

The Washington Times

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An Apostle in Politics.

We cannot think that enlightened public opinion will encourage the agitation begun in Utah to proscribe the Hon. Reed Smoot's candidacy for a seat in the United States Senate.

Such a crusade is perhaps the natural sequel of that violent and widespread agitation which closed the doors of the House of Representatives three years ago on another Mormon statesman, the Hon. Brigham H. Roberts.

But Mr. Roberts' credentials were refused not because he was a member of the Church of Latter Day Saints, but because he was a confessed polygamist.

Against Mr. Smoot, however, no charge of polygamy has been brought, or, apparently, can be brought. The outcry raised against him finds its motive not in offended morals, but in religious prejudice.

Based on such grounds—and on such grounds only—opposition to Apostle Smoot's candidacy deserves no serious support. He has the same right that every other American citizen has to seek and hold office.

If Mr. Smoot can win an election in the Utah Legislature, his title to a seat in the Senate may be held to be reasonably secure. Other Mormon apostles have sat in Congress without seriously deranging the order of the universe.

District and Message.

That portion of President Roosevelt's message to Congress which relates to the District of Columbia may be heartily commended as emphasizing the great truth that the needs of the city of Washington in the matter of development and worthy maintenance should be met as a national duty.

The President is definite in his expressions on this point. He calls attention to the fact that the Government exercises local or municipal functions in Washington, and that it has a free hand in reference to certain types of social and economic legislation, which must be local or municipal in character.

Most significant, however, is the President's declaration in effect that Washington, the Capital of the United States, under the control of the National Government, should take the lead in revealing the dormant possibilities of the American city.

Whatever is most desirable in the development and improvement of great municipalities should be gained for the National Capital. Other American cities, striving for municipal betterment, should be led to keep their eyes on Washington as illustrating the highest type of a well-governed and well-maintained city.

The gate money taken in at a recent football game was \$33,000; and yet they say our colleges do not fit young men for a business life.

Wolves in Sheeps' Clothing.

Boys will be boys and youth must have its fling. But according to Gotham laws they must not take it in the frills and furbelows of the gentler sex. This was discovered, to their cost, by the twin brothers Jaeger, of No. 326 East Ninety-third Street, who started out in a fit of exuberant but misguided enthusiasm to give a literal, combined rendition of the "Heavenly Twins" and "The Streets of New York."

They are both beardless youths of eighteen years, as yet to fortune and fame unknown; but they gave no indication to the roistering denizens of the Tenderloin district that melancholy had marked them, in their female apparel, for her own. In fact, what they did give was a little better than what they received; and as they were past masters of that airy perlage that passes current on the East Side, they returned with interest the playful badinage of their unsuspecting fellow-sex.

So they ogled their attendant swains with the approved "melting eye," while their high heels, peeping out from their abbreviated skirts, tapped out a challenge to the passer-by to turn and follow them. For these quasi damsels tossed their bonneted heads high in the air with glee, and their golden hair was hanging down the backs of most faultlessly fitting gowns.

Essaying a trolley ride, they demanded all the rights and privileges pertaining to their borrowed sex. First Miss Giroffe turned an old gentleman from out his seat, and left him pendent from the strap, while Miss Giroffa waged active war against an economical and undefeated lad, who cast sheep's eyes at her across a half consumed unit cigar.

Then she coughed, and had the windows raised. Meanwhile her "sister," under pretense of a desire to stop the car, started at the beginning of a long block to play a Swiss Bell Ringers' melody on the electric button that registered the fares, which caused the conductor's earnings for the day to vanish into thinness air.

It was at the theater, though, that they achieved their great success. Here they pushed their hats still higher up and talked out loud. One powdered her pert nose during the pathetic scenes, while the other, sitting on one foot beat martial time with the other, until the show music accompanying "Little Eva's" flight to heaven, was accentuated with the cadence of a marching regiment.

