

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1907. Consularium. Assuming that the Washington Gaslight Company sold that \$20,000 worth of gas to the Georgetown company at a profit, we rise to inquire:

Parifying Maryland Politics. One of the important issues in the Maryland campaign is the purity of the ballot, which is menaced more by bribery and other forms of electoral corruption than by negro suffrage, against which the Democrats are waging a rather subdued warfare.

An Attack on the Supreme Court. Chief Justice Walter Clark, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, breaks a lance in the old controversy as to the power of the courts to declare void an act of a legislative body. He asserts that the assumption by the Supreme Court of the United States of power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional is "without a line in the Constitution to authorize it, which is perfectly true."

Army Officers' Pay. From the Army and Navy List. A glance over the army list shows that over two-thirds of the officers are receiving less pay per day than good mechanics receive in civil life. The officer has no home; but must be prepared to live in the barracks or the tropics, and change from one to the other at short notice.

War Congress Needed. From the Baltimore American. The Peace Congress has furnished a new set of rules for declaring war. When that body adjourns there should be no time lost in calling a war congress, which, most likely, would formulate a few peace regulations.

A Well-seasoned Wash. From the Baltimore Sun. Even when Judge Landis is giving a corporation an immunity bath he can't help pouring in a little tobacco.

stands. The King is fat and not in training. Since he donned his crown he is not believed to have once had a "sweater" on his back! He has appeared in mere conventional garb so persistently of late years that any departure would be viewed by his loyal but somewhat old foggy and conservative subjects with nothing short of genuine alarm, not to say positive distress.

Better for his majesty that he remain in the ranks of the royal mollycoddles than be ignominiously defeated! And that he would be is ominously forecasted in the Telegraph itself, which says: "The best we can wish the bishop is that he come out of the affair a good second; and, furthermore, we assume him that the contest will be decided upon its merits at the White House court, under the shadow of the home of the square deal."

Thus it will be seen that while we might prefer Edward, of whom, as a "true sport," we presume we should speak as "Ned,"—under certain given conditions, it is, perhaps, best that we put up with the Bishop of London instead! The defeat of his majesty might bring forth nasty international complications; while the defeat of the bishop can result in nothing more than English embarrassment and athletic chagrin.

We accept, without suggested mental reservation, the Telegraph's estimate of the importance of the forthcoming bout. Already we are prepared to let fly a measure of joy accurately figured to meet the exigencies of the occasion. Hurrah for Old Glory and all "true sports!"

Judge Parker certainly is having a time of it trying to find a jumping-off place.

Coming Army Appointments. Army officers are in an attitude of keen expectancy, mingled with devout hope, on account of the vacancy which will exist on October 2 in the grade of major general by virtue of the retirement for age of Gen. William S. McCaskey. The senior brigadier, who would naturally be regarded as eligible for the position, is Frederick Funston, who has distinguished himself in peace as well as in war, and who has been once or twice overhauled in favor of older officers. It is interesting, of course, to know whether Funston will be promoted, but more interesting still is the vacancy which he, or some one else in the list of brigadiers, will create in that grade when the major generalcy is filled. In the seven appointments last made to the grade of brigadier general—that is, since January—the officers have been old colonels. They were not of the junior grades, promoted over their seniors in an effort to inject extreme youthfulness in the personnel of general officers. Most of these seven seniors retire in the next year or two.

The army sentiment is distinctly in favor of confining the appointment of brigadiers to officers who are closing their careers in the grade of colonels. This does not, of course, include the decrepit and the incompetent, or those on the verge of retirement. There are many colonels who are able to make as good brigadiers as any of the "youngsters" who have been the objects of Presidential favoritism. The appointment of these young officers over the heads of those who are senior to them has caused a demoralization in the military establishment. It has blocked promotion most effectively, and has bred discontent, along with a righteous indignation that political pull and personal friendship have been able to accomplish so much for a few pets.

The north pole dashers should concede one thing to the public: only one member of each party should be permitted to go back home and lecture about it.

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The State of Maine has provided for a commission to consider the preservation of the waterways. Like other prohibition States, doubtless the idea is that the tangletrees will take care of themselves.

