

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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

Subscription Rates by Mail. Daily and Sunday, \$3.00 per month...

Entered as second-class matter, October 3, 1896, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Scott C. Bone, Editor. Ernest H. Merick, Treasurer and Business Manager...

The Washington Herald is delivered by carrier in the District of Columbia and at Alexandria, Va., at 35 cents per month...

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

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-Broadway Bldg., LaCote & Maxwell, Managers. Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg., LaCote & Maxwell, Managers.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1907.

Mr. Bryan's Platform. William J. Bryan, in the current issue of the Commoner, sets forth the Democratic position from his own point of view.

Chicago and New York. The Chicago Record-Herald, with natural pride in all things pertaining to the metropolis of the West, has taken upon its shoulders the task of replying to certain animadversions on that city which have appeared in recent numbers of a New York magazine.

Alas, for White House "Pete" he is a weakling, and he has feet of clay. Indeed, we are not sure that he is not a willful and a deliberate undesirable citizen.

The Evangelical Ministers' Association of Atlanta has abandoned belief in total abstinence. Evidently those good and pious gentlemen never heard of the Ananias Club.

A Canadian lawyer has returned a \$2,000 fee to the government, announcing that the honor he won in conducting the case for it was more than sufficient compensation.

A Baltimore doctor says "ple is one of the greatest enemies man has." It doesn't seem to disagree especially with Mr. George B. Cortelyou, and he has sampled a various assortment.

Mr. W. T. Stead says he cannot see that Chicago has improved in the past fourteen years, and Chicago does not appear to seriously resent the statement. Sometimes a knock is a boost.

Financing Peter of Serbia says he is "in financial straits." Should not be surprised at any time to hear of his being "dead broke."

Tennessee has a law which requires every fish caught in the streams of that State to weigh not less than two pounds. Must be a mollycoddler lot of fishermen in Tennessee if they cannot keep their fish yards above that limit without legislation.

"Roosevelt is far and away the most popular man in this country," says Mr. John W. Gates. Certainly; the farther away the more popular he is with Mr. Harriman.

One San Francisco man is on trial for killing another who had a habit of singing on the street cars. The jury may find the defendant guilty, but he certainly is entitled to a recommendation to the mercy of the court.

"Marse Henry" says he can tell Mr. Bryan the name of a fit and proper noun for the Democracy. Since that Chattanooga incident, however, Mr. Bryan is thought to be a bit shy about listening to gratuitous advice along that line.

'Tis the last freeze of springtime, left thawing alone. All its frapped companions have skidded and gone.

"Teeth and tongue are constant grave-diggers," says the Baltimore American. Not so much now, however, as before the passage of the pure-food law.

Mr. Nikola Tesla says he can invent anything he wants to. Wish he would invent a hot-air consumer and attach it to himself.

The New York Mail thinks a newspaper paragrapher can only get to heaven provided he can secure a free pass preciously. Hope it isn't going to be as hard to get to heaven as it is to get a free railroad pass.

In a list of "ten best things to eat," the Charlotte Observer puts shad down as No. 9. Of course, there is a vast difference between North Carolina red-horse suckers, sometimes called shad, and the real star-spangled variety of shad that grows in the Potomac.

The only gleam of hope we poor men have had recently comes from the Con-

gregational Church, which issues an appeal that "men are wanted in the church, and at once, to supplement female grace and devotion with masculine vigor and directness."

So there is hope for us after all. Along the path of Congregationalism the women still need us, and, perhaps, if we are good, they will allow us to see them home.

Crises in Great Britain would not be matters of great moment were it not for the fact that they invariably bring forth one of Rudyard Kipling's near-poems.

The Lamented Pythagoras. Not since the long lost tomb of Cleopatra was found, and the final resting place of Queen Thi, consort of King Hotep III, revealed to the light of modern research, has anything so moved us as the reported discovery of the sepulcher in which rest the ragged remains of Pythagoras.

Pythagoras flourished some 2,500 years ago, and was a far-famed philosopher. Unfortunately, he early acquired the prevailing habit of his time, and carelessly mistook the remainder of his name, thus rendering it impossible to say at this date, with accuracy, whether he was Pythagoras Smith or Pythagoras Jones.

