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TUESDAY, MAY 26, 1908.

Two Hughes Vetoes.

Gov. Hughes has taken occasion, in two veto messages, to lay down what he conceives to be sound principles of governmental control of public service corporations.

In his veto of the 5-cent fare bill, Gov. Hughes follows the principle enunciated in his famous 2-cent fare veto—that a legislative reduction of fares should not be undertaken without full and impartial inquiry into the necessity and the possibility therefor, and that the public service commission having been given power to make such inquiry and to act upon it, the business of regulation should be left to the commission.

Having prevented by one veto a possible act of injustice to a corporation, Gov. Hughes, by his other veto, preserves the public from a sacrifice of rights that may be worth millions in years to come.

Disfranchisement of the negro is to be passed upon by the people of Georgia this year. As the watermelon season looms large on the horizon, however, the colored brother probably isn't as much interested in the proposed constitutional amendment as you might imagine.

The Librarian's Speech. Secretary Taft in his speech at Brooklyn the other day on industrial education and the negro said that plans had been suggested for a migration of the colored brother to some other country where he could live by himself or among his brothers, organize his own society, and create a nation for himself.

In this country we have, in some measure, a Federal censorship exercised in the power of the Postmaster General to exclude from the mails any literature he deems harmful to the morals of the Commonwealth. This does not always work very well, to be sure, as books banned by the Post-office Department find in that very fact a good advertisement, and there is no way of preventing their sale in the cities.

The solon who will devise some plan or law that will serve to restrain the output of works of fiction that, ill-written or well-written, are harmful in their tendencies, shameful in their imaginings, nasty as to morals, will deserve well of his country.

Fortunately there seems, in this country, at least, to be a quick realization of the harm that this growth of eroticism in literature may do to the book trade. In some cities already the booksellers have got together, and have agreed not to sell questionable fiction. This is a move in the right direction. The American Booksellers' Association, in annual convention in New York last week, took up this very matter and officially declared that it "feels called upon at this time to use its influence to discourage the publication and sale of books of a profound immoral plot or tone."

A number of railroads are issuing orders against profanity among employees. This is right, of course; only it will make it

tially improved, and though it is said to be very rich in natural resources, especially forests, it lacks the capital to develop these.

It is true that the influx of a body of the better class of American negroes might add much to the progress of Liberia, but the difficult thing will be to show the negro how he himself is to be advanced by exile to a country where the delights he has known in the United States are quite denied.

Although Judge Alton B. Parker will be a delegate-at-large to the Denver convention, he will not loom quite so large as he did at St. Louis four years ago.

Sidney Bieber, Capitalist.

All doubt is now removed as to our ubiquitous and deplorable young friend, Sidney Bieber—as to his status in this community, we mean.

Heretofore it has been difficult to appraise him definitely. Try as we would, we couldn't do it. Even the luminous figure Senator Carter drew of him left us still groping for light-groping in the dark.

Thanks to the young man, we are now enabled to appraise him aright. He has led us out of the darkness and into the light. We grope no more. Having enlightened us, illuminated his personality, appraised himself, we do not hesitate to say his word goes with us—it goes every time.

Sidney Bieber is a capitalist—he admits it—he proclaims it—he swears to it. So much do we think of him, such joy do we get out of him as we plod along or grope through life, that we should have accepted his appraisal, even if he had not made oath to it. He has familiarized himself. The public knows him better. Doubt no longer envelops him. He looms out clear and strong.

Turning to an old friend for an elbow-Webster (Imperial edition)—he readily defines Sidney for us, and thus the last lingering vestige of uncertainty vanishes at once and forever:

"Capitalist (n.)—A man who has capital, or stock in trade, usually denoting a man of large property, which is or may be employed in business."

There are growing indications both in England and America that in this day, when every one can write a book, and no book can be so bad that it cannot find a publisher—a sort-of some sort of authority to pass upon the question whether or not a book is fit to be published is necessary.

There is a school of writers in England who make a business of writing novels on erotic themes; novels which deal with all sorts of sex problems, and which offend good taste and decency, and in that country the evil is becoming so marked that it would not be at all surprising if the office of censor of literature were created.

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A Warrior Passes Away. Napoleon Bonaparte Tankley, for eight decades a resident of Lumpkin County, Ga., and for four of them the champion "town bully" of his end of the State, has just been gathered to his fathers, and is no more. He was a mighty warrior in his time, although his type had all but vanished at the moment of his demise.