Mr. Nicholas Longworth says he doesn't want to be mayor of Cincinnati. This, perhaps, is one of the severest jolts that town ever received.

When Glendower expressed his ability to call up spirits from the vasty deep, great was the mirth of his audience. That, however, was before the days of the self-made and automatic cocktail.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Ex-Senator James K. Jones, of Arkansas, has reappeared at the front to say that "I talked with Mr. Bryan lately, and it is by no means certain that he will be a candidate. Mr. Jones will not even say that he believes Democrat will be elected in 1908. How changed is this once sanguine Bryan leader; but the public may rest assured that it is the same Jones."

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to clog legislation and constitutional progress, has not, in fact, done so, but has kept pace with public sentiment and national growth, while preserving intact the main fabric of our political institutions. One of the arts of American government is to reconcile the spirit of our political development with the letter of a written constitution, and this difficult work has been admirably done, on the whole, by the Supreme Court.

"The Washington Herald intimates that the new ten-dollar bills are not very pretty to look at," says the Atlanta Journal. Never, in all its happy but as yet somewhat brief existence, did The Washington Herald intimate any such thing! On the contrary, we think they are exhilaratingly and indescribably lovely.

We have the Birmingham News' word for it that two candidates for office in Western State are named Corn and Rice, respectively. Politics must be unusually spirited in that neighborhood.

A South Carolina judge has found the United States Supreme Court unconstitutional. The only thing left to do now is to find the Constitution unconstitutional, and we shall then be able to do any old thing we want to, regardless.

Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan heartily approves of Mr. John D. Rockefeller. John L. used to have money to burn, himself.

A New Jersey judge has granted a man a divorce because his wife refused to accompany him to Philadelphia. Perhaps, however, the judge had never been to Philadelphia.

If the Houston Post would observe an object lesson in real, genuine politeness, it should come up this way and make note of the calm, courteous, ladylike, and respectful way in which the Washington baseball team fore the covers or scrouged out of its accustomed place at the foot of the column.

We doubt that the horizon appears brighter for any living American days than it does to Miss Ida Tarbell.

What's this? More revolutionary talk in Cuba? Will those chicken fighters down there never get over their dementia South Americanna?

James Hayden insists again that he will never, no, never—return to this country; which is awfully good and thoughtful of Jimmie!

The Standard Oil admits that it fixes the price of the oil for the boys and also of the oil it sells. Of course, no one could hope to beat a concern that successfully plays both ends against the middle like that.

"Why not live slower?" asks the Memphis Commercial-Appeal. How could one—in Memphis?

If Luther Burbank wants to make a hit with the masses, he will get busy and produce an appetiteless stomach, guaranteed to work as well as any other.

One of the beauties of official life in Washington is that sooner or later you get yourself worked in as the real hero of a number of old stories that Shem used to relate to Noah in order to kill time in the ark.

That Tennessee man who married a Miss Dollar doubtless thought he needed the change.

If prices continue to soar, the great majority of the turkeys in the land may have an opportunity to enjoy Thanksgiving Day themselves.

Naturally, it is colder. The "rah, rah" days are upon us, you know.

The editor of the Austin Statesman has been elected chief justice at a busy show. Of course, he can't get back to his sanctum, but we never expect him to look like anything again.

The Ohio courts have been called upon to decide whether a blind man has a legal right to hold office. Of course, the blind man can see no reason against it.

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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

FALL POEM. Oh, sweet, sad memories of the leaf-strown way! This is a theme That poets seem To feast upon to-day.

The golden summer days, alack, have went. Eheu! Eheu! They always do; A fact which bards lament.

The golden summer days beyond recall Away have flown To the unknown, And left us naught save fall.

But ye who love the wistful autumn tide, Accept this song Three inches long, Two and a quarter wide!

Get an Odd Number. "No Jinks really in danger?" "Nobody knows. He foolishly called in four medical experts, and now it's a tie vote."

The Flow of Talk. "When she said that," declared indignant Mrs. Gabbie, "I couldn't get my mouth open for a minute." "And by that time she had a hopeless start, eh?" put in mean Mr. Gabbie.

