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TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1908. State Rights Again.

State rights have come to the front in a new form in South Carolina, where Judge Pritchard of the Federal court, has taken jurisdiction of funds in custody of the State dispensary board, and has appointed members of the board receivers for the funds.

This is alleged by the State rights men to be in violation of the constitutional provision that a State cannot be sued, but inasmuch as there is a question whether a commission is the same thing as the State, it looks as if there were two sides to the case.

Senator Tillman takes the view that an appointive board has no sovereignty, even though a creature of the State. Nor does the legislature appear to have taken the State rights issue seriously, for in spite of a special message from Gov. Ansel asking for the passage of a bill transferring the dispensary funds to the State treasury, and thereby removing them from the jurisdiction of the Federal court, that body adjourned without acting on the measure.

Judge Pritchard appointed the receivers on the application of citizens of other States who had claims before the dispensary board. He has ordered that the funds in possession of the commission, amounting to \$500,000, be turned over to the receivers. The attorney general of South Carolina, however, has advised the receivers, who are also members of the commission, to disregard the order of the court.

Only one member of the commission has accepted appointment as receiver, and the others appear disinclined to do so. The matter is further complicated by the fact that the commission had already acknowledged the jurisdiction of the Federal court by joining in or consenting to an application for an order for the payment of \$500,000 in foreign credits.

This action, it is alleged, amounts to a waiver of objection to the jurisdiction of the Federal court. There would appear to be some force in the contention of the State rights faction that the dispensary commission is as much a part of the State government as its educational or charitable institutions, and that "if a Federal court can legally take over the administration and the funds of one department of a State government it can take over any and all others."

At any rate, Judge Pritchard has raised some interesting questions that will probably be taken up to the Supreme Court. His action also gives point to the demand of Mr. Bryan's platform that foreign corporations be compelled to submit their legal disputes to the courts of the States where they do business.

The Providence Journal points out that Mr. Bryan didn't "carry his own ward" in Lincoln, Neb., the last time he ran for President. Oh, well; in the late gubernatorial race in Georgia, too, Hoke Smith didn't carry his ward, but what he lost to the opposition in the remainder of the State was enough and to spare!

A Pastor and a Kiss. If the Columbia (S. C.) State pastor to kiss a girl whom he has declared by a Synodical order to be a sinner, he is guilty of a crime, and he is all on the level, as it is pretty apt to be. We do, however, doubt his right to purloin the same, deliberately!

It may be all right for a layman to steal such things as kisses, but a pastor necessarily observes the substance as well as the form of the injunction against the appropriation of things belonging to another without that other's consent.

We incline to agree with the bishop; at least a middle ground in reaching a conclusion in matters of this kind is attractive to those who are called upon to judge. We imagine the pastor in this particular case to be a young man, well-intentioned, if not altogether discreet or ripely experienced. The good bishop was once young and unsophisticated, too; evidently, he hasn't forgotten that! That's a fine quality in a bishop. It is splendid to see one whose eye lights up with a sparkle now and then, despite that air of great dignity and austerity attaching to them always outwardly.

We rather imagine this wise and humane bishop was not altogether pleased with the little-while who brought the story to him, too, just because a girl doesn't want to kiss the pastor is no reason why she should run to the bishop with it. We don't believe a girl from whom kisses are solicited with any great degree of regularity or enthusiasm would do it, either. A real smart girl would have rejected the pastor's suggestion with diplomacy and kind-heartedness; perhaps made a loyal and staunch friend of him. At least, she would not have bounced off and blabbed it all to the bishop! Even the greenest novice, as a last resort, ought to be able successfully to fall back on the old "I'll-be-a-sister-to-you piece in such crises as this!

We affirm the bishop's judgment. He has not been unmindful of the days when he was young and on the carpet for a loving helpmeet himself. And we are glad the pastor in the case didn't get the kiss or the girl that goes with it. We don't believe she would make an acceptable pastor's wife, anyhow. We suspect why she did an old maid; the young men of her neighborhood will not be attracted

by a female who would hand any one of their sex such a lemon as she handed the pastor.

There must be something grimly humorous to Mr. Grover Cleveland in the press dispatches concerning the grounding of "the President's yacht, the Mayflower."

Race-track Gambling—Stop It! Gambling at the Benning race track can be stopped, if the authorities of the District of Columbia resolve to stop it. District Attorney Baker can stop it by prosecuting the gamblers vigorously, persistently, and relentlessly.