In order to avoid an argument with the Norfolk Landmark, we will assume that it was Smith, and that he was the ancestor of Virginia's famous John, and the great-great-grandfather of the Jamestown Exposition.

Pythagoras' pet dog was the theory of the transmigration of souls, and one of the yellow journals of the time printed an exclusive story about his stopping a dog fight upon one occasion and demanding that the populace settle aside and allow him to settle the dispute, which he recognized as nothing less than a wrangle between the souls of two of his long lost friends.

On account of his ardent belief in the theory above set forth, many people have sought his modern counterpart, believing that somewhere upon this earth stalks abroad an up-to-date and totally rehabilitated Greek philosopher, Pythagoras.

Who this American is we do not attempt to say. It might be a certain well-known Nebraskan, in the light of some things known to have been true of the original Pythagoras; but as that ancient gentleman preached silence as a fine art, and at one period is reported to have carefully refrained from speech for two entire years, the Nebraskan theory naturally bursts into asheraera. His likeness to another and no less distinguished American can be traced to a certain extent. He is credited with being the inventor of the famous Pythagorean lyre, and is known to have organized a fine society of the men of his day who confessed themselves devoted to the instrument.

But as only the aristocracy of the land was admitted—Rough Riders, anti-race subduers, and nonmollycoddles being rigidly debarred—the analogy again tumbles to pieces, and we are left groping as before.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding, Pythagoras cut a wide swath in his day, and separated much ice from the original philosophical chunk. "Nice write-ups of the gentleman may be found in certain volumes of more or less prosaic literature, and investigation into his customs and life habits will prove highly interesting to persons who find delight in browsing around among such ancient and honorable personages. Just exactly when, how, and why he died, nobody seems to know, but we are glad that his tomb has been located, for all of that.

Spring Tuesday in Washington. A new sun spot 90,000 miles long and shaped like an interrogation point has been discovered. Perhaps a sort of sarcasm against New York, which already is quite strong enough, and what is more important, from the Chicago standpoint, it does not explain or refute the stories regarding the prevalence of crims and disorder in the latter city. True, the writer devotes a considerable part of his article to telling of the progress that has been made in the movement to suppress certain classes of lawbreakers, and to make the city better governed, and refers at some length to the satisfactory conditions which exist now. But that feature of the measure has been enacted into law, and now we shall see what we shall see. If reforms come, the decent people of New York will find that the whole country will rejoice with them.

So far as Chicago is concerned, we are quite willing to accept the assertions of the Record-Herald writer that the situation there is much better than heretofore. There certainly was room for improvement. Chicago has a much smaller police force than New York, in proportion to its population, and perhaps it labors under other disadvantages. But that is no excuse for such lawlessness as the city's own press has described in the past. The thing for the newspapers and the people to do is to compel the new administration they have the power to rid the police force of grafters and loafers, and to enforce the laws. Such a course, rather than saying "you're another" to New York, is what is needed to make Chicago clean and safe, morally.

In the meantime, let us of Washington continue to give thanks that we have the good fortune to live where we do.

Men Wanted. Within the past few years the feminine part of the world has made such progress that it has almost seemed as if mere man were to be shut out altogether. Of course a "man's man," with real money, can even yet find a niche, but many of the modern women think, undoubtedly, that the money would be much nicer without the man.

It is all right for a man to buy a sixty-horsepower automobile, but having bought it, the woman can run it with as much skill as he can. She may say she had a better time without him, too.

In every walk of life, these modern days, we find women holding more than their own. They are beating the men clerks; they make the best nurses; they are attorneys in our courts; they are skilled doctors, and, more recently, they have taken to cab driving, and seem to do it well.

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A Little Nonsense. Sudden, angry skies of slate, Clouds of inky hue. Such has been our somber fate All the winter through.

Rain and hail and endless snows, Ashen days and gray. We have had enough of those, Smile a little, May!

We had better hopes of spring; Slowly now they fade, But as yet we stanchly cling To the fickle June. After April's scowling reign Pattern not, we pray, Let us have the sun again; Smile a little, May!

The Old Parson. "Your minister has an abrupt manner," "Yes," "Why do you tolerate it?" "Because he hasn't never displayed no hankerin' for an affinity as yet."

