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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1903.

An Unequal Division.

The United States Doesn't Pay Its Proper Share of District Taxes.

The Fifty-eighth Congress has convened in regular session; the estimates to cover the expenses of the District of Columbia for the next fiscal year have been transmitted by the Secretary of the Treasury; and the struggle to secure the necessary appropriations will soon begin. We wish, therefore, to call the attention of District taxpayers and of members of Congress to the fact that the United States, through the present system of doubling the District revenues in lieu of paying taxes for its holdings, is practically saddling upon the District the payment of \$600,000 per annum, which it ought not to be called upon, in equity, to pay.

On June 11, 1878, Congress provided that the United States should pay fifty per cent of the expenses of the District of Columbia, and be declared exempt from taxation. At the time that law went into effect the United States owned real property in the District valued at \$82,156,574. The assessed value of all other real property in the District was \$87,491,442. The District taxpayer paid a little the better of the argument in 1878. Members of Congress, however, were not blind to probable Federal development, and within half a dozen years the value of realty holdings had become equalized. From that time on the United States has been condemning land here, there, and everywhere, not only increasing its holdings to an enormous extent, but depriving the District of both the tax and the equivalent appropriation from the National Government.

This is not a theory, but, on the contrary, a condition which confronts us. According to the Assessor of the District, and we feel that we can rely on such authority, the United States Government owns today \$237,100,868 worth of real property in the District, while the value of taxable real property is only \$208,519,436. This shows that the United States owns \$28,581,432 in property in excess to the amount upon which taxes can be collected. As the total realty valuation is \$445,620,304, the excess represents about 6.4 per cent. In other words, the taxpayers own 43.6 per cent of District property, and the United States 56.4 per cent.

These figures show conclusively that the present ratio of dollar for dollar paid by the Federal Government is far from being equitable and just. It is not high time that some steps were taken to obtain a revision of the present ratio, so that Uncle Sam shall pay for his excess holdings?

This \$28,581,432 represents a tax of \$428,721.48, which the District is lesing annually. According to the law the United States doubles all revenues, so that the actual amount lost to the District each year is \$857,442.96. This is something for the taxpayers to consider. In our opinion, the law of June 11, 1878, has outlived its equity.

Mr. Baker's Testimony.

Here is a Gotham Editor Who Did Not Read It.

Our always interesting contemporary, the "New York Sun," does us the honor to quote from an editorial published a few days ago in The Times the following statement:

Mr. Ray Stannard Baker denies that General Wood was aware, before its publication, of the now famous Runcie article, or that he was consulted concerning it.

The "Sun," with the customary good breeding for which its columns have long been famous, comments on the above statement thus:

Mr. Baker makes no such denial, nor has he been reported in any newspaper that we know of as making such a denial.

The "Sun" is, of course, truthful. Indeed, strict veracity is another of the qualities upon which its reputation has been founded. The trouble in the present instance is that its knowledge of its contemporaries is limited. While the Wood investigation has been in progress, it has doubtless read only the "Bangtown Bazzoo," and the "Arizona Kicker," for the Associated Press reports of Friday, December 4, contain the following:

He (Baker) denied that there had been any consultation between himself and General Wood

relative to the publication of Major Runcie's article reflecting on the administration of General Brooke. * * * Concerning the article which was published over the signature of Major Runcie, Mr. Baker said it had been given to him by Runcie; but, so far as he knew, General Wood had no knowledge of it before it was published.

The "Sun," in its eager desire to be unprejudiced and fair—especially in the Wood case—should increase the number of papers that it "knows."

Another Talking General.

General MacArthur and His Predictions of War With Germany.

Nothing is quite so ridiculous as a talking general, except it be a talking admiral. Unfortunately, we have had, and still have, it seems, a fill of both of them. They will gabble about things they know nothing about; they insist upon attending to other people's business, and when the mischief is done they always assert that they were misrepresented, that what they said was intended for private ears only, and that—well, we all know what the average man will do after he has made a d— fool of himself.

The latest accession to the ranks of talking warriors is Major General MacArthur, U. S. A. He seized, as he would say, the "psychological moment," the other day, and the capacious ear of one Colonel Jones, of the Hawaiian militia, at one fell swoop, to declare his belief that the next war this country would have to fight would be with Germany. We confess to a feeling of utter weariness when we read the arguments by which men of the MacArthur stripe pretend to reach their bloody conclusions, and we shall not, therefore, be tempted into repeating the threadbare and shopworn data communicated by the general to the confiding militia man.

