

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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Notation will be paid to contributors, and no communications to the editor will be printed except on the name of the writer.

Woodrow Wilson's Fine Courage. Dr. Woodrow Wilson, governor-elect of New Jersey, is serving the people of his State well in advance of his inauguration.

Postal Savings Banks. It is good news that the establishment of postal savings banks is in sight.

Political Potpourri. From the Chicago Evening Post. Only one thing seems to emerge with any definiteness from the water of opinion handed down by the Illinois Supreme Court upon the primary act.

From the Kansas City Star. If the Senate could only induce the country to take it at its own estimate, it would have no trouble in getting away with such performances as the tariff law, the whitewashing of Ballinger, and the exonerations of Lorimer.

From the Newark Evening Star. The Tribune has shown that it possesses none of the attributes of a just man in other except personal ambition.

From the Springfield Republican. Gov.-elect Wilson, of New Jersey, presents a perfect justification of his course, as the leader of the Democratic party in the State, in opposing the Senatorial candidacy of James Smith, Jr.

From the Omaha Bee. The performance assigned in the House, whereby the purpose of the new rule for discharging committees from consideration of legislation threatened with perpetual re-hearing was completely nullified, must not be taken as discredit to the rule, but as demonstrating the ability of shrewd parliamentarians to play havoc with any set of rules.

From the New York Tribune. The Berlin Post declares that Americans are moved by land hunger and are striving for the annexation of Cuba.

From the New York Evening Post. Let us not see in the materialistic direction of his speech a little English book, Mr. Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion," which is widely read in Great Britain.

From the Portland Oregonian. Besides its legislative function, the Supreme Court enjoys an important executive power, that of the veto.

From the New York Tribune. Mr. William James Conners, of Buffalo, is ready to advise the distracted Murphy on the Senatorship struggle.

From the New York Tribune. It is a singularly inappropriate repository, and furnishes all the characteristics of the uncanny and gruesome.

At the same time, there is justification for the impression that an appropriation of \$15,000 for the construction of a crypt for the remains of John Paul Jones is an extravagance which is not warranted by any consideration of public sentiment for the honored dead.

Roswell Miller says the country is being swept with unrest. Well, we cannot see how the country could be swept with rest.

The chemical name of 606 is said to be diarsylamidobenzenol. There are few proof readers who would not mistake it for a pi line.

A New York minister has resigned his charge because it was said that he had referred to some of his congregation as "old hens." Suppose he had called them spring chickens—what would have happened?

Kenyon Cox asserts that many spurious old masters are as good as the originals, but he forgets that what many of the art buyers pay for is the signature.

A New York lawyer was defeated in a lawsuit by a woman attorney, whom he afterward married. Now she can have the best of every argument.

One can't help wondering whether Mr. Hobson and the other jingoes joined in the universal anthem of peace.

The champion butter-making cow has been discovered in Florida. Her name is Pontiac Clotilda De Kol; which is some name, even for an aristocratic bovine.

One of the most practical and reasonable Christmas acts we have heard of comes from Denver, where the rich peo-

Death of Maj. Huxford.

Maj. W. P. Huxford, who has just passed beyond, will be sadly missed in this national community, where much of his honorable, upright life was spent.

For nearly a quarter of a century recorder of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, he was a typical representative of that splendid organization.

He bore the scars of actual warfare—carried the marks of heroic service for his country. His was a brave part in the dashing, resolute Sheridan's campaign; and throughout the long but peaceful years since intervening he was a patient, suffering witness of what courage and gallantry and patriotism in those bitter days cost.

He was full of brotherly love and human kindness, and none rejoiced more than he in the good understanding and patriotic tolerance which came after between the valiant men of contending armies and made for a reunited Union.

Maj. Huxford was a gentleman of lovable personality, kindly traits, and charitable acts, modest, as are all men of his heroic mold, affectionately esteemed by veterans, and universally respected as a worthy citizen. His death will be widely and sincerely mourned.

If some people tried as hard to stay married as they do to get married, the divorce courts would not be nearly so busy.

Manuel of Portugal is to attend Oxford University. Many a king has been educated at that institute of learning.

