

The Washington Times.

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1903.

Daily Calendar of American History

- November 10. 1778—Massacre by Tories and Indians of Americans at Cherry Valley. 1805—Captain Wizer executed for cruelty to Federal prisoners at Andersonville. 1876—Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia closed. 1887—Sentence of Chicago anarchists, Fielden and Schwab commuted to imprisonment for life; Lingg kills himself by exploding a bomb in his mouth.

Protection Run Mad.

The British Ocean Mail Service as Contrasted With Our Own.

Great Britain's free trade policy stops at the water's edge; afloat she is the most rigidly protectionist of nations.

This fact, familiar to merchants and economists, gains new emphasis from the enormous subsidy of a million dollars a year for twenty years, just poured by the British government into the lap of the Cunard Company, together with a loan of \$13,000,000 of the royal funds for the construction of new steamers. Here is protection which pales out of sight the loftiest duties of the American tariff. But even this does not tell the entire story. Year after year the British government in its ocean mail service has persistently boycotted the swift American greyhounds on the north Atlantic, and has reserved all of the mails it could control to the steamships—many of them poor, slow tubs—flying British colors.

All this is in eloquent contrast with the practice of the United States. Our Government does, indeed, prefer American steamers, but in a moderate, sensible way. It sends its mails to Europe by swift American vessels on the days when these ships happen to sail. On other days it sends the mails by the fastest vessel of any foreign flag that happens to be available. The result of this liberal arrangement is that mails are dispatched from New York for Europe on every day in the week with the sole exception of Monday, while on the other side there are only two regular mails in a week from Great Britain. Several years ago there used to be three mails, but when the Inman greyhounds, the best of the British fleet, were bought by American citizens, the British postoffice canceled the subsidy to the Inman ships, begrudging a single penny of British mail pay to foreigners.

Only letters especially addressed to be sent by an American steamer are allowed to go that way—and, of course, few persons are familiar with shipping lists and sailing hours. As a consequence, American steamers, however swift, bring few letters from England and receive almost nothing for this service, while our own Government in 1902 gave \$221,000 to the subsidized British Cunard Line, \$83,000 to the North German Lloyd, and \$140,000 to other foreign companies.

Here plainly is a reciprocity which does not reciprocate. Our broad-gauge American practice provides the best possible ocean mail service. An analysis of the mails in both directions shows that letters posted in New York, one on each day of the week, cross on an average more than a whole day within the time of letters mailed in London. Yet there are as many fast ships sailing from that side as from this—but the British government refuses to give the regular mails to any but British steamers, however slow and however uncer-

tain. With dogged tenacity the British postoffice insists on this practice, in spite of the remonstrances of the merchants of New York, and even of London. It has happened that merchandise sent from England by fast American ships has reached New York several days before the bills of lading forwarded in feebly-powered British steamers, by the mandate of the British government. And this merchandise has had to lie on the pier because the consignees had no means to identify and claim it! Now another progressive step has been taken by our own Postoffice De-

partment and steamship managers, in changing the sailing day of the American steamers from New York from Wednesday to Saturday, when naturally the mails are heaviest. This means that these important Saturday mails will arrive in London in time for distribution on the following Saturday instead of the Monday after, as heretofore. The only trans-Atlantic line flying the Stars and Stripes is now brought into direct competition with the highly subsidized company which holds the exclusive favor of the British government.

An Excited Consul General.

He Sees Visions of a German-Colombian Alliance.

A person of the picturesque name of Arturo de Brigard, who acts as consul general for Colombia in New York, announces that he has heard his government contemplates appealing to Germany for protection against the rude proceedings of the United States with regard to Panama, and is ready, in return for such protection, to grant certain territorial concessions to the Kaiser.

Offhand, we should say that Don Arturo is having a pipe dream. Indeed, we don't mind betting dollars to doughnuts that he never heard anything of the kind. Not to put too fine a point upon it, we think Don Arturo is an ass.

Germany is not hunting for trouble; not on this continent, at any rate. She values the friendship of the United States far too much to strike an alliance with Colombian grafters. What she wishes to see accomplished, no doubt—and in this she is one with the civilized world—is the building of the canal. How is she to hasten that consummation by playing, directly or indirectly, into the hands of irresponsible bushwhackers?