We may say this, however, that the imagination of General MacArthur, like that of many other foolish people, is turned on full head whenever the Monroe Doctrine happens to be mentioned. It was in this case.

Nothing, we presume, that the government of that wicked and designing man, the German Emperor, may say or do will ever quite satisfy General MacArthur and his friends. The Berlin foreign office may declare, a year in advance, the policy it means to pursue to secure the payment of debts by Venezuela, and obtain from our own Government an approval of its course. It may be ever so prompt in recognizing what has not inappropriately been called a "predigested" republic on the Isthmus of Panama. It may even demonstrate by facts and figures that the so-called German "colony" in Southern Brazil does not amount in numbers to one-twentieth of what it is said to amount to. It may show conclusively that the home government does absolutely nothing to encourage emigration to that part of the world, but, on the contrary, does everything to prevent it. It may, we say, do these and a thousand other things—nothing will ever quite satisfy the "thinking men" of our army and navy.

The "thinking men" of our army and navy! God save the mark! Their idiotic twaddle sets their fellow-idiot in both nations by the ears, and is more wicked, we might almost say, than the strife they would bring about. We pray for the day that will effectually bottle them up. The President, if we mistake not, "sat down," and "sat down hard," on General Miles once, when that doughty soldier ventured to express an opinion regarding a controversy then raging in the navy. It was a small matter, we thought at the time, and one, we still think, he might have overlooked. General Miles' indiscretion, at any rate, did no serious harm. General MacArthur's, on the other hand, does. In the interest of military discipline, of the country, and of humanity at large he ought to be called down. Will the President do it?

A Voice From Hinterland.

Information Wanted on the Absence of a New York Middle Class.

The prevalent New York literature gives a strange impression to the reader who has never visited that metropolis, and for the benefit of such readers an explanation is needed. Why is it that there is apparently in New York no middle class, the population of the city being composed entirely of the rich and the poor, or, to put it in the vernacular most often used by certain saffron papers, "swell mugs" and those who refer to others as "swell mugs"? Must the intending immigrant make up his mind on entering the city either to keep a chauffeur and a valet and dine of the Waldorf, or to take up his meek residence in a tenement of four rooms, one of which is lighted? Is there really no New York middle class?

Certain it is that one never sees a middle class referred to in any account of the metropolis. Pages are devoted to the doings—one is almost compelled to say antics—of certain kinds

of New York rich people; pages are also devoted to the horrible condition of the dwellers in the tenements, but of the middle class people, the people who have been blessed with neither poverty nor riches, who send their children to the public schools well dressed and well fed, and with expectations of attending college some day, who have saved money enough to buy homes of their own when they reach middle life, who buy books, pictures, and pretty things, and go to the theater occasionally, though not in carriages—of these people there is no mention. Are they all banished to Brooklyn and Jersey City, or referred to with scorn and derision as Mr. and Mrs. Commuter of Lonelyville?

The visitor to New York sees people who apparently belong to this class, but they may be visitors. It is well known that New York entertains daily throngs from the hinterland, sufficient for the peopling of a modest town elsewhere, and they are not all farmers in search of gold bricks, either. Some of them can hardly be distinguished in dress and bearing from the true New Yorker. Do any of these well-dressed, well-mannered, well-to-do but not wildly affluent people really belong to the metropolis?

Of course they do, but the literature of the city does not show it. It is true that they are overshadowed more or less by those elements in the population which are not found in the hinterland, but they are there, all the same. They do not appear in literature, only because they are less picturesque than the Bowery boy, the repeater of the divorce courts, the immigrant who cannot speak English, or the side show freak who consumes thousand-dollar bills every day—eats 'em alive. Mr. Howells is the only novelist of New York who has put any of them into a book, and he is from the hinterland himself. Is it not time for somebody else to do it, and write a real New York novel?

A man writes to a New York paper complaining that while there are hospitals in that city for the cure of all diseases, there is no place in which one may be cured of drunkenness or the morphia habit. Yes, and there is no place in which one may be cured of sin or have his breathing done for him.

Mr. Heath avers that he has heard Hanna talk in the West. The significance of this statement depends on whether the Hanna talk was done by Mr. Hanna or somebody else.

Senator Hoar has sharpened up his Revolutionary snickersaw for the President, but the President has Revolutionary ancestors, too.