An Adage Revised. "The President is apt to ask you who is the best man in the army?" "Well," "Say Wood and risk nothing."

The Hired Girl. Monday she washed and ironed, and oh, Our hearts never busted! But Monday, alas, is slow— Tuesday, she dusted.

Not This Year. "Tell me some rhymes for May," "Gay, hay, play, ray are all good rhymes," "But none of those rhymes are pertinent to the subject."

Marvelous Machinery. "Wonderful," said the professor, "is the strength of the human jaw," "And," added the married man, "think of its tirelessness!"

An Almost-town. "Yes, I live in St. Paul," "Then Minneapolis is a near city?" "That's what we think."

Nothing Serious. From the Philadelphia Press. Quits. Tommy—Ma, Willie Jones sez he— Mother—Hush! Tommy, you interrupted me while I was speaking. Tommy—Well, ma, you jest interrupted me, so we're even.

The Very Place. "I think," said young Trotter, "I'll draw that money Uncle John left to me. I'm thinking of a trip abroad," "But," protested his mother, "you were to save it for a rainy day," "Well, I'm going to London. I'll be sure to find a rainy day there."

Disolved. Towne—I just saw Fetherley, and he was very happy, indeed. Browne—Why, that's funny. I saw him this morning and he seemed gloomy enough. He told me he was having a peck of trouble. Towne—Well, he seems to have disposed of the peck in a pint flask.

The Passenger Elevator. "Bragley claims to have built the first passenger elevator ever used in this country," "Nonsense! The Mississippi steamboats were running and blowing up regularly long before he was born."

Adding Insult to Injury. "Why am I gloomy?" demanded the undesirable suitor whom she had heartlessly ignored; "isn't it enough to make a man gloomy to be cut by the one he loves best?" "It didn't even know that you shaved yourself!"

Just a Huge Joke. "I wonder why it is said that 'all the world loves a lover'?" "I guess it's because the world thinks its such fun to hear his letters read in court."

The Purest He Can Get. "My friends tell me," said Mrs. Newberry, "that your milk is not pure," "That's not so," retorted the milkman, "Well, they say you put water in it," "Well, I use nothing but filtered water."

A Refuge Needed. "O, woodman, spare that tree, Touch not a single bough! We need 'em all, to flee! You husband of the cow."

Black Bass and Bards. Rochester Herald: "You cannot believe all you hear about the peach crop," says The Washington Herald. Especially when you hear that it has been killed only eight times.

Cleveland Leader: The Houston Post tells of a jackrabbit that fell in the water and was instantly swallowed by a Texas black bass. If The Washington Herald can bear that, let it come forward.

Houston Post: If the esteemed Washington Herald would like to fish for black bass in Texas, the Post will take pleasure in arranging to trap a hundred or so live rabbits to be used as bait.

Charleston News and Courier: Washington Herald: "If the News and Courier's idea is to limit the hours of work in suggesting a poets' union, we second the motion." Minutes, not hours, contemporary.

Norfolk Landmark: "Thomas Bailey Aldrich left an estate of \$15,000. However, he had \$15,999.11 before he ever wrote a line of poetry," says The Washington Herald. No he didn't. A friend who died a few years ago bequeathed him \$154,500.

Concord Monitor: The Washington Herald claims to have discovered a "new spring poet" in New Hampshire by the name of Morgan Mottle Mudgie. This is another case of having to go away from home to get the news.

Should Prepare for the Inevitable. From the Arkansas Gazette. The Spanish ministers and other dignitaries would like to get in training, so that they can appear properly interested and entertained when Papa Alfonso begins to tell the bright things his baby says.

Close. From the New York Herald. London caterers are becoming mighty close. They are objecting now because American patrons take away silver knives, forks, spoons, and other tableware as souvenirs.

Difficult to Blow Up. From the Philadelphia North American. Strange as it may seem, the powder trust is one of the most difficult to blow up.

Very Likely. From the Boston Journal. Very likely the new Spanish baby wonders what all the fuss is about.

A Little Nonsense. Men and Things.

Foraker and the Rate Bill. In view of the apparent certainty that Senator Foraker has made up his mind to fight to the last ditch in Ohio, a brief recital of the real inside history of the part he took against the administration's railroad-rate bill at the first session of the last Congress may be interesting.