Don Arturo de Brigard—what a name, we repeat, for comic opera!—should collect his thoughts, if he can, and not permit them to escape through his hat.

The German Octopus.

Neither Feared Nor Hunted by the Benighted Teutons.

They do not fear the octopus in Germany; at least they don't fear it in Hamburg. The chamber of commerce of that great trade center deprecates, in its annual report, any restrictive measures against the extension or the activity of commercial "combines"—the so-called trusts and syndicates. The chamber holds such repressive action on the part of the government to be injurious to the general economic interests of the country. It believes, in fact, that any abuses attending the activity of trusts will correct themselves.

All of which tends to show what a benighted country Germany is, and how backward its politicians are. Our politicians know better. They fatten the octopus only to hunt him to his lair afterward, and to make him disgorge. The hunt of the octopus has with us been a recognized sport these many years. He grows—we mean the octopus does—but it is not of record that the hunter is ever hurt. Neither is the octopus. But the looker-on sometimes is. That's where the fun comes in.

The politicians of the Fatherland are a terribly backward lot.

The Board of Trade.

Its Annual Meeting Shows a Good Year's Work.

The annual meeting of the Washington Board of Trade served to call the attention of the people of Washington once more to the work in various directions in which it has been engaged during the past year. It is to be hoped that its various recommendations will receive due attention. The importance of keeping the attention of the people of the District aroused to certain general needs is greater than it would be if there were ordinary elections by which needed reforms and changes could be urged. The recommendations and agitations of the Board of Trade do some of the work which, in other cities, political effort might be expected to accomplish. The more this body of citizens can do for the improvement of the city, for the securing of better schools, a better paid and larger police force, lower insurance rates, the destruction of unsanitary dwellings and the building of a suitable convention hall, the more grateful will the people of Washington have reason to be.

The general attitude of the Board of Trade this year is optimistic, an attitude both natural and judicious, since there is much reason to feel well satisfied and hopeful, and optimism is inexpensive as well as wise. The present work on the filtration plant is one good reason for satisfaction felt by the board. Those who drank Potomac water in those years gone by,

when it could hardly be distinguished from street mud, will hardly recognize the filtered fluid as the same thing. The Board of Trade, however, reiterates the charge that the Government uses more water than is necessary in its departments, and hence causes its citizens to be charged with waste; and it is recommended that steps be at once taken to procure a larger supply. This, as well as the other recommendations of the board for the coming year, must receive the approval of every intelligent citizen of the District.

Melba will not sing at the White House, because she does not know the President's wife. Holty-toity, how big we public entertainers have grown, to be sure! In the frank old days we used to know our place better; and, indeed, if Melba or anyone else, who sings and acts for a living, had offered such an ill-mannered slight to the first lady of any land on earth, except this easy-going one, the offense would have meant deserved hissing off the stage at the next public appearance and perpetual banishment.

The prosperity of the American coastwise shipping is an invincible argument for the protection of our ocean-carrying trade. Were the ocean-carrying trade protected as the coastwise trade is, and as the carrying trade of Great Britain is protected, capital invested in American shipping would have an income of \$200,000,000 a year, the amount which Americans are now paying foreign ships for carrying our commerce across the seas. As a business proposition, this seems workable. And when business ideas control politics, we shall see the American flag flying over our cross-ocean commerce.

It is true that there has been graft in the Postoffice Department, but the founder of that graft, the gentleman who organized it and developed it into a fine art, was put in place by an honest man—Grover Cleveland. We think that Democratic critics should note that the cleansing of the Postoffice Department has been effected by Roosevelt. If there is "honeycomb of fraud" the bees which made that comb are no longer eating the honey from other hives.

The plot trust in New York, which is not protected by the tariff, is creating rebellion among the pie distributors. It is said that every baker belonging to the trust is heavily bonded against taking the customer of any other baker. A meeting is to be held to protest against the trust and supply distributors with pies. This American conspiracy against pie undoubtedly can be upset by publicity and abstinence.

Is there any indication in the Ohio campaign that that egomaniac, Tom Johnson, has been driven from the Bryanite craze and is rallying to the Cleveland contingent for 1904?

American aristocracy has been crowned with real success. There have been sham dukes, and counts, and princes, but now somebody has thought it practicable to make himself up as a shan Goelet noblesse condescending to the King Cophetua act.