The District Commissioners can stop it by directing the superintendent of police to raid the gamblers, and keep on raiding them, day by day, regardless of what the district attorney may do with the cases subsequently.

Police Superintendent Sylvester himself can stop it by doing his duty without waiting for orders—by doing it vigilantly, courageously, continuously, from the opening to the close of the spring meeting at Benning.

This can be done under the common law against gambling. It not only can be done, but it ought to be done, and it will be done, unless the authorities here desist—District Attorney Baker, Commissioners Macfarland and West, and Police Superintendent Sylvester—each and all fall short of doing their full duty.

This may be a blunt, brusque statement of the case, but it is the truth nevertheless—the plain, cold truth. The community of the Capital is tired of hearing how helpless its officials are to deal with evils they so much deplore. The memory of the successful crusade against the petty hand-book men is too fresh for people to accept with credence, or even patience, the feeble excuses and explanations offered as to Benning. The law that reaches the small gambler will reach the big gambler as well, if it is honestly and impartially enforced.

The New York blacklegs, politely called bookmakers, would not dare set foot in Washington, if arrest and prosecution awaited their coming. They would take no chances. But the fact is—and this is the severest reflection upon the District authorities—that they come and set up their gambling devices at Benning with the knowledge or tacit understanding that they are to be immune from the law.

In other words, law-breaking is countenanced during the progress of these racing meetings. Washington is tolerating, and has tolerated for years, a condition of affairs as to open, wholesale gambling—a twice-a-year indulgence in law-breaking—to which hardly another American city would submit. Its ill effects are hurtful in the extreme—hurtful to business interests, productive of untold misery and hardship, destructive of morals, and damaging to the good name of the fair Capital of the Nation.

Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, as we have said before, stands for law and order and right living. He is a lover of manly, honest sport. But he does not countenance law-breaking, or tolerate reprobation on the part of those entrusted with public duty. One of these days Theodore Roosevelt will get his mind on Benning and its attendant evils. Then the disgrace will end—forthwith and forever.

Oh! So Mr. Taft is to have the approval of Wall street? We can picture Mr. Bryan as he wends his way to the woodshed for the purpose of weeping over this distressing news!

A Department of Transportation? The creation of a Department of Transportation and Public Works would seem a natural sequel to the development of President Roosevelt's policy for the improvement of the nation's waterways, as well as a necessary consequence of the increasing control of the Federal government over the railroads through the Interstate Commerce Commission. Mr. Roosevelt remarked not long ago, in disapproval of a project for a Department of Public Health, that he thought the Cabinet was large enough. We have not observed any indication of a change of mind since, but there is so much more reason for the establishment of a Department of Transportation that possibly it is true, as asserted, that the President is inclined to approve the main features of the Ransdell bill.

Whether the project for a new executive department finds favor or not, it is certain that at no distant day Congress will have to provide more extensive machinery for the enforcement of Federal legislation for the regulation of railroads. The Interstate Commerce Commission is now, and has been for a long time, swamped with business. It was originally a semi-judicial body, but gradually a number of important administrative duties have been entrusted to it, so that it regularly exercises both judicial and administrative functions. To insure the maximum of efficiency, these two functions ought to be separated, though, of course, they should continue to be exercised under a single bureau of the executive branch, such as that proposed by Mr. Ransdell. The commission could then devote itself solely to the hearing and determining of complaints as to service and rates, and other controverted questions arising from the relations of the railroads and the public, while administrative officers could take over the other work which Congress has imposed on an overworked body.

One of the objects of the Ransdell bill is the co-ordination of work along similar lines now performed by two or more departments. It may well be asked, by those opposed to the creation of an additional executive department, why this co-ordination could not be as well effected by Congress itself as by bringing a number of bureaus together under a single head. Inasmuch as Congress decides upon the broad general lines of Executive policy, it is within the power of Congress to prescribe a method by which the various bureaus and departments may co-operate to carry out that policy. If Congress did so, it would be less likely to be as well effected by Congress itself as by bringing a number of bureaus together under a single head. Inasmuch as Congress decides upon the broad general lines of Executive policy, it is within the power of Congress to prescribe a method by which the various bureaus and departments may co-operate to carry out that policy. If Congress did so, it would be less likely to be as well effected by Congress itself as by bringing a number of bureaus together under a single head.