General Calculation Grosvenor says that the Senate is it. Should Grosvenor meet Cannon some whiskers will fly.

A Chicago statistician finds that more suicides take place among married people than among single folk. Before using this fact as a deterrent of matrimony one should reflect that there are more married than single folk in Chicago.

Panama is said to be intoxicated with joy, which is cheap toot-material for Panama.

Possibly, if some resourceful inventor started to build a machine to bore into the center of the earth, it would turn out to be a flying machine just out of contrivance.

A Mormon elder says that according to the doctrines of the Mormon church no negro can enter heaven. That is just the church to suit the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr.

Deluded people who go by the collections of chafing dish recipes published in some papers will find themselves cooking pork and cabbage in the chafing dish, with no guests to eat the results.

The house of lords has failed to see how women can practice law in Great Britain. Britons are apt to be shortsighted when it comes to disturbing old-established traditions.

A Boston educator thinks that children should be encouraged to read more fairy tales. The average politician might be a better man if his imagination had been coaxed in childhood to occupy itself with fairies rather than facts.

The chorus of some washroom opera companies might appropriately sing:
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How we wonder what you are,
How you: price went up so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

Communications From Readers of The Times

Inviting Accidents.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: I desire to call the attention of the authorities of our steam railroads to the fact that some of the local officials are requiring or permitting employes in charge of trains and in other responsible positions to be twenty-four and thirty-six hours continuously on duty. Is any other statement or comment needed on such a practice? If some terrible accident were to result from this system it would be plenty of critics, while everyone would wonder why such carelessness prevailed. QUERY.
Washington, Dec. 9.

Defends Mr. Bristow.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: May a layman ask a simple question and receive an answer through your paper—for I want to know, you know? Suppose Bristow's son was in the post-office, working for Uncle Sam. Was there any harm in that? I don't know Bristow; never saw him. But a man as well educated as the father could surely have a son who was worthy the salary of a postoffice clerk. It seems a very strange thing to an outsider—one not versed in the law of politics—why a worthy father, having a capable son, could not have that son occupy a position as a clerk in a postoffice, merely because his father happened to be an Assistant Postmaster General.
R. E. GREEN.
Washington, Dec. 9.

Reckless Chauffeurs.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: It is sad, indeed, if the streets of Washington are to be surrendered to reckless operators of automobiles. In many cases it is not a question whether the chauffeur is violating the law, but whether the policeman on a bicycle will be able to catch him. Moreover, I have no doubt, run their cars too fast, and if so, they should be arrested and fined, but as a rule the street car stays on its tracks, and one knows where to look for it; not so with the automobile. It runs around corners at a speed that threatens the safety of its occupants, to say nothing of the pedestrians. The speed limit of twelve miles an hour, no doubt, seems tame to the man accustomed to riding in a touring car and making record-breaking runs, but this is a case of the "greatest good to the greatest number"; so let him obey the law.
R. M. O.
Washington, Dec. 8.

Superfluous Letters.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: At first it seems scarcely possible that two letters of the alphabet could be suddenly dropped out of use and not be bodily missed. But "q" and "x" are two not only unneeded, but letters that do not occur often than ten or fifteen times in a column, and not having any value of their own, the rightful substitutes make the words in which they do occur seem right, even if the letters in question themselves are absent. I will not better the poet, but the purpose of "q" and "qu" may be even better served by "cw" and "cx" by "cs"; also how the dollar mark (\$) may be successfully used to serve for the "sh" sound.

Take the following paragraph: The spelling reform will probably come slowly in spite of great inertia, just as other essential reforms have come. Living wells and springs of unknown sources were characteristic of primitive days when disease was a dispensation of Providence, and health a matter of accident. The old taken bucket is sacred to poetic memory, but it was loaded with slime and microbes. Filthy water, which is not to be applied, conceptions of Providence, but the masses will long cling to the slime and microbes.

Tallow dips, m-c-s, and gradings are other reminders of primitive conceptions. They must yield to ar lights, electric motors, and elevated railways.

The slightly, unjacketed, red-hot, smoking, tottering, old-time schoolroom stove, like a blind monarch, once ruled the land, but has been replaced by the modern, blue feet were freezing. This relic of insipient civilization reluctantly yields to tempered air driven by steam and heated by electricity. One by one our traditions and superstitions yield to better things. In the distant future (when we are to be dead) our antiquated and unwieldy spelling will be remodeled, to permit the substitution of a brief, simple, rational and systematic written language.