Adaptable. "How can I ever hope to win such a proud beauty?" "Drop around when men are scarce. She ain't nearly so proud then."

The Common Lot. A lengthy lecture Now and then Is handed to the Best of men. N. B.—I married.

The Realistic Drama. "I am innocent of this charge," bawled the hero of the play. Then he added in a stage aside: "Technically, that is."

Not Those Youngers. "Have you read 'The Younger Set,' by Robert W. Chambers?" "No; I have not. Is it anything like 'The James Boys in Missouri?'"

Fair Warning. "Well, I see that slim girls will be the style this winter," remarked the harmless idiot. "Yes," responded his sister, "and if any of my girl friends suddenly get slender over night, I don't want you to ask any fool questions. Hear me?"

FLEETING FANCIES. From the Milwaukee Sentinel. AUTUMN. In yonder field the stubble gleams, The sun's flaming red— A rose belated, idly sways mid weeds, And droops its head; The orchard trees are low with spind, The moon rises ghostly white, And louder chirps the crickets in the early autumn night.

The river mirrors purple flags, now wilted, and the daisies, Makes sweeter music—slowly curls the smoke from burning brush.

The summer sun has browned the hills; The garden's rank with weeds, Within the stagnant pool stand, dry and lifeless, broken reeds. The nights are chill; the hearth fire leaps and sheds a cheery glow. The country roads are dull where once bright blossoms used to grow.

Foiled Again. Of a sudden the stage was darkened, leaving Rutherford Wilkinson and Hortense Guggenheimer alone in the dusk. "Remember, gal," he said, as he flicked a bit of dust from his riding boots with his whip, "ere sundown-to-morrow night you shall be mine—mine."

"You talk like a spool of thread," retorted the fair Hortense. "There ain't going to be any sundown-to-morrow night?" "And why not?" he almost hissed. "Because the almanac says it's going to be cloudy."

With a smothered curse on his lips Rutherford Wilkinson slunk away into the darkness.

Coming to This? "Poor old fellow! I feel awfully sorry for him." "Why so?" "He hasn't a thing on earth but money."

Excelled. "I understand you have a literary barber." "I'm not sure about that, but I know he's one of the six best talkers."

Quit True. Hope's a dandy thing to let About your system lurk, But it don't cut much ice unless You keep it fed on work.

TRADE WITH THE ORIENT. Laws of Commerce Have More to Do with It than Naval Bases. From the New York Evening Post. The way to get trade is to go and get it, in obedience to the laws of commerce. Statesmen may hinder manufacturers and exporters, but they cannot really help them much—except by repealing the foolish statutes which profess to help. Voltaire has a passage on the contrast between the views of the actual trader and those of the public man. The latter contends that the former cannot buy and sell in India without ruining himself, but the former, not waiting for the new legislation, said to be necessary to aid him, quietly goes into the Indian trade and makes a fortune. Similarly, when the American people truly get ready to go after the commerce of the Orient, they will do it, not because they have or have not a base at Manila, but because they see their way to a profit in the business. And they will ask no assistance from the law-makers, save to break their tariff fetters.

When Standard Oil Reforms. From the Springfield Republican. It will be an event of large business significance when the Standard Oil Company comes out into the open respecting its operations and finances. It has long stood as the chief exemplar of the policy of secrecy and stealth in large corporation affairs, and the example has been powerfully pernicious in American business life.

You Can't Enjoin T. R. From the Detroit Free Press. Obstacles loom up against the mighty undertaking of a naval demonstration on the Pacific. Strange that no one has thought of an injunction.

MEN AND THINGS.

Making Himself Known. Pastor F. E. Hopkins, of Chicago, is making himself pretty well known by his sermons in the pulpit. The other day he declared that women in Chicago are drinking too much liquor. This drew a crowd to hear his next Sunday's sermon. He said that he had received hundreds of letters, and the only scolding, complaining ones came from women. One woman, a D. A. R., had called him a "four-flusher" and a "bluffer." Thank you, sister, thank you, said Pastor Hopkins. Another woman, a justice of the peace up at Evanston, had resented his sermon. Another, an ex-Senator's daughter, had suggested that he must be unfortunate in his acquaintances. "If," said he, "the personal habits of my hearers are in accord with their respective expressions concerning the subject under discussion, I do not want their acquaintance. Moreover, I am informed that one of my many women critics was so drunk that her club has been three times in one day."