The Chattanooga Times reproves us for attributing a certain remark of Glendower to Shakespeare's "Macbeth" instead of "Henry IV." and the Times is right; it was a slip. Of course, we might lay it on the profligate or the imitator, but in view of the fact that

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We have resigned from the Paraphraser's Union, we prefer to admit the truth of the matter.

The Haven of Naval Deserters. It is disclosed in a communication which the Secretary of the Navy has filed with the chairman of the House Naval Committee that the States of Missouri and Washington are attaining some distinction as a safe haven of refuge to naval deserters. In one case, that of Missouri, the condition so agreeable to these fugitives who have unlawfully separated themselves from the naval service has been furnished by the aid of a State court which has decided that the civil officers may not arrest deserters from the navy. The communication of this intelligence appears to have been prompt and efficacious, since the deserters have speedily flocked to Missouri and defied the Federal authorities with a brazen effrontery which goes well with their crime.

In Washington a local indifference to bringing naval deserters to justice appears to have made their apprehension impossible. This prejudice has prevailed to such advantage for the deserters that among the practicing physicians in the city of Seattle is "a hospital apprentice, first class, who had deserted from the Philadelphia in June, 1906." An effort was made to enlist the Department of Justice, but the Attorney General decided there was no law under which the United States marshal could apprehend and return deserters from the navy.

The situation is quite different in the army and Marine Corps, where the Federal law authorizes any civil officer to summarily arrest a deserter, and it is now proposed to extend this privilege to the navy. It is only remarkable that the situation has existed for two years without the obvious remedy of legislation being sought to prevent the successful defiance of the United States by deserters. It is stated, for instance, that as long ago as August, 1906, the Navy Department received a report from the commanding officer of the receiving ship Philadelphia, at the navy yard at Puget Sound, Wash., that there were many deserters from the naval service at large in Seattle and near-by cities. There ought to be prompt action on the part of Congress, following the belated effort of the Navy Department, to correct this peculiar and intolerable situation.

Perhaps Kentucky thinks it can make up for its failure to bring those "night riders" to justice by the number of times it brings Mr. Caleb Powers to justice.

"The Washington Herald speaks of 'the lay of the umphre' as if he were the goose-egg factory," notes the Nashville American. Well, certainly, goose eggs and lemons are about the only things he has handed the Washington teams of the past, but perhaps Mr. Bryan has a more cheerful view of things, so far as the coming season is concerned.

Perhaps the next time a banquet is given in the neighborhood of Mr. "Simian" Ford it would be just as well not to let him get out of his cage.

South Carolina appears to have got that Senator's problem out of its system before anybody had a chance to get read with anybody else about it. The Palmetto State is to be congratulated.

Mr. John Burroughs says "nature-faking is dying a natural death. That is both treason and faking. Everybody knows it was stabbed to death by a spear that knows no brother."

According to the ever truthful Houston Post, a woman of that city would be pleased "to hear her husband praise the beauty and talent of his lady friends." Poor thing! Evidently she is, hopelessly deaf!

As long, however, as our war ships are able to keep the armor line above water and the guns working, it will be all right, won't it?

Mrs. Hetty Green says Taft will arise and nominate Roosevelt "at the proper time." And what does she mean by "the proper time"? 1912?

"China has to knock down, as usual," says the Milwaukee Sentinel. And ante up, too, as usual.

Mr. E. H. Harrison now admits that he has secured control of an important railroad in one of the Southern States where the anti-railroad agitation has been fiercest. If agitation attracts that class of manipulators, we think it apt to become a more or less unpopular pastime.

Mrs. Hetty Green's pronounced views against American heiresses marrying foreign gentlemen undoubtedly would start a Hetty Green Presidential boom were such things permitted in this country.

Because she was forced to practice four hours per day on the piano, a Pennsylvania girl dropped with mother's star boarder. Whether the lady had a train for the star boarder or the star boarder was simply taking desperate chances on stopping the practice, we don't know. The incident seems susceptible of a half dozen explanations.

That German judge who sentenced a malefactor of great wealth to jail for 1,500 years and to pay a fine of \$500,000 perhaps had his own ideas as to the length of time it would take the culprit to make up his mind to pay the fine.

Rudyard Kipling advises against "going after riches and both hands." We suspect Mr. Kipling wouldn't hide one hand in his pocket if he saw something good in a financial way headed in his direction.