The statement can be made without the least shadow of doubt or uncertainty that before he boldly threw himself into the breach in the memorable rate fight Senator Foraker had been promised the unyielding support of a majority of the Republican Senators. His party colleagues selected him before Congress met to lead the opposition to the administration's railroad policy, which had been plainly foreshadowed in the President's message toward the close of the last session of the Fifty-eighth Congress.

Between the adjournment of that Congress and the adjournment of the present Congress, Senator Foraker spoke out plainly in newspaper interviews and in public addresses against the programme marked out by the administration. He had the solemn assurances of the dominant element of the Senate that he would be loyally supported in his antagonism to the administration.

But the Senate is a wary body—warier even than the sagacious Ohio Senator. His colleagues encouraged him to persist in his position. How well he kept faith with them is now a matter of history. But when it came obvious to those who had encouraged him to lead the fight that they could write from the administration a satisfactory compromise on the court-reviving provision—which was the sole stumbling block in the way—they quietly deserted the dashing Ohioan and left him exposed to the concentrated fire of the reform reform hosts.

Foraker swallowed his pride, his indignation, his natural feeling of personal outrage, and persisted to the end in the attitude he had assumed at the opening of the battle. Should he ever speak his mind about the "double-cross" which would be such an exposure of Republican Senatorial closet skeletons as has not been made in many a day.

Barton Will Tell Things. A week from today former Senator Burton, of Kansas, will begin at Wichita a speaking tour of that State in which he purposes to tell the people all about the inside working of things in Washington. He will make his prosecution and conviction on criminal charges while a member of the Senate the basis for a slashing attack on the conduct of numerous men who now enjoy the national confidence. He will be particularly severe on President Roosevelt, whom he holds primarily responsible for the stinging disgrace put upon him by the Federal court at St. Louis, which sentenced him to a six-months prison term for violating the statute which forbids members of Congress practicing for pay before the executive departments in Washington.

It is said that Burton still has a considerable following in Kansas that will rally loyally and enthusiastically to his support, and it is, therefore, expected that his tour will provoke great political excitement among the people of that State. Col. Dave Mulvane, the Kansas member of the Republican National Committee, is said to be sticking to Burton staunchly, and it is presumed that Mulvane is financing this latest sensational move of Burton.

Incidentally, it is interesting to recall that the only comment made for publication by the President upon the scorching rebuke of E. H. Harriman was: "How lucky" that he had not been struck at the same time by Harriman and Burton.

Seat of Dick's Power. There are wheels within wheels in Ohio Republican politics, and the real inmost wheel is the executive committee of the State central committee. Senator Dick is chairman of this executive committee, which is composed of the pick of the politicians of the general jurisdiction. In his day Mark Hanna held a tight grip on this inmost wheel, and it was by this means that he was enabled to swing the party to suit his purposes. Thus far Senator Dick has had only one opportunity to show his fitness as Hanna's successor. That was last year's State convention, held at Dayton. Through the executive committee he dictated the selection of delegates in a sufficient number of counties to give him and Senator Foraker control at Dayton. It will be recalled that the administration's proposition there was to have the convention give the Ohio Senators a less cordial indorsement than that to be given Secretary Taft. The entire affair, however, was a mere show, and Foraker and Dick came out of the fray with flying colors. An analysis of the executive committee published a few days ago by the Cincinnati newspaper owned by Secretary Taft's brother-in-law, showed by a majority of about two to one, that Foraker and Dick came out of the fray with flying colors.

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The Optimist.

There was fine food for thought in that utterance of Dr. S. W. Mitchell, reported in The Washington Herald the other day: "I get tired," he said, "of hearing these men talk about nothing but millions and billions, and not a word said about educational or moral progress, or literature, or poetry. Why has the nation got so infused with commercialism that men can talk of nothing but dollars and cents?"

It would seem so, indeed! And it might seem rather a topic for a pessimist, this thought of how the dollar enters into our daily life. It is worse here in America than in other countries, unfortunately, for we, disregarding from the first titles or honors due to birth or breeding, have come piously near to the recognition of an aristocracy of dollars. Of course, even among our plutocrats we have some notable examples of what is called benevolence, and we, as a people, have something like awe and reverence for the man who gives away actual money, millions at a time. But, after all, it is the dollar-worship in our blood that makes us pay the due of rather extravagant laudation.