Finally they left the theater, still unsuspected, and turned their attention to Broadway. All went well till at the corner of Forty-fourth Street one of the visiting seraphs was seized with a desire for hot tamales, and this by no means angel's food was their undoing. Now, of all the differences between the sexes none is more marked than the ways they carry money. In an unguarded moment, she, or rather he, had raised his forgotten skirt to take the nickel from the slot of his side pocket. Then it became markedly apparent that the outward sign of all their feminine gauds was unaccompanied by the inward grace of lingerie.

Magistrate Pool severely reprimanded them, and under the threat of sending them to the island, effectually removed any desire on their part to enact in the future either the role of performer in or "angel" to unlicensed vaudeville.

COURTESY OF ROAD FOR THE AUTOMOBILE.

By LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, of the London Automobile Club.

AFTER reading much that has been written and hearing a good deal that has been said on the motor problem, I venture as an old roadster to ask for that consideration toward motor drivers which is called in common parlance the courtesy of the road.

There is a camaraderie among all coachmen, whether driving a difficult four-in-hand, a spirited pair of horses, an omnibus, hack coach, or a team of heavy cart horses, which enables the vehicle to thread its way through the intricacies of a crowded street. There is the same good fellowship which enables thousands of cyclists to ride with impunity through the densest thoroughfares in our great cities; and amid all this crowd of vehicles and cycles the pedestrian pursues his course with safety.

At the present moment the motorcar is somehow or other looked upon as the common enemy of all these three by coachmen, cyclist, and pedestrian alike. Possibly in a measure this may be due to a certain number of motorists disregarding the conventionalities of the road; personally, however, I can recall several occasions when I have met with the greatest discourtesy without the least deserving the opprobrium heaped upon me.

I think it would be a great mistake to allow this feeling

of irritation to increase, because, in my opinion, motors have come to stay, and they are not merely, as alleged, rich men's toys.

There is no doubt that the large cars, from 12 to 40 horsepower, are only available for those possessing large means, but the smaller cars are of the very greatest service to country professional men whose business takes them twenty or thirty miles round their homes.

My contention is that it should be a question of give and take. I am not presumptuous enough to say what form the proposed legislation should take as regards the alteration of the speed limit (in order to do away with the very great anomaly of every motorist breaking the law of the land whenever he uses his car), and not sufficiently experienced to say what regulation ought to be adopted to safeguard the interests of the public against the dangers of rash driving, but I should like to suggest that our legislators call in reliable members of automobile clubs to help them to frame bills that would solve the motor problem. Such a law would be hailed with delight by very many who, like myself, believe in the future of motors, not only as increasing immensely the enjoyment of our daily life, but also as a most useful means of locomotion and a very valuable addition to the industries of any country.

In the Public Eye.

One of Cardinal Manning's stories is recalled in connection with the holiday season. It was of a parishioner whose ten children had grown up, married, and left her alone. She said, "Yes, I do feel it lonesome. I've brought up a long family, and here I am, living alone. And I miss 'em and I want 'em; but I miss 'em more than I want 'em."

Edwin A. Abbey, the artist, is an enthusiast over baseball, and at his English home he is enthusiastic over what is to him the next best thing—cricket. Each year he has "cricket week" at Morgan Hall, and it is said that he much prefers the cricket field to his easel, and that the completion of some of his famous pictures is due to the conscientious efforts of his wife to get him into his studio. Mrs. Abbey was Miss Mary Mead, daughter of the late Frederick Mead, of New York, and is a graduate of Vassar College.

I. L. Richards, who owns large apartments in Colorado, thinks he has found out something new in bee psychology, and, incidentally, his discovery may explain the old custom of "telling the bees" of a death in the family and putting grape on the hives. It was said of old time that the bees would not fly abroad until after the funeral if this custom was observed. Mr. Richards, however, thinks that the insects have a peculiar antipathy to black, and the way in which he

came to that conclusion was this. He is a chicken fancier as well as a bee keeper, and recently bought a handsome black Chinese cock, which he set free in the chicken yard. Half an hour later he found that the bees, whose hives were in a corner of the yard, were literally swarming about the unfortunate cock, and stinging him to death.