Every spring the Balkans uprising, and then Castro talks for publication. This has been going on for years.

Lillian Russell has given out an "infallible recipe for catching husbands." The fair Lillian also has an infallible recipe for turning them loose.

A New York man calls his automobile his "autogo." Perhaps he ought to go, but he doesn't.

"Do fish feel pain?" Inquires the Atlanta Georgian. We should think the Georgia these days would be calculated to give them quite a pain.

The Danish Landthing has passed a woman's suffrage act. Hereafter no female with political aspirations will dream of referring to the Landthing as a "mean thing."

If King Edward were more or less of a mollycoddle, Emperor William Hohenzollern would now be our first royal addition to the famous Ananias Club.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

HIS DIAGNOSIS. He never told his love I ardent tone. He never made a motion To indicate devotion Or have it known.

He never told his love In glowing verse. And we who think it over, Must tabulate this lover As queer, indeed.

He never told his love We must confess. He really thought the feeling He found upon him stealing Was blissfulness.

Careless Effects. "Do you go to Paris for your styles?" "I have hitherto," answered the fashionable milliner, "but this season I am getting fine results from studying the ash-barrels in our city."

Fleeting Joy. "It is not what is around us, says a philosopher, but what is in us that makes us happy."

Fetching Figures. "I don't like the figures in any of these rugs," complained Mrs. Nurtich. And she departed.

We ought to get some rugs made to order," declared the salesman to the manager, "with the cost price woven in."

The Ladies. Christmas in weeks behind them. And here, gazekooks, we find them Shopping again.

Ready Argument. "Sir, I am soliciting ads." "Young man, my time is valuable."

Christmas in weeks behind them. And here, gazekooks, we find them Shopping again.

Reserve Backing. "Now," said the head of the firm to the new clerk, "younder is a very complete encyclopedia for the use of our employees."

That you do you mean, sir?" "That you are not expected to know it all."

Friendly Advice. "He offers me a platonic love." "Pshaw, no vidya, boy, and nothing but a book of poetry Christmas."

STANDS BY DEMOCRACY.

Mr. Waterson Pledges Support, Despite Differences of Opinion. Henry Waterson, in Louisville Courier-Journal.

We shall labor for the election of the Democratic ticket precisely as if it given to our original convictions and preferences, hoping always for an ultimate return to Democracy, untrifled and undefiled; the Constitution immutable and supreme except as amended according to its own provisions; the representative character of the government intact against Presidential usurpation and judicial construction; home rule in State, county, and city; the equal rights of all men, whether taken en masse or organized into labor unions and franchise corporations, just taxation, local and national, and, above all and before all, a tariff for revenue only.

As the support of the Courier-Journal will cost the party managers nothing, they can accept it or leave it alone, just as they please. It does not care a hill of beans for their like or their dislike, their confidence or their distrust. It has received little else than contempt from the last ten or a dozen years, during which it has given them in return nothing but good advice, and nothing which, if not always enthusiastic, became ineffective only when crippled by their own acts of folly, as in the last State canvass.

It has made some sacrifices of opinion and feeling to get to Mr. Bryan, the way to him, but Mr. Bryan personally it entertains only sentiments of friendly good will. In case he is elevated to the Presidency, it will neither ask nor expect favor as they please. It does not care a hill of beans for their like or their dislike, their confidence or their distrust. It has received little else than contempt from the last ten or a dozen years, during which it has given them in return nothing but good advice, and nothing which, if not always enthusiastic, became ineffective only when crippled by their own acts of folly, as in the last State canvass.

CONTRAST IN STATESMEN. An Interesting Study of Hoke Smith and Tom Watson. From the Meltrin (Ga.) Journal.

Two more interesting characters do not exist in the State. They are the complements of each other. Smith is large and truly a veritable giant. Watson is small, delicate, and emaciated. The voice of the one is coarse and monotonous, while that of the other is high pitched, sharp, and clear. Smith is argumentative, forceful, and convincing. Watson is dramatic, suggestive, and persuasive. Smith deals in facts, Watson in fancy. Smith has no humor, while Watson has a brilliancy of wit. Smith is without literary finish, while Watson is scholarly. Smith is a materialist, Watson an idealist. Smith knows little of the people, their customs, habits, or legends. Watson is from and of the people and knows, as few men do, the secret springs that man the mind of the masses.

