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SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.

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ARE YOU GOING AWAY?

Subscribers who leave the city temporarily should have The Washington Herald mailed to them. Addresses will be changed as often as requested. You cannot keep fully informed about affairs in Washington unless your paper follows you.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1907.

Mr. Burton's New Call to Duty.

A remarkable movement has begun in Cleveland looking to the nomination of Representative Theodore E. Burton as the Republican candidate for mayor of that city. In his perplexity as to which way his duty lies, to the nation or to the city which has for so long supported his public career, Mr. Burton has resorted to a sort of plebiscite.

With all due respect to Mr. Page, whom we know as man with high ideals for his profession, and one who has for many years striven steadily for the best, we cannot see that his proposed remedy is much if any better than that of the many "correspondence schools" which are full of glowing promise about what they can teach writers to do.

There are too many examples of this in the past to make the point worth dwelling on. One has only to recall Dickens, who, without education, in the higher sense at least, equaled Thackeray in his sea stories; Frank Buller in his London streets; Jack London, the self-confessed "hobo" and associate of thieves—the list is interminable, and extends back to the time since writing first began.

What is lacking in the work of modern writers is not a knowledge of the construction of sentences, but ideas; and not even so cheerful an optimist of letters as Mr. Walter H. Page would contend that these—the soul of literature—may be acquired in any school.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon turns pessimist. Oh, no; he has merely sworn off smoking fifteen cigars a day.

The Backbite of the Coal Trust. Some interesting political history is recalled by the answer of the Reading and affiliated companies to the government's suit to break up the alleged anthracite coal monopoly.

Although accompanied by no blare of trumpets, that was a most important announcement made by Secretary of the Interior Garfield on Saturday, when, after a long conference with President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, he gave out that the President wished him to announce that "no further efforts will be made to bring up again the question of Joint Statehood for Arizona and New Mexico."

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to the fact that the population of Mexico is 20,000,000 and in Southern Arizona far outnumbered the native Americans. Senator Beveridge fought hard by his bill and maintained his position with some skill and much perseverance. Throughout this fight he had the loyal support of the President. This being withdrawn, the fight may be considered at an end, and Arizona will retain her identity as a Territory until she is ready, independent, and with a constitution of her own, to step into the galaxy of States.

"The country is behind Taft," says an Ohio paper. Why exaggerate? The Secretary isn't that big, you know!

Making Good Authors.

Mr. Walter H. Page, erstwhile editor of the Atlantic, and now editor of the World's Work, is one of the men whose duty it is to wrestle with many, many manuscripts of many men. He finds the general average pretty bad. He thinks it is high time that writing came to be regarded as a profession. Speaking at the University of Chicago, he said:

"Up to this time writing has been a harem-scum business, with a lot of superstition and little training or experience. But we must follow the example of other crafts. Let us have professional graduate schools to teach men and women how to write."

He goes further than this. It is evident that he has given the matter some thought, doubtless being more than a little tired of attaching those fatal slips to many MSS., reading "The inclosed MS. is returned," etc. He has a well-defined plan for developing authors, and some of his proposals are:

Professors to write a sonnet a day for a term. Prospective students to write 1,000 words a day. Professors to exercise their imagination to a similar degree.

Students must have an A. B. or equivalent degree. Professors must be practical writers and not mere students.

All this about the mere business of writing. Doubtless after following the course proposed by Mr. Page, the graduates of this writing school would have attained a certain facility in the manufacture of "copy," but how is the ability to write thousands of words a day or to possess to a degree of bachelor of arts to aid in putting into this manufactured copy that subtle essence without which a manuscript is just words, words?

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The only way we have of judging of literature is from the output. What does it matter to the world at large whether the written message—if it be a real message—is the work of a crossing-sweeper, or a president of a university, or the editor of a high-class magazine? As to the technical excellencies, a course of professorship may do very well, but there are thousands of people who can write good English who have nothing to say that the world cares to hear.

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the Portland Telegram. Certainly not! He is generally too well "lit up" to admit of reflection, under the circumstances.

The Courage of a Woman.