To Buy an Island. This winter Congress will be asked to buy from Michigan that handsome park property, Mackinac Island, with its old fort and the two blockhouses built by the British in 1780. Speaker Cannon is strongly in favor of the acquisition of this property by the government, and Senator Hemenway, of Indiana, is back of the movement.

Egyptian Cigarettes. Although the United States is the world's great producer of cigarettes, which are shipped in great quantities to all countries of the world, it imports \$3,000,000 of foreign-made cigarettes every year. Most of these are Turkish or Egyptian, though some are Russian and a few Cuban. In the case of the Egyptian cigarettes, the name is practically a misnomer. While Egypt is a considerable tobacco producer, most of the cigarettes exported from the land of the Khedive are of Greek origin. The explanation for this is that a brand of Greek tobacco is used for what are known as Egyptian cigarettes, but in Greece cigarette paper is too expensive, for it is a government monopoly. It is not known what becomes of the old stock of American cigarettes, those which have become musty and stale, and whose brands have deteriorated so that Americans will no longer purchase them, he has only to look at the trashy old styles of American cigarettes, where the Japanese and the Chinese are great users of them.

The Mesa Cliff Dwellings. In compliance with a request from the Secretary of the Interior, Dr. Walter Fawkes, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, has been directed by the acting secretary of the Smithsonian Institution to undertake the work of excavation, preservation, and repair of the cliff dwellings and other prehistoric ruins in the Mesa Verde National Park in Southern Colorado. The Mesa Verde National Park was created by an act of Congress, approved June 23, 1906. It is on the border of the Montezuma Valley, just south of ancient Montezuma. The best finds of some of the best preserved relics of the prehistoric cliff dwellers in the country. Dr. Fawkes will have direction of the scientific work of unearthing and preserving the Mesa Verde ruins, and an adequate staff of assistants will be sent to the Interior Department for that purpose. Dr. Fawkes has just completed extensive excavations at Casa Grande, Ariz.

Fearing a Trout Famine. The anglers of Massachusetts are confronted with a serious situation as a result of the severe winter of 1906-7 and the recent long-continued drought. Few persons realize how extensive has been the loss of life among the fish, but the reports from various parts of the State are mighty discouraging. A letter from a sportsman at Berkshire gives some idea of the situation. "Having been concerned in regard to the outcome of this dry season," he writes, "I have made a trip of investigation, and find the greater number of streams dry in Cheshire, Lanesboro, and Richmond. The best brooks are without water; the only ones having water are the streams running into the Housatonic River, and many of these are dry for miles near their heads. Our city engineers tried to obtain water for test purposes last week, and it was only by running water in the four brooks on the Housatonic Mountain that are intended for an additional water supply for the city of Pittsfield. So, between the severity of last winter and the present dry season, our brooks are as effectively cleaned out of trout as possible." Last year the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association furnished clubs and individuals with 40,000 trout for October planting at the nominal price of \$10 per thousand. This year the association is doing the same work on a larger scale, but it is felt that under present conditions the effort is useless.

Trusted His Servant. There is a gentleman in Philadelphia who trusted a household domestic to the extent of \$25,000, and it may be said that his wisdom was equal to his trust in fellow-man. He sent his old colored servant out on an errand the other day. She bent her steps toward the financial district, and concerning one of the largest banking concerns there she asked leave to see the president of it. She absolutely refused to see any substitute for that gentleman, and an attendant was finally compelled, through his love for peace, to conduct the old woman to the president's private office. The colored servant was poorly dressed, and otherwise most humble in appearance, and when she approached the bank officer, she displayed the characteristic simplicity of an old man. She inquired of him if the financial disturbance was past, and when he assured her that it was, she, to his amazement, drew from somewhere about the folds of her dress a bank-book and twenty-six \$1,000 bills. This she asked him to place to the credit of her master's account. The gentleman immediately recognized the book as belonging to one of the oldest and wealthiest customers of his institution. The name on the book was that of a retired merchant, who rarely nowadays leaves his house. Of course, the deposit was accepted.