It was Mr. Tankley's proud boast that he was never whipped. Strangers and tenderfeet came and strangers and tenderfeet went in his neighborhood, but to none of them did he ever lower his banner, and with none of them did he ever fall at least to try to pick a quarrel. He fought fair, but not according to any rules, save of the simplest nature. He scorned to use weapons other than his natural fist, unadorned by gloves or other devices of like character. He would not hit below the belt, nor would he seek to worry down his opponent by dilatory tactics. On the other hand, he believed in gouging and biting, scratching or kicking, jabbing or smashing. There were no fine distinctions drawn in his pugilistic philosophy; it was crudely and positively up to the best man to win—and for forty long years Mr. Tankley was the best man against all comers.

We are not sure, however, that Mr. Tankley was perfectly happy. It may be that he would have gone down into the sunset of his days a more nearly contented man had he suffered a defeat or two somewhere along his career. People who are uniformly successful in their undertakings are rarely joyful at any time. Unless one has tasted the bitterness of adversity, how shall he be able to extract from his cup of delight all the refreshment that may be within it? Not every one makes so complete a success of anything as did Mr. Tankley of "bullying." But the people who enjoy their success the most, we think, are those who achieve it through trials and tribulations, and after walking the pathway of humility and chagrin.

It is, of course, to Mr. Tankley's everlasting credit that he did the best he could—we merely make the point that he might have been happier had his best not proved so regularly the very best. One defeat would surely have been a blessing in disguise.

"A New York man named Smith hearing a burglar in the house smashed his head with a flat-iron," says a contemporary. "Still, we don't see why he didn't smash the burglar's head."

"A correspondent asks us to name the autocratic powers. Well, czars, emperors, kings, shahs, and janitors," says the Atlanta Georgian. Why, you have left out the greatest of the lot—babes!

"Just as the season comes when we can laugh at the coal trust—," begins the Baltimore Sun. But the season never comes when we can do more than muster a sticky smile when the coal trust is mentioned.

A scientific fellow has figured that we would all be a great deal happier if the sun were blue. He will doubtless get pretty blue trying to figure a way to make it so, however.

Those Guatemalans might make life much more pleasant for innocent bystanders if they would throw rocks at their President, instead of shooting at him.

"The whip-poor-will are singing," says the Anderson (S. C.) Mail. This is the first direct testimony we have seen in corroboration of Senator "Bob" Taylor's theory that a whip-poor-will sings.

"Nothing pays better dividends than a little common sense," says the Chicago News. Naturally; it is a rather scarce article.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE FISHING TRIP. "Tis now that you wish for a spot by a pool Where the fish Gaily swim In the depths clear and cool."

So you take a day off, and you go to a nook Where the flies Supervise, And you slumber and cook. Then you yearn for a place by a rotary fan And skidoo Thithered Just as fast as you can.

Playing Safe. "I've gotten a great deal of pleasure from anticipating the trip." "More, possibly, than you'll get from the trip itself!" "That's what I think. So I've decided to stay home and save the money."

Seems Wasteful. "So, you don't like the modern star system?" "Not altogether," answered the manager. "I hate to back up a monologue with three carloads of scenery."

Always a Way. "Fido shakes the water over everything in the house." "Why don't you correct him?" "Oh, we couldn't correct little Fido. We've arranged to give him his bath with a vacuum cleaner."

Planning the House. When a young pair halts before The windows of a carpet store, You may surmise The whats and whys. I think I need say nothing more.

When the Owner Rides. "I see you often in an auto these days." "Yes; my present chauffeur is just landed, and hasn't made any friends as yet."

He Wouldn't Go. "Can't you give that young man a hint?" inquired the mother at 11:45. "What can I say to him, ma?" "Mention to him that our lease expires in June."

A Bromide Shattered. "Doc, I'd give a spring cold is bound to hang on all summer?" "No, sir," responded the physician. "A spring cold is quite as easy to cure as any other kind."

NOTES AND NOTIONS. From the Baltimore American. A CONTENTED ONE. I love to hear the tinkle of the rain upon the roof. I love to listen to its ready splash, 'Tis music when the raindrops strike upon the window-pane With the rhythm of a softly falling crash. I love to hear the swaying and the rustling of the leaves As they rock and flutter on the bending trees. As through them like a sportive elf, With rush and eager play, There comes the softened booming of the breeze.

