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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1907.

Development of Our Commerce.

Two important gatherings, convened for the purpose of considering different phases of our commercial development, have just concluded their labors in Washington. Both were concerned, though in separate ways, in securing governmental assistance in promoting the material welfare of the country, and their conclusions are significant of the larger economic role the national government is destined to play in the future.

Perhaps it is not altogether true to say of the delegates from commercial organizations summoned to consult with Secretary Straus that they were seeking government aid to commerce, for they were asked to advise the Department of Commerce and Labor how the department might be made more useful for the attainment of the ends for which it was instituted; but it is true that the department hopes to make itself more and more valuable to our commercial interests. To do this it was essential to have the closer co-operation of the business world, and this it is expected to obtain by means of an organization known as the National Council of Commerce, which will form a connecting link between the department and the whole business community, keeping the former fully informed as to the needs and desires of the latter, and interpreting to the commercial world the plans, methods and results of the department's work.

Secretary Straus believes that this body, though novel to this country, "will be of the greatest practical advantage to the department in directing its efforts into the channels of investigation that are most desired by the commercial interests." In a word, utility is the department's aim. In place of arid masses of information and volumes of useless matter, the department desires to conduct inquiries of immediate practical advantage, and to collect data that may be utilized for the actual development of trade. The purpose is most commendable, and the method chosen to effect it promising. Secretary Straus may be congratulated on the successful outcome of the conference, and on the spirit of co-operation manifested by the delegates.

The Rivers and Harbors Congress was happily guided, by Secretary Root's advice, to adopt a policy and not a project. Its resolutions, therefore, declare for a comprehensive plan for waterway development, and the expenditure of an annual sum, not less than \$50,000,000 in carrying out the plan. Such a plan remains to be worked upon and adopted—a task that is before the Inland Waterways Commission, and, above all, before the Congress. What is becoming clear in all the discussion of waterway improvements that has been going on in the past few months is that everybody is tired of the old haphazard method of distributing appropriations for improvements by the post-barrel method, and that money should be expended only for well-considered projects calculated to benefit the larger currents of commerce.

Moreover, it is pretty generally agreed there is an opportunity for extensive development of waterway commerce, in addition to and correlated with the rail transportation systems. The growth of internal commerce has been so rapid as to place beyond question the value of a national investment in improved waterways. How and where to make that investment is the important problem to the solution of which the Inland Waterways Commission, appointed by President Roosevelt, is bending its energies. Conferences, we have no doubt, will be ready to furnish the money, when convinced that it will be properly applied.

It is freely predicted that the floor of the Senate will be vacant but the galleries packed when Senator "Jeff" Davis makes his maiden speech. And that will be just like throwing old "Burr Rabbit" in the briar patch.

Mayor Johnson's Victory.

Mayor Johnson has at last won his long contest with the Cleveland Electric Company over the 3-cent fare question. That corporation has consented to surrender its plant and franchises to the Municipal Traction Company, the holding concern organized by the mayor to take over all the local transportation lines, at a valuation to be determined by experts. As the holding company has a merely nominal capitalization, it cannot, of course, buy the Cleveland Electric outright, and it is not quite clear what the relation between the parent and the subsidiary companies is to be; but, in any event, the holding company must give a security bond guaranteeing stockholders a profit.

The unique feature of this plan is the nature of the holding company, which is pledged to operate in the public interest solely. It can use its profits, if any, only for the purpose of lowering fares, improving service, or buying stock of the subsidiary companies. It is, therefore, an altruistic corporation; or, as some one has neatly said, a corporation with a soul. Yet, as Mr. Burton pointed out during his mayoralty campaign, this altruistic corporation is not pledged to a 3-cent fare for all the low-fare franchisees granted at the dictation of Mayor Johnson contain a clause providing that if a 3-cent fare does not pay 6 per cent profit,

a higher rate may be charged up to the point at which 6 per cent can be earned on real valuation of the plant. The only thing now in the way of a trial of this interesting experiment in municipal control of a transportation monopoly is an agreement on the terms by which the Cleveland Electric shall be transferred to Mayor Johnson's holding company. It now seems probable that there will be no difficulty in coming to terms, as the corporation's directors are tired of the long and fruitless controversy in which they have been engaged, and Mayor Johnson is disposed to meet them half way. We shall then see whether it is possible to maintain an up-to-date street railway system on a 3-cent fare and pay 6 per cent interest on the actual investment.