King Leopold of Belgium is said to have bought a block of tall buildings just completed in Brussels, and torn them down because he thought they injured the appearance of the city.

When the Crown Prince of Siam and his party sailed from Victoria for Siam, the steamer Empress of China was held until 1:30 in the morning in deference to the ideas of the distinguished passengers. The Siamese hold that Monday is an unlucky day.

The "Brooklyn Eagle" says: "President Roosevelt maintains the largest stable of any of his predecessors of recent years." The truth of this statement depends upon the question, which of his predecessors Mr. Roosevelt is.

The appointment of Ibrahim Khan Davlet as Persian ambassador to the court of Athens is said to be the first assumption of diplomatic relations between the two countries in 2,393 years, the last embassy having been composed of heralds sent by Darius to Athens in the year 91 B. C.

"Unconscionable Trifles."

Pessimism. "The dealers say the coal supply is inexhaustible."

"Maybe; but my pocketbook isn't."

Unpleasant Suggestions.

"I wish," said the girl thoughtfully, "that they wouldn't use that expression 'launched upon the sea of matrimony.'"

"And why not?" asked the young man anxiously.

"Well, you know what kind of a time I always have on a sea voyage."

The Consolations of Faith.

"Auntie, you are the most charitable person I ever saw. You have some excuse for everybody."

"Maybe I do, child, but you know I allers believed pretty firmly in Satan, and when anything happens I jest blame him instead of my poor, weak fellow-critters."

A Possibility of the Future.

"Say, things seem to be going smooth up there at the Golden Gate. Even the people that St. Peter finds it necessary to send down here come along smiling."

"That's so; and yet Hades can't pose as a summer resort yet. Wonder what's happened?"

"I know," said a third friend who joined the group. "St. Peter has got a private secretary, and his name is Cortelyou."

BRIEF COMMENT ON CURIOUS NEWS.

A Winner From the Start.

WHETHER or not Senator Clark's first grandson came into the world with a gold spoon in his mouth, the youngster is entitled to the fat of the land. In the first place, a multimillionaire boy, born in Butte, Mont., the home of Mary MacLane, when there are so many better places to be born in, deserves a kladitor fortune thereafter. In the second place, a son who wins \$1,000,000 for his happy father by the very fact of being a son instead of a daughter should at least be permitted to "divide the pot" with his paternal parent. And, although it's the Senator who has to fork out the million, it's safe to wager that the youngest action of the house of Clark can come pretty near getting everything he wants from his grandfather hereafter. The town of Butte is harboring distinguished folk of late.

Kansas City and the Beer Octopus.

IF the Kansas City court of appeals can only make its anti-beer trust ruling apply straight down the line, the metropolis by the Kaw will become a veritable paradise for impecunious humanity without the price. That ruling is to the effect that no man who owes one of the local brewers is obliged under the law to pay his debt, inasmuch as the breweries are in a combine forbidden by the statutes of Missouri. It is reasonably certain that some plucky fellow will refuse to pay for his glass of beer and defend his action by quoting this decision. What bliss would it be if the downtrodden consumer were thus enabled to get his melon full of beer and then snap his fingers at the beer octopus vainly reaching out its tentacles to collect the score!

The Mistake of a Burglar.

IT WOULD be strange indeed if the church militant failed to have some distinguished representatives among the clergy in these strenuous days, and the Rev. John Shellenberger, of Bonnersville, Pa., is plainly this number. A

burglar, who counted too confidently on the pacific tendencies of the clerical soul, attempted to loot Dr. Shellenberger's house the other night. But he was most emphatically reckoning without his host. The sleeping preacher awoke, his fighting blood followed suit; he took up a handy rifle, and, getting a good lead on the burglar, shot and mortally wounded him. Others contemplating felonious raids into ministerial dwellings may wisely take warning.

Now for a Shaking of Husbands.

POSTMASTER GENERAL PAYNE must assume the responsibility for having brought humiliation upon the race of man. His recent order discouraging the employment of married women in his department has led one woman into an immediate choice between a salary and a husband—and it's the husband who gets the grand shake—the wife deciding that a \$1,400 clerkship is preferable. This incident is ominous to a degree. It will probably be but a little while until the activity of female clerks in getting rid of their better halves will make the air resound as if with the Wagnerian chorus of carpets being beaten in the merry springtime.