"Is Marriage a Failure?" is a subject which men, many of them, have tackled, but they have never quite reached the heart of the matter, because it seemed to involve an arraignment of the fair sex which no man man is brave enough to undertake. It remains for a woman to point out the weaknesses of her sex, and Mrs. Anna A. Rogers, who tries to tell the world "Why Marriage Fails" in the current Atlantic, is evidently a woman of more than ordinary courage.

Most of the blame for the failure of marriage Mrs. Rogers puts on the shoulders of the women. The steady discontent with married life which is rife in the land—in our land particularly—she attributes to three causes: (1) Woman's failure to realize that marriage is her work in the world; (2) her growing individualism; and (3) her loss of art of giving. Instead, she always wishes to take.

On the point that marriage is woman's work in the world, Mrs. Rogers shows that the work-out in the battle of the world is man's part, and she thinks that much of the trouble comes because woman is not content to do her own duty, which, if properly performed, is the highest duty, but must, perforce, come interfering in man's work and neglecting her own. Says Mrs. Rogers: "Only as a woman, with all that entails upon her, is she alone pre-emptive, unapproachable. And yet her whole energy to-day is bent upon detaching herself."

Under the head of "Her growing individualism," Mrs. Rogers classes the selfishness of women, largely a fault of her education. That education is almost as good as her brother receives, but "it is an indiscriminate and undigested education which deprives us of good servants and good wives at once." No mere man would have dared thus to put "servants" and "wives" in juxtaposition!

And Mrs. Rogers compares the modern woman: "A cross between a magnificent, rather unromantic boy and a spoiled, exacting demimonde who sincerely loves in this world but herself alone," with those dear old women of an age that is fast passing, mingling the sweet-faced, gentle-voiced grandmothers, whose memory each of us reveres, and she asks: "What is there to-day in all this fret and fuss and fury of feminine living that compares with the power for good of these wonderful old women fast disappearing?"

What, indeed! No wonder that we are hard pushed in the courts of this country to keep up with the divorce business. In the United States we have 2,921 courts possessed of a power to grant divorce, as against 1 in England, 28 in Germany, and 79 in France. This speaks volumes, standing by itself, for our marital unrest.

Surely the men are often, far too often, to blame. But it is good that there is a sane, courageous woman who can point out that in the great work of saving the home—a fundamental hope of society—there is a great task for the women to set about.

Morocco appears to be too old to know better.

A magazine says that "big game hunters are modest and rarely ever tell of their achievements or knowledge," which simply shows what foolish things a magazine can say at times.

An Alabama man advertises for a wife, but stipulates that she must be an orphan. He takes the old mother-in-law joke too much to heart.

Tariff revision probably feels rather shaky when it thinks of "Uncle Joe's" curtailing his daily consumption of cigars.

"Why not sell the Philippines?" demands the Birmingham Age-Herald. Possibly because good bricks are not popular articles of commerce.

On its thirteenth appearance, the deceased wife's sister bill passed the House of Lords, and will become a law. This, however, doesn't settle the controversy as to the luck of thirteen.

The last chief of the Pulajanes is dead," says a contemporary. What, again?

The Boston Globe refers to him as "Sec. Cortelyou." This might be expected in New York—But Boston!

"B," there, oyster!

The Chattanooga Star of Saturday last had a long editorial on "Imitating Hell." City politicians are rather strenuous in Chattanooga.

The only satisfactory explanation we have yet seen of Miss Ida Tarbell's remark, "Mr. Rockefeller lacks the collective sense," is that she didn't say it.

A scientist says the inhabitants of Mars are fifteen feet tall. They need to be, in order to fit in with some of the stories told about them.

Senator Tillman predicts a race war of extermination. We imagined the Senator had sufficiently advertised himself for this season's lecture course.

And now comes a butter-in and says Pocahontas was a widow when she married John Rolfe. This may explain her disinclination to see a man go to waste.

Prince Wilhelm of Sweden leaves a fine impression in this country. He is the sort of man that makes royalty popular.

Secretary Root is Billy Muldooning again.