The senior class of the Columbian Law School has decided that a Mormon cannot be its president. The next thing will be to decide whether the class favors officers belonging to churches Episcopalian, Methodist, Presbyterian, or Hard Shell Baptist.

Mr. Labouchee has produced the first piece of unconscious humor ever attributed to him. He says that he really has no desire to be a king. Who would, when it is possible to be a Labouchee?

Is it possible that the reason the yellow critics are so dissatisfied is that there was no blood shed in that Panama revolution?

Hobson has again succeeded in breaking into the newspapers, but in order to do it he had to resort to the expedient of losing a diamond brooch.

A Chicago man has been sued for \$25,000 on account of a kiss, but he would look more dignified in the situation if he had succeeded in getting the kiss.

Secretary Hay has recognized the "talent for prompt and secret organization" latent in the Latin-American make-up, and it now behooves him to keep his diplomatic x-rays ready for its continued recognition.

"Panama scandal" sounds well, but people familiar with neighborhood gossip know that many a so-called scandal turns out to be as innocent as a dish of corn-meal mush.

It may be that the college boy draws inspiration for his weird and blood-curdling yells from the ancient classics, but the probability is rather that they are suggested by the domestic cat in the middle of the night.

They are organizing a campaign against the Mormons in Utah. The average man might see some good in a Mormon if the system led to a more thorough study of the ways of women, but it was never proved that it did.

It is observed by some people with great surprise that there are no Populists in Congress this session. To be sure, there are no birds in last year's nests.

Indignation is expressed by the "New York Journal" over the fact that our State Department was informed of the events on the isthmus nearly as soon as they took place. Would the "Journal" have Secretary Hay send warships down there and blow up the means of communication?

H. B. Marriott Watson seems to be worried over the future of American women. Is he contemplating marriage with one of them?

Questions and Answers

Kate Drexel. What is Kate Drexel, who is interested in mission work among the Indians? Will you give a brief account of her life and her work? J. H. S.

Kathryn Drexel is a daughter of a wealthy Philadelphia banker of that name. She joined a Sisterhood about four years ago and has been devoting her time in working among the Indians since. She has charge of the Sisters' Mission at St. Michaels, near Fort Lowell, Ariz., and has recently given \$100,000 for the erection of a hospital and a school at that place.

The Standard Yard. From what was the standard yard taken or reckoned? FRANK TROXLER

From the Troughton scale, which was procured from London in 1814. It was eighty-two inches long, and the yard was taken as the distance between its twenty-seventh and sixty-third division.

Death of Montezuma. What was the real cause of the death of Montezuma, at the time of the invasion by Cortes? MEXICAN.

It is not known. The Spaniards said at the time that he was killed by a stone thrown at him by one of his own followers, but it seems more likely that he was murdered by his Spanish captors.

Battle at Baton Rouge. Can The Times' Questions and Answers column tell me whether there was a battle fought at Baton Rouge, La., between Confederates and Federals? If so, will you give brief details? MCK.

There was—on August 5, 1862, the commanders being Gen. John C. Breckinridge and Gen. Thomas Williams. The number engaged were about 2,500 on each side. The fighting was severe on each side for two hours and ended in repulse for the Confederates. The latter's losses were 84 killed, 315 wounded, and 57 missing; the Federals lost 84 killed, 235 wounded and 35 missing. General Williams was among the dead.

Record Baseball Throw. What is the world's record for the longest baseball throw? HARRY KISTEEN.

R. C. Campbell holds this record. The distance was 381 feet 2 1/2 inches.

Retirement of Army Officers. At what age are army officers retired? ARMY.

At sixty-four.

The Hudson's Bay Company. When was the Hudson's Bay Company organized, and for what purpose? How long did its monopoly last? H. H. S.

In 1870, for trade with the Indians. It was abolished in 1858, and ten years later the company gave up all its privileges to the Dominion of Canada, receiving a land grant of 7,000,000 acres and \$1,500,000, and retained its trading stations.

Cost of Copyright. What is the total cost of procuring a copyright for a book or play? Give all the steps necessary to procure same, as a lawyer necessary? What is the form of application? Is an affidavit required? From what time does a copyright date? Is there an agreement between the United States and Great Britain by virtue of which an author of a book copyrighted in the United States would be protected in his copyright by English courts? BOOKMAKER.