I love to see the splendor of the sun Within the sky The long bright lines of shining light fall down, In glory bathing all the air and on the smiling earth. I love to see the sunlight breaking through the caves of green, And turning all the clouds to colors gay. I love to watch the battle with the forces of the rain, And see the dun dull darkness break away. I love to watch the stormy skies in force still gather on, The lightning pierce the gloom with blinding glare. I love to hear the thunder crashing with its mighty roar, Then inky blackness close in everywhere. I love them all, these pictures, for they gladden each my heart, As nature's changes thus I love to scan, Not that it is to nature's heart I would be very near, But just because I am the weather man.

Unconscious Consistency. "I see where Blinks is still in harness." "Yes, and in a good, stable business."

Now Complete. "He had an eye on the stage." "Well?" "So he went there and got the hook."

The Other Way. "So old Skinfitt is seriously ill. Is it true that his family fear the worst?" "No; they are hoping for it."

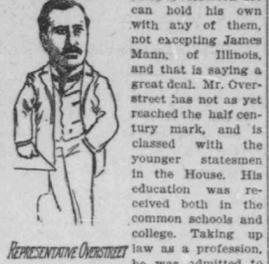
The Way of the World. "The Sign Board has nothing back of him but a vacant lot," sneered the Side-walk to the Bank Wall, "but doesn't he put on airs?" "Oh," responded the Wall, "that is because a lot of poster girls are stuck on him."

A Paradox. "What a flat situation that new house has which Mr. Plungit, the bold speculator, is building for himself!" "Yes, it is flat, and yet he built it on a bluff."

Fit for Frolic or Fight. From the St. Louis Times. While critics of the navy are finding fault with armor belts, hoists, and other matters of detail that will receive attention in due course, the navy is setting new peace marks, which, in a very definite way, speak for new marks in general efficiency for any occasion. It may be that there are weak points here and there in the American navy, but the fleets that now float under the Stars and Stripes are fit for frolic or frolic, perhaps a bit more fit for such occasions than any other navy in the world, not even excepting that of England, which accidents are entirely too numerous to inspire complete confidence, either at home or abroad.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

You can count on the fingers of your two hands the members of the House who do the talking. Among that number you find a Republican from Indiana, one Jess Overstreet. He can hold his own with any of them, not excepting James Mann, of Illinois, and that is saying a great deal. Mr. Overstreet has not as yet taken the half-century mark, and is classed with the younger statesmen in the House. His education was received both in the common schools and college. Taking up law as a profession, he was admitted to the bar in 1886, and has practiced at Franklin and Indianapolis since his admission.



REPRESENTATIVE OVERSTREET.

A born politician, he soon got mixed up in State politics. In 1898 Mr. Overstreet served as secretary of the Republican national Congressional committee. He was a good secretary, and the position was his during three other Congressional campaigns, in 1900, 1902, and 1904. He came to Congress for the first time during the Fifty-fourth Congress. That settled it. His constituents saw in their Representative the making of a statesman, and he has received their support each Congress since. After the votes were counted for the Sixtieth Congress, it was found that Mr. Overstreet had a plurality of nearly 5,000.

As chairman of the Committee on Post-offices and Post Roads, he has shown himself a manipulator and an expert handler of that great branch of the government, but he got the worst end of the ship subsidy amendment to the post-office appropriation bill. The Republican insurgents, with their Democratic brethren, defeated the measure.

Saturday, the 23d of May, has passed and Congress is still in session, sweltering and quibbling. The House is listening to roll calls, the Senate is engaged in hazing Senator Beveridge. The older Senators joke with him about his inability to get in, but he smiles and waits. He is always there, waiting and watching for an opportunity; but so is Senator Aldrich, the leader. The Rhode Island man is on his job early and stays put. The other Senators, when they wish authorization, go over to the veteran to get his permission, but the appointment is stern and the pupils don't always get their wishes gratified. And so it goes. The clerks read, the Government Printing Office prints, and the Senators who really run things say nothing, but look wise.

It is hardly probable that Senator Jeff Davis will show up again this session, unless it is for the wind-up. He didn't succeed in busting the trusts and putting striped suits on the manufacturers of great wealth. Legislative bodies don't seem to do just as Senator Jeff wants them to—always. While governor of Arkansas there arose a dispute over the boundary line between Arkansas and Tennessee. It was suggested by the governor of Tennessee that the two governors ask authorization from the State legislatures, then in session, for the appointment of a commission to settle the question. Gov. Davis assented. The Tennessee governor appointed his commission, having received permission when he declared in the House Friday. Finally he wrote to Gov. Davis asking if he had appointed his commission. In a day or two he got a letter saying that the legislature of Arkansas had adjourned without granting the request, and that he had written Gov. Davis, "the legislature seldom approved my recommendations, and if I had asked them not to appoint a commission they would have done it."