It seems to have been very kind of the German officials to allow those two English spies an opportunity to see what is inside the German fortresses.

Perhaps the New Year's resolution that is the quickest broken is that of the man who resolves that he is going to keep a diary next year.

We are now willing to believe all the good news we ever heard of Augusta, Ga. The people there subtended and gave the editor of the Chronicle a \$1,500 silver service because he worked for the good of the city.

Surely Philadelphia is trying to reform when it sends out the news that over 100,000 drums were sold there for Christmas.

Hunters are now going after deer in the Adirondacks in automobiles. Well, we suppose those guides would just as soon be run over as shot.

The Cleveland Leader mentioned Christmas Day and Chancellor Day in the same breath, which, we think, is a brutal way of spending good holiday time.

We do wish that Mr. Nat Goodwin would find something new in the way of advertising.

He is a mean man who swears because the ink from a Christmas-gift fountain-pen runs all over his fingers.

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HUMAN NATURE IN WASHINGTON

By FRED C. KELLY.

In the life of Victor Insurgent Murdoch, of Kansas—make an acrostic of it, if you go in for such things—there have been at least one or two epochal events that he likes to recall whenever things aren't breaking just right or his store of optimism is depressed and ailing.

The most important of those happened a number of years ago, when "Vic" was political writer for a Kansas paper. He went down into Oklahoma to write up a big political convention. One of the principal speakers quoted three or four paragraphs from some writer, whose name he did not mention, that gave a vigorous denunciation of demagoguery, and it made a tremendous hit with the crowd.

While the people were cheering, it kept running through "Vic" Murdoch's head that he had heard the same language strangely familiar.

At the close of the meeting "Vic" walked up to the platform and sought out the speaker who had received the big applause.

"By the way," he inquired, "I've been trying to figure out where I heard that about demagoguery that you quoted. Who wrote anyhow?"

"Oh, that was from a newspaper," replied the big-hit speaker of the day. "I've had it pasted away in my scrapbook for a number of years waiting for a chance to spread it."

It appeared several years ago as part of a dispatch from a Topeka convention to a Wichita paper and was signed by fellow named Victor Murdoch. "Pretty good, isn't it?"

Right then and there Victor lived one of the big moments of his life, beside which any political honors would be as a hand organ in comparison to a symphony concert.

Whenever politics blows a cylinder head, as occurred last November, there is always the likelihood that a lot of people will break into Congress who were nominated in consequence of somebody's sense of humor, and who were not regarded as having any chance of election.

These would serve their country to better advantage, on the whole, by acting as paperhangers or plowhands than by going in for near-statesmanship. Happily, some of them see the absurdity of their presence here themselves.

There was the case of one Martin, elected a number of years ago to represent a rural district in Texas. His trip to Washington to take his seat in the House was his first journey beyond the confines of his native township, and there were many stories told of the difficulties he had trying to adapt himself to the life of Washington.

For instance, he had a room in one of a row of just-like houses on a side street, and it was said that when he left the house in the evening he would tie his handkerchief to the gate in order to have some means of getting into the right place on his return. One night some mean neighbor changed the location of the gate.

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REMINISCENCES OF A FAMOUS SLEUTH

Views and Interviews

No man knows London better than Sir Henry St. Henry, who assigned his position as commissioner of the London city police in 1861. As far back as fifty years ago he was thoroughly acquainted with the West End, and in his interesting reminiscences, entitled "From Constable to Commissioner," he confesses that he was familiar with every "night house" in Haymarket and its neighborhood.

Twenty-five years later he was equally well acquainted with the East End slums. He has come in contact with the highest personages of the land and he has rubbed shoulders with the vilest criminals, and the bright, chatty manner in which his reminiscences are written adds additional interest to the story of his varied experiences.

His stories of London life after entering the ranks of the London city police in 1858 are, perhaps, the most interesting in the book. Sir Henry is not a little proud of the fact that within six years he had risen to the position of commissioner.

One of the first men Sir Henry became acquainted with when he joined the police in 1855 was Capt. Shaw, chief of the London fire brigade. He mentions that the late King Edward and the late Duke of Sutherland also were on terms of great intimacy with Shaw, and often visited the headquarters of the brigade in Southwark Bridge road.