Both have a large degree, the money-making faculty. Smith has grown rich in Atlanta real estate and contingent fees, while Watson has amassed a wealth defying criminal cases and acquiring fabled lands.

Smith has a few loyal friends, Watson has a legion of devotees who follow him with blind fidelity. When Smith visited Watson it was the mountain laborer Mahomet, and the mountain laborer Mahomet it brought forth a propaganda that was pleasing to Mahomet. But the mountain has ceased to labor, and those who do not mind the shadow of Mahomet are wondering if the mountain will go back to Mahomet—or Mahomet to the mountain.

LOST GRIEF. Last week we went back to those olden ways, Familiar to our early wedding days. We would not shed the little unnam'd mood. Backward and forth we went searching long. No trace remains of that once sacred bond.

When we walked under the garden path, Tangled with vines, and last year's aftermath, We would not shed the little unnam'd mood. Backward and forth we went searching long. No trace remains of that once sacred bond.

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CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Senator James P. Clarke, of Arkansas, is a native of Yazoo City, Miss., the town of which John Sharp Williams made famous. Educated in the common schools and common academies in Mississippi, he went to the University of Virginia to study law, and after graduating, began practice at Helena, Ark.

In 1886 he entered the political arena, and was elected to the house of representatives of the State legislature. Two years later he was promoted to the State senate, serving till 1892, and was president of that body in 1891.

He was elected governor in 1894, and when his term had expired, moved to Little Rock and resumed his law practice.

Senator Clarke succeeded Hon. James K. Jones in the United States Senate, having been chosen as the nominee at the primary election held in 1902.

He is generally easily approached, and pleasant at all times. His snow-white hair and tall figure are familiar to visitors to the Senate.

His committee assignments are numerous, the most important being Commerce, Judiciary, Pacific Islands, and Porto Rico.

"Standing room only" was displayed both in the galleries and on the floor of the Senate yesterday. The largest audience thus far this session was present to hear Senator Bailey's speech on the currency bill.

The galleries were packed, and every available seat on the floor was taken. The Texas delegation from the House was present in full force, and a number of other members of that body.

Without taking into consideration the merits of the remarks, the speech was a masterful effort, delivered in Senator Bailey's forcible way.

His enunciation is clear and strong, his gestures timely and graceful. He had the undivided attention of the Democratic Senators and the majority of the Republicans.

He was rarely interrupted during the debate, and at the conclusion received the congratulations of both political friends and political foes.

Ambassador Bryce was an interested spectator of the opening proceedings of the Senate yesterday. Later, Senator Bacon visited with the ambassador and the two indulged in animated conversation.

While the Senate was considering a resolution introduced by Senator Frye, relating to the transportation of cement to the Isthmus of Panama, Senator Foster mentioned Senator Bacon's name in connection with the resolution.

The Georgian pricked up his ears at the mention of his name, hastily shook hands with the ambassador, and in a few moments was on the floor of the Senate engaged in the debate.

Senator Bacon rarely misses an opportunity to "get in it," and as he keeps pretty well informed, he usually has something to say.

Baron Rosen, the Russian Ambassador, was also a visitor in the diplomatic gallery.

The one Senator who has attracted universal attention and no little admiration this Congress is Senator Owen, of Oklahoma. His speech on currency and his debate with the other Indian in the Senate, Senator Curtis, have created great interest in him.

One of the first remarks made by a visitor is, "Show me Senator Owen." He sits in the so-called "freak row," his dark, deep-set eyes and swarthy complexion easily distinguishable.

Sitting next to him, on his right, is his colleague, Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, the blind Senator. He, too, is an object of interest to the visitor. Though blind, he is an optimist, and has sympathy with those who keep aloof and look on the dark side of things.

In a conversation recently he said that "the means of communicating news is in a more developed state in the East than in his country."

He says in his country, when one wants a story to get around to everybody it is told to a woman, cautioning her to keep it secret. That is sufficient; in a short time it is known everywhere.

The Senator said further "that he had always been a difficult problem for him to decide whether it would be better to telegraph, telephone, or tell a woman."

Representative Lovering, of Massachusetts, has a great deal of business these days at both ends of the Capitol. It is something like an eighth of a mile between the Senate and the House; in consequence the Congressman travels much every day after he hangs up his hat on the cloak-room peg.