Our most notable illustration of million-dollar philanthropy, of course, is Mr. Carnegie, who, with his libraries, his castles, and his Carnegie medal, is a world-wide example. But it is the vast extent of his giving, rather than the gifts themselves, that excite attention. He says, with some unctious, that it is a disgrace to die rich; but it is safe to predict that the Laird of Skibo will not die in poverty.

In the meantime, has it ever cost him to give; to endow libraries; to award medals for bravery bearing his name? In actual figures he has given millions, but without any deprivation! To donate millions he has had to sacrifice nothing!

In the meantime it will be well for us, who have no large surplus over our daily needs, to remember that Butler, in his "Hudibras," was wrong when he wrote: "The true weaver's mill, 't'is poor, who that his mauls falls down before."

So far from that we find that true happiness does not lie in the possession of great wealth. Great fortunes never wrote the books that help men to live better lives. Money cannot write the sonnet that, striking a responsive chord, shall inspire a soul to high endeavor. Money is not charity, nor hope, nor loving-kindness. These, which are the gifts of those in humblest stations, are, after all, the real things of life.

We live in debt, not years, in thoughts, not breaths. In feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-beats. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

PHILIPPINE WHITE ELEPHANT. Manila Paper Tells What is Needed in Islands. From El Renacimiento, Manila. There is a story that once upon a time an Eastern prince presented an elephant to a poor, but honest man as a mark of his favor. Fear of giving offense prevented this poor man from refusing the gift or from disposing of this expensive burden; therefore, besides making a miserable existence for himself and his suffering family, he had to feed the voracious elephant, and this has passed into the proverb: "He has an elephant on his hands."

The Philippine people will patiently feed and care for a few of these "manifestations of love and good will," because, as Taft said, "they are childish," but when they are against our policy, and without our consent are not only wasting all our revenue but importing highly paid experts to study new audacities on which to spend new taxes or increase existing taxes, we feebly beg to be excused from having further gifts forced upon us.

Just now we are threatened with the unthought and useless gift of a deep sea fishing steamer called the Albatross, for a country like the Philippines, composed of more than 1,200 islands where, so to speak, the coast line is crowded with shallow sea fishing.

We have a fleet of coast guard steamers built at an enormous cost of unwilling taxpayers' money, apparently for no earthly use. It seems that when the commission was at Benguet and decided that no more money could possibly be spent on that road that season they decided that it would be for capital plan to build a lot of steamers something like private yachts; so by figuring out the number of miles to and from delightful places, suitable to visit on inspection tours (5) and then calculating the number of miles approved for the season, he could be traveled a day, contracts were given to Shanghai and elsewhere to build coast guard steamers and a bureau of navigation was established.

These coast guard steamers would not do for "deep sea fishing," chiefly because, if they were thus employed, it would prevent this new "deep sea bureau" being formed, and, furthermore, these coast guard steamers cost about \$100 per day to run, so much that they are tied up at Engineer's Island. Only now and again when a commissioner wants to come from Japan two or three days earlier than could be done by a regular liner, do these coast guard steamers seem to carry out the subtle work for which apparently they were built. No one ever suggested any other use for them.

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Proof of Americanization. From the Louisville Courier-Journal. The Singapore Free Press rises to remark that it is a wonderfully lucky thing for politicians that the public has a short memory. The Americanization of the Orient seems to be an accomplished fact.

Frauds. Complaint is made that the Secretary Taft brand of cigars is a fraud. They are no larger than many other kinds,

At the Hotels.

"Nobody can say when we will have an election to vote on the adoption of the constitution framed for the new State of Oklahoma," said Gov. Frank Frantz, governor of Oklahoma Territory, at the New Willard Hotel, Washington.

"As governor, I have been enjoined from proclaiming the constitution, and the final decision rests with the Supreme Court of the Territory, which does not meet until the middle of June. It may take weeks for that tribunal to dispose of the case, and as sixty days' notice must then be given prior to the election, it is pretty certain that no vote will be taken in August, the time contemplated. If the injunction should be made permanent, there would be nothing to do but to reconvene the convention and prepare a new instrument."