Be Thankful for Peace.

IN the success of the Savannah board of honor, which prevented a hostile meeting between Capt. Frank Cheatham Wilson and John Sullivan Schley, nephew of the admiral, there was a fine illustration of the virtues of arbitration as a substitute for war. One or both of these young men must have been killed in the impending duel, if they were not to become the laughing stock of the country. For both were dead shots, and a failure to hit a live and hostile target would have appealed to the American sense of humor. The country doubtless rejoices that peace has been declared. An American duel in the twentieth century—just think of it!

"OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END."

The Author of "Thoroughbreds."

Since the appearance of "Thoroughbreds," the author, W. A. Fraser, has been made the subject of more than one joke by other sportsmen. Mr. Fraser is not only interested in races, but is a well-known horse owner. One day, at the tracks, he was approached by a man who obviously was not long away from England, and who said to him politely: "I'd like to place a bet, my dear sir."

"I have no objection," said Mr. Fraser. "I want to put a five on Getaway to win. What odds do you offer?"

"I don't offer any odds," replied Mr. Fraser, in some surprise. "What you want is a bookmaker."

"See here," began the author, with some exasperation, "I don't know what you mean by this extraordinary performance, but if you're trying to be impertinent—"

"My dear, sir, my dear sir," exclaimed the other man in perfectly genuine distress. "I meant no offense. Those gentlemen over there directed me to you as the man who made the best book that was ever made about the track."

Mr. Fraser glanced over his shoulder and beheld three of his friends convulsed with glee. "All right," he said sadly, "that's one more on me."

Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-American.

"The Garden of a Commuter's Wife" is the subject of an amusing anecdote illustrating the difference between Amer-

Jean and English Idioms.

A copy of it was given to some English people who live just outside London, and might be expected to have much in common with the commuter. They subsequently wrote to the giver asking for enlightenment on the subject of a "commuter," for none of them knew what sort of creature he might be. They had consulted dictionaries with no result, and could get no help from the text, though they judged from that that a commuter must be a landscape gardener. The English equivalent to the term is "season ticket holder."

Arctic Voyages in Six Languages.

The Duke de Abruzzi will publish an account of his recent voyages in the Arctic regions; and the book will be brought out simultaneously in six languages—Italian, English, French, Spanish, German, and Russian.

Dr. Hale's Work.

In his book of reminiscences, "Memories of a Hundred Years," Dr. Edward Everett Hale writes: "Some library will preserve this volume, and it carries with it my charge to my sons' grandsons, that in 2001 one of them shall write his 'Memories of the Twentieth Century.'"

Nothing is more likely than that some one of this family will write the book suggested, for it is, and has been for more than a hundred years, a race of scholars, and such a line neither dies out nor loses its force easily.

Thackeray's Son-in-Law.

Richmond Thackeray Ritchie, who has been made secretary of the political department of the India office of the British government, adopted his middle name when he married Anne Thackeray, daughter of the great novelist. Oddly enough, he was born in the year "The Newcomes" was published.

Mr. Dooley on Marriage.

Ap-pops of the marriage of Finley Potter Dunne and Miss Margaret Abbott, the reviewers are recalling some of the observations of Mr. Dooley on marriage. It will be remembered that that sententious person said:

"When a man's married, he's a married man. That's all you can say about him. In course, he thinks marriage is going to change 'h' whole current 'iv' his helm," as Hogan says. But it doesn't. After he's been hooked up for a few months, he finds he was married before, even if he wasn't, which is often the case. I've mind. Th' first bride 'iv' his bosom was th' Day's Wurruk. 'Here, take this bunch 'iv' alimony an' go on the stage."

Mrs. Dunne, that is to be, has, however, a Day's Work of her own. She has something of a reputation as an illustrator and inventor of children's games, and recently achieved fame in Paris by winning a prize in the woman's handicap game at the international golf matches. Mr. and Mrs. Dunne will live in New York, their house being in the same block with the Lambs Club.