A Boston society has decided that "Uncle Sam" ought to "let the Filipinos go." All right; but how?

A Square Deal for the Rabbit. This newspaper believes in and insists on absolutely fair play for everybody, regardless of rank or station. We believe that even the most hardened malefactor, the most despicable undesirable citizen, is entitled to his day in court. We have from time to time said our say concerning that dangerous, treacherous, and bloodthirsty quadruped, the rabbit, and the records of the Loeb League will bear witness that we have no love for the sanguinary beast. But, nevertheless, we believe that it is entitled to what we are told is referred to in circles conversant with a certain game of cards as a square deal. Pierce as it is, false as it ever proved itself to be, we think the belligerent animal should, in simple justice, be accorded what is known among other sporting classes as a run for its money.

The voracious varmints should be exterminated, for some other reason, in certain wild countries like Texas—but undue crudity should not mark the methods of its taking off. We are moved to these reflections by some tales of the hunt in the wilds of New Jersey which we find set forth in the New York Times. Emboldened by the hardships of early but rigorous winter, a gaunt, wolfish rabbit entered the town of Montclair, seeking that which it might devour. We pass over the recital of its thievish exploits prior to the occurrence which we particularly have in mind. Suffice it to say that, because of hunger, for some other reason, it failed to manifest the pugnacious traits so characteristic of its tribe, and was soon in full flight before a crowd of armed and determined citizens. As it dashed down Greenwood avenue to the Lackawanna station a train was just pulling out, and onto the platform of the last car the harried marauder leaped. Then came the happening which should never have happened. As the train disappeared around a bend the posse of home-defending citizens stopped, but a yellow dog continued the pursuit, racing after the rabbit. It was barking furiously. Thereupon John Edwards, baggageman, left the end of the train in which his business lay and went back to investigate the noise. Seeing the rabbit clinging to the platform, his natural repugnance to the beast asserted itself, and he forced the unwelcome intruder to leap from the flying car.

We submit that John should not have done this, although we appreciate the feeling which actuated him—the innate desire of the human animal to rid the earth of all such ferocious man-killers as rabbits. But it was cruel and un-sportsmanlike, and, from one standpoint, availed nothing, since, eventually, the brute would have been compelled to disembark at some other station in New Jersey, which in itself would have been punishment enough. And was the rabbit killed by the fall? It was not. The chase continued, but now Fate joined in it, and, as is often the case, did not side with that party to the transaction who may be said to have represented the right—i. e., the yellow dog. The Times thus describes the incident: "That was at Pine street. The dog chased the rabbit along Pine street into Broadway avenue. Bunny ran along by the side of an east-bound Newark and Caldwell trolley car until the dog was nearly upon him. Then he ran around in front of the car. He got around the end safely, but the dog was there. This was the end of the chase. The rabbit was not seen again; for, after all, it was John Edwards who was at fault and on whom Nemesis should have landed. However, the incident plainly proves the point we have made—that while war to the death should be waged on the rabbit, the beast should always have its fighting chance. Had John Edwards been a member of the Loeb League, he would have acted differently, and a rabbit to whose natural ferocity he would have vindictiveness and a desire for vengeance would not to-day be roaming the Jersey fastnesses. We hope the obvious lesson will be well learned by other non-leagueurs."

As Puck remarks, "The Republican party is ever ready to reduce the tariff on paper." But even that, it seems, is to be not yet, but soon.

Senator Davis to Make Good.

The Hon. "Jeff" Davis, Senator from the State of Arkansas, evidently means to keep his ante-election promises concerning his intention to "stir up the animals in Washington." Mr. Davis told a confiding and widely admiring constituency that he would do this thing, and it is apparent that he is a man of his word. Even now, back in the mighty Commonwealth whence he came, they recall, with thrills of emotion and enthusiasm, his ringing words; not yet have the reverberations ceased. Passionately he pleaded with his downtrodden fellow-citizens, speaking and saying unto them thus: "I pledge you my word, my fellow-citizens, that if you, the most intelligent men of the great Commonwealth, and demand promotion in the line of you, my worthy fellow-citizens, send me to represent you in the greatest deliberative body that the sun ever shone upon, I will walk down the center aisle in my sock feet to the Vice President's desk, shake my boots in the Arctic Circle, and demand promotion in the line of you, my worthy fellow-citizens."

"The proposition is whether treats are good or bad. I say they are bad, and I propose to destroy them."