In that passage of 200 words—a letter from John R. Kirk, president of the State Normal schools, Kirksville, Mo., "cw" serves for "qu" once, "cs" once takes the place of "x" and the dollar mark (\$) serves for the "sh" sound eleven times, or a ratio of 1 to 29 words.
ROBERT W. MASON.
Washington, Dec. 9.

In a Lighter Vein.

Sopranos.
Playrite—I heard one of my attendants the premiere of my new play last night complain that it was so late when he got out.
Critic—Yes?
Playrite—Yes, and the final curtain fell before 10.
Critic—H'm! Perhaps he overslept himself.
—Philadelphia Press.

Behind the Scenes.
The Manager—Who is that man over there in the wings?
The Leading Lady (complacently)—Oh, that is my angel.—Judge.

Not an Admirer.
"Gee! I wish I had de money to get a coat like dat!"
"You do?"
"Yes, but dat's de last ting I would do wit' it!"—Puck.

Great Stunt.
Silas—Down at the county fair Zeke paid 10 cents to see a man break nails with his teeth.
Cyrus—What kind of nails did he break?
Silas—His fingernails.—Philadelphia Record.

Startled the Cashier.
Stranger—Are the waiters here attentive to you?
Pretty Cashier—Sir—?
Stranger—Oh, no offense, I assure you. I was only carrying out the instructions as printed on the Alaska Express. Behave as an institution of waiters to cashier. And I thought if they are inattentive to you I would report them—that's all.—Baltimore American.

Got His Start in Steel.
Kind Lady (pitifully)—How long, my good man, have you been a tramp?
Tramp—Madam, since I bought United States Steel.—Lile.

An Enthusiast.
"Who do you suppose was the most enthusiastic person I met at the horse show?"
"Some horse owner?"
"No, a dressmaker."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Such a Crust.
Now of the Gas Trust funds he hates
Like thunder to the ground he thunders.
But other people doubt if it's
Well-bred to keep the dough.
—Indianapolis News.

THE PRESIDENT AT HOME, AS SEEN BY A VISITOR

Extracts From the Travel Diary of "To by, M. P." (Mr. H. W. Luch, Who Was Lately in This Country), as Printed in the "London Punch."

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—President Roosevelt is the kind of man who would make himself at home anywhere, whether in the backwoods of the West, in the stately home of the United States, or in the wide range that lies between these extremes. Healthy in mind and body, he is gifted with the cheery nature whose price is above rubies.

The President is an omnivorous reader. At one turn of conversation he is reminded of a passage in Homer, the next he is expatiating on the history of "Tittiebat Titmouse." Contemporaneously with the announcement of the rebellion in Panama, dexterously exploited by the President and his Secretary of State, John Hay, a personality as popular in London as in Washington, there was published in the States a new edition of the works of Samuel Warren. The time seemed to the President opportune for renewing his acquaintance with the works of the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," so while the opposition papers denigrated denunciations of his Panama policy, he read "Tittiebat Titmouse." As for Dickens, he knows him so intimately that he would have been a dangerous competitor in the contest initiated by Calverley in his famous examination paper on "Pickwick."

Busy Men Have Leisure.
How does the President, a man upon whose personal labor the sun never sets, find time for this miscellaneous reading? Well, all over the world it is the exceptionally busy man who has spare moments for desirable ends. President Roosevelt shares a secret possessed by Mr. Gladstone, whom in his animated and varied conversation, with its wide range and intimate acquaintance with any topic started, he strongly resembles.

"All my life," Mr. Gladstone once said to me, "I have taken care of my ten minutes, certain that the hours and the days would take care of themselves." A ministerial colleague who accompanied the President on a recent trip Westward told me of a habit that explains everything.

A Refreshing Habit.
"We traveled day after day," he said, "the President addressing at successive stations crowds of country folk. It was a pretty hard day's work for the toughest of Rough Riders. For myself, though I hadn't to make speeches, I was thankful after the turmoil to turn into my berth for a snooze or a rest. As soon as the train moved off, out came the President's book, and he read away till, the train pulling up at another crowded station, a fresh speech was demanded, and delivered under the abiding sense of supreme ministerial responsibility."

This practice the President observes wherever he is in residence. "I read when I can," he says, "always a bit before I go to bed. Sometimes, at periods of great pressure, I awake about 8 in the morning. If I lay there thinking of things I should be worried to death, unfit for my work in the coming day. So I switch on the light, take up my book, read a chapter or two, fall asleep, and wake up bright and early."