To secure a copyright send \$1 to the Librarian of Congress, together with a proof of the printed title page of the book. The copyright runs fourteen years from the day it is granted. There is no agreement between the United States and England.

In a Lighter Vein.

A Grandstand Play. The boy stood on the burning deck, According to an ancient lay, He couldn't figure out by back! A way by which to leave the wreck, And so he made a grandstand play! —Milwaukee Sentinel.

Misunderstood. "Do you drink?" inquired the young woman's mother. "Do you drink?" the lady repeated. "If you insist," replied the modest young man.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Another Ring. Calvert, Jr.—Beats all how those three clergymen are getting nearly all the marriages to perform, while the others are getting none. Balty Moore—Looks as if they had formed a sort of wedding ring, doesn't it?—Baltimore American.

The Dog. The dog is eloquently built, He would be spoken his joy to gull, With either end of him may I The secret of his heart display.

Some very decent dogs are yellow, But those who early bark and howl Against the bright innocuous moon Should do it less or not so soon.

The dog, he is, to say the least, A very interesting creature. There's only one bad kind of him, All other dogs are cherubim.

L'ENVOI. The kind of dog I mean is he That's owned by some one else than me. —Harper's Magazine.

Not Ready Yet. A Philadelphia photographer tells this as having actually happened. A woman entered his studio. "Are you the photographer?" "Yes, madam." "Do you take children's pictures?" "Yes, certainly." "How much do you charge?" "Three dollars a dozen." "Well," said the woman, sorrowfully, "I'll have to see you again. 'I've only got eleven.'" —Philadelphia Ledger.

Safety in Numbers. "Why do so many of you go around playing together?" asked a citizen of the leader of the German band. "The thoughtful reply of the Teutonic Statesman.

Uncle Zerk's Illustration. "I'm a little nigguh, but I can't kink look light a burl." "I'm a little nigguh, but I can't kink look light a burl." "I'm a little nigguh, but I can't kink look light a burl." —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Courts and Capitals of the Old World

By THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

An Adventurous Career.

Lord Orford, who is now in this country with his American countess, has had a singularly adventurous career. After a year at Eton he entered the royal navy at the age of fourteen, and was on board the troopship Magera when she was wrecked on St. Paul's Island, 1,900 miles south of the Cape of Good Hope. Not three months later, and after the most terrible hardships, did rescue come, and then he was transferred to the cruiser Blanche, which was commissioned to stop the kidnapping of the Polynesians and to suppress piracy in the South Sea Islands. He visited many of these islands, where no white man had ever been seen before; and was present at the annexation of the Fiji Islands, and leaving the navy with the rank of lieutenant at the age of about twenty-three he joined the special embassy of the late Earl Rosslyn on the occasion of the marriage of Don Alfonso XII. He served in the Ottoman army throughout the Russo-Turkish war, acting as aide-de-camp to Suleiman Pasha, who was present at the Shipka Pass battle, and afterward became secretary to his kinsman, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, when the latter was special commissioner for the delimitation of the new Turkish empire, and afterward British ambassador to Constantinople.

Lord Orford put in a good deal of his time in this country, where he became a familiar figure in New York, and won the hand of Louise Corbin, daughter of the Hon. Charles Corbin, the great railroad magnate of that name. A few months after the marriage, Lord Orford, or Captain Walpole, as he was then, became the object of a most violent persecution in England on the part of an adventurer, who, posing in the role of an innocent and guileless young German governess, charged him with having first ruined her under a promise of marriage and then deserted her in order to wed an American heiress. The prima facie case against the captain was rather strong, and a number of the English newspapers, notably the "Pall-Mall Gazette," took up the woman's case, the latter journal indeed raising a fund of several thousand pounds by public subscription, to which even the late Queen contributed \$100, for the purpose of defraying the legal expenses of the plaintiff in her suit for damages against the captain, who was held up to obloquy in the press.

Wife Stood by Him. Through all this tempest of violent and extravagant abuse Walpole's American wife stood loyally by his side and remained his best friend, perfectly indifferent and probably incredulous with regard to the charges as to his conduct.