There may be those who doubted the Senator's fell determination as herein expressed. Happy are we to say we never did. We just knew he would do it; hence, experienced no sort of surprise when, after a day or two of silence following his swearing-in, he introduced a bill to demolish the octopus of one fell swoop, chase all the corporations from the face of the earth, and inaugurate his patented and copyrighted right of prosperity without any more foolishness. He gave notice of an intention to extend a piece of his mind to the Senate on Wednesday next. "I am going to make" my speech next Wednesday, or bust," he is quoted as saying—which sounds definite and precise enough, surely.

"The way to resume is to resume," said the late John Sherman. "The way to bust is to bust," echoed Senator Davis. The Senator proposes, however, to bust the trust—not bust himself, save as a

A SUNDAY TALK.

And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter, so that he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter. Then the word of the Lord came to the saying: O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? Behold as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand. O house of Israel—Jeremiah xliii.5,6,7.

One of the very odd figures of speech in all literature is that which, seeking to compare a thing, the origin of man with some material thing, as to the work shop of the potter for its illustration. Many times throughout the Holy Scriptures you shall find the simile used; but perhaps nowhere more directly than in the verses quoted above, left to us by the prophet Jeremiah.

To those who read the Bible carelessly, regard it indifferently, or seek to use isolated passages from the Scriptures to square their own peculiar beliefs or some course of action that needs justification to their own consciences, such passages as this from Jeremiah have often proved a stumbling block.

The comparison of the Creator to a potter, and us as individuals to the pots created by him, was a favorite one with the philosophers of an older day, and has always been used as a sort of argument in favor of the material. Old Omar carried the argument to its extreme, taking his theory from those who had gone before him and "as prophets burned." The philosophical view of the matter has tended always to relieve the minds of those who held it of responsibility for individual action. This was old Omar's conclusion. You remember his quatrains—Who, cried another, some there be who tell Of what we are, and how we are made? The hidden Pots be marred in making; Pish! He's a good fellow, and 'twill all be well.

To find any comfort in such a doctrine argues an utter disregard of the teachings of history and a disbelief in the Word of God. It is not to be believed that, in spite of all the learned discussions of scientists, that He, the Creator of all good—if for the sake of making His work comprehensible to our finite minds He were prefigured of a potter—could have marred in the making any of His creatures, and yet have blamed God for the evil that is in the world and which is distinctly and solely the product of man.

Always it must be understood that our station in life is in the hands of the potter, but in our own we are not here for ornament or to be used by others; we are not mere insensate clay molded to a rigid form and bound down by immutable laws to merely one use. In His own image, and in His own likeness, we are created with qualities so nearly divine that by their proper use we may hope some day to become worthy to take a place by His side. The divine gift of life, with which no man can ever be denied, is His. The power to use it is ours, with the privilege of abusing it, if we choose to pay the price.

Instead, then, of regarding life as simply to be lived from day to day, we should all have a mind as to the direction in which it tends. As the Latins had it, "Qualis rex, talis grex"—as life is so is its end. And that thought it behooves us to have with us during every waking hour, so that our minds may be directed not simply in selfishness toward our own immediate happiness, but to those higher things which shall fit us, when the end comes, for the new life which lies beyond. Let us trust rather to the Scriptures than to philosophy as our guide in life, and believe, with Tennyson, that we are— Not only cunning cast in clay; Let whom you see us, and then "New wine in old bottles." At least in this, I would not say.

Let Him, the wise man who springs hereafter, up from Chillon's shade His action like the greater ape, But be seen to other things.

PROHIBITION MOVEMENT.

Southern Newspapers Interested in the Washington Situation. From the Charleston News and Courier. We do not believe that prohibition will prohibit in Washington any more than that the destruction of the canteen in the army has contributed materially to the temperance of the American soldier or made him more efficient in the discharge of his duties. We do not know of any place, however, where we would rather have the merit of prohibition subjected to a crucial test than the city of Washington, and we wish that the test might be made during the present administration. Mr. Roosevelt would find the hunting of blind tigers at the National Capital a more exciting sport than bear hunting in any swamp. He is the only man to undertake the job of clearing out the liquor sellers in the District of Columbia, and Congress ought to give him full power to act.