In his philosophical, cheery way the President makes the best of what may, to the Duke of Devonshire—would be an intolerable nuisance.

Valuable Paintings.
President Roosevelt has inherited at the White House many valuable engravings and paintings, the latter including portraits of some famous predecessors in the chair.

"Come along, Toby," he said after luncheon; "come up to my study and I'll show you one of the most precious of my art treasures."

Hanging on the wall near his desk was Bernard Patridge's original drawing which appeared in "Punch" shortly after the Vice President was suddenly called to assume the Presidency. "The Rough Rider" is its title, and it bears the inscription, "With Mr. President's compliments to President Roosevelt."

"I had many complimentary messages at the time," said the President, "but I don't remember any that gave me more pleasure than this greeting from across the sea from an old friend I have known and studied nearly all my life."

NO CURE IS KNOWN FOR HYDROPHOBIA

The Pasteur Preventive Declared to Be Merely Preventive and Not Curative.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 11.—Dr. E. M. Ravenal, of the veterinary department of the University of Pennsylvania, during a discussion on hydrophobia at a recent meeting of the County Medical Society, said that the Pasteur treatment was only a preventive of the disease, and not a cure. Treatment, to be effective, he declared, must be applied immediately after the victim has been bitten. He further declared that, aside from his experience with afflicted humans, he had proved beyond doubt, in more than 150 cases among animals, that hydrophobia has a distinct existence as a disease, despite the fact that many learned physicians insist that there is no such ailment.

Dr. Ravenal's statement was precipitated by a discussion following the reading of a paper by Dr. G. Morton Hlman, entitled, "Report of a Case of Hydrophobia With Autopsy."

Dr. Hlman declared the fact that hydrophobia had no official recognition among the general body of medical men. He said that such care should be taken to guard against the disease, that dogs when they show signs of sickness should be quarantined. He complained that the change of the coroner's department compelled him, in the case of a hydrophobia victim he had attended, to mark the certificate, "Died from hysterical convulsions." He contended that had he insisted on marking the case "hydrophobia" an inquest would have been held, and the result that many physicians would have had their own way anyhow.

Dr. Ravenal, while traveling in Europe several years ago, refuted the theory advanced by Dr. Koch, that dogs could not transmit hydrophobia to humans. While conducting an experiment along this line for the State Department he accidentally became infected himself. Hence he contended he ought to know.

His experiments in hydrophobia have been conducted by injecting virus into dogs, rabbits, and other animals. He said that there is no case on record of cure having been effected by the Pasteur method after the fatal symptoms of the disease developed.

RICH REWARD GIVEN TO MEN WHO SAVED LIFE.
Half-Interest in Gold Mine for Two Alaskans.
TACOMA, Wash., Dec. 11.—Because they saved him from starvation in the wilds of Alaska, Henry Bratnober, a mining expert, and Jack Dalton, Alaska pathfinder, will receive a half interest in a rich placer gold strike made in September by Henry Behrens, an Alaskan prospector, whose home is in New York.

Last summer Behrens started from Valdes for Tanana River in search of a nameless creek, which was represented to him as very rich in gold. After losing two rafts on the upper Tanana, Behrens struck out into the wilderness and got lost.

COURTS AND CAPITALS

OF THE EAST

Last of the Tycoons, Prince Tokugawa, Elected President of the Japanese House of Lords.

By the MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

Prince Tokugawa, who has just been elected president of the Japanese house of lords, is one of the most interesting personages in the dominions of the Emperor of Japan. For he may be described as the last of the Tycoons. True he only held power as such for a few days. For it was his elder brother Yoshinobu, who was temporal ruler of Japan, at the time of the great revolution of 1867 and 1868, which ended the restoration of the day sovereignty of the Land. Yoshinobu, like the Mikado, after he and his ancestors had been deprived thereof, and forced to content themselves with mere ecclesiastical supremacy for close upon 20 years by the Tycoons.

Yoshinobu, when he realized that no power was threatened, dispatched a mission to France, to England, and to this country, at the head of which he placed his younger brother, Prince Tokugawa. The latter, who was distinguished by the distinction by Napoleon III, who invested him with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor, returned to the Mikado, after he and his ancestors had been deprived thereof, and forced to content themselves with mere ecclesiastical supremacy for close upon 20 years by the Tycoons.

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