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Walpole, which can trace its ancestry back to those remote ages which preceded the Norman conquest, and which for the last four centuries has played an important part in English history. Lord Orford, like his uncle before him, makes his home at Mannington Hall, a charming old manor house in a well-wooded district of Norfolkshire, not far from Cromer. The house is built of flint, the walls being eight feet thick in many places, and you can catch fish from the billiard room and kitchen windows. Oliver Cromwell was a frequent visitor there in the days when it belonged to the Potts family, and when Sir Charles Potts, the last of his race, was ruined by the South Sea bubble. It was purchased by the first Lord Walpole.

Many Curious Treasures. The approach to the house is peculiar. For as there is only a narrow bridge across the moat, carriages do not draw up at the front door, visitors having to cross the bridge on foot. The house is full of treasures, among the most curious of which is the key of the great Stamboul mosque at St. Sophia, in the days when it was still a place of Christian worship; a manuscript letter from George II. to Lord Walpole, concluding with the words: "The spurs worn by King William III. at the battle of the Boyne, and Garzich's watch, given by him to Horace Walpole, and the inkstand used by the great Sir Robert Walpole.

Nearly by the last resting place of the Walpoles, and it may be added that each Earl of Orford, at his burial, is driven in his hearse three times round the church before his remains are finally laid to rest. The origin of this queer custom, according to family and local tradition, is that Horatio, second Earl of Orford, destroyed the tomb of the Scalpers, former possessors of the place, and one of the unhappy ladies of this family, finding no rest, still haunts the churchyard, always searching for the remains of her relations. It is to mollify her spirit that this drive of the hearse three times round the churchyard takes place on the occasion of the obsequies of every Earl of Orford.

Orford a Protestant. The present Earl of Orford is a Protestant, differing in this respect from his uncle and predecessor, the fourth earl, who was converted to Roman Catholicism by Mgr. Capel, that once famous prelate who now lives in obscurity in California, and who has been portrayed by Lord Beaconsfield in his novel, "Lothair" under the transparent pseudonym of "Mgr. Cateby." The late earl was a worthy descendant of the great Horace Walpole, and had the reputation of being the most selfish member of the peerage, as well as the last of those Sybarites of whom the fourth Marquis of Hertford was one of the most noted types. He separated from his wife after a few years of marriage, and according to their respective accounts of the trouble, the latter originated in a sugar basin. The late Lord Orford insisted that the countess came down to breakfast without having washed her hands, and had

taken some lumps of sugar out of the bowl with her fingers, on which he requested her in future either to wash her hands or to use the sugar tongs. Lord Orford's story of the quarrel was that he objected to her taking too many lumps of sugar in her tea. Whatever the rights and wrongs of this matrimonial squabble were, it was followed about a year later by Lord Orford's sensational elopement with the wife of the fifth Duke of Newcastle, herself the only daughter of the tenth Duke of Hamilton.

Pursued by Gladstone. It may be remembered that the late William E. Gladstone, who was a most intimate friend of the fifth Duke of Newcastle, pursued the eloping couple all over Europe, and finally ran them to earth at a villa on Lake Como, in northern Italy, where he made vain endeavors to persuade the fair fugitive to leave Lord Orford and to return to her husband and children.

Subsequently, when the Duke of Newcastle obtained a divorce from his wife, Gladstone was called upon to act as a witness and to furnish evidence of having found the eloping couple living together in Italy. This action of the great Liberal leader was of course seized upon by his political and personal enemies, who denounced him for doing the dirty work, so they said, of a private detective, whereas the true object of his pursuit of Lord Orford and of the latter's companion was to induce her to return to her husband and children.

In those days divorces of this kind were granted by the house of lords and from that time forth until his death, nearly half a century later, the late Lord Orford never set his foot in the house of lords, taking the ground that his appearance there in the role of a co-respondent was sufficient to dispense him from any further obligations to fulfill his duties there as one of the hereditary legislators.

As the late Lady Orford declined to give her husband his matrimonial freedom by suing him for divorce on the ground of his elopement, and survived until 1888, the earl was unable to marry the companion of his flight, who some ten years afterward wedded at Brussels a Belgian of the name of Opdebeck, dying about a decade ago. Her son by the late Lord Orford was handsomely provided for by the latter in his will, and bears his name, though of course not his titles.