Washington, the National Capital, is on the tenter-hooks of suspense. The prohibitionists are moving on the city, and Washington doesn't know what they are going to do. The Washington Herald thinks that the prohibitionists would not dare to force their opinions upon the District of Columbia, without finding out what the people of the District think about it. It shows that the Herald is not very well informed. The prohibitionists don't care what the people think about it. They "know" that they are right, and that everybody who doesn't think as they do is wrong, therefore they propose to do the right thing. If Washington doesn't like prohibition she will have to accept it, that's all. It would be a great joke on Congress if the "dry" sentiment were to prove strong enough to carry the day.

Washington City, he it remembered, does not govern itself, but is governed by Congress. There is a movement to close it up, and the Washington Herald represents that there is a large sentiment in Congress, especially among Southern Representatives, in favor of the proposition. Mr. Bryan never wants Dixie, but he would shut up Washington if he prohibits the sale of liquor. He is a very citied of strong drink! But they will hardly do it.

Utterly Useless. From the Chicago Record-Herald. It is too much to hope that only people who read the President's message will seriously discuss and criticize it.

So far as this year's Nobel peace prize award is concerned, Mr. George Fred Williams appears to have come as near as ever to not getting it. We've heard it in the mountains. We've heard it in the thins of peace. And when the war-dogs trail. We've heard it in the jungle. We've heard it on the coast, everywhere. And we love it—God knows.

We've heard it, and it stood for a little rest and sleep. When the terrible sentries overhead Their "post" and "order" keep. When the great war-god Orion Looked down from his high night. And made us think of those at home Beneath another light.

We've heard it when we brooked Behind the day's alarm; We've heard it when we buried him Beneath the stars. We've heard it on the transport. We've heard it on the plain. We've heard it in the rain. "Midst the fever and the rain."

Chicago's Professional Type. From the New York Herald. A Chicago professor says he is against "the house-dog type of wife." Isn't it about time for the country to oppose the Chicago type of professor?

Snuggles Ahead. From the Columbia (S. C.) State. That Pacific cruise may not have such easy sailing with Congress.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Charles C. Carlin, of the Eighth Virginia (Alexandria) district, has already achieved fame in the present session, and the probabilities are that he will be a member of the District Committee, to fill the only vacancy on the minority side.

Mr. Carlin's claim to fame is that it was his resolution at the Democratic caucus that provided that the minority leaders shall be instructed to designate the minority members for committees. His resolution was a substitute for that introduced by Representative Jones, of Virginia, providing that the minority leader shall have nothing to do with the naming of the committees.

The Carlin resolution having passed, the minority members began asking "who is this man Carlin?" He is a native of Alexandria, and was admitted to the bar in that county. He began life as a newspaper and office boy; became a reporter, and then superintendent of construction, studying law during the time he served in the latter capacity. He came to the Sixtieth Congress as the result of the vacancy made by the death of J. F. Rixey. Because of his newspaper experience, which was practically all in Washington, and because of the fact that he has been in Washington nearly every day of his life, he is much wanted on the District Committee, for he is about as much of a Washingtonian as could be selected for the place. Virginia has nearly always had a representative on the committee, the last one being the late Col. Campbell Slemm, whose death made a vacancy in the Ninth district that will be filled, probably, by his son, Bascomb Slemm, a Republican. It is pretty generally accepted that John Sharp Williams will recommend Mr. Carlin for the minority place on the committee.

That the Democrats will do all they can during the coming session of Congress to force tariff legislation is accepted, and the reason for their action is that nearly all of them are firmly convinced that the tariff should be one of the main issues in the coming campaign. Many Democrats have introduced bills providing for the removal of tariff from wood pulp and white paper, and they anticipate that because of these bills they will have ample opportunity to do much prodding and keep the majority side stirred up, for there is not a member of Congress but has had impressed upon him by the editors in his district, the necessity for cutting down the facilities the paper trust has employed to raise the price of white paper. These members are Republicans as well as Democrats, and the minority anticipate much pleasure in calling the matter to the attention of the House. John Sharp Williams, the minority leader, declares the minority will make things warm all through the session if a measure is not introduced providing for such changes.

The session is only a few days old, but Senator Crane, of Massachusetts, has probably done more work than any other man under the dome and probably knows as much or more than any other man in favor of doing it. He is not a member of the Finance Committee, and yet the leaders of the Senate who are members of that committee have taken him into their councils and he is one of the chiefs in sounding sentiment and ascertaining what the Republicans are likely to favor. Neither is he a member of the House, but Speaker Cannon and the leaders at that end of the Capitol are in touch with him daily and take him into their plans. Up Pennsylvania avenue at the White House, the President, too, has already indicated his desire that the Senator from Massachusetts co-operate with him. Accordingly almost every working day the Senator travels over the three legs of a triangle the apex of which are the Senate, the House, which is a quarter of a mile distant, and the White House, which is a mile distant from both.

