid And makes us sad. But now to her his last lone red He must abide. And so when all is done and said, It's just as well.

Naturally. "My heart was in my throat for a while, but at last it resumed its normal position." "Any then?" "I breathed easier."

Pleasant Reading. "I love English novels, don't you?" "Yes," answered Mrs. Nocooc, "I do. I particularly revel in those passages which treat of the old servants, and how they have been with the family for years, and years, and years!"

Quite So. Custom unto such doth bind us—Robes and gauds. Take all off and you will find us—'Tis setty frauds.

A Mollieyoddle. "I could stand for Ferd's purple spats," explained Grace. "But?" "But when he got his mustache mangled, I quit."

Accurate. "What did you have for lunch?" "I had some nearcoffee, some almosteggs, a little baconine, and a wedge of not-quite pie."

No Doubt. "Jinks is courting two girls at the same time." "And does he find the course of true love smooth?" "Smooth? Finds it slippery, I'll go bail."

ADRIFT WITH THE TIMES. From the Birmingham Age-Herald. What's the Use? When you feel like singing, singing And your heart is full of cheer, When the bells are ringing, ringing Peals of gladness everywhere; When the sun is shining, shining And the world is fair to view, What's the use of pining, pining? What's the use of feeling blue?

The Night Before Christmas" is being played to crowded houses, despite the fact that it is 136 nights after Christmas. "Can you smell the alewives smoking; have you seen the herring run?" chirps an Eastern contemporary. Nope; too far South.

If You're Glad. You will never have much trouble, On the journey that you go, And the hardest knocks will never Prove the means to drag you low; Oh, you'll frolic in the sunshine And you'll laugh a lot, egad, If your disposition's merry And you're glad, glad, glad.

Oh, this life is not a bother To the chap who views it right And there are many ways of making All your tribulations light. You'll be thankful just you go, For the old world, good and bad, And you'll never mind the weather If you're glad, glad, glad.

A stenographer who uses the expression "perfectly grand" makes matters worse by styling herself a "lady secretary." Father's camping out at night, Mother's cleaning house. All the children are a sight, Mother's cleaning house. Dust is flying in the air. Soap and water's everywhere, In the parlor, on the stair—Mother's cleaning house.

Pandemonium reigns supreme, Mother's cleaning house. Home is comfortless, 'twould seem, Mother's cleaning house. Gee, we'll all be mighty glad, When it's over. Poor old dad Has the tantrums pretty bad—Mother's cleaning house.

Haven't had a meal this week, Mother's cleaning house. That we didn't have to seek, Mother's cleaning house. In some noisy, cheap cafe, Sweeping, sweeping night and day, Life's a nightmare lived this way—Mother's cleaning house.

Reducing Speed of Trains. From the Pittsburg Herald. Some of the Western railroads are said to have decided upon reducing the speed of passenger trains because of recent legislation. Such action, while it may be intended as retaliation upon the traveling public, ought to result in promoting their safety. The fastest trains might well be slowed down some without harm. If it is proposed, however, to run the trains in such a way as to embarrass the people generally, the railroads will soon discover that they have made a costly mistake, which they will in due time be glad to remedy. This is no time for the exhibition of mere spite upon the part of the railroads, for such an exhibition is certain to add to the popular sentiment against their abuses.

Prospects and Cinches. From the Bristol (Tenn.) Herald-Courier. "From the little rifts in the Republican party may presently emerge something that looks remarkably like a Democratic Prospect," says the Richmond Times. But about that time there will probably appear some little rifts in the Democratic party from which will emerge something that very closely resemble a Republican Cinch.

What It Meant. From the New York Evening Post. To Inquirer: The President's saying, "My dear knows no brother," was intended to show his determination to protect not even his dearest friend who had violated the law. For particulars, apply to Paul Mortimer.

A Prediction. From the Chicago Evening Post. Mr. Bryan has conspired Mr. Dunne. Mr. Dunne will remember and at the proper time will reciprocate.

AT THE HOTELS.

"The greatest heroine produced by the Revolutionary war, though her name is almost unknown outside her own State, was beyond all question, Nancy Hart, of Wilkes County, Georgia," said Mrs. Robert E. Park, of Atlanta, the accomplished and stately looking vice president general of the D. A. R., at the Ebbitt House.

"Nancy Hart, known as the 'War Woman of Wilkes,' needs the pen of a great historian to adequately tell her extraordinary story. Had she been a New Englander, her fame would have been blazoned to the world, and her name would be on the lip of every school child in this land. You see, the histories of our country have all been by Northern writers, and naturally they give but secondary importance to the part played by the South in the Revolution. At any one of several battles fought during that struggle on the soil of Georgia, more people were killed and wounded than at Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill combined, and yet the historians have scarcely alluded to the conflicts occurring outside the Northern States.

"But to come back to Nancy Hart, for whom, by the way, we have a Georgia chapter named. This woman, fired with the love of liberty, did as gallant deeds as ever a woman being performed, and which, in view of her sex, were almost without parallel. She risked her life on the roughest country roads at the dead of night bearing dispatches to the patriot commanders. Many a time, disguised as a man, she spied on the Tories and revealed their plans.

"Her home was the rendezvous of the 'Liberty boys' as she called the countrymen, her neighbors, who were fighting in freedom's cause. Her husband, a British officer, came to her house to see all the men were away and demanded that she cook them a turkey. Complying with feigned politeness, Nancy got them a good dinner, and when the British officers were gone she hid their weapons, threatening her great personal harm. On this the dauntless Nancy, who had prepared for this emergency, shot two of our British captives, and another, and made the others captives. At this opportune time rode her husband and a band of the 'Liberty boys.' What followed, I rather shudder to tell, but history records that the survivors were hung from a cart, and that Nancy Hart herself drove the vehicle away, leaving them to dangle in the air. She lived to see the cause for which she dared so much, and the women of Georgia are going to build a marble monument in honor of her memory."

"The death of ex-Gov. D. H. Chamberlain, of South Carolina, in Massachusetts yesterday, marks the passing of pretty nearly the last of the 'carpetbag' executives who controlled the Southern States in the days that followed Lee's surrender," said Mr. P. L. Gardner, of New Orleans, at the Arlington. "It must be said of Chamberlain, however, that he was by no means a vulgar adventurer, and it must be conceded that during his term of office he did some things that excited the admiration even of the white people of South Carolina, who hated him and his corrupt followers with a bitter hatred.

"Like all the rest of the carpetbag colleagues, he was not in office for his health or pleasure, and though he came South a poor man he went back to his native State a very wealthy one. In 1856 came the revolution, and the power of Chamberlain was broken. He tried with desperation to continue his control of the State government, but the negro Carolinians,