Senator Davis can't understand why his trust-busting resolution has never been acted upon. The House yesterday enjoyed the services of a \$7,500 reading clerk when Representative Chaney, of Indiana, volunteered for the service. The regular reading clerks turned up yesterday morning with weak and wavering voices, the result of the long-continued strain upon their vocal chords, caused by the multitudinous roll calls. Mr. Chaney has a fine voice, but he was so precise calling the roll that he incessantly added the filibuster in consuming time.

THE NOBLE PARAGRAPHER.

Turns on the Light and Exposes Wickedness. From the Atlanta Georgian. Now and then in the emanations of the paragrapher perist there glows the kernel of some great fundamental fact or truth. By which we do not mean to imply that the paragraphers dodge facts or truths as a habit, but that general satirists will twist the facts out of either to turn an adroit paragraph. But the good they do far outweighs the evil. They prick the pompous self-complacency of the humbug; they give rapier thrusts at the follies and weaknesses of humanity, including their own. They spare no one or nothing, when bolstered up by hypocrisy and fraud. Few men who write paragraphs so constantly will fully seek to injure the good that is in life.

But they are merciless in stripping bare fraud and wrong. As the distinguished Chief Executive has said about his own actions, they turn on the light and show the wickedness of things. Even so distinguished an editor and writer as Henry Watterson had his fling at the short-lived and after standing the running fire of their heavy siege guns for a week, cried "enough."

Since the days when the lamented Merrick, of the Washington Post, lifted paragraphs to an art, many capable men have followed in his wake. He was the creator of a distinctive school. Journalism is uplifted by such men as Adams, of the New York Mail; Nevins, of the Washington Herald; Bailey, of the Houston Post; Armstrong, of the Birmingham Age-Herald; and scores of others, whose life work is the bright, keen, ungent paragraph.

The Panic Is Passing. From the Omaha Bee. The Pittsburg and Lake Erie road, one of the big coal-carrying lines, has placed a rush order for 2,000 steel coal cars, and declares that the greatest rush known in business in years will be on before the cars can be placed on the rails. The panic is becoming a reminiscence.

Germ of the Merrywid. From the Ohio State Journal. If the new-made widow stops to look in the glass to see how she looks in black, there is hope that she will not always refuse to be comforted.

PAVING AND PROMOTION.

Sidelights on Methods of Getting Business with Cities. From the Chicago Record-Herald.

A suit in Detroit has resulted in the filing of a contract between a paving contractor and one of its agents by the terms of which the latter was to be allowed to spend 20 cents per square yard on every job of paving "for the promotion part of the business." Another provision was that he might disburse as much as \$5,000 at any time "in promoting the interests of the company" and charge it against this 20 cents per yard account.

The dispatch which tells of this contract says that it sheds some remarkable sidelights on the paving business. The intimation is, of course, that there is rather too much politics of a certain kind in the business and there have been other indications that this was the fact. Probably there is no city in the country that has not suffered at one time or another from the activity of agents of the companies. Streets have been paved against the just protests of property owners, the prices charged have been out of reason, the work done has been of the poorest.

There was a time here in Chicago when it was confidently expected that a pavement contractor would be able to get a bid for a street paving job, and that the price charged would be noticeably high by comparison with the prices charged by a combine of stone men and of the consequent injustice from which the property owner suffered.

History shows that for one reason and another there is no branch of city work that has been subject to greater abuses than that of street paving. There are calls for greater watchfulness on the part of city officials. Taxpayers are not likely to complain when they get their money's worth, but to revert to the Detroit case, it is quite evident that the contractor's yard for promotion is not likely to add to the quality of asphalt or any other material.

FOR THE COLORED BROTHER.

Ex-Senator Chandler Loyal to Fifteenth Amendment. From the Springfield Republican. No old-timer handed down to us, so to speak, from the civil war era is more devoted to maintaining the political rights of the colored race, under the fifteenth amendment, than ex-Senator William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire. He falls entirely to sympathize with the way in which the Republican leaders of the House dealt with the campaign publicity bill, for two reasons. First, he honestly wants a publicity law; second, he remembers the fifth amendment.