Senators-elect Owen and Gore, from Oklahoma, have left Washington for Oklahoma, to attend the sessions of the new State's legislature. That body will convene to-morrow, but under the constitution, the Senators may not be elected until next Tuesday, December 17, the second Tuesday after the first Monday.

So far, Senators-elect Owen and Gore have not been recognized because the constitution provides that appointments by governors shall only be made when there is a vacancy between sessions of the legislature. The ruling was made by that Gov. Haskell's appointments were therefore, not constitutional. Both have been in Washington since Congress convened. Leaving the report. Owing to the ruling of the Senate committee, their names and biographies did not appear in the first issue of the Congressional Directory.

Members of Congress and Republican national committee-men had much fun at the expense of Senator Dix, when the committee was considering the question of the right city for the convention. Senator Dick attended the meetings as proxy for W. S. Sturgess, the committee-man from Arizona, and the only instructions the committee sent his proxy was to vote for Kansas City. Now Senator Dix personally preferred Chicago, and because of the attempt to make a vote for Chicago, he was against Taft, he was using all his influence to get votes for the Windy City. When it came to a vote, however, he was compelled to cast his for Kansas City, and after the meeting, some of his converts advised him to practice what he preached.

During the recent visit of W. J. Bryan to Washington, he went to a local tailor shop to get his overcoat pressed. The proprietor took charge of the garment and began feeling about to see that nothing of value had been left in the pockets. To his surprise, he discovered there were no pockets in the coat—the slit where the pockets should be went through into the space between the outside of the coat and the lining. Inside, there were dozens of newspapers, railroad time tables, and papers of all sorts.

"I bought that coat in Germany," explained Mr. Bryan, "and it had no pockets in it. However, I find this a handy arrangement, because I can carry a bushel of papers in the lining."

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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THEY CALL IT ART. A lady wants a quick divorce. Her lawyers battle woe. And when they've made her free, of course, she goes upon the stage. There in the chorus with a spear she plays her wooden part. And people come from far and near to wonder at her art.

From off the Brooklyn Bridge a gent took one day like a dive. And though he's somewhat warped and bent, he gets away alive. We next behold him as a star; he's graceful as a cart. But people come from near and far to wonder at his art.

'Twas a Proposal. "I got a letter from him yesterday written on a typewriter." "That's too much like business." "Well, he meant business."

'The Reason. "Why is Roosevelt such a great President?" "That's easy." "Well?" "Because he runs things about like you or I would run 'em."

Same Jokes. In modern vaudeville, half the sketch team soaks the other half with a newspaper. In former Athens he used a newspaper; and in ancient Nineveh he used a cuneiform tablet. The line of conversation, however, remains the same.

Weird Combinations. Nature faking still holds sway. That is flat. You can see it any day. On a lat.

Life in a Flat. "It's enough to make a man turn archist." "The unequal distribution of wealth?" "No; the unequal distribution of heat."

Easy Shopping. "Grace, with your score of beaux, you'll have some perplexing holiday problems to solve in a minute." "Oh, no. Two dozen Christmas cards will do the trick, and also provide the several new fellows I am apt to be more interested in between now and the twenty-fifth."

Two Requirements. "That telephone girl has the voice to make a prima donna. Now, if she only has the other qualifications?" "Better investigate. It's a cinch she has the requisite hauteur."

PLAIN DEALS. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Not Entirely Sentimental. It isn't the gift, but the giver you can count on at the Christmas tide. If it's only a mere reminder. With a wealth of love allied; And yet the reminder should carry A value intrinsic beside.

Marine Effects. "Somebody has found a way of sending portraits by submarine cable." "Wash drawings, I suppose."

Helping Him Along. The Duke—"Was your father hard hit by the stock slump?" "The heiress—" "No." "The duke after a pause—" "Then—" "The heiress—" "Oh, your grace, this is so sudden!"

Quite as Well. "Did you know that by placing the transmitter of a telephone to your chest you can carry on a conversation quite as well as if you put it to your lips?" "Why, no, this is the first I've heard of it. But I haven't any chest. Will my trunk do just as well?"