"Of all the things the late Duke of Sutherland liked best was a night of Burns," says Sir Henry. "But he was a great ally of Shaw's; was, like him, a first rate mechanic; understood fire engines and locomotives; and, if all tales are true, many a time acted as fireman and assisted to drive the express from Edinburgh to London."

"It was Shaw's habit," continued Sir Henry, "to see every engine stabled before he went to bed—every engine, it means, that should have finished its work, and been home again. On one occasion, about midnight, an engine long overdue had not arrived, and Shaw went to the main door to see if there was any sign of the train. Just as he was about to hand on the door handle, the bell rang, and opening the door, he saw the King, then Prince of Wales, and the Shah of Persia, Nassred-Din. The foreign potentate was greatly pleased to see him, and his own dominions fully impressed with the belief that the chief of the London fire brigade was always to be found, twenty-four hours in the city, standing ready behind the door to face any emergency."

It was the wife of the third Duke of Sutherland who, together with Queen Victoria, figured in an amusing episode at Guildhall shortly after her majesty ascended the throne. A splendid reception was given in her honor, among the "decorations" being four stalwart officers of the city police in coats of mail, supposed to represent statues of gallant knights of old. Passing them with her favorite lady-in-waiting, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Queen suddenly became interested in the armor of one of those knights, a policeman named Tillock. Suddenly the duchess stood back, and pointing to him, said: "That knight is alive. I saw him move."

"Don't talk nonsense," said the Queen. "Come away; it is not nonsense," replied the duchess, with a laugh. "My dear knight, you are not alive after all these years, are you?" And, patting his cheek with her hand, she followed the Queen's retreating steps.

"I think another second would have finished me," said Tillock afterward. "I never was so frightened in my life. I thought if I moved the Queen would take a fit, and the duchess too."

Three years ago Sir Henry became chief superintendent of the city police. London was started with the first "ripper" murders, and his reminiscences throw a new light on those dastardly crimes, which, at the time, even he, who knows as much of these Jack the Ripper murders as I do, he says, "and before going further I must admit that, though within five minutes of the perpetrator one night, and with a very fair description of him, he has been an ever-ready police officer in London, and I have no more idea now where he lives than I had twenty years ago."

Sir Henry is convinced that by his orders have properly carried out the would have caught the murderer red-handed. He ordered the police to account for every man and woman seen together about Houndsditch and Bishopsgate. Catherine Siddows, the Mitre square, was taken red-handed. The square, ever yinch of it, was carefully examined, but not one mark or drop of blood did we discover to indicate where he had made his exit."

"The case was well illustrated by an incident which occurred only three or four days after the Mitre square murder. I received a letter in which the writer, a ticket-of-leave man, said he had a lot to tell about the murders. He was afraid of the detective agent Sir Henry, therefore made an appointment with him for 10 o'clock at night in one of the quietest squares of the West End and assured the writer of the letter that not a single detective would accompany him.

"Shortly before the hour named," says Sir Henry, "I took up my position on the pavement opposite. Punctual almost to the minute I saw a man advance from the north and stop under the street lamp. Crossing the road at once, I stalked quickly up to him and looked him over steadily. The man confronting me could not have been more than five feet two or three inches in height. He was stout, black-bearded, and of an ugly and forbidding countenance."

"Have you come to see any one, my man?" I said.

"No; I have not," he replied in a civil enough tone.

"Well, I have," I said, "and I mean to wait a bit longer to see if he keeps his appointment."

"There we stood, facing one another for five or six minutes, when the man turned and walked leisurely away."

After this meeting Sir Henry had a note from the man. "Now," he wrote, "I know that I can trust you. I shall be at the old Jerry's as soon as I can."

But his next note and Sir Henry grimly remarks in his book: "The Ripper had all the luck."

PLANNER. (Copyright, 1910, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Peaceful Guatemala.

Views and Interviews

Juan Barrios, secretary for foreign affairs of Guatemala, is in this city, on his way to Berlin on a special mission, accompanied by Salvador Serrano M., formerly at the head of the department of public instruction of Guatemala.