The mayor of Milwaukee has been offered \$1,500 per week to go on the stage. What do you suppose Mayor Tom Johnson would be worth?

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

MIXED POETRY.

The watch dog toils the knell of parting day. The honest bark winds slowly o'er the sea. The curfew homeward plods its weary way. And herds the leaves to darkness, don't you see?

'Tis sweet to hear Maud Muller, raking hay. Bay dredge-mouthed welcome as the judge's day. The judge who for a cooling drink doth pray, Takes buttermilk in preference to beer.

The plowman in Algiers must dying stay; A soldier of the legion notes his plight. The farmers all need hands at Oyster Bay. And so there is no revelry by night.

The rank is but the guinea's stamp, they say. And for all that a plowman is a man. Since we are growing vague in this, our day, Perhaps we'd better get out while we can.

Romance in 1907. 'Tis was truly lovely. He was an elderly millionaire who married his pretty niece. "How romantic!" "Wasn't it? The only cloud was caused by his cantankerous wife. She objected to his getting a divorce."

Dancing. "Full many a gem of purest ray serene," quoted the poet, "the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear." "So they claim," responded the practical person. "But did you ever see the display of sparklers in an Atlantic City grillroom?"

Poor Robin. Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a haw. He could not sing. Nor flap a wing. Ah, children, think of that!

An Indiana Lulu. "I think I'll write a volume of reminiscences." "Oh, come now, Johnny. You're only seventeen. Try something else." "Well, I'll write a history of the world."

Had Been There. "Ever surrounded by wolves?" "No, but I know the sensation. I used to open the dining-room doors at a summer hotel."

An Old Codger. "So you don't like peek-a-boo styles?" "I do not." "Tray, what do you think a girl ought to wear?" "Clothes."

Recompense. Existence on the stage looks gorgeous; still, virtue in real life doesn't get those awful bumps.

TAMPERING WITH TRIFLES.

AT THE WHEEL.

Telegraphers. Are on a strike, The candidates. Are on the hike, Our girls are waiting on the shore, Our wives now write For more and more Of the good coin Of the realm To dad, who thinks He's at the helm; He's but the stoker Down below, Who feeds the Furnaces, and so Provides the steam That drives the keel; 'Tis mamma who Sits at the wheel.

Of papa goes On on a strike, Or papa goes Out on a hike, Or papa goes Out to a show, He has to ask Explanation, so He can go out With conscience clear; 'Tis mamma gives The proper steer; Or, if she doesn't, He'll do it her. To hike or strike Out unawares, And gets a fall That brings him woe, She swears him with, "I told you so!"

Different. "And your papa is an angel?" "Yes'm." "When did he die?" "He ain't dead; he's financing an opera troupe."

More and More. Fill up the brimming beaker And drink the foamy down; The more you drown your griefs in drink The more you'll have to drown.

Just the Opposite. "Did your father tell you not to contract any debts while away from home?" "He did." "Then what do you call what you are doing now?" "Expanding them."

Provided For. Now back to town to buckle down Will come the winter hoarders; But winter will be kind to those Who took in summer boarders.

Our Brand of Democracy. From the Chicago Record-Herald. Prince Wilhelm of Sweden is busy enjoying the delightful democracy which does not exist in this country when a scion of royalty happens to be present.

A Last Long Farewell. From the Atlanta Constitution. One of the last acts of Georgia's Prohibition legislature was to sing that touching refrain, entitled "We won't go home till morning."

The Towland Grizzly. I am a ferocious Teddy bear, Eddy Bear; I like to eat dolls with golden hair. Oh, dear! As through the Towland woods I prowled, Whenever I hear a lone dolly howl I pounce on her with an awful growl— An awfully awful growl.

They say I'm an undesirable cit, I'm a trouble maker. For they can't show any girl I've bit, I'm a trouble maker. But I love to be bit by a little maid; I'm gentle to girls, so they're not afraid, And I'm good as can be when I'm on parade— When I'm out on a street parade.