The Weston Cure. When you have a case of the blues Walk it off at the Christmas time. For you can if you but choose. Walk it off. You will find this rule will pay; You can use it every day. So, when trouble comes your way, Walk it off.

Fast Indeed. "They tell me Cholice Wabbles is going a fast pace." "Yes, he's coming over on the Louisiana."

Poorly Inspected. "I notice that an industrious blind man takes in washing in a New Jersey town. Seems strange, doesn't it?" "I dunno. I notice that our laundry work often looks as if a blind man did it."

Obstinate. "Does Bilkins want the presidency of the company?" "No." "Won't he run for it?" "Run for it! He won't even stand for it."

Hidden Village Recovered. From the Canal Record. An entire village built by the French during their occupation of the Isthmus and completely buried by the dense jungle growth of twenty years, has been discovered at Calmito Mulato by the engineering force that is locating the center line of the canal in the Chagres division. It contains nine sets of married quarters, twenty-two barracks and a blacksmith shop, a small machine shop. A majority of the buildings were in sufficiently good condition to be worth preservation, and are now undergoing repairs. The machinery in the machine shop was in good condition. Some of the smaller parts had been taken away. These will be replaced and put in use. It included a boiler and engine, lathe, shaper, and several drill presses. The discovery of the village was a complete surprise to the engineers, for while its location is shown on some existing maps, very few of the present canal workers were aware of the fact.

An Extension of Activity. From the Providence Journal. President Roosevelt states a familiar fact in an effective way when he says, in the opening paragraphs of his message to Congress, that present conditions demand an extension, not of Federal authority, but of Federal activity; and that does not signify any advocacy of centralization, but means simply that centralization in business has already taken place, and must be met "by providing better methods for the exercise of control through the authority already centralized in the national government by the work itself." Rarely has the situation been more clearly expressed. "New conditions have arisen that demand the exercise of the old authority in a new way."

Forty-six Masters or One. From the Chicago Record-Herald. It is right to give the railroads a master. But it is preposterous to expect order, sanity, or fairness under the rule of forty-six masters. Control, to be just, must be uniform, and Federal control alone can be uniform.

Keep Up with the Jug. From the Louisville Courier Journal. Mobile should not secede from Alabama, but merely jug along with the procession.

AT THE HOTELS.

John B. Hardy, who represents the Houston Manufacturers' Association, the Texas Rice Farmers' Exchange, the city of Houston, and twenty years of investigation in the growing of rice, was at the Ebbitt House last night. Mr. Hardy has crossed the Atlantic Ocean so many times that he has lost count; he has been around the world a couple of times, and has traveled over the United States so much that he is at home in the canyons of Louisiana or in the rabbit ranges of Oklahoma.

Mr. Hardy has gone back into Egyptian history to prove that the reports of flour sellers that their product was the original stuff of life are but fakes. He has some illustrations which show ancient Egyptian illustrations which show ancient Egyptian sowing rice. This, according to the picture, was 5,000 years ago, and long before St. Paul and Minneapolis were dreamed of.

"Our imports of rice," said Mr. Hardy, "for the fiscal year ended June 30 last amounted to more than \$4,000,000, and the shipments are still coming in large quantities, in spite of the fact that nearly 1,000,000 barrels of Texas rough and cleaned rice are in the hands of rice millers. The farmers are still carrying in storage about 500,000 barrels, and there is yet untrashed more than 600,000 barrels. Fifty per cent of this latter amount is believed, by almost a total loss. This is in Texas alone. Almost similar conditions exist in Louisiana."

Mr. Hardy said that the rice and rice products imported from foreign countries, and sold in this country, are inferior in every respect to what might be purchased in the United States. He said that much of this imported product is manufactured under the worst possible surroundings, and is unfit for use as a food.

"The present condition of the rice market should be a warning to which attention should be paid lest there be a repetition of the disaster of 1904-1905, when almost 200,000,000 pounds of rice was sent from this country to foreign markets at a ruinous price. At that time 200,000 acres of the finest rice land in the world, fully equipped with all the necessary machinery, was put out of business. All this was done, and the rice sold on the market was being supplied with foreign extraneously treated rice."

Mr. Hardy said that the solution for this problem lies in the throwing open of the market of Cuba to American rice. Cuba, he said, produces more than 200,000,000 pounds of rice each year in European countries. He said that inasmuch as this foreign rice has been extraneously treated before shipment, a pure-food law for that island is greatly needed.