Mr. Barrios goes to the German capital as a "minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary on special mission." It being a visit of courtesy to the German government in return for the compliment of keeping at the Guatemalan capital a regular representative of that empire, Guatemala not having been represented lately at the Kaiser's court.

Mr. Barrios, who will also pay a visit to President Taft and Secretary Clegg while in this city, a few years ago was seriously injured by an automobile accident while on his way to Mount Vernon. He will make a visit to that place and deposit a wreath on Washington's tomb.

"I could not pass through this country without visiting the grave of George Washington, where I was so kindly treated two years ago when I had that accident. I shall always remember this act of kindness with great pleasure and a feeling of genuine gratitude."

"Guatemala is an agricultural country, prosperous and happy. We are not a land of war and soldiers," said the minister. "My mission to Germany has no military significance at all. In fact, if all countries subscribed to the sentiment of arbitration of disputes, as Guatemala has brought itself to do, there would be no need for armies or navies. We have in Guatemala the arbitrage peace court, which makes arbitration a compulsory system those nations which signed its articles, and Guatemala is of that number. Cartago is more effective than the Hague Peace Court, which leaves everything to the will of the powers. The Hague does not compel."

"Mr. Barrios declared that his countrymen entertain the greatest friendship and admiration for the United States and President Taft."

Idaho Loyal Republican. "Gov.-elect Hawley, of Idaho," said Senator Borah, of that State, at the New Willard last night, "takes pride in calling himself a Cleveland Democrat. We were associated in the Hayward case, and we are friendly to many of his stances. The whole Republican ticket was elected last month with the exception of the governor. Hawley beat Brady because the latter favors the prohibition side, while Hawley took the liberal side."

The major question was the leading issue in the campaign. In national politics, however, Idaho is steadfastly and loyally Republican.

"President Taft has grown in popularity in Idaho," said Mr. Barrios, "and it is the fact that he is in favor of our reclamation plans, and reclamation is a big thing with us."

Cubans Favor Annexation. Cuba is passing through a period of political unrest, according to Col. J. Blair Shoenfelt, a lawyer of Muskogee, Okla., who has interests in Cuba, and was seen at the Raleigh.

"Unless the United States intervenes, trouble is bound to come," said Col. Shoenfelt. "I do not mean to say it will come to-morrow or the day after, and peace may be maintained until the end of the present administration, but the end will come unless Cuba by that time has been incorporated in the United States."

"I traveled in nearly every part of the island, and I have gathered the impression that the Cuban people, and the majority of the responsible people desire annexation to the United States. Under American rule Cuba has made wonderful progress. The island has been developed and made sanitary and habitable, and land values have increased."

"Cuba is a singularly blessed country, and great opportunities await capitalists and investors. Valuable land may be bought at very low prices, which will immediately pay for the cost of the land."

"The ablest man in Cuba to-day, in my opinion, is Vice President Zayas, and it looks as if he would be the next President. Gen. Cervera, who is the real power in Cuban politics, will support Zayas for the Presidency."

Favors Merchant Marine. Representative William S. Green, of Fall River, Mass., is in favor of the rebuilding of the American merchant marine, and discussing the subject recently, said: "Our great country has but eleven vessels engaged in its foreign ocean carrying trade. With half our population, England has more than 11,000 vessels, while Germany has over 10,000, and Japan nearly 1,000. We carry less than 8 per cent of our own foreign commerce. We are paying foreign shipping companies \$300,000,000 annually for handling the nation's ocean business. We have so neglected our own shipping that when the navy made its memorable world tour it was conducted by twenty-seven colliers flying the flags of foreign nations."

"With powerful England and Germany ruling the Atlantic, aggressive Japan intent on the mastery of the Pacific, and America with practically no ships at all, is there not here a condition to make thoughtful Americans ponder?"