Statesmen and Their Ways.

Crumpacker's Hobby.

Now that the Fifty-seventh Congress has convened in its final session, here comes the Hon. Edgar D. Crumpacker of Indiana with a proposition to revive his pet scheme for an investigation of election methods in the South. Unmindful of the fact that the Committee on Rules at its last session placed his investigation resolution far away in a dark closet where they hoped it would never see the light of day and would be forgotten, Mr. Crumpacker no sooner returns to Washington than he begins a search for his hobbyhorse. What to the Hon. Edgar D. Crumpacker are questions of trusts, of tariff, of finance, and a hundred and one other matters when the real issue is to ascertain whether or no some dusky citizen of Caddo parish, La., failed to have his ballot recorded? So, with the able assistance of the Hon. Marlin Edgar Olmsted of Pennsylvania, he has come to remind the Committee on Rules that it must not disregard the action of the Republican caucus months ago instructing the committee to report a resolution appointing a committee of eleven to investigate elections in the South.

Probably Last Chance.

Unwillingly would the House leaders cast this apple of discord into the political arena, but Mr. Crumpacker insists, and likewise does Mr. Olmsted. So in the inelegant but forceful and expressive language of the street, "It is up to the Committee on Rules. What is all that powerful triumvirate will do in the circumstances is a problem which none but these three can solve. What it is most likely to do, however, is to incur the disapproval of Mr. Crumpacker and Mr. Olmsted. Mr. Crumpacker's anxiety to obtain consideration for his favorite resolution is prompted, more especially at this time, by an acute insight into things of the future. He perceives, as do even the dullest of statesmen, that your Uncle Joe Cannon is to wield the Speaker's gavel in the next House, and probably in each succeeding Congress so long as he shall be a member and the Republicans shall control. The chance which a Crumpacker election investigation resolution would have with "Uncle Joe" in the Speaker's chair would be paralleled only by the opportunities which a snowball would have of maintaining its solidity upon the equator on a summer's afternoon. The Darville statesman is of North Carolina birth, and he has always opposed such propositions as this agitated by Mr. Crumpacker. Of course, in a Democratic Congress such a thing would be utterly out of the question. Hence Mr. Crumpacker's solicitude and his desire to have his resolution considered. This may be his last chance.

The Optimistic Mason.

When it comes to a matter of awarding the prize for homemade, self-complacent, artificial optimism, the Hon. William E. Mason is entitled to wear the fluttering plume and the streaming blue ribbons. The rotund statesman from the Prairie State has belabored himself into a perspiration and a happy smile over the thought that he is to succeed himself as Senator from Illinois. He is as cheerful and apparently as satisfied, if surface indications amount to anything in forming an opinion, as if he actually had the credentials safely pinned in his inside vest pocket. In his bright lexicon of hopefulness there is no word but Mason, while in his political directory there is no such name as Hopkins. All this despite the confident claims of the Hon. Albert J. Hopkins, that he (Hopkins) will be elected on joint ballot by a majority of forty-two votes. Notwithstanding the action of the Illinois convention in endorsing Mr. Hopkins, Senator Mason concedes his rival no opportunity of success.

His Two Points.

There are just two points in Senator Mason's advocacy of his own chances. First, the Senatorship must in any event go to Chicago; second, the Hon. William E. Mason is the best man the Windy City can supply for the Senatorship. Therefore, viewed in this clear light the problem which the Illinois legislators

A WIFE ON THE TRAIL.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," the poet tells us, and judging from a story found in the "Philadelphia Record," there is a deal of truth in the assertion. It must also be confessed that a "woman scorned" because of a husband's preference for her sister has considerable temptation to do the fury act. The details are as follows:

Pierre Diamasio, a Philadelphia barber, is in jail at Elizabeth, N. J., and will be arraigned in police court tomorrow on a charge of eloping with his wife's fifteen-year-old sister, and also of stealing the wronged woman's purse and jewelry.