Bubbles.

Piecework—the pie man's. In times of trial—the jury. Even a hat may cap the climax.

Are prisoners on a ship put in the "holM"? There are always lots of theatrical stars left over.

As the surveyor said, "I have to draw the line somewhere." A moving scene in a play is not always due to the scene shifter.

The city of Bath ought to be somewhere near Watertown. Man is but clay, and sometimes his name is "mud."

People who belong to the "upper crust" are often the shortest. The portrait painter doesn't always take a woman at her face value.

Teasing a girl she has a heart of stone is not equivalent to calling her a "peach." High-toned people are often in need of being toned down.

You can't blame the unusually long river for running to excess. The unsuccessful aeronaut isn't consoled by having his wife blow him up.

The experienced burglar knows when it is safe to steal forty winks. The autumn leaves have done the tinge of crimson and of gold.

Like treasures which the trembling trees Have left the power to take, They fall to earth, to wither there And all their beauty lose, To rustle "neath our tread and take The polish from our shoes." —Philadelphia Bulletin.

An Instance of Coolness. The youngest bank president in the world is Carl R. Schultz, president of the Equitable National Bank of New York. Mr. Schultz is only twenty-seven years old. He was graduated from Yale only six years ago.

The young man was asked recently to what quality he attributed his success. "Coolness," he replied. "Coolness," he said, "is discretion, it is coolness. Then he was asked to give an instance of that quality's manifestation, but he would not give a personal one. He said, with a laugh, that he would give an instance of coolness and discretion, but it would be one somewhat different from the kind he meant, and it would pertain not to himself, but to a Scotchman.

"There was a Scot," he said, "who owned a fine orchard, surrounded by a hedge. One day, as he entered this orchard, he saw a neighbor creeping on hands and knees through the hedge, intent on stealing some fruit.

"Sawney, hoot, hoot, mon," exclaimed the Scot reproachfully, "what are ye gangin' for?" The discreet Sawney quickly faced the other way and answered: "Book agen." —Detroit News-Tribune.

Autumn. I like to hear the dry leaves crack Beneath my heavy shoes; I like the crash of brittle twigs While winding through the sloughs, Or up, or down the bayou's banks, Or near the old lake's edge— I like the dead brown trappings Of the wood, and field, and hedge.

II. I like the soft and silken sweep Of leaves wrung from the boughs, The rhythmic rustle, light and low, And sweet as lovers' vows; I like old autumn's trappings when The summer season's fled, And Nature starts her thrifty loom To remake all that's dead.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR. The spring bride of autumn is the summer nurse of winter.

Mormons exist to prove that men never learn anything from experience. A woman always has an idea that the reason she doesn't understand business is because she knows how to sew so well.

Nothing makes a woman so suspicious as to have her husband give her an extra allowance when his business is keeping him late at the office.

To the last day she lives a woman can never understand how man can worry about money matters when the children are doing so well at school.

Among the Statesmen

"Uncle Joe" in the Chair. Strangers who saw "Uncle Joe" Cannon in the Speaker's chair yesterday might have supposed that he was accustomed to the place and had long presided over the deliberations of that body, so well did he execute the duties of the office. "Uncle Joe" was, however, at times nervous, as was evident from the fact that he made two or three slight "breaks." One would naturally suppose a veteran of twenty-eight years' service would know exactly the methods of procedure and be able to state a question without coaching. Speaker Cannon unquestionably does know all the ins and outs of Congress, as much about parliamentary law and parliamentary practice as any man in the House; yet he worked with a coach—Mr. Hines, who has acted so efficiently in that capacity for the past ten years. Mr. Hines is clearly the Speaker's table and the Speaker's prompter. In all the turmoil of the House he is never "rattled."

Some Slight Slips. Speaker Henderson relied greatly upon him, as did Speaker Reed, and Mr. Cannon found him of invaluable service yesterday, his aid was evident in the Speaker's chair. Sometimes "Uncle Joe" was inclined to present a resolution for passage when the call was for the previous question, but Mr. Hines would correct him in time, and the proposition was properly shifted. Once the new Speaker called for the "ayes" when he should have asked for the "noes," but he quickly corrected himself, and the slip was only an evidence of the fact that he was perhaps just a bit nervous. Once he recognized a member as "the gentleman from Georgia," he was called for the "ayes" when he should have asked for the "noes," but he quickly corrected himself, and the slip was only an evidence of the fact that he was perhaps just a bit nervous. Once he recognized a member as "the gentleman from Georgia," he was called for the "ayes" when he should have asked for the "noes," but he quickly corrected himself, and the slip was only an evidence of the fact that he was perhaps just a bit nervous.