Another letter by Senator Burrows, Mr. Chandler argues the point, insisting that it is a mistake to thrust to the front the fourteenth amendment, in which the colored race has no political interest, and thrust to the rear the fifteenth amendment, in which they have a vital interest. And he reminds Senator Burrows, furthermore, that "there are also some old-fashioned anti-slavery Republicans who take an interest in the fifteenth amendment, which guaranteed suffrage to the birthright of every American, without regard to color, who will not take kindly to the abandonment of that amendment even in connection with a publicity bill." The truth is, that even the South, in a considerable degree at least, would be reconciled to the reduction of its representation in Congress and the electoral college, under the working of the fourteenth amendment, if such a development would insure the annulment of the fifteenth. There is no reason to question John Sharp Williams' sincerity when he declared in the House Friday: "If you want to ignore the fifteenth amendment, if you want to recognize the fifteenth amendment as obsolete, if you are willing to restore to Mississippi the power she had in the old time frankly put her suffrage on the line, we are ready for it. You can do whatever you please, and as to the reduction of our representation, in God's name take it, and welcome to it, too."

POLITICAL PALACE TRAIN.

Tammany Proposes to Ride to Denver Convention in State. From the New York Evening Mail. It was estimated in the Fourteenth street wigwam Monday that the cost to Tammany of the Democratic national convention in Denver will be at least \$115,000. Arrangements have been completed for the trip. Five special trains will carry 650 braves to the great powwow. Two trains will go over the New York Central, two over the Pennsylvania, and one over the Erie Railroad. All will be made up of cars de luxe.

All will leave between 9 and 10 a. m. Saturday, July 4, and are due to arrive in Denver at 8 p. m. Monday, July 6. The convention begins the next day. Upon arriving in Denver the Tammany men will parade with martial music before going to headquarters at the Brown Palace Hotel. They expect to make a fine appearance, headed by Big Chief Charles F. Murphy. The cost of transportation for each brave will be \$90 the round trip, with \$22 extra for hotels. It is estimated that each man will eat—and drink—\$15 worth. The total cost of transportation is figured at \$65,000, with \$50,000 more to make a big show in Denver.

From Smith, secretary of Tammany Hall, the most famous man of that name east of Pike's Peak, has charge of the excursion: Busy Days at Mint. From the Philadelphia Telegraph. These are busy days at the mint. There are no signs of industrial depression in the big government building at Seventeenth and Spring Garden streets. The activity in that magnificent structure is due to the unusual outpouring of gold. Since the panic, the New York assay office has sent over \$50,000,000 in gold bullion to the Philadelphia Mint to be coined. Since the first of the current year the inflow of the glittering metal has been so great that it forced the officials of the mint to add more than forty women adjusters to that department. The mint turns out more than \$80,000 daily, and within the last four months more than \$70,000,000 has been coined, which exceeds the amount coined last year by \$30,000,000.

Municipal Ownership. From the Grand Rapids Herald. The determination of Chicago to hereafter buy its electric power for its lighting service, together with the demoralization and dissatisfaction for the past week reigning in Cleveland as the result of Mayor Tom Johnson's recent street car system, are causing the advocates of municipal ownership to do some serious thinking.

AT THE HOTELS.

"There can be no doubt of Bryan's nomination," said Jerome L. Osborne, a lawyer of New York, at the New Willard last night, "notwithstanding the attitude of Tammany Hall and other influences which are at work against him." "As matters stand," continued Mr. Osborne, "Bryan has already control of the convention. By that I mean that enough Bryan delegates have already been instructed to make his nomination on the first ballot an absolute certainty. Tammany is out for a deal, which is proven by the fact that the organization is not outspoken in anybody's favor. That's all."

"There is a large part of the Democratic party, particularly in the South, which does not entertain that sincere love and admiration for Mr. Bryan which should be the case with a Presidential candidate to assure his election. There is also a strong Johnson following developing in all parts of the country, and there are many admirers and boomers of Judge Gray, of Delaware, and Harmon, of Ohio. They are all good men, but the fact remains that Bryan has already enough delegates to assure his nomination on the first ballot an absolute certainty. Tammany is out for a deal, which is proven by the fact that the organization is not outspoken in anybody's favor. That's all."