"Attaches of the army and navy recruiting stations throughout the country do not attach much importance to the hint of Maj. Gen. Ainsworth, Adjutant General of the army, who suggested conscription to keep up the fighting strength," said Richard L. Stone, an attorney of Philadelphia, who has been serving as a regular army. Mr. Stone said he agreed with E. W. Slusher, examining surgeon at the marine station in Kansas City, who said that the right sort of treatment would bring men to the ranks.

"The recommendation that the soldiers' pay be increased may help some, but the canteen will have to be re-established before things go right. Military life in the United States is a drudge now. There is little or no excitement. He lacks the excitement of campaigning and is deprived of the comforts of the club. The army denies the soldier his refreshment room, and, of course—simply of course—does not go in for his clubs. The abolition of the canteen has left the canteen was a bowling lap room. On the contrary, it was a place where liquor were sold under the martinet eye of a commissioned officer, a sergeant, a corporal, and a private. The canteen was the first sign of a drop in the bucket of the soldier's glass being turned down. He was kept sober. Around the canteen table went the gossip of the fort, the story, the arrangement for the ball game was made, papers were read and exchanged, and cards, chess, and draughts whiled away the three years of the soldier's enlistment. At the end of his time he re-enlisted, pleased with his surroundings."

"Now we take that same man, slant him in a barrack room, call him out to drill, send him back to his barracks, and leave him there till retreat. He, being human, can get as much excitement out of the State's regiment, and there will be no trouble keeping the army up to its strength on a peace footing. Conscription is not the solution. The solution is to keep the busy-bodies out of this man's game of soldiering and let the soldier take care of the soldier."

Cy Warman, writer of the most pleasing tales, who lived in Washington many years ago, came back last night to attend the dinner of the Gridiron Club. Mr. Warman, carefully sorting his Canadian money, saw how lives at London, Canada—from that bearing the stamp of the United States, in his apartment at the New Willard, said: "Washington is the most beautiful city in the world. The day was perfect and was almost equal to a September day in Canada, which every one knows is the best imaginable kind of day."

Mr. Warman said that Canada is prosperous, although it has been slightly affected by the recent tight money market. He said that the construction of the Great Trunk Pacific Railway across the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific will bring into circulation almost \$200,000,000, and that necessarily this means good times.

Mr. Warman said that he has just completed a contract for his latest book, which deals with the Indians of the north country—"The very finest Indians in the world." The tales are simple, he said, like the people, and deal with life in the great north woods.

"Thirty thousand lumbermen are out of work in Oregon alone," said Philip Buchner, of Portland, president of the Oregon and Washington Manufacturers' Association, at the New Willard last night. "The lumbermen of the Pacific Northwest have recently raised rates for now live at a level almost 25 per cent. The Mr. Buchner said, "is responsible for the losing down of the sawmills of that country." The Lumbermen's Association has secured an injunction against the railroads, and the Interstate Commerce Commission will give both sides a hearing on December 11. "There are eleven of us already in Washington," said Mr. Buchner, "and ten more will arrive next week. There are more than 50 lumber dealers interested in this hearing, and we expect to win the case."

AT THE HOTELS. John B. Hardy, who represents the Houston Manufacturers' Association, the Texas Rice Farmers' Exchange, the city of Houston, and twenty years of investigation in the growing of rice, was at the Ebbitt House last night. Mr. Hardy has crossed the Atlantic Ocean so many times that he has lost count; he has been around the world a couple of times, and has traveled over the United States so much that he is at home in the canyons of Louisiana or in the rabbit ranges of Oklahoma.

Mr. Hardy has gone back into Egyptian history to prove that the reports of flour sellers that their product was the original stuff of life are but fakes. He has some illustrations which show ancient Egyptian illustrations which show ancient Egyptian sowing rice. This, according to the picture, was 5,000 years ago, and long before St. Paul and Minneapolis were dreamed of.

"Our imports of rice," said Mr. Hardy, "for the fiscal year ended June 30 last amounted to more than \$4,000,000, and the shipments are still coming in large quantities, in spite of the fact that nearly 1,000,000 barrels of Texas rough and cleaned rice are in the hands of rice millers. The farmers are still carrying in storage about 500,000 barrels, and there is yet untrashed more than 600,000 barrels. Fifty per cent of this latter amount is believed, by almost a total loss. This is in Texas alone. Almost similar conditions exist in Louisiana."

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