But when it comes night in the nursery room, Urnsy room, My glaring white teeth shine through the gloom On the gloom; I hunt for the dolls' moaning kites and tops, And I chase the creatures until they drop; And I swallow 'em down and lick my chops— My slivery slivery chops!

—Denver Post.

MEN AND THINGS.

Early Days at Wichita.

Senator Hemenway, of Indiana, once lived in Kansas and he tells how in those days he used to make money hauling buffalo bones to Wichita. The prairies of Kansas were covered with these bones and the settlers soon learned that they could sell them, and they were shipped to New England and used for making buttons and other things. There was a time when one of the prairie streets of Wichita was paved with buffalo skulls and horns, and it is said that many a good horse was ruined because of it. When the settlers brought in the buffalo bones many of them brought the horns and skulls also, but there was no market for these, and the city authorities made the settlers take them out of town on their return trips. Some one started dumping their loads of horns and skulls on Seneca street, Wichita, and soon every one was following the example. No one was allowed to take horns and skulls brought a good price, but in those early days thousands of dollars' worth of them were thrown away.

The Missing Link. That there are scientists who still believe there is a missing link between mankind and the animals is shown by the fact that Dr. Max Moskowski, of Germany, has just arrived at Java with an expedition whose sole purpose is to discover the "missing link." The expedition is being financed by the Royal Prussian Academy of Science and the Dutch government, and Dr. Moskowski, who is a zoologist, is accompanied by geologists, engineers, and an escort of troops provided by the Dutch authorities. Java was selected as the starting point of the expedition because Prof. Dubois, a Dutch scientist, said that he found the "missing link" there some twenty years ago. Dr. Moskowski is carrying with him a large number of the remains of a savage being which, he says, could have been neither man nor ape, but something between the two. Dr. Moskowski intends to begin his excavations in the valley of the Solo River, near the volcano, and he will carry on the work for at least a year.

A New Radium Substitute. The school of medicine at Rochefort, France, has announced the discovery of a new radio-active substance by one of its students named Luned. It is said that the substance is uranyl-molybdate, and its constituents, uranium and molybdenum, are fairly abundant, so that there should be no trouble in procuring them, or in preparing the new discovery. The molybdate is formed by adding ammonium molybdate to uranyl nitrate, when a white powder separates. This is dried in the dark, and is so unstable that it must not be exposed to the light. It is said to give radio-active effects practically as intense as those given by radium. Its cost is estimated at about \$10 an ounce, which, however, is slight compared to that of radium, which has gone up to many thousands of dollars an ounce.

Making Bread Quickly. A favorite feat performed at some of the Massachusetts shoemaking towns, when they have a distinguished visitor, is to measure him for a pair of shoes, then show him a hide and allow him to watch while a pair of shoes is completed for him in a few minutes. J. H. Lawton, of the Wild Moss Mill in Carroll County, Mo., reports that he saw a similar feat performed by farmers last year. They went to the field where the wheat was standing, ready for the harvest, cut down enough of the ears for their purpose, thrashed it, ground the wheat, and in eight minutes visitors were eating pancakes from the flour so garnered.

Industrial Education in Ireland. In spite of the new movements in Ireland against the established order of things, Irishmen have to admit that few countries have been treated more liberally in the matter of industrial education. For a population not much larger than that of Massachusetts, over \$1,000,000 is spent annually for industrial teaching. Of this sum \$250,000 is contributed by the local authorities and the remainder by the council of agriculture. The larger cities have technical institutes on a most elaborate scale, in which various trade and academic courses are offered. Prominent among these are the municipal technical institutes at Dublin, Cork, and Belfast. These institutes are housed in magnificent buildings, and are thoroughly equipped for trade instruction.

The Value of Women. The Gauls, of Paris, has been making a collection of proverbs from various countries, showing in what estimation woman is held. Spain seems to hold woman the most cheaply, as one of its kindest proverbs is: "Women and mules obey better when coerced." Another is: "A man wins much who loses his wife." An Italian proverb is: "Man in two, woman in fire, and the devil blows the bellows." Other samples are: "The tears of women are worth much, though they cost little." "The fox is cunning, but the woman who loves more than her own mind." The Arabs talk about the lowest possible value on women, and two typical Arabian sayings are: "When you want to get square with a man give him a handsome wife; and when you want revenge on a woman give her a handsome husband." "Always commit your wife, but go as you please."