Another Deserted Village. The earliest settlement in Wayne County, Ind., was Salisbury, which was founded along about the beginning of the nineteenth century. Fortune seemed to smile on Salisbury from the start, and it developed and spread and won a name. It gave up Oliver P. Morton, the war governor of Indiana. But now Salisbury has been deserted seventy-five years, and of what was once a flourishing city in embryo not a vestige of human habitation remains. Not a building stands to show that from 1810 to 1820 here was a prosperous community, which had evolved from time to time into a city, and which aspired to become an inland metropolis. Only a creek and a country road are left to mark this once once seat. When Centerville rebelled Salisbury of its birthright, the latter fell into a rapid decline; and from 1820 to 1829 the country was a nameless waste. Salisbury rapidly succumbed to the fatal blow. In six years hardly a dozen families were left. Then, one by one, they too, stole away, and Salisbury expired without a gasp. At the years rolled by Centerville lost her honors, too, but that availed Salisbury nothing. Soon there remained only a few buildings, and gradually these rotted or were carted away, until not a single remnant of Salisbury remained on its site. Salisbury is blotted out of the map.

ROOSEVELT SLOWING DOWN?

Possible Significance of Failure to Prosecute Harriman. From the New York Evening Post. It has steadily been the opinion of men in touch both with the railway situation and that at Oyster Bay, that no movement would be begun by the government against Mr. Harriman. Various cynical reasons have been given. One of them, handed about the clubs, is that Mr. Harriman has luckily turned up some more letters of the "practical" sort that he and President Roosevelt used to write to each other. These, if they exist, might easily be a political, though not a legal, bar to his prosecution. We know nothing about that. On some ground or other, however, it is generally agreed that the prosecution of Harriman has been given up. He will not "hear from" the Attorney General.

There must be, of course, an administration rationale for all this. Apparent inconsistencies must be, if we could only look at them from the standpoint of the superior mind, really proof of a purpose as unchanged as it is wise. If the President actually has held back his chief law officer from proceeding against Mr. Harriman, it is not because he does not to carry the railroad for at least a brief period; the official explanation, we are sure, would show that the highest wisdom, as well as the clearest common sense, had dictated all. Something like such an explanation was given in a recent Boston dispatch to the Portland Argus. It gave the views of a prominent financier who had enjoyed the privilege of several long interviews with Mr. Roosevelt. According to this authority, the President has now determined to give the country a rest. He is going neither to camp on the trail of magnates, nor suggest the enactment of new laws whereby their claws may be clipped. But this signifies no change or retreat on the President's part. He is still in the while in pursuit only of "moral victories," and these he thinks he has won in sufficient numbers. He has set a new standard; he has started the ball rolling, and hereafter it must be for others to carry on the aggressive work. For what remains of Mr. Roosevelt's term of office, the appointed task is to be constructive and soothing. So, if we may trust this Boston intimate of the President's, the sharp-edged and cutting messages of the President will not be filled with excursions and alarms.

Chinese as Workers. Whole Nation Trained to Arduous and Tireless Industry. A. H. Smith, in "China and America of Today." It is an innate conviction of the Chinese people that work, hard work and plenty of it, is a necessary condition of human existence. News did any race better illustrate the proposition that "honorable work rules the world." The Chinese, individually, rises early, and works late, at home and abroad, always and everywhere, he works. Unlike those in other lands who have become victims of social theories, he does not entertain the fallacy that, irrespective of his merits, the world "owes" him a living. He quite appreciates the state of the labor market, and does not knock off work as soon as he has something to spend. Gambling and opium-smoking are the most common, although far from universal, Chinese vices, which not infrequently extinguish the workers' energy in ruinous inaction. The talent for industry pervades all classes. The life of the farmer is one of hard work. In the southern part of the Empire farm work literally never ends. In the north the farmer often takes advantage of the greater leisure season to go off to great distances, perhaps pushing a heavy wheelbarrow many scores, or even hundred, of miles, loaded with some local product, as cotton or oil; returning with a different load, just in time to begin again the heavy farm work. The variation of the fraction of a cent in the price of grain will suffice to set long lines of barrows and whole fleets of junks in motion.