Declines Pass; Got a Railroad. Representative Baker, the anti-pass Representative from Brooklyn, promises to make himself conspicuous in the House in the coming session. He has already attracted much attention because of the firm anti-corporation position he has assumed. Mr. Baker declined to accept a railroad pass last March, and the refusal of such a gratuity was so unique in an officeholder that the Brooklyn Congressman at once achieved a reputation from one end of the country to the other.

He renewed his fight against passes as soon as he reached Washington by introducing a resolution in the Democratic caucus to commit the Democratic members of the House to the policy of refusing to accept favors from railroads. As a sequel to his anti-pass agitation, Mr. Baker's friends yesterday presented him with a handsome floral piece in the shape of a railroad card, yellow and white immortelles, and placed upon a track of ferns and cut flowers of roses and carnations.

An Original Design. When the piece was brought into the chamber it covered not only Mr. Baker's desk but one on either side of him, and was by far the most original design of the hundreds presented to other members by admiring friends. The card attracted the attention of the anti-pass Congressmen, from his admirers throughout the United States. Among the contributors were Judge E. O. Brown and Louis F. Post, Chicago; William Lloyd Garrison, Boston; Gov. L. C. Garvin, Michigan; and Samuel Seabury, William Everett Hicks, and August Lewis, New York; S. C. Rogers, Buffalo; Rev. H. S. Bigelow and Daniel Kiefer, Cincinnati; Dr. W. P. Hill, St. Louis, and C. G. Buel, Minnesota. The anti-pass committee having charge of the presentation were F. S. Siddons, M. H. Ramage, and G. E. Bedell.

Looks Like Henderson. A portly gentleman with a shock of gray hair hanging over his ears and heavy gray mustache drooping over his mouth, sat well toward the center of the Republican side of the House yesterday and strangers who saw him inquired of veteran visitors in the galleries how it was that ex-Speaker Henderson, now not a member of the House, occupied a seat upon the floor. "I'll give it up; I didn't know Colonel Henderson was here," said one old-timer who has attended the opening of every session since the inauguration of the present President. As the day wore on the question increased. Finally the time came to wind up the day's business. Then the portly gentleman whom the galleries had taken to be Colonel Henderson arose slowly and solemnly, said, "Mr. Speaker, I move that the House do adjourn."

"As I live," exclaimed the old-timer, "why that is Seneca Payne; but look, he has shaved his whiskers." "Surely, you are mistaken," said one from Auburn who had a close shave which removed his hirsute appendage, so that for all the world when seated at a distance he looks like ex-Speaker Henderson. Even his old friends in the House commented upon the fact yesterday. Mr. Payne takes kindly to the suggestion that he "looks like Henderson," although he avows that in shaving his beard he had no intention of creating a "make-up" to resemble the ex-Speaker.

The Drift of Public Opinion.

New York World: The Congressmen who are afraid to vote the handsome rags in the Speaker's lobby need have no fears so long as they keep their feet off the Constitution and their hands off the surplus.

Columbus Citizen: Speaker Cannon will greatly enlarge his list of enemies when he comes to making up his committee.

Houston Post: Addition grows by what it feeds upon. Already Colonel McClellan has evinced a desire to be governor of New York. Perhaps he considers gubernatorial honors a necessary precedent to Presidential title.

Philadelphia Inquirer: When Congress meets next week, R. O. Moon will be one member who can say he has come fresh from the people, and the wonder will grow that Congressmen in general cannot take their seats the same year that they are elected.

Birmingham Age-Herald: John Sherman will lead the Democracy to a great victory in 1904.

Charlotte (N. C.) News: It may become popular in the United States Senate to marry in haste and fight breach-of-promiss suits at leisure.

An Inartistic Ending. An artist disposed of a plaque. For quite a respectable stage. He drank something red. That was his last day. And they carried him home in a bag!