The Origin of the Menu. Not even Dr. Duran, in his interesting "Table Talk," was able to find out how the habit of having a list of eatables to show guests originated. Recent research credits the origin of the modern bill of fare to the year 1569, when Duke Henry, of Brunswick, had an eating programme made out for himself. He was seen to scan carefully a long strip of paper by the side of his plate, and when asked by the other guests what it was, he showed them the programme of things to eat which the cook had prepared, and which had been sent to him so that if there were any delicacy there he preferred he might reserve his appetite. The idea appealed to the other guests, and the plan soon spread, though for many years it was customary to have the menu printed on a big board so that all the guests might see at once.

Of the Confederate Congress. It is not generally known that there are six members of the old Confederate Congress who survive and are in good health. They are John Goddard of Virginia; Judge John V. Wright, of Columbia, Tenn.; Judge Roger A. Pryor, of New York; Col. Arthur S. Colyar, of Nashville; John D. C. Atkins, of Paris, Tenn., and George E. Jones, of Florence, Ala.

The Monorial Train. The inventor of the monorial, of which so much has been heard recently, is Louis Brennan, an Irish-Australian, who had already acquired fame and fortune from the invention of a torpedo which he designed and completed while living in Melbourne. He is a native of Castlebar, in the west of Ireland, and as a boy of eleven went with his parents to Australia. He was educated for a civil engineer, and he was only twenty-two when he invented his torpedo, which the British admiralty purchased from him for \$50,000. The British government is interesting itself in his railroad project.

DAY IN A PRESIDENT'S LIFE.

Near View of Roosevelt While Re-cuperating at Oyster Bay.

From the Broadway Magazine. The usual daily programme of the President while he is at Oyster Bay begins with his bounding out of bed (and that is really his characteristic method of beginning the day) and hastening for the shower bath. The hour is never later than 7 o'clock. He takes the shower cold—so cold as he can get it. There is a prodigious splashing of water, and it is a man with color surging in his cheeks who seeks the breakfast table. He is invariably attired, then, for a ride—jockey-boots, soft shirt, and crash coat, with his big Panama lying on a convenient chair in the hallway. On the way from the breakfast room to his mount, he makes a stop of from ten to twenty minutes in his study. There the most important telegrams or letters that have reached Secretary Loeb since the conference of the preceding day are on the desk. Whatever problems they present he takes with him on his morning ride, Archie and Quentin, or frequently Mrs. Roosevelt, are his companions on these rides, although several times a week the President goes forth unaccompanied.

Back from this morning constitutional, at 10:30 o'clock, he dictates his private correspondence, and sharply on the stroke of 11 o'clock Secretary Loeb makes his appearance. The hurrying secretary comes to the house in the big, white Secret Service automobile—the only automobile with any right of way at all on the private road. From one to three assistants are with him. The official mail is carried in big leather pouches. Two hours of the fastest sort of work goes on then, and Secretary Loeb and his assistants do not look any too fresh when they resume their seats in the white automobile and are taken back to the executive offices in the village.

During his daily morning visit Secretary Loeb acquaints the President with the names of his visitor or visitors for the day. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon the President is ready to receive them. Usually, however, they have already been received by Mrs. Roosevelt. There is no form of etiquette observed, and if a visitor arrives before the President has finished his statelessly labors, the Chief Executive, looking through his study window at the sound of an arriving carriage, is very apt to rush out on the porch and greet his visitor in the most informal and therefore all the more cordial fashion.