Where Are They? From the Christian Era and Courier. If Col. Bryan has any real popular strength left in the South it is largely a sort of reflection or imitation of the popularity of Mr. Roosevelt. The Southern people cannot, and know that they cannot, vote for a Republican, but there is an element of the voters here, as in other sections, who like the spectacle of an ostentatious and combative person, who creates the impression that he is hitting hard blows, whether they land or not.

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Mr. Wu Slightly Tiresome. From the Providence Bulletin. If Wu Ting-fang should return to Washington as Chinese minister, it is doubtful if he would be as popular as he used to be. His cleverness and his daring criticisms of American and Occidental civilization were so surprising that they amused and delighted the country. A repetition of them at this period of strain between the West and the far East would scarcely be amusing or even long-endurable. China and Japan are so well known these days that they have, for the time being at least, lost much of their former picturesqueness.

An Unappreciated Joke. From the New York American. The whole thing is a joke, an acrid, Chinese joke. We ask for a capable Minister who shall direct delicate international questions with a wise head, and Pekin sends us a man whose chief reputation is in the fact that he has treated us to 823 wittily foolish speeches.

Militarism Unchecked. From the Philadelphia Press. Whatever else The Hague conference may do, it will certainly not take a gun from the hands of a single soldier in the world. It will not dismantle a solitary war ship. It will not close one arsenal nor chill the forging of a cannon anywhere.

Origin of the Teddy Bear. From the New York Evening Post. The sheriffs of Louisiana have been requested to keep reporters away from Mr. Roosevelt's sporting party. Yet the Teddy Bear itself was a by-product of one newspaper man's solicitude regarding the last Presidential bear hunt.

Still, They Come High. From the New York Herald. Even the most extreme advocates of a 'high tariff must admit that the attractions of the American girl place her beyond the need of protection against the products of foreign climes.

AT THE HOTELS.

Carl Pass, of Remscheid, Germany, who is on a business tour of the United States, arrived in this city last night, and is stopping at the New Willard. Mr. Pass is a manufacturer of gasometers and similar articles, and says that this is his first visit to this country.

"Our business with the United States," said Herr Pass, "is increasing every year, and our business relations with American customers are most pleasant. Business in Germany in most branches is brisk, and orders are booking for many months ahead. Much of this activity in manufacturing circles is due to the shrewdness and circumspection of our Emperor, who takes the deepest interest in Germany's trade and commerce. It is what you Americans call a 'buster,' and his full worth is recognized every day by all classes of Germans. Even the Socialists cannot fail to recognize that the Kaiser has the welfare of the working people as much at heart as the most pronounced labor agitator and socialist."

"Through the efforts of the Conservative and Government parties in the Reichstag a great number of bills have been passed benefiting the laboring man, such as the compulsory sick and death insurance, pension of old laborers, and other equalizing and humane laws. It is what you Americans call a 'buster,' and his full worth is recognized every day by all classes of Germans. Even the Socialists cannot fail to recognize that the Kaiser has the welfare of the working people as much at heart as the most pronounced labor agitator and socialist."

"President Roosevelt is popular in Germany. He is known also through his books, particularly those that deal with his experiences as a hunter."

"Mr. Pass speaks English fluently, explaining that he spent some time in England in order to learn the language. He is what you Americans call a 'buster,' and his full worth is recognized every day by all classes of Germans. Even the Socialists cannot fail to recognize that the Kaiser has the welfare of the working people as much at heart as the most pronounced labor agitator and socialist."

"Wheat growers in the Palouse belt, south of Spokane, where several counties will each yield more than 5,000,000 bushels of grain this season, have organized a farmers' union," said Richard V. Dunn, of Spokane, Wash., at the Raleigh, last night. "They have organized for the purpose," continued Mr. Dunn, "of handling their product, and establishing independent warehouses to combat the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, operated in Washington and Oregon as part of the Harriman system."