The cause of his peregrinations is his attachment to discussion of currency questions. He has introduced a bill or two of his own to cure present financial ills, and, although he is not a member of the Banking and Currency Committee, he has been right on the trail of everything that the committee has been doing. He has on occasions in the past brought currency subjects before his own committee on Coins, Weights, and Measures, which claims and exercises jurisdiction over many money matters.

But he is also "Johnny on the spot" whenever there is currency talk in the Senate. How he learns that Senator John Smith is on his feet talking currency to a dwindling audience remains a mystery, but in some fashion Mr. Lovering sniffs the discussion from afar. Soon after the talking begins Mr. Lovering pushes in through the Senate doors, takes a seat on the red sofa, and listens intently. He is likewise a frequent visitor to Senator Aldrich's committee room, where he learns much about the progress of the pending bill which is not told on the floor.

Senator Clifford R. Page, manager of the Hedges campaign in New York, was in Washington yesterday. He said he came here on business before the United States Supreme Court. Accompanied by Representative Bennet, Mr. Page called on the President in the afternoon, but said he did not talk politics.

He met Secretary Taft in Mr. Roosevelt's office, and after coming from the White House he was asked if he conceded the Republican Presidential nomination to Mr. Taft.

"I do not," Senator Page replied. "He hasn't even a look-in."

Martin W. Littleton, of Brooklyn, who defended Harry K. Thaw, and who is here representing the interests of the Electric Boat Company, in connection with the submarine boat scandal, thinks there will be a striking similarity in the platform of both national parties this year.

"What will be the platform of the Democrats?" he was asked.

"The same as that of the Republicans," Mr. Littleton replied. "Just a question, that is all."

"Who said it first?" responded Mr. Littleton, with a chuckle.

THE OPTIMIST.

In its final analysis, I think, it will be found that pessimism is an ignoble sort of philosophy—it is a philosophy and not merely a gloomy state of mind or soul. I can't believe that pessimism is born into a man—for life is hope, bounding, joyous, free; and pessimism creeps along a laggard in the walk of the life; content to stay behind and snarl at others' progress. If, therefore, pessimism comes to seem ignoble, how strong an argument there is for the true optimist—who regards it as a fundamental thing in his philosophy that he should spread abroad the gospel of good cheer and happiness and hope.

Nobility is a virtue that will be cultivated, and by careful cultivation mightily increased, so that the man who clings to this virtue shall, even if he be a pessimist to begin with, come to have a wide, expansive outlook on life and its possibilities; shall lie down with hope and rise with firm resolves. For:

Noble souls, though dust and heat, Rise from disaster and defeat. The stronger; And conscious still of the divine Within them, lie on earth supreme No longer.

It used to be the idea of the ancients that a man was born noble; even as some men were born gentle; others kind. We have progressed far enough to see that it is not genes, as a man's nature, but we ourselves; though, of course, it is a fine thing and a glorious start, and one to thank God for, if we are privileged to be born of a noble father and mother. Yet, even so, the nobility that is to mark our lives must be the outcome of our own actions and thoughts. As Longfellow says:

Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds. Nobility is one of those attributes which vitally influence the world. Few of the virtues have so powerful a light to shed on the dark places of our souls:

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies In other men, sleeping, but never dead, Will rise in majesty to meet thee one; Then glow about thee, and in many eyes, Thou wilt see light around the path to lead, And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.

One great mistake many of us make is in associating noble deeds with heroic deeds, with deeds of "great pluck and moment," and, as a result, we have a host of the noblest of lives have been quiet and unassuming, peaceful and humble. What is it, then, to be noble? Not necessarily to stand in the forefront of the world's affairs, not to do great deeds, but rather to do the necessary deeds of life greatly. To be honest, to be kind, to work hard, to restrict one's desires; to be merciful, and slow to anger; quick to praise, when praise is due, and slow to think evil—these are the noblest of deeds of life, which, rightly followed, make for the betterment of the world and the nobility of the human heart.

A firm and righteous belief in the eternal destiny of our souls, in a convincing manner, toward optimism, which, in the hands of the nobler virtues—it teaches us always to believe the best; to look forward hopefully and serenely; to be confident in our own powers; content with such measure of happiness as fortune allows us, and, sure, within our souls, that whatever the end may be, whenever it comes, that end will be good, if we in our daily lives have been noble, not laggard, and optimistic through it all.

HOPEFUL OF REVISION.

One Paper Sees a Gleam of Sunshine in Ohio Platform. From the New York Times.

Of course if the principle laid down by the Taft platform could be