"And the best thing the Democratic party can do under the circumstances is to get together and try to elect him. It is the only effective way to elect about a full understanding between the different wings and factions of the party. If Bryan is elected, well and good; the Democratic party will be on top. If he is not elected, Bryan will never again be a candidate, and a new leader will arise, with Bryan's party eliminated as a power in the councils of the nation. More than that, the party in that case will be out of loose from Bryan's teaching and doctrines and will gather new planks for a new platform."

R. D. Graham and J. D. Henry, marine engineers and architects of New York, are at the Raleigh. They are experts on the use of oil as fuel on steamships and they said it would be only a few years before oil would displace coal as fuel on the war ships of all the European navies.

"The cleanliness of oil as compared with coal," continued Mr. Graham, "its reliability in keeping up an even pressure of steam, and the fact that weight for weight, it gives nearly twice the steaming radius of coal, appeals to the shipowners and naval architects of the world. The German Emperor has foreseen the possibility of oil as fuel, and has obtained control, practically, of the Roumanian and Bulgarian oil fields. All the new German torpedo boats and small gunboats have been fitted with oil-burning furnaces. The quantity of space saved in the quarters for the crews more than compensates for the slight increase in the cost of the fuel. On a large battleship burning coal, about 25 men are required in the stoke hold, whereas in the battleship of the same size burning oil, only about forty men are necessary."

"Within three months a large passenger-carrying transatlantic steamship will come over, burning oil to generate steam. A ship like the St. Louis, fitted with the latest oil-burning furnaces, could do with only twenty-five men in the stokehold. The coast service will surely follow the war fleets in installing oil-burning mechanism."

"In using the spread of lawlessness in Kentucky, Fred S. Kirk, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who is at La Normandie, said last night: "The success of the Kentucky night riders in terrorizing the recalcitrant tobacco growers of one Commonwealth has emboldened them to attempt the same sort of lawless methods across the river. In Ohio, three of the counties bordering upon the river have been raided by the riders, who have used the torch upon warehouses or have destroyed the young plants."

"Mounted militia have been patrolling the territory without being able to prevent damage, owing to their limited numbers. They have been trying to guard about eighty miles of the river bank. Some shots have been exchanged between the militia and the lawless growers. How the matter will terminate is yet uncertain, although the authorities of county and State seem determined to prevent it. The reign of terror as Kentucky has permitted."

"The situation is complicated by the fact that the growers who belong to the 'Society of Equity' denounce the use of troops. It is the independent growers who are suffering from the attacks of the raiders. "A similar situation has developed in Southern Indiana, where the conditions are practically the same. The growers who are in combination are determined not to allow any crop to be grown this year."

"Meanwhile, the situation in Kentucky does not seem much improved. Men are being arrested, but the raiding is being continued and crops destroyed as before. In one recent instance the reports told of the failure of the soldiers on guard to stop excesses when a company of raiders dashed by them on their way to a warehouse, which they destroyed. No better illustration could be afforded of the dangers of lawless methods. Authority, indeed, asserts itself with difficulty. The end sought seems certain of attainment. There will be no crop of a certain kind of tobacco. But the net losses will include far more than the value of the tobacco and the warehouses. Law has been set at defiance. To restore its influence may be a matter requiring months and possibly years."

Eugene G. Isham, of Chicago, a well-known educator of that Western metropolis, is at the La Normandie. Speaking about plans for which he is deeply interested, he said yesterday that the National Civic Federation has made arrangements to send 500 or more public school teachers next fall to Scotland, England, Ireland, and the continent to inspect the system of teaching and school methods generally in foreign countries. "The idea was suggested to the officers of the National Civic Federation," continued Mr. Isham, "through the success of a similar expedition of English teachers sent to the United States by Alfred Mosely in 1905-06. Mr. Mosely, it was said, will make arrangements for the reception of the teachers and for the inspection of the schools, and it was expected that through the co-operation of the International Mercantile Marine Company special rates will be secured. "The Federation recognizes that trade and industrial schools will sooner or later become a part of our public school system, and possibly some readjustment of the general work of the schools will be necessary to meet new conditions. The teachers who visit Europe under the auspices of the Federation will have an opportunity to examine at first hand what is being done for children abroad in the common schools and in the special schools. They may find much to imitate and possibly some things to be avoided, but their increased experience cannot fail to be helpful in the development of our school work. The inspection will be confined to schools of elementary and secondary grades, to manual training and industrial and trade schools, and to institutions of the teaching of teachers. Teachers will be selected from those engaged in similar work in the United States."