"James Walters, a rancher of Goldfield, is at the head of the organization, which has already shipped 500,000 bushels of wheat to the Pacific Coast over an opposition road, which, it is given out, will get the rest of the business. Walters says that as soon as the crop is harvested the union will organize the farmers in every town and county in the inland empire, embracing 150,000 square miles, in Eastern Washington, Northern Idaho, Western Montana, and Southeastern Oregon, and producing from 4,000,000 to 50,000,000 bushels of wheat, and that independent warehouses will be established throughout the district to handle the entire yield next year."

"The edelweiss, the bloom endeared to the hardy scales of Alpine passes, grows as freely and flowers as readily in the Cincinnati and other Western gardens as in the fastnesses of its native haunts."

This complies the pronouncements of Franz Freyer, of Cincinnati, who is stopping at the Arlington. Mr. Freyer is a crank on floriculture, which forms the sum and substance of his conversation. The subject seems to be nearest to his heart; he will not talk anything else.

"True," continued Mr. Freyer, "the blossom is not quite so white or so woolly as on its native heath, but for the average observer our American variety is quite satisfactory."

Mr. Freyer is a Swiss, and views the fruit of his culture with critical eye; for Switzerland, if not the flower of Switzerland, is so interwoven in its poetry and legends that it is peculiarly dear to all true sons of that rock-girt country.

"The stock from which my flowers sprung was started four years ago. The seeds for the first crop were imported, but from that date the plant has evinced a hardihood and seed-bearing proclivity that has set aside all doubt of its being a native of the mountains of the most habitable locality. While it has been known that edelweiss was adaptable to other conditions than those under which it naturally exists, its cultivation has been limited, and my experiment is on a much larger scale than anything before attempted in my part of the country."

Samuel L. McCormick, of San Francisco, who has been in New York on business, and is now on his way to Jamestown, is at the Shoreham. Speaking about Washington cables and their system of charging, Mr. McCormick drifted to the measures in preparation by the San Francisco authorities to protect her citizens from being overcharged by the wily Japs. Said Mr. McCormick: "The credulous San Franciscan, who has been paying his 'cab' double fare, and dismissing his cab with a complacent feeling of having handled the incident diplomatically, is to be informed how much he really owes, if the city council can be persuaded to see the advantage of this arrangement. The special subcommittee of the council committee on licenses which is now investigating the subject is about ready to submit a taximeter ordinance to the council for adoption. In other cities, notably Paris, Berlin, London, and New York, the taximeter has been adopted voluntarily by cab owners, and has been found to be a 'booster' for the cabman's trade."

San Franciscans owners, however, are not enthusiastic over this innovation. The president of the Cab Drivers' Union and the president of the Livermen's Association are opposing the ordinance. The fear of reduction in rates, of course, doesn't apply to all, for the matter of introducing fare registers is entirely independent of the regulation of rates. To the average citizen who rides in cabs, or who would if he weren't afraid of matching his wits with a sphinx-like cabman, the taximeter is a thing of joy.

"The instrument is a box-like arrangement, which registers automatically the distance traveled, the time elapsed, and the fare for each trip. By the side of the taximeter, which is in full view of the passenger, is a copy of the rates of fare prescribed by the ordinance. 'The combination of the two, with the exercise of a little ordinary intelligence on the part of the passenger, makes the time-honored dispute between fare and cab driver an entirely unnecessary one. If the vehicle is to be retained, the clockwork section of the taximeter continues to register the fare at a rate lower than that which the cab is actually in service. If the number of passengers is greater than the fare, the distance is a great deal outside of a certain 'zone,' or if the hour is after midnight, the driver causes 'tariff 2' to appear on the dial, and the fare is registered according to a second and higher schedule. Hundreds of people, it is urged, are entirely ignorant of the walk, would acquire the 'cab habit' if they were sure of a fixed charge and no fraud. And let me tell you right here, that if any city needs the taximeter it is Washington, for your 'cabby' has all the other cabdrivers' that ever has any disputes with beat coming and going a thousand miles."

Worst of the Lot. From the Cleveland Leader. Speaking of great postponers, isn't the Peace Congress eligible?