Mrs. Diamasio, who is twenty-four and quite attractive, got on the trail of her husband and sister as soon as they left Philadelphia. She got trace of them in Newark and followed to Elizabeth, and on the principal business street this morning she confronted her live.

Without any preliminaries or attempts at explanation Pierre ran, but the avenging wife could not be so easily shaken. After a chase of a block she was upon him and he was quickly holed on combat, yelling for help. In the presence of a crowd his wife gave him a severe beating, badly disfiguring his face with her nails. Then Pierre was arrested. The wife's sister is supposed to be concealed in Newark.

JOHN MOY'S ROMANCE.

As a usual thing the public is not in the habit of contemplating the average Chinese laundryman as a person particularly given to sentiment, but it would seem that he can more than hold his own in the matter of abandonment to an absorbing passion. The pathetic romance of poor John Moy, set forth in the "New York American," justifies this statement in the following details:

"I love Miss Deeks so much that if she would only marry me I would give her a good home and lots of nice clothes," John Moy, Chinaman, said hoarsely when arraigned before Magistrate Concomen in the Flushing, L. I. court yesterday on the charge of abducting Miss Rosa Deeks, a pretty brunette, who is twenty-two years old. Miss Deeks said that she lived with her parents over John Moy's laundry at Corona, L. I., and every time she passed the store the China-

man stared at her and several times attempted to speak to her.

"Thanksgiving night, while I was giving a dinner to several friends," said Miss Deeks, "I heard a rumour outside my door. When I went to see what was the trouble the Chinaman stood at the door dancing like a crazy man. As soon as he saw me he fell upon his knees and begged me to be his wife. I don't remember what occurred after, for I fainted away."

"Why don't you keep away from this girl if I give you another chance will you promise to stay away?" said the judge.

"No; I love her too much. I have lots of money and can give her a good home," answered the Chinaman.

To Take Care of Joy.

Having been defeated for re-election to the House last month by devotus means and methods, which if he wots of at all, he refuses to discuss, since he went down under an adverse majority of five thousand, the Hon. Charles Felicity Joy of St. Louis may give his consent to serve his country in another capacity, that of postmaster of his city. It appears that the Hon. F. W. Baumhoff, the present postmaster, whose term expires in January, recently has been subjected to ministerial torture, and to avoid all like suffering in future will not ask for reappointment. If it were not for the fact that St. Louis is to be the scene of a show that promises to attract planetary attention during the next two years, a statesman of Mr. Joy's fame and experience would not care to accept office of lower rank than the one he has held for ten years. But to be postmaster of the World's Fair city carries with it a distinction that is salve to wounded pride and consolation to shattered hopes. When his application is presented to the President it will bear the name of every member of Congress who gets an opportunity to sign it, so popular is the St. Louis statesman. The office pays \$5,000 a year—\$1,000 more than a mere member of Congress receives.

THOUGHTFUL JERSEY BACHELORS.

Thoughtful consideration for the purpose of economizing time and money is always commendable, and especially so when unselfishly exercised for the benefit of others. This seems to have been done by a certain group of Jersey City young men of whom the "New York World" tells as follows:

A number of young men, members of St. Michael's Roman Catholic Church, Jersey City, have organized a bachelors' club. Rev. Mark A. Duffy, president of St. Michael's Club, approves the object of the new organization. He told the bachelors that their operations in economizing the time of young women and the gas in their parents' homes needlessly. A committee was appointed to draft a set of rules and regulations.

THE POSTMASTER'S MISTAKE.

One of the first principles of good generalship is to protect one's own militant equipment, and this principle seems to have been violated by the postmaster at Sayreville, N. J., to his own bitter cost. The story of his misadventure is told by the "Philadelphia Inquirer" in the following item:

So many efforts have been made to rob the postoffice at Sayreville, near this city, that four revolvers were always kept in the drawer of the postmaster's desk, in readiness to repel an assault in force. Saturday morning burglars broke into the postoffice and stole the revolvers. They got little else of value. They have been taken operations on the safe when they were scared away by the watchman making his rounds.