Joy of Antique Buying. J. Lawrence Brown, of Pittsburg, who has a penchant for objects of art, has just returned from a European tour, and is at the Arlington. Speaking of his impressions, Mr. Brown said: "American purchasers of antiques know nothing of the real joy of buying, for at the majority of our shops in this country prices are put down on tags and bid seldom will less be taken than the sum there stated. A brook it is very different when one enters the rooms where old treasures abound in the shape of rickety chairs, moth-eaten tapestries, and odd pieces of silver, always from a palace, and much from churches in the way of embroidery, panels, etc., and like a hawk the owner is upon you with a price for each at his tongue's end. This price is always outrageously high, because of the inevitable 'beating down' to follow. He expects to be offered half of the sum he mentions, and if less is named the bargaining game is soon in full swing."

"One collector who spoke French, but indifferently," continued Mr. Brown, "took his valet around and know nothing of the events surmounted all other entertainments he had been to. The valet's skill aroused his suspicions, however, and he soon made up his mind that certain bills must be the servant's for payment were reduced by argument when the cash was handed over, the difference being pocketed by the thirty one. So he asked him one day how much he made monthly, saying that he would rather give that much in wages than have him earn it in the way described. To his surprise, his offer was refused, the valet saying: 'But, monsieur, than I would know just how much I would have, and as it is now there is always the chance of more or less. Besides, I would be out of practice for my next employer, and it is my art, monsieur.'"

Dolls in Sunday School. One Sunday John Wanamaker visited in Philadelphia the Sunday school classes in which he was greatly interested, and after talking the lesson over, told the pupils he would try to answer any question the boys or girls might ask him. One little girl raised her hand and spoke out timidly: "Will you please tell me, Mr. Wanamaker, how much those large French dolls are that you have in your show window?"

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

OVER AND OVER. To fit words to an operative score Requires no weight of learning or of lore. You just repeat! You just repeat!

Nothing Serious. "She wishes to know the amount of my debts." "Well, duke?" "Is it love?" "No; just the shopping instinct."

Had a Surplus. "My wife got through with Christmas handsily." "As to how?" "Her liabilities were fifty-two presents, and the assets punned out fifty-nine, it seems."

Sounds Better. "Turkey at 48 cents a pound seems high," said the butcher's assistant. "Liable to scare customers," assented the boss. "Quote it at 3 cents an ounce."

And Never Was. This act becomes a menace. Sis sits up late to paint Outlandish views of Venice. Of Venice as it ain't.

A Trifle Short. "Took grandma to a musical comedy last night." "How did you get her to stand for the ballet?" "Told her it was just a newfangled rainy-day costume."

Heard in Washington. "The tariff must be revised at once." "I favor a permanent commission, one that will go slow. I was thinking of suggesting your name." "Well, I believe you're right."

A Few of Those. "Don't seem to be any abandoned forms in Indiana." "No; but if you are thinking of writing a novel, I can furnish you with an abandoned plot."

No Downward Revision There. Dividends and interest payments to the security holders of great corporations in the United States will be about \$15,000,000 more this month than the like distribution of profits last December. The increase is from \$5,000,000 to \$19,000,000. The rate of gain is nearly 16 per cent.

In the year now ending the interest and dividend payments will reach the great aggregate of \$1,253,508,000. The gain over 1909 is about \$185,752,000, which means more than 15 per cent.

These great sums, it should be understood, do not represent the interest and dividends paid by all of the corporations in the United States. The figures given cover only the larger, more conspicuous companies, such as are known and reckoned with in the stock exchanges. A vast aggregate of dividends and interest on bonds is distributed every year to the owners of the securities, which in this instance was pronounced for some offense upon a fellow-prisoner.

The man's throat was cut with a piece of glass. To conceal their deed the murderers hoisted the body to the barred window, moving its arms about so as to give the impression that a man was trying to clamber through. A sentry outside saw the supposed fugitive and fired three shots into him.

Afterward it was discovered by chance that it was not the bullets that had caused the man's death.

From the London Chronicle.

Russian prison conditions are once more illustrated by a grim story which comes from Astrakhan.

Long term prisoners in Russia have what they call a convicts' court, which is a system or code of honor among themselves, infringements of which are punished by various forms of torture. There is also a system of death, which in this instance was pronounced for some offense upon a fellow-prisoner.

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