NERVE-RACKING VOYAGE. Cruise of the Fleet Will Prove an International Disturbance. From the Springfield Republican. Every fresh official outgoing concerning the projected voyage of the battle ships to the Pacific still with renewed comment and criticism, and from this fact the uproar that promises to attend the actual sailing of the great fleet can easily be imagined. Those who condemned the scheme at the outset have not changed their view, and we see it nowhere approved, with the slightest enthusiasm, this side of the Pacific Coast. The enterprise, from the beginning, has been invested with a yellow atmosphere of sensationalism, and from this condition it can never be rescued. It is needless to say that the dispatch of the fleet to the Pacific under these circumstances is better calculated to excite international hysteria than to calm international nerves. What possible good therefore, is to be derived from the long cruise, sufficient to balance the inevitable ding-dong of jingo maniacs in this country and the far East, and the widespread nervous excitability which is sure to be the effect of the spectacular voyage in Asia and America?

About four months remain before the long cruise is scheduled to begin, and in that time developments may further illuminate the situation. If affairs present the same appearance in December that they do now, and the administration persists in making the fleet the center of these limelight maneuvers, Congress will probably be plunged into debates over the wisdom and the great cost of the performance, which will still further agitate the country.

Reform Work for Lawyers.

From the New York Tribune. The profession needs to carry a little of its reformatory zeal home with it from the evils of the day and stop there. If a really strong professional opinion existed against the excessively technical appeal, that practice could be reformed. Excessive lawmaking is perhaps beyond the power of lawyers to check. The habit may be too deeply ingrained in the American democracy. But the lawyers, through their very prominence in public life, could as Judge Parker says, probably help to restrain it. And the evils within the profession itself that call for a wholesome professional opinion operating all the year around and not merely in convention.

Vital Point in Philippine Problem. From the Ohio State Journal. It may not be regarded as good Americanism to question the policy of holding the Philippines, but one thing seems certain, which is that the opposition to their retention will increase with the increase of the navy. There is a great difference between an expense to keep up an expense, and an expense to keep up an income. That fact will work its way into public sentiment soon.

American Pageantry.

From the New York Times. The suggestion that we should adopt for our future celebrities the plan of Oxford, and have festivals of pageantry sounds well, but are we, as a people, capable of pageantry? The designers of a huge outdoor theatrical exhibition, aiming to reproduce the manners and incidents of a past age idealistically without due reckoning with the American's inordinate sense of humor.

Save the Children.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. The President has called attention to race suicide, the lack of children, as one of the dangers of a state; the slaughter of the children by ill-treatment, ignorance or sanitary neglect, is an even greater danger, and one against which we must effectively provide.

They'll Soon Be Passing Statements.

From the Atlanta Journal. Moody's Magazine attributes the legislative attacks upon the railroads to the fact that at last we have a crop of passless statesmen.

Old and Thin.

From the New York Tribune. "The woman tempted me" is the oldest excuse in the world, and it bids fair to outlast all others.

True Within Limits.

From the Boston Herald. A magazine writer says girls do not eat enough. She probably means at meal times.

As to Some Novelists.

I do not think I do not think—Our famous literary fellows—Are seeking to—Build toward the blue, But spend their time in digging "wells"—John Kendrick Bangs, in the Century.

AT THE HOTELS.

"Texas has nothing against corporations per se, but as a State she is unalterably opposed to trusts, and will never again permit them to gain a foothold within her borders," said Marcellus E. Foster, owner of the Houston Chronicle, of Houston, Tex., at the New Willard yesterday. Mr. Foster is the man who began the fight on Senator Bailey last year, but he declined to discuss that fight, saying that as long as Senator Bailey was elected to represent Texas for six more years, all Texans would be loyal to him.

"No, the trust will have little chance in our State hereafter. They have proven themselves a bad thing; they are not conducive to good citizenship, and the State can easily get along without them. But there is a popular misconception of the attitude of Texas toward corporations. We realize that honestly conducted enterprises, whether they be corporate or otherwise, have a logical and legitimate place in our civilization, and we intend to do all that we can to foster them. We will encourage them to make our State their headquarters and treat them with every courtesy so long as they are honest. It is against trusts that the legislation of the last assembly was directed, and the laws have been administered so rigidly that already most of the trusts have left the State.

"We do not allow even the agents of trusts to set up business places in the State, but we do not prevent a merchant buying or selling goods manufactured by the trusts. The salesmen for the trusts may enter the State and sell